

SIXTEEN OF THE "DUTCH SIDE."

Dutch Side Churches--A Noted Preacher--The Tour of Gov. Tryon to Mecklenburg in 1768.

(BY GEN. W. BARRINGER.)

The early German settlers of the Dutch Side of Mecklenburg were... especially touching the intermingling of church members between the Lutherans and the Episcopalians of the Yadkin and Catawba Valley in the first quarter of this century.

In 1759 Samuel Suther was one of a family of fifteen that sailed for America. The vessel encountered thirteen furious storms and was four months at sea.

Under such terrible circumstances the poor orphan boy of seventeen, began the struggle of life in the wilds of the Western Continent.

Notwithstanding this terrible calamity visited upon us in a deliberate and cool manner by Mr. Cope, we pray the richest of heaven's blessings upon his head; may his conscience never lash him; may peace reign supreme in his soul; and when "death" comes, may his soul not feel any itching on account of this verdict.

The above is genuinely sincere; there is not a kind act in our power that we would not do for Mr. Cope, and notwithstanding the penalty we have to suffer, we entertain a fond affection for him, but we can never forgive him for writing to us on a lady's size postal card. We forgive all, but this we cannot forgive.

The Democratic nominees on the judicial ticket are elected by 60,000, it appears, and the amendment providing for the general election of solicitors by some 20,000.

The legislature is overwhelmingly Democratic. Not all the returns are yet in, but so far it is reported that there are 137 Democrats, 93 in the house and 44 in the senate. That is enough.

There will be a meeting of the Bar in the Supreme Court room, at Raleigh, on Saturday, the 19th, at 10 a. m., to arrange for a memorial tribute to the late Chief Justice Merrimon.

Many Third party men are astonished at the small vote they polled and alarmed at the enormous pile rolled up by their friends, the Democrats; but they generally say they are glad Grover went in.

The next session of Congress will have to provide for a deficit of about \$36,000,000, in the pension appropriation besides the regular appropriation of not less than \$150,000,000. The appropriation committee of the House will meet on the 28th inst., to consider the matter.

OUR ALBEMARLE LETTER. Mrs. G. P. Watkins has gone on a visit to relatives in Wilmington. Montgomery county has joined the Democratic column.

J. C. Parker, west of this place, raised 1,000 bushels of corn on a two-horse farm.

T. A. Lowder, in southern Stanley, had two bales of cotton stolen.

Mark Lambert, of western Stanley, accidentally shot himself last Saturday. Setting his gun down, the hammer struck the floor and the load was discharged into one side of his face. He cannot recover.

W. T. Hucksabee, candidate for Register of deeds, ran ahead of the ticket, receiving 1,193 votes.

B. D. J. Albemarle, Nov. 16, '92. State Treasurer Tate. Gov. Holt has appointed Col. S. Mc. Tate, of Morganton, state treasurer to fill out the vacancy caused by the death of treasurer Bain.

Stockville, Nov. 17.—During the shooting in the Eaton tragedy here today in which John Eaton was shot and killed by an officer while resisting arrest deputy Junius Bailey was shot through the hand by Eaton. He also received a glancing shot on the top of his head, laying open the scalp. His wounds are painful though not fatal. The verdict of the coroner's jury was justifiable homicide.

Moctana has elected a woman as attorney general.

AN THE WORLD GOES.

Mr. R. W. Cope, of Harrisburg, and a gentleman who espoused the Third party movement but in a way unlike most of the good, fair minded followers of the movement have, sent me this on a lady's size postal card: "I suppose my subscription to the Standard is about out—don't send it any more—I never want to see it again.—Your enemy until death."

R. W. Cope, Harrisburg, N. C. Nov. 16, 1892.

The Standard has nothing to take back; we pursued a course that we thought right and yet think right. No man, with regards for his own feelings, could do more.

We regret, however, that we could not consult Mr. Cope's feelings and notions in the matter of politics; and we regret too that we haven't run the Standard to suit him.

There is mourning a-d sadness in this office: "Your enemy until death" is a severe sentence to pass upon a weak, frail man, who believed just as much in his own course, as did Mr. Cope in his own.

Notwithstanding this terrible calamity visited upon us in a deliberate and cool manner by Mr. Cope, we pray the richest of heaven's blessings upon his head; may his conscience never lash him; may peace reign supreme in his soul; and when "death" comes, may his soul not feel any itching on account of this verdict.

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THE N. C. SENATE.

First District—Carrutuck, Camden, Pasquotank, Hertford, Gates, Chowan and Perquimans. No news, probably two Democrats.

Second District—Tyrell, Washington, Martin, Dare, Beaufort, Hyde and Pamlico, C. L. Pettigrew, d. and J. S. Marsh, d.

Third District—Northampton and Bertie; C. W. Mitchell, d.

Fourth District—Halifax, W. H. Day, d.

Fifth District—Edgecombe, Dr. W. P. Mercer, d.

Sixth District—Pitt, F. G. James, d.

Seventh District—Wilson, Nash and Franklin, Jacob Battle, d. and G. W. Newell, d.

Eighth District—Craven, Jones, Carteret, Lenoir, Onslow and Greene; L. A. Porter, d. and G. F. Parrott, d.

Ninth District—Duplin Wayne and Pender, B. F. Aycock, d. and T. J. Armstrong, d.

Tenth District—New Hanover and Brunswick, G. L. Norton, d.

Eleventh District—Warren and Vance, —, r.

Twelfth District—Wake, H. C. Olive, d.

Thirteenth District—Johnston, Jas. H. P. d.

Fourteenth District—Sampson, Harnett and Bladen, F. R. Cooper, d. and W. H. G. Lucas, d.

Fifteenth District—Columbus and Robeson, J. A. Brown, d. and E. F. McKay, d.

Sixteenth District—Cumberland, J. W. McLachlan, d.

Seventeenth District—Granville and Person, Dr. Wm. Merritt, p. p.

Eighteenth District—Caswell, Alamance, Orange and Durham, T. M. Cheek, d. and J. A. Burch, d.

Nineteenth District—Chatham, J. W. Atwater, p. p.

Twentieth District—Rockingham, Dr. W. J. Courts, d.

Twenty First District—Guilford, J. D. King, d.

Twenty Second District—Randolph and Moore, L. C. Phillips, d.

Twenty Third District—Richmond, Montgomery, Anson and Union, R. E. Little, d. and Peter Mc Rae, d.

Twenty Fourth District—Cabarrus and Stanly, W. G. Means, d.

TOO MUCH FOR A WIFE.

This Man Hesitated About Marrying Again Because of the Fee. "Why don't you get another wife, Jones?" asked Jonah Shindlin of Josiah Nudge the other day as they met by accident in the woods while in pursuit of their favorite calling—hunting.

"Tell me, Jones," said Nudge, "I've bin thinkin' about it monst'ously for long spell. Let's see. It's bin nigh out on three weeks since ther ole 'oman died, haint it?"

"Yas, summers about ther."

"Peas nigher, forty, though."

"Speekt it do, fer ye had er mouty awful good wife."

"Now yer shoutin, shore'n sartin. Afore ther ole 'owan drapped off I never had ter do onnythin' 'eptin ter kinder overdo ther crap an hunt, but since she's dead I've had ter sucken' worm ther terbacker, hoo ther corn an pull weeds outen ther cotton. Tell yer wat, Jones, I'm eferral I'll never git another un 'at'll take her place on complainly. It's true ther 'am't overly much ter do, but mouty few gals ther be 'at it'll n'k kiew us'n er yaller steer on tendin five acres o' terbacker, ten acres o' corn an er few acres o' cotton, assides sich little chores as cuttin sprouts, tolin corn ter mill, choppin wood'n drain water fer ther fattenin hogs."

"Them air fax, Josair, 'at I hadn't think about, as my ole 'oman allus looks arter ther hog'n honing part an I sorter manage ter provide ther game. But I judge I'll try ter find er sensible gal wat won't git her back up at doin sich leetle trifles."

"I dunno, Jones. Ther haint many gals in sich part."

"Wal, ther's de coddles on en down ter Porcupine Holler. They're gonna tion party us, I'm er tellin yer."

"That so?"

"Yas."

"I'll be dagnapped er I haint er nosum ter go down."

"Yed'orter."

"Dye reckon emy on em'uld splice 'ith er feller?"

"I know it! Ther's a hull passel o' gals 'n wilders wat'll jest machually jump higher'n shilopoke at ther chance."

"Wal, I'll go. Say, wat'll er squar cost down ther?"

"Squar Minger costs five dollars, Darby seven on ther parson ten."

"By jux! I'll never pay it."

"Why?"

"Too steep."

"Tis?"

"I'd holier of twarnt'!"

"I s'posed it was erboot rite."

"Nary time! Say, I've bin spliced since thimsum never had ter pay er squar more'n seventy-five cents, an ther make money at that price, for it don't take 'em more'n er minit, an ther's all ter pay."

How Birds Are Tanned.

Better leather is made today from hides in from sixty to ninety days than was manufactured in the old way. It should be remembered, however, that hides are tanned in precisely the same manner now they have always been.

That is, the same agencies are used for combining it with the gelatine of the hide and for converting it into leather. Modern tanners have simply discovered methods by which the tannic acid is made to penetrate more quickly into the pores of the skin. This is accomplished partly by frequent manipulation of the hides while in the vats and partly by special treatments for keeping the pores of the skin open during the tanning process.

It is a fact well known to all tanners that which any method or process which will hasten the union of the tannic acid with the hide shortens materially the time necessary to convert it into leather.—New York Advertiser.

That Interchangeable Engagement Ring. Isabella—This ring that Charlie gave me is very pretty, but it is too tight. Arabella—Well, you see, your fingers are somewhat stouter than Alice Ponsoby's.—Jewelers' Circular.

The Cultivation of Hickory Nuts. Much is being done in the cultivation of hickory nuts. Nurserymen are planting and grafting the young trees, which are set to growers. No orchards are as yet in bearing, but there are wild groves of fine varieties in Ohio which are regularly harvested. There are shagbarks in Iowa of large size which have such thin shells that they can readily be cracked by grasping two together in the hand. From such stock grafts are taken by the growers, and the process of progressive selection will doubtless develop some very remarkable results in the course of a few years.—Washington Star.

Murdered in Jail. Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 19.—Tom Evans, a negro 22 years of age was instantly killed at Fulton county jail today by "General" Delk, a white prisoner. They quarrelled over some blankets. The negro claimed that Delk had spit on them and repeated the remark, when Delk instantly plunged a knife in his neck, cutting the jugular vein completely in two. In a few minutes the man had bled to death. How Delk came in possession of the knife is not known.

Tom Evans, the murdered man, was in jail on a charge of burglary. Delk was being held on a charge of assault with intent to murder. The verdict of the coroner's jury was murder.

Concord's market is now well supplied with pork. Cabarus farmers know how to raise hogs.

Brogden's Sentence Affirmed.

The Supreme court has filed a decision in the interesting case of Willis Brogden, brother of ex-Governor Curtis H. II Brogden, who was convicted of killing a neighbor named Sauls, in Wayne county. He was tried for murder, but was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. He appealed. The Supreme court affirms the judgment of the lower court and Brogden, who is of a well known family, will at once be taken to Raleigh and placed in the prison.

About 7 o'clock Saturday evening the barn of Mr. Alfred Johnson, just outside of Salisbury, was totally destroyed by fire, together with a considerable amount of forage, two mules and a pig. The cause of the fire is not known.

A TRAPPER'S STORY.

He Found a Strange Occurrence in His Cabin and Saved a Life. "Sunday was cold and wet," said the manager of a well known lumber company the other day, "and I had a dreary time of it up in Hantsville. We galloped around the fire in the rain, and tried to shorten time by telling stories of the woods chiefs, as most stories are in the back country. One old trapper, a character in his way, but not of a romancing disposition, told us a story something like this:

"A good many years ago, when trapping was a better business than it is now, I did a good deal of work in the district back of Fenelon falls. One summer I built a camp—really a wigwam like an Indian's—and stored away my traps. It was on the bank of a stream and in the course of the summer when I passed up and down in my canoe I sometimes stopped over night and slept there. One night, as dusk was changing into dark, I came down the stream on the way to Fenelon falls some twenty miles away. I felt tired and decided to sleep at the camp and see that my traps were all right.

"As I came up to the wigwam I noticed something white inside. It was so dark that I could not tell what it was, but I concluded it was some animal that had crept in and made a den for itself. In that wild country the thought never struck me that it could be a human being, and besides, it lay stretched along the ground just as a wolf would be. I had my revolver in my belt, and raised it to shoot, but lowered my hand again. A second time and a third I took aim, but something seemed to keep me from drawing the trigger. Then I lit a piece of bark and went up to the camp.

"A woman lay there with a white dress all torn to shreds, with one shoe and a stocking gone and the other in her hand, but with three magnificent rings on her fingers. She was almost dead, and though she looked in my face gave no answer to my questions. She was dying of hunger I saw at once, and running out I started a fire. While it kindled I gave her biscuit and other refreshments that I had. Then I cooked some fish, and the first sign of life she gave was to point at the fish and to her mouth. She was ravenous and ate till I was afraid to give her more. But what to do with her! She could not stay there in the woods and was fast becoming delirious. I tied her feet together and did the same with her arms so that she could not move or jump up and upset the canoe.

"Laying her down in the bottom as comfortably as I could I set out for Fenelon Falls, and you may be sure I paddled that night at my best speed. But when I reached Fenelon Falls as the daughter of a wealthy American visitor and carefully tended. Afterward we learned that she had been out boating, and landing, had wandered into the woods and lost herself. Her boat was found and it was supposed she was drowned. She had been six days in the woods when she found her way to my camp."—Toronto Globe.

Where Perfumes Come From. Ambergris comes from the sperm whale, and is generally found floating in the waters where these leviathans disport themselves. An ounce of this precious product costs twenty-five dollars, considerably more than the same weight of silver. The best pepper-mint oil derived from bitter orange blossoms. The vanilla bean comes from Mexico and Central America; oil of lavender from England and France.

Patently imported from China. It is largely used to perfume shawls. Sassafras is from a tree indigenous to India. America is not behind the Old World in producing some scents used by perfumers. The best peppermint oil in the world comes from Wayne county, N. Y. Long Island is noted for its tuberose.

Florida and California contribute great quantities of orange blossoms. The oppopanax blossom, used for certain combinations, comes from the southern states.—New York Evening Sun.

A Short Way with Dues. In former times, when the Highland chieftains were not so prompt in the payment, a tradesman from the low country, impatient of the slow money, found, with some difficulty, the way to one of their castles. Arriving at night, he had his supper and was put to bed. On looking out in the morning he observed, opposite to his window, a man hanging on a tree.

Asking a servant the reason of it, he was told he was a Glasgow merchant, who had the impudence to come here and dun the laird. The tradesman, immediately calling for his boots, went off without unfolding his errand. The laird had caused the effigy of a man to be hung up in the night, and instructed his servants what to say, which had the desired effect.—Scottish American.

HO, FOR THE JUBILEE!

If you want to spend an evening where you'll get your money's worth, Just go to the Jubilee! You will hear some pretty music and have lots of fun and mirth, At the Business Jubilee!

The people represented are our leading business men. Who are full of push you'll see, And if you're not pushing with them you'll be mighty sorry when you see this Jubilee!

If you want to know the reason we are raising up our town, In this Business Jubilee, It's because we are the equals quite of anything around— If you doubt it, come and see!

The admission's but a quarter and for children but fifteen, With a dime for a special seat, In this Jubilee, For all the town is keen To enjoy this wondrous treat.

The popular vote of the last election, as near as can be ascertained is about as follows: Cleveland 795,000 Harrison, 172,000; Weaver, 195,000. Cleveland's popular majority over Harrison is 623,000, and over both Harrison and Weaver, 530,500. This is an unprecedented majority for a candidate who was defeated four years ago in the electoral college by 65 votes while at that time he had a popular majority of 95,534. This time Mr. Cleveland has received the largest majority ever given any candidate in the history of our country.

The Treasury Department has begun the issue of a new \$500 Treasury note. It is printed upon a new paper, and presents an exceedingly handsome appearance. We cannot vouch for the above. We have not seen it.

IN MEMORIAM.

The dark winged Angel visited the home of J. R. and C. L. Litzker Oct. 29, 1892, and claimed their charming daughter, Miss Mary Alice, as his victim. This sad event occurred at the home of Mr. F. A. Klutz, near Georgeville, Miss Alice professed religion and joined the M. E. Church, South, early in life, and died in full triumph of the Christian faith. She gave directions how, and by whom she wanted to be buried. She sleeps in the church yard at Center. Sleep on dear sister 'till Christ comes, to call up from the grave, the bodies of His sainted ones. Fa her, mother and sister, if faithful, you will see Alice again. T. T. S.

November 4, 1892.

Annual Sale.

The fourteenth Annual Missionary sale will take place on Saturday before the 2nd Sunday in December, next, at Bethel Reformed Church. Dr. J. G. Clapp, of Newton, and Rev. Peter Miller, of St. John's, will be present and give missionary lectures.

To the Public.

At the last meeting of the Concord Lyceum a committee was appointed to give public notice of the fact that admission to the meetings of the Lyceum will hereafter be by ticket. This action is necessitated by changes made in the room in which the Lyceum meets, by which its seating capacity has been greatly reduced. All friends of the Lyceum who wish to attend are informed that tickets may be procured from any member of the Lyceum or from the Treasurer, Dr. N. D. Petzer. As the object is, not to raise revenue, but to protect our friends from the discomfort of a crowded assembly. The tickets are furnished gratis.

COMMITTEE.

Don't You Wash. That men could help stepping on women's trains? That somebody would invent iron footed shoes? That children wouldn't ask questions? That babies could tell what hurts them? That small boys could not be so slangy? That your girl could grow up before she thinks of "beaux"? That a perfect servant girl would sometimes come your way? That somebody would discover a new kind of meat for dinner? That it wouldn't rain when a woman wants to go shopping? That Christmas money could be as plentiful as Christmas wishes? That Christmas money could be as plentiful as Christmas wishes? That only loving words ever came your way? That brush brooms, buttonhooks and scissors would stay where they belong?