

ON FIRE WING. A few days' rambling... some towns...

Better the day, better the deed; I left Concord one Sunday evening for Misenheimer's celebrated mineral springs...

The students of the Institution are allowed much liberty. Even, at 10 a. m. when I was preparing to board the train, Keely men-- Freshmen, Sophs, Juniors and Seniors dotted the platform...

In Greensboro when the train did for Danville. This is the dirtiest town south of Mason and Dixon's line, but it is a live town--no mossbacks dwell there...

By some means, I've been fooled for 20 years or more. Somebody has been telling me that Virginia is "God's country" and I believed it.

There is nothing along the road to please the eye--people loafing, crops poor and grassy, and thieft is a suspicious stranger in that belt...

If a man ever wishes to be treated like Enoch, it is he, who has to stay in Burkeville two hours. If you can stand that length of time there you could live in Raleigh with impunity.

This place is the junction of the Richmond & Danville and the Norfolk & Western railroads. The twin depot looks something like our hook and ladder house on the court house lot.

Col. Jno. A. Holt, formerly of Salisbury, is agent on one side; and a spectacled gentleman on the other side. Both are clever men.

ton there. The dog is a black "flee" and from the way he carries one of his legs, one is reminded of a Morehead sand-fiddler.

Col. Clarence Lovely Smith, of our town, was once agent there--that was a long, long time ago, when he was young. People inquired about Mr. Smith in a way that I thought they loved him.

The genius of that town is Mr. J. H. Harris. He is telegraph operator, watch fixer and dealer in Harris' Antidyspeptic Spring water. He sends water to this town. It is good for everything, except warts; it knocks the spots out of ordinary disms.

The peculiarity of that whole section is the Hon. Archer Scott, of ginger-bread hue. For eight years he represented his county in the Virginia Legislature. In a crowd of even a dozen, a stranger would not spot him as notorious.

Col. Holt pointed to a horse that was fastened to a stake by means of several chains from box car breaks. "That horse," said he, "is 23 years old, and never tasted a grain of oats; he thrives on the commonwealth."

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Suffolk is a town of 5,500 inhabitants, to split the difference between two estimates. It is a clean, handsome place. Wide streets, lighted by arc and incandescent electric lights, are split in the middle by horse street cars, except one that is some times a mule-car.

Suffolk has six railroads and 23 passenger trains per day, which is of incalculable convenience to all except the Sheriff and Chief of Police.

The surrounding country is given up to truck farming. Some years it is profitable, but often otherwise.

Norfolk is the town of Virginia. It throbs with life itself. To fully realize its importance, one must visit it.

Virginia Beach is the worst over-rated place in America, so to speak. It is, as a pleasure resort, no better than Morehead and can not compare with our own Carolina Beach.

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DIDN'T BLOW THE SIGNAL.

At the railroad crossing on Beaties Ford road, the cuts are deep and an approaching train can not be seen or heard unless a signal is blown.

Monday evening as the heavy cloud was rapidly coming up, Mr. Deaton was diving at a brisk rate to get home before the rain.

The Standard learns that several other parties have had narrow escapes at this very place recently.

An amusing incident happened recently at a popular resort not a thousand miles from Concord. A literary individual of the oratorical genus, well known for his hyperbolic composition, as well as for his exhaustive disquisition on billy-goats and rats, was spending a few days at said resort for the betterment of his physical condition.

The people are kind and hospitable, many of whom are North Carolinians; if they ain't, they ought to be.

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CITY FATHERS AND CITIZENS.

There seems to be a lot of valuable breath lost around our town, blowing for or over Democratic, Republican and last of all Third party politics.

Somebody will be killed at this depot, and it looks now to be probable at no early day. The local management is not worthy of censure, but the fault lies with some head-long engineers.

Only a Republican. An exciting discussion between a stalwart Democrat and a Rowan Weaverite occurred in the Standard office Wednesday afternoon.

The stewart asked him, "is it not true that the majority of those present at the primary came together to capture said primary in the interest of the Omaha ticket?"

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NEGLECTANCE OR SOMETHING.

There came near being a newly painted bus and two gentlemen knocked into a jelly at the depot by a freight. As the bus got on the track, below the depot, a freight was pulling in from the North; had the bus been 2 seconds later the smash would have occurred.

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ORGAN ECHOES.

Win. Beaver has wine that he made in 1870.

Mrs. Lee Owens, who has been quite ill with typhoid fever for six weeks, at her brother-in-law's, C. E. Boet, we are glad to state, is convalescent.

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Contractor A. H. Propst returned from Durham Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Jno. Scott, of No. 4, is very ill with typhoid fever.

Miss Sallie Castor has returned from a visit to Rock Hill, S. C.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Broadway have gone on a several days visit to Lowell.

A load of early sweet potatoes struck the town--they were the first of the season.

Mrs. Frank Goodson, who has been visiting friends in Baltimore, has returned home.

J. Wallace Cook, of Forest Hill, made 180 bushels of Irish potatoes from one-half an acre planted.

C. J. Goodman had three acres planted in watermelons, and he's got 'em now by the wagon loads.

Dr. Drs. Lev. H. S. Blair and Esq. C. G. Montgomery attended the District Conference, which took place at Mt. Nebo, Rowan county.

Miss Addie Williams, local reporter on the excellent Charlotte Observer, has taken a vacation. She's gone to Denyer, Col.

A car load of Kennebec ice was received by McNamara Ice Company. All orders can now be filled. Send down your boy for a chunk.

The Forest Hill citizens, old and young, picnic, on Saturday, at Misenheimer's Grove, near the factory. The Mills will be stopped and a general good time had.

The Standard learns that Rev. Geo. H. Cox, president of the North Carolina Synod and pastor of Mt. Olivet church north of Mt. Pleasant, has resigned his charge and accepted a call to Knoxville, Tenn. We understand that his resignation takes effect immediately.

There seemed to have been some criticism of Messrs. Brown and Jerome, Attys, for appearing for the Mormons in their trial at Albemarle, whereupon Mr. S. J. Pemberton writes a card setting forth the fact that it was their duty and right so to do. The Standard thinks Mr. Pemberton's act was a very graceful and correct one.

Mr. J. E. Eild, who once clerked for Hoover & Lore, is willing to accept the office of Register of Deeds of Stanly. He says in a card: "I am not a candidate for any office, yet if the good people of Stanly county, at the coming Democratic convention see fit to nominate me as a candidate for the office of Register of Deeds, I will accept same with all due appreciation and be elected by a handsome majority."

A Detective in Danger of Lynching. Denver, Col., August 3.--J. H. Cross who was arrested charged with robbing the First National Bank of Denver, of \$21,000 was released on Monday night and this led to the arrest last night of A. N. Sawyer, one of the alleged detectives who worked up the case against Cross. Sawyer will be taken to Elbert Cross's home, where he fears either lynching or tar and feathers, as he was chased from the town some days ago by a gang seeking to hang him. He views his arrest as only a scheme to get him there.

A Friend. Wishes to speak through the Register of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are

In Need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills.--Boothby (Me.), Register. "Between the ages of five and fifteen, I was troubled with a kind of salt-rheum, or eruption, chiefly confined to the legs, and especially to the bend of the knee above the calf. Here, running sores formed, which would scab over, but would break immediately on moving the leg. My mother tried everything she could think of, but all was without avail. Although a child, I read in the papers about the beneficial effects of Ayer's Pills, and persuaded my mother to let me try them. With no great faith in the result, she procured

Ayer's Pills and I began to use them, and soon noticed an improvement. Encouraged by this, I kept on till I took two boxes, when the sores disappeared and have never troubled me since.--H. Chipman, Real Estate Agent, Kenoska, Wis. "I suffered for years from stomach and kidney troubles, causing very severe pains in various parts of the body. Some of the remedies I tried afforded me any relief until I began taking Ayer's Pills, and was cured."--Wm. Goldard, Notary Public, Five Lakes, Mich. Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Every where. Every Dose Effective