

TOWN AND COUNTY.

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SHORT LOCALS.

They are gone! The preachers are. Quail are said to be very plentiful and fat.

It's right hard to pull ourselves back into line—so much company. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Cook have returned from a visit to the country.

Don't you think the Standard has given good reports of the conference? "Since Wednesday morning I have scraped 473 faces, sheared 102 heads, washed seven craniums and beautified thirteen beards."

Mr. P. Stone left Tuesday evening for a stay of some time at Reidsville.

In our big car, a whisper for your receipt is a never dying cluster of harmonies.

Miss Lucy Richmond came home last night from a visit to friends at Davidson College.

Will Hall, a popular conductor on the C. C., is visiting friends and relatives in the city.

It is becoming fashionable now to carry a newly purchased watch in the outside coat pocket.

Mrs. Haltom who has been visiting at Mr. George Brown's, returned to her home in Salisbury.

Mrs. L. E. Campbell, who has been visiting at Mayor Beger's, has returned to her home in Charlotte.

The Standard is especially thankful that no rain occurred during Conference; reasons most obvious.

F. V. Snell, who has been doing some work at High Point, has returned, looking as stout and hearty as ever.

Wayne county is the first to settle with the State Treasurer. Governor Fowle ought to send the county a chromo.

Col. Jas. W. Long's card on the political situation has been much admired; it was read and studied with care.

The Railroad Investigating Committee is in session in the city of Raleigh, preparing its report for the Legislature.

Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Archey returned Friday night from an extended bridal trip. We welcome them back.

It is just wonderful to think of the marriages that have taken place and those which are to take place this winter.

The corn crop this year has been good, and never before were the people blessed with such an abundant cotton crop.

Many gentlemen and ladies, of other towns, came down to Concord to spend Thanksgiving. They know where to have a nice time.

We learn of a great deal of typhoid fever down about Pioneer Mills. A real old-time cold snap is needed to knock the fever in the head.

A letter written on September 28 in Wilmington, to Mr. C. F. Wade, worth, reached here November 23. This is mail service, with a vim.

Sheriff Probst killed three pigs yesterday, twelve months old, and they made him 1018 pounds of pork. The sheriff will live in high life now.

Col. John R. Webster, the handsome, talented and princely bachelor editor of the Reidsville Weekly, spent Sunday in attendance upon Conference.

Just read the land notices, and other notices, in the Standard. Some of them may be of special interest to you and save you a great deal of trouble.

Yorke & Wadsworth have gotten in our earload of rope. If they intend to hang anything, we hope the operation will be confined to the appearance of hard times.

Mr. S. L. Hornbuckle, of Greenfield, Tenn., is visiting his brother, J. P. Hornbuckle. Mr. Hornbuckle has been absent from North Carolina for thirty seven years.

Miss Isabella Montgomery, who has been on a visit to her parents here, returned to Greensboro Female College Tuesday evening. She took first honors there for the first quarter.

Lost—A ten dollar bill, somewhere in Concord on Monday evening between four o'clock and six o'clock p. m. The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning the same to this office.

Now commence to fool the children about Santa Claus. Make them believe that he comes down chimneys, through stove pipes and "scratches under." Better have that love expended on a visible subject.

The reports of heavy porkers have begun to come in now. Mr. H. Blackwelder killed two Berkshire pigs, thirteen months old, which weighed 387 pounds each. Talk about this not being a hog country!

Some one of the officials of the Southern Express Company is in town. We did not hear his name. His business here was to make out monthly settlements with the local agent and to attend to other matters, we suppose.

Concord is in a healthy locality, and the people here ought to enjoy as good health as they would anywhere else, but right here, where else, if something is not soon done for its sanitary condition, it will get a bad name abroad.

The old frame building on the Reed block are being torn away and handsome brick store-houses will take their place. That is the way to make things look like improvement. That end of town is building up fast now.

We were pleased to see on the streets our former county man and friend, Mr. Lafayette Pharr, of Wilkesboro. Mr. Pharr once lived on his farm near Rocky River, but removed to Wilkesboro to enjoy the pure mountain whiffs.

Nearly all the preachers have gone back to their places of work, and things around town wear a dull look. However, Concord was glad to entertain the first session of the W. N. C. Conference, and the members all expressed themselves as being highly pleased with Concord's generous hospitality and the city in general.

THEY ARE MARRIED.

Mr. Harry Fryling and Miss Minnie Dove.

On the 26th a large party of invited friends and relatives gathered at the elegant country home of Mr. Jacob Dove to witness the marriage ceremony of Mr. H. W. Fryling, of Weatherly, Pa., to Miss Minnie, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Dove. The ceremony was performed, at 12:45 a. m., by Rev. Wright G. Campbell, of St. James' Lutheran church.

The table, laden with a large variety, delicately and handsomely spread, and splendidly prepared, was a beauty among beauties.

The bridal gifts were handsome and numerous: Silver tea service, Mr. W. W. Worell; silver spoons, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gori; gold sugar sifter, Mrs. J. D. Best; silver vase, Mr. and Mrs. A. Brown; china vase, J. C. Fink; pair vases, Ella Walter; china butter dish, Jas. P. Cook; French mirror, Miss Myrtle Brown; silver tea spoons, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell; vases, T. J. and Miss Annie White; carving knife and fork, Mr. and Mrs. N. F. York; silver sugar spoon, J. No. Reed; set of dessert plates, Dr. and Mrs. Young; fruit plates, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bingham.

The happy couple left on the evening train, for Elizabeth City, N. C. They carried with them the best wishes of many friends and relatives. The Standard wishes them the richest of heaven's blessings.

THEY TURNED OVER THE KEYS.

On Monday the official terms of Wm. Probst, as sheriff, and John A. Cline, as treasurer, came to an end. Their official terms began bright, serene and without a struggle; they close without a blotch, a shadow or a speck upon their records.

Wm. Probst has made a sheriff in its truest sense—honest, businesslike, obliging, prompt and faithful. This is his record in a nut shell.

Though not in the field and not soliciting a ballot, he received a very handsome and complimentary vote from his friends who desired to throw flowers around his exit from public life. Though not sheriff, he is yet tax collector for the taxes. Billy Probst, you have done well, and every body says so.

John A. Cline has been counting the county's money for quite a while; he counted it right, too. He received it with grace and a smile; he paid it out, on proper vouchers, in an elegant and handsome manner. His accounts and books were regularly examined, and his money was counted every three months, when everything was found intact. John Cline, you made a good and efficient treasurer, and that is a bright feather in your high hat, always high up. The people like you, and they wish you well.

The Standard "liken ter forgot" the retiring cotton weaver; but that is all right. He has glory enough. He weighed cotton properly, was sufficiently amused and electrocuted against himself and got his man elected.

Well done! This thing of "stepping down and out" happens at least once in the life time of every official.

THE NEW OFFICERS.

The new sheriff and county treasurer have gone on duty, and everything will move along in the best of condition. L. M. Morrison, the newly elected sheriff, looks perfectly natural in the sheriff's office and seems to be at home and in the best of humor while dealing with the people by whom he has been chosen to serve.

Mr. W. Will Johnson is the new jailor, and it is safe to say that those who have been enclosed in prison cells will never catch their new keeper napping.

Mark M. Morrison, popularly known throughout the county, and in fact wherever he has ever been, as 3 M's, is the deputy sheriff now. In his boyhood days Mark spent several years in the wild West, and was a success in everything he undertook. But Mark loved his native old North Carolina and returned to live with his old associates. He is a man of commanding appearance, and no offender of the law will escape being brought before a tribunal of justice if the right papers are placed in 3 M's hands.

Mr. John A. Sims is too well known for us to say anything about his business qualifications. The people of Cabarrus county have entrusted him with their money, and that speaks better for him than anything we can say. Fearing that by its mere mention might be mistaken in the man, we will not attempt to describe him. The county's books will always be in good condition and while they are in Mr. Sims' hands the accounts will always balance off right.

Edgar F. White, the newly elected cotton weigher, has taken the scales in charge and the cotton will be weighed to the satisfaction of both buyer and seller. He looks just like he knew what he was there for when he moves about the office with his natural business turn.

They are all good, straight-forward men and the county made a good selection.

TAX NOTICE.

The taxes have been placed in my hands for collection, and I am anxious to finish up the business. I will be found at the court house in the grand jury room. The taxes for 1890 and all previous years must now be paid.

Hoping that you will come forward and settle at once, I am, Respectfully,

Dec. 3, 1890. WM. PROBST.

GRANGE MEETING.

The next regular meeting of St. Pleasant Grange will meet at Mt. John's Hall on the first Saturday in December at 1 p. m. Election of officers and other important business. A full attendance desired.

By order of the Worthy Master.

SIXTH DAY.

A BUNNY BODY BUSILY ENGAGED WITH CONFERENCE MATTERS.

Dr. Yates' Sermon—Ordained Elders and Deacons—Reports Read—The "Conference Organ"—Matter Decided, &c.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

The following is the sermon of Dr. Yates at the Lutheran church Sunday morning:

We will take as the basis of our remarks this morning, I Peter, 5:7: "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

The condition of probation, or trial, testing, proving, is necessarily a condition of suffering. The idea of proving or testing necessarily carries along with it the idea of difficulty, obstacle and therefore pain.

The care spoken of in the text is painful anxiety that the soul feels under this trial process, under the burden that it inflicts, and the higher the subject of the test, the severer the object of proving; so that only fire can purify gold, and if we would purify gold endowed with intelligence, it would be apt to ask a question of the one that applied the test as to the why and wherefore of it, of the pain inflicted by the methods and processes of trial.

The Apostle Peter, in another place, says that "the trial of your faith, though it be tried by fire, being much more precious than gold that perisheth, may be found to honor and peace and get at the appearing of Jesus Christ;" and in another place I believe the same Apostle speaks in this wise: do not consider the fiery trial which is to try you as a strange thing that has happened unto you, for this trial is common to your brethren; that is the substance of it.

Now, a necessary corollary to this is that if the soul was left to itself in this trial, it would necessarily go down, it would never be able to bear the processes of the methods, and the results would be disastrous. And this philosophy will apply to the human soul that it must have some external object capable of bearing the care of this contest, "casting all your care upon Him, for he careth for you." Every man himself, if he rises to high attainment in manhood, in womanhood, must be a burden bearer, must take on himself or herself the care of others; but these cares of your own and others would accumulate to the destruction of the soul, hence philosophically there must be externally to the soul a capable object to sustain these cares, and he who rises highest in the direction of the model which Christ has presented to us in His home life and character, is the greatest burden bearer, and other things being equal, is the strongest man in Christ Jesus, as Jesus Christ Himself was the perfect man, the model, the burden bearer.

It is said that Madame De Staël once asked Napoleon whom he thought the greatest woman in the empire; his reply was, "she who has trained the most men for the army." The teachings of Jesus lead to the conclusion that she is the greatest woman who has trained the most human souls for God, made the most men and women by Divine grace into the image of Jesus, and has made it possible for men and women raised under this influence to move the world in the direction of a better life and towards God and Heaven.

A great general was asked on one occasion whom he thought the greatest man in the world. He replied that that man was greatest who could compel the most men to serve him. Jesus Christ said that that man was greatest who served the most people; he reversed exactly the philosophy of this great general.

Then the question would arise, if we are to cast our care upon him, how can we get the benefit of the care? In the trial process the care is necessary to develop the spiritual forces of the soul, as exercise is to develop the muscles of the blacksmith's arm, or as the severe study of the text book is to develop the fibre of the brain and train and educate the man; but if we are invited to take this care and result of the process, and cast it on Christ, then how shall we get the benefit of it? The reply is that we are not to cast or make an effort to cast the trouble and the difficulties of this life upon Christ, but only the care of it. While we feel the pain, the furnace heat of the fire, while we endure the wearing and corroding anxiety of it, we are to do it with joy and pleasure and with a smile upon our face, while we take the care of it and that which would tend to destroy the soul, and lay that upon Christ with the assurance that he will bear it for us.

The trial process, therefore, develops the spiritual muscle, so to speak, while there is nothing destroying in the process, because the anxiety, the care, is laid upon Jesus, so that the Christian can sing, as another can, "Was grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved. How precious did that grace appear The hour I first believed."

Strengthened, made perfect by the process which is necessary, and saved by laying our burdens upon him, putting all our care there with the assurance that he careth for us.

This is very difficult to believe— that he careth for us. I very seriously doubt whether one can believe this unless he has communion with God in secret and has been able to comprehend God as a father unless he has devoted himself of the effort to look at God as he is displayed in large things and in that alone, unless he has schooled himself in communion with God to understand and to believe that God knows no difference as to largeness nor smallness and that there is nothing large nor small with God; looking at God as the Eternal and Omnipotent and All Wise Creator and Preserver of the universe, and that one thing is just as large as another to God.

When we come to think about this

and read in the Word of God that he careth for you, for me, small as I am,—what am I compared with an archangel, compared with the sun, with those planets that move about in their orbits? I look at the sun in his largeness, in his brightness, in his glory, and I say, "of course God will care for that; he made it and furnished it with fuel; it has got to be guided, it would rush upon the spheres, it would crush the worlds, it would bring chaos and confusion into the material universe if God did not keep his finger upon it and send it along his path. But as for me—care for me, a little one? We must care for ourselves to recollect that God cares for little as well as great, that He takes care of the sparrow, that not a sparrow falls from the withered limb and perishes upon the snow of winter that God did not hear its last chirp, and see it when it fell, and stay by it as its funeral and put it in its grave. He made the fly, colored its wing and made its eyes sparkle; an angel could not make a sparrow, and an archangel could not make a worm. When the worm draws itself up in its dying agony, God is there, lays its little head upon a pebble, covers it from the burning rays of the sun with a leaf and lets it die in peace. "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without the knowledge of your Heavenly Father, and are we not more valuable than many sparrows?" Thank God! Yes, He careth for you.

That it is personal to every individual. He not only careth for man in the aggregate, but He careth for you. It is a statement not only of the world to cast its care upon Him. I doubt very much whether there is any other scripture that contains the element of truth as compactly as this does: that is necessary for the human heart to have, to hear, to understand; there are statements that are grander as to the constitution of law and the operations of law, the nature of God and His existence, but in respect to the great revelation of His salvation I doubt very much whether there is a single passage of Scripture that combines so much of this saving power and this joy-giving power as the text, "casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." You—not the aggregate of mankind, not the world; that is true, but I do not want to lose myself in the mass of mankind. When I come to feed at God's table, I don't want the world to eat for me, I want to eat myself.

These doubts that run along through the public mind, would it not have been better for God, if He had wanted me to understand it, if He had sent out of the sky a flashing meteor, that had attached to it a scroll with my name to it, saying he careth for you? Would it not have been better if he had some made arrangement for me to find under the surface of the earth a block of marble polished, and with my name written on it, "he careth for you?" How would I know but somebody else had my name somewhere in the ages of the world where that marble was put there? How could I tell but that the meteor with the scroll would have the name of some one else? And I want to suggest that special difficulty in the way of disclosing anything of the sort. Why, my brother, when we take into consideration the necessities of the human soul, for instance, when I feel that I am weary and heavy laden, when I long after the infinite, when I stand out beneath the dome of heaven in the night time and look up at the stars as the work of the Almighty, they seem to say something to me of the infinite. When I call them and ask them "what a e you and where is God? I long after you; will you tell me of Him?" they are forever silent in beauty and never return a word. When the meteor goes across the heaven the same is true, it is forever still. And I ask it of the hills, "oh, where is God? Where is that after which my soul longs? I am weary and heavy laden." And they, too, are still.

Here we see a man in Palestine, raising the dead, healing the sick, seeking and pardoning the sinner, and we see the mother's eye light up with joy as he raises her child from the dead. I see the poor cripple in the bonds of some to tell his wife and children that the Lord Jesus has healed him of his lameness; then that the same Jesus stands and says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and my soul says, "that is what I have been asking of the stars, of the hills, of the sea." That is what my soul wants, and I come to His invitation, and He says, "cast your care upon Me, for I care for you." There is a response in my heart that says, "that is what I want; oh, my God, 'come! I come!'"

That son in the family that is a prodigal, that is dissipated—and every father knows what that is—son who is replete under family restraint, under the parental government, or that son who is weak-minded, oh, how the father cares for that boy! I am very sure that the father's and mother's heart takes more care of the idiot child than of any others, and when it dies, there may be some little satisfaction on the part of the father that it has gone from its trouble, yet the mother's heart is as much pained when that child dies as if one of her best children had died; she has cared for it most when it needed her most.

See her in the morning leaving the dining room, with a water on her hand, and the daintiest morsel from the table on that plate, and a little vase sitting on the corner of the water with some flowers in it, and sends softly out of the dining room with a smile on her face. Where is she going? Up stairs in that corner room her little body is lying there, a cripple; he has not walked, he cannot crawl; he has himself upon his crutches. She had rather carry that water up stairs to that child than

to eat her breakfast; she careth for him most when he needs it most.

We encourage ourselves also that he cares for us here and hereafter. He has prepared a mansion for us in the bright Heaven, where Jesus and the angels are. Oh, what a city, what a mansion,