THE - STANDARD
—TURNS OUT—
GOOD - JOB - WORK
AT LIVING PRICES.
GIVE US A TRIAL.

THE STANDARD.

VOL. VI--NO. 45. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1894. WHOLE NO. 345

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NEWS THAT
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ELECTION RETURNS.

'Squire W J Hill Has a "Run"--John Hall, White, Tried for Cutting Roe Thompson.

Wednesday was a busy day in the way of trials at 'Squire W J Hill's court. Three cases were brought before him, and in each case a bond was required and the parties bound over to court.

The first was the trial of John Hall, who was arrested for the cutting of Cicero Thompson on election night. Hall is a carpenter by trade. He is about five feet high, weighs about 140 pounds and wears a light mustache. Evidence is very strong against Hall. He was bound over to court in the sum of $100.

Case No. 2 was the trial of a white man by the name of Redwine for carrying a concealed weapon and firing a pistol at a woman. This scrape took place on Mr. Milt Morris' place election day.

A negro boy was up before the 'Squire for cutting another boy, in No. [illegible] township, the day of election. All of them gave bond and were released until court week in January.

The Status of the Negro Voter.

The Southport Ledger, in commenting on the election, gives the negro voter a straight blow in the eye, and has about the same opinion of him as the Messenger, as expressed in an edeiorial the day after the election. The Ledger says:

"The negro vote has gone solid in nearly every portion of North Carolina for any ticket that was not Democratic. Republican, Populist or fusion were eagerly accepted and voted, regardless of solicitations, bribes or threats from Democrats.

"The election of last Tuesday unquestionally places the negro in this State upon his own footing, and establishes for him a status which must irrevocably be his forever. The negro must rise or fall upon his own merits, and instead of being constantly watched over and protected by the white people, he must rely in the future upon himself, and in measure of his weakness or strength must he succeed or fail.

"Regradless of favors extended through many years by the Democratic party in this State, the negro has shown himself entirely opposed to the party, individually and collectively. He has shown himself independent, politically, and the same favor should be snown him in other lines, thus making him stand squarely upon his own merit, his own effects to decide his present and future welfare and prosperity.

"There is no reason why the negro should be independent in politics of the Democratic party, and in his every day life be a constant receiver of benefits from the members of the party, which he persistently opposes at the polls.

The Democratic party of North Carolina has always been the friend and protector of the colored race, it will always treat the race humanely, but politically, the conditions existing are decidedly anomalous, and it remains for the Democrats to realize and act upon this matter in an open and honest way.

Judge Barringer in Charlotte.

Judge Victor C. Barringer, late of the International Court of Appeals at Alexandria, Egypt, arrived here last night on 10:40 train from the north, accompanied by his wife, and stopped with his brother, General Rufus Barringer, on North Tryon street. Judge Barringer has been away many years. He was appointed one of the judges of the Egyptian Court by President Grant and held the psition until six months or a year ago when, as noted at the time, he resigned. This is his first visit to his old home since he first went to Egypt (where he was the sole American on the court of which he has been a member) and will find many changes—many faces new to him and many others missing; but there still remain numerous of his old friends who will greet him gladly upon his return.—Charlotte Observer.

Mrs. Alice Lindsey Buried.

Today at 11 o'clock Mrs. Alice Lindsey, daughter of the late Col. J O Wallace, was buried in the old Presbyterian cemetery. The burial services were conducted at the house of her sister, Mrs John B Caldwell, by Rev. J O Alderman, assisted by Rev. W C Alexander. The remains came in Wednesday night from Matthews, the home of her husband. Her death was full of hope. Her husband and children rejoice in the midst of th[illegible] believing that [illegible] gain. Many [illegible] pathize with

BUTLER GOES REPUBLICAN.

His Vote Will Be Cast, It is Said, With the Republicans in Organizing the Senate.

New York, Nov. 14.—A special to the Evening Post from Raleigh, N. C., says:

Marion Butler, president of the National Farmers' Alliance, who is stated to succeed Senator Ransom in the United States Senate after March 4th next, is reported as having stated that he would vote with the Republicans in the organization of the next Senate. If this is so, the Republicans can count on both of North Carolina's votes in the organization of the Senate as the other Senator to be elected in January by the Legislature to succeed Jarvis will be a Republican.

Dr. J J Mott, exchairman of the Republican State committee, seems to be in the lead for that position.

Senator Moody.

The official returns from Cabarrus county give Mr W A Moody a majority in that county of 180, and as the majority against him in Stanly county is only 108 he is elected as Senator to represent Stanly and Cabarrus by a total of 72. We can say of Mr. Moody that during the entire campaign he sustained his reputation as a clever gentleman. As he positively refused during the campaign to commit himself on the question of the United State Senators, we hope that he will finally refuse to vote for Butler. If he will only do this many friends will stand ready to welcome him back into the Democratic party on his return from Raleigh—Stanly News.

[These are words of Mr Jerome, Mr Moody's adversary in the campaign.]

A Man Loses a Watch.

Friday afternoon two of Concord's young sports stopped in front of Swirk's and, as customary found something to bet on. One of the young men had never seen the Edam cheese that is put up in little red balls and when he asked his companion what it was, he was told it was cheese. The young man could not be convinced by his informant that it was cheese, so he wagered his watch againtst his partner's, and of course, lost it.

It is said of the man who was the loser that he is a very stingy man, and when he began crying over his loss, his watch was given back.

Henry Blount Coming.

Henry Blount, of the Wilson Mirror, is to lecture in the Armory Hall next Friday night. His words are poetry and inspiration in themselves. He made a six months lecturing tour out West the first of the year. Everywhere he went he caught the people. The newspapers were loud in their praises. The Sherman Democrat said: "His entertainments are in effect the happiest combination of the lecture and dramatic performance yet discovered wherewith to delight and instruct the intelligent and appreciative of all classes. He is one of the most finished orators on the American stage, whose pathos and humor are blended in the most delightful manner possible. One never tires of hearing him."

Don't fail to hear him in Concord

Governor's Proclamation.

In conformity to a beautiful and time-honored Christian custom, our State constitution, in its recognition of the Great Ruler of the Universe, has made it the duty of every good citizen to fittingly observe one day in the year as the harvest time of our prayers and thanksgiving.

We have been spared another year the disasters and troubles that have afflicted other States and nations and have been especially blessed in the full enjoyment of life, and liberty and the manifold blessings which proceed therefrom.

Therefore, I Elias Carr, Governor of the State of North Carolina, do hereby designate and appoint Thursday, the 29th day of November, 1894, as a day of public thanksgiving and praise. And I earnestly request the citizens of the State to suitably observe this day at their usual places of worship, to remember in their prayers and offerings the disabled soilder, the widow and the orphan, the needy neighbor and the noble institutions which have been established under the fostering hand of the State far their maintanance.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State of North Carolina, at Raleigh, this the 15th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four and in the one hundred and nineteenth year of our American independence.

ELIAS CARR.

By the Governor:
S. F. LELPAIR, Private Secretary.

The quail will have no rest for a season.

A man in Georgia has an incubator and breeds cats.

Mr. Chapman has moved his shop into the store room of the old Hudgins corner.

The Standard learns that Mr. Caleb Pitts is contemplating moving back to Concord.

The Indian at Trinity is a pet. He has been elected captain of the football team.

The Standard learns that Mr. R Will Johnson will become night watchman on and after Dec. 1st.

An Italian string band hit the town and, as usual, attracted much attention with their sweet music.

Mr. C T Troy's house on North Main street is fast nearing completion.

Thursday night at Patteson's Hall a pleasant dance was enjoyed by our young people. During intermission an oyster supper was had.

The town is becoming full of turkey's. They are not Thanksgiving ones but will succumb to fate just about Thanksgiving time.

The foundation is being laid for the erection of a dwelling for Mrs. Wm. Nicholson on North Spring street, just above the dynamo.

Mr. Lindsay, who was here on a sad mission, accompainied by his two daughters, have returned to Matthews.

A Davie county man in Salisbury boasted that he had sold his vote to the Republicans for a gallon of whiskey.

Mrs. Lucy Lewis is lying very low at her home in Saunders, this county. Mrs. Lewis is probably 80 years of age.

Mr. J F Newell, of Flows, recently of the Charlotte News, has gone to Rutherford College to enter school. Mr. Newell is wished success in his studies.

The window in the front of the store room of the Lowe Co. is being enlarged. When complete, it will be one of the handsomest show-widows in the city.

Besides the Italian band Concord was treated to an open air concert Thursday night. A small boy and banjo caught quite a crowd of spectators.

A South Carolinian asked of a North Carolina lassie, observing her fair beauty, "had the sun ever shone on her." This did not happen in Concord, but the lassie was one of our beauties.

The Standard hears that six persons are suspected in the murder of John W Butler, of Enochville. If the coroner's jury decides it was murder, those suspected will be arrested.

We expected the price of cotton to rise, but we had no idea it would come so soon. It advanced about 20 points Wednesday and from all indications the price will rise to 6 cents in a few days if it runs up a point or two each day.

It may be that there are too many denominations of Christians in this country. Certainly in some of our smaller cities they seem to divide the strength and weaken the force. But we have yet to hear the first proposal of any one to lay down its autonomy and consent to become absorbed. Nor have we seen a proposition for union on the basis of mutual recognition.—N. O. Christian Advocate.

Mr. E E Pape and Frank Rossiter, of Dixson, Ill., have rented one of J T Wellborn's houses and have gone to work in the stave business. They came all the way from Illinois to this place in their wagon, a distance of over 700 miles. They seem to be very industrious and will probably locate here. They are among quite a number of parties from that section who have come South to better their conditions. Our people should give them a kindly welcome.—Wilkesboro Chronicle.

Mr. Dave Murr, one of our very finest shoemaker's who has the reputation of turning out neat and substantial work, received an order from Oregon for some shoes, and shipped same Friday to Mr. Alex. Correll, son of Mr. Phillip Correll, of this city. Mr. Murr says those shoes will go over a great deal of ground.

From a private letter, the Standard learns that Rev. J M Hedrick, who lived here for quite a while, is now quite ill at his home in Charlottesville, Va. Mr. Hedrick has many friends in Cabarrus who will be pained to hear of his illness.

It was a cutting scene at the colored festival Saturday night.

Saturday night fights have gotten to be so numerous that they are of late being postponed until Monday.

The mayor and police are doing a thriving business since the election. Some colored boys have been engaged in the "thumping business."

Merchants are making great perparations for their Christmas trade. Give the Standard an advertisement.

Rev. R V Lancaster will preach at the Presbyterian chapel at Forest Hill Sunday afternoon immediately after the close of the Sabbath school exercises.

Mr. Samuel S Sloop is building an addition to his repair shop and furniture house on North Union street. It will be 20x30 feet and two stories high.

We learn from different parties that many hogs are dying in Nos. 2 and 4 townships from the effect of cholera, Now, we ask, "is this a plague?"

Those large persimmon trees on Lent lot, near Forest Hill, have been cut down, and now the small boy will be deprived of his usual fall feast.

Mr. John Young is filling Mr. Phifer's place at the depot for a while. Mr. Phifer is quite sick at his room at Mr. D P Dayvault's. He is threatened with fever, we learn.

Dr. Smoot is absent in Rowan county at the bedside of his brother, Rev. Frank Smoot. He is quite a young man. His condition is so alarming that scarcely any hope is entertained for his recovery.

The greatest freak in the way of a musician was seen on our streets Friday night. It was a colored man, a guitarist, whose instrument was strung with fourteen strings and manipulated with his left hand.

The Standard learns that a 'bus has been ordered for the Morris house and that it will transfer passengers from the depot to the hotel free of charge. This will be a new feature for Concord.

Mr. Robert Cline, of No. 5 township, who has been lingering some time with fever is, we are glad to announce is much better. Mr. Robert Krimminger, of the same neighborhood, is quite low. Little hopes are entertained for his recovery.

If you hear anybody say the Standard dosen's give the local news, please inform such person that upon request we often do not publish items that would interest many, but it would make it quite uninteresting for some. We know quite a batch of local news, but are requested to withhold it for a day or two.

Rev. M G G Scherer, pastor of St. James Lutheran church, as is customary on the anniversary of the Reformation, preached a sermon Sunday on the "Lutheran Church, Its Doctrine and Strength." It is not within the scope of our space to give a synopsis of the interesting discourse.

Rev. M V Sherrill, of Lexington, preached in Central Methodist church Sunday morning. His theme was the "Ressurrection." Mr Sherrill is in feeble health, one arm helpless and one leg almost useless from an attack of parlysis. The sermon is said to have been extremely touching, and the Standard has heard many high compliments upon the discourse.

Auditor Furman gives the following as the number of pensioners enrolled for this year: First class, 68—same as last year—allowance, $68; second class, 241—a decrease of 111—annual allowance, $51; third class, 350—a decrease of 14—annual allowance, $34; fourth class (widows,) 2,734—a decrease of 61—annual allowance, $17; fifth class (soldiers,) 1,495—an increase of 134—annual allowance, $17. The net increase in the number of pensioners is 10. There is a slight increase in the annual allowance to all classes.

To Buy Rutherford College.

The Gastonia Gazette says that Capt. J D Moore and Rev. M P Matheny will go up to Hickory today to meet their fellow-committeemen from other Baptist churches to consider the fasibility of purchasing Ruthford College. This property, we understand, is now in the hands of Mr. Joseph Elliott, of Hickory, who has made the Baptist Association an offer of it on reasonable terms, terms, too, which, it now appears, they will be likely to accept.

COTTON CROP ESTIMATES

The Estimates Vary From Eight and Three-Quarters to Nine and a Quarter Million Bales.

Savannah, Ga., Nov. 14.—The estimates of the cotton crop made by prominent operators on the exchange here vary from 8,750,000 to 9,453,000 bales, the majority putting it at about 9,250,000. It is estimated generally that the crop of Georgia will be 5 per cent increase on last year or 1,200,000.

Norfolk, Va., Nov. 14.—The average estimate of twenty-five leading cotton firms representing factors and exporters, secured by Superintendent Norman Bell, of the Norfolk and Portsmouth Cotton exchange, places the crop at nine million, eighty-six thousand bales. This is not an official utterance, but an estimate based upon the opinion of twenty-five firms.

Augusta, Ga, Nov. 14.—Averaging the opinions of prominent cotton men the estimate of the trade in Augusta is that the cotton crop for this year will be between nine and a quarter and nine and a half million bales.

Good and Bad Times.

If all the times was good times,
An' all the skies was bright;
There wouldn't be for you an' me
Quite so much joy in sight—
If every day the world was May,
An' all the skies was bright.

If all the times was good times,
We'd all git tired—shore,
An' shift about, an' wish 'em out,
An' show 'em to the door—
If all the times was good times,
An' not a soul was poor!

If all the times was good times,
An' nothing went to seed;
With nothin' left to hope for,
An' nothin' left to need—
We couldn't live, dear brethren,
With all the 'possums treed!

Confession of a Prodigal Son Returned.

This is to certify that I, R L Smith have departed from the fusion party forever—will henceforth forever stand fair and square with the good old Democratic party—the party I first loved. I feel that I have done something wrong in the late election by voting the fusion ticket. Fellow Democrats I humbly ask pardon. ROBT. L. SMITH.

Witnesses: G. B. BEARD and L. M. SETZER.—Newton Enterprise.

The Relatives Not Satisfied.

The investigation of the death of Mr. Jno. W Butler was concluded by the corner's jury at Enochville yestesday. The jury returned a verdict that he came to his death from wounds caused by his horse running away. The relatives of Mr. Butler are not satisfied with the verdict and still believe he was murdered. They express no surprise at the verdict because three uncles and two cousins of suspected parties were on the jury. Investigation of the case has not been abandoned and the whole matter will be laid before Solicitor Long next week.—Salisbury Herald.

Both of Us Right.

The Albemarle news says: "The Concord Standard says it snowed in Cabarrus last Sunday the 11th inst. The Standard must be considerably bewildered; it was Tuesday the 6th the big snow fell."

We are right. It snowed on the 11th; and that one on the 6th was not the beautiful pure white snow—it was awfully smutty, it was.

Slight Earthquake in Italy.

Rome, Nov. 16.—An earthquake was felt this morning in Catanzaro and Reggio, south of Italy and Messina, Sicily. Many telegraph wires were broken and a few houses unsettled, but nobody was killed.

All the Way from Paraguay.

A Standard reporter was shown some specimens of rare wood by Mr. Giles T Crowell, that were expressed to him from the Republic of Paraguay by some unknown friend The bundle consists of ten or twelve different woods. Mr. Crowell will have them dressed and made into walking canes. He is quite proud of his new property.

A False Rumor.

The rumor that the Odell Mills do not pay but $1 50 per cord for wood, is not true. A Standard man saw Mr. W R Odell, personally, and he says the statement that appeared in the Standard and the Times to the effect that they had cut the price 25 cents was all a mistake. They will continue to pay $1.75 per cord. The rumor that they had cut the price is pretty well circulated over the county, and the authority we had for making the announcement, was, as we thought, good. In justice to the mills we make the correction.

Several of our young boys spent Sunday in Mt Pleasant.

A Tussle With a Wild Hog.

Last Saturday whild Dick Cal away was hauling a hog from Ed Erwin's place to Dr. Sam Grier's, near Harrisburg, the hog became not a little ferocious—it went wild, It was securely boxed up, so Dick thought, but when the raving animal began his capers in the pen, rooting, butting and kicking, the box was soon torn to pieces, the hog jumped to the ground and took to the wood. The hog had to be delivered Saturday night, and considering this and the madness of both the hog and Dick, he got assistance and an axe, carrying to Dr. Grier a dead hog sometime after dark the same night. Dick says he never wants another tussle with a wild hog.

Eclipses for the Year 1894.

There will be five eclipses next year, three of the sun and two of the moon. The first will be a total eclipse of the moon, March 10th, and will be visible here. The second will be a partial eclipse of the sun, March 26th, but will be invisible in the United States. The third will be a partial eclipse of the sun August 20th, in the morning, invisible in North America. The fourth will be a total eclipse of the sun, September 3rd and 4th; the beginning will be visible here. The fifth will be a partial eclipse of the sun, September 18th, in the afternoon; invisible in America.

Here's Good Sense.

No man is too poor to take his home newspaper, and it is false economy to get along without it. Hardly a week passes that something does not appear in its columns that will be a financial benefit to the subscriber, and by the end of the year he has made or saved from one to twenty times its subscription price. The city papers do not take the place of a county paper, although some people seem to think they do. The city p[illegible] right in their way but th[illegible] give you what you are most interested in, your home news. You cannot learn from them when and where public meetings are to be held, who have died, who are marrying, who are moving out, court proceedings, who wants to sell land—in fact, hundreds of items which might be of particular importance for you to know. Such matters city papers cannot furnish, but your county paper can and does.

Varieties.

Wood pulp is used for adulterating yarn.

Two thousand oil wells are in operation in West Virginia.

In India a native may board comfortable for six cents a day.

The Louisville water works has a 16,000,000 gallon pumping engine.

Meals in a night lunch wagon are always served a la crate.

The army of Bolivia cost the people of that improverished country $1,800 a year.

Over 27,000 pounds weight of edible birds' nest are annually shipped from Java to China.

There is a man living at Stillwater Minn., who has not worn a hat for 40 years, winter or summer.

In the Gold Mines.

Messrs F F Anderson, of London, Eng., E McDowell, of Spartanburg, S. C., and Wm. Silver, of Baltimore, arrived in the city Wednesday night. These men are prospecting in the gold fields of Cabarrus, and they will not be disappointed in the richness of them. They are at the Reed and Rocky River mines today (Thursday.)

Old Man Pat.

All along during the past campaign the News momentarily expected to hear something of Pat Exum. Our people remember the figure he cut in the campaign two years ago, and the News could not understand how they managed to keep Pat dark this year, for Pat is a brilliant man. He walks to and fro on the platform when he makes a speech, and spits tobacco juice for punctuation marks. He is a regular blacksmith on the Queen's English, too, and in all the galaxy of Pop orators, there is not one that has the "dowling of him" (to use one of his favorite expressions) in that respect. But the News felt sure that Pat would turn up at the proper time, and so he has. Bless you! Pat is now a candidate for United States Senator.—Charlotte News.

See notice of mortgage sale by Dr. T F Pharr, executor of A C Scott, deceased.

A patent medicine man was on the street today. His business was not as thriving as other medicine men who frequently visit us.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't R
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

STILL UNTERRIFIED.

The Stings of Defeat Can't Dim the Brightness of the Asheville Citizen.

It still looks like Adlai.

Pick the flint and try it again.

New York is not a doubtful State.

If only we could have saved the House!

The question is, did we save enough for seed?

There is no accounting for some people's tastes.

We may not be pretty, but we know more than we did.

There will be no further tariff agitation for several moons!

Latest returns show that Japan is saved to the Democrats.

There were several narrow escapes but Morton did not have one.

Gallant William Wilson went down with the rest, but his work lives.

It approached the dimensions of a cataclysm—if you know what that is.

Grover Cleveland will be at the old stand for two years more with his little veto.

Remember, the Democratic party can survive severer defeats than any other party that ever existed.

Democratic Scripture text for today: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Republican text: "The earth is ours and the fullness thereof."

Don'ts of Dress.

Don't hold up silk and display rags.

Don't use pins [illegible] stitches would do.

Don't wear a sailor hat with a silk dress.

Don't wear striped material if you are tall.

Don't wear tan shoes if you have large feet.

Don't wear a white petticoat unless it is white.

Don't dress more fashionably than becomingly.

Don't imagine that beauty will atone for untidiness.

Don't buy common hose—they are not economical.

Don't trim good material with common trimmings.

Don't wear big sleeves and big hats if you are short.

Don't expect great bargains to turn out great sayings.

Don't jump into your clothes and expect to look dressed.

Don't dress your head at the expense of your hands and feet.

Don't wear a fur or feather boa with a cotton dress or skirt.

Don't wear feathers in your hat and patches on your boots.

Don't achieve the grotesque while attempting the original.

Don't wear a sailor hat and [illegible] after your fortieth birthday.

Don't pinch your waist. Fat like murder, will out—somewhere.

Register Patterson Busy.

Besides issuing several marriage licenses and doing lots of other business in the Register of Deeds office, Register Patterson has been working for five days with his assistant, Mr. White, on the registration of the consolidated mortgage of the Southern Railway Company to the Central Trust Company of New York. This mortgage is the biggest thing of this kind that has ever struck Concord. It makes ninety-eight pages and represents millions and millions of dollars.

It would take the strength of several Sampson's and a couple jacks to raise this mortgage and the wreath of two or three Rothchilds to pay it off. It's certainly a whopper!

A Despondent Man.

Friend: You are looking blue this morning.

Sad-faced Man: Yes, and I am feeling blue. You know my wife ran away with the clown of a circus a month ago.

Friend (sighing): Yes, I heard of it. Dear friend, my heart b[illegible] for you, but we must try and [illegible] on the bright side of things. [illegible] haps she will return.

Sad-faced Man: That's ju[illegible] that's what keeps me awake at night, that's why I have the blues. I have got a letter from her saying she is coming back. What have I got to live for n[illegible]—Texas Siftings.

Guilty or Not Guilty.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child;
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on the young pale face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name?" said the judge as he eyed her
With kindly look, yet keen.
"Is Mary McGuire, please sir."
"And your age?"—"I am turned fifteen."
"Well Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
"You are charged here—I'm sorry to say it—
With stealing three loaves of bread."

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or not?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was all the reply;
But she read in an instant,
And read in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you how it was, sir—
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brother and sisters
Were hungry, and asked me for bread.
At first I refused it for them,
By working hard all day,
But somehow these were hard, sir,
And we went all astray.
"I could get no more employment,
The weather was bitter cold;
The little ones cried and shivered—
Little Johnny's but four years old—
So what was I [illegible]
I took—oh, was it [illegible]
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court room—
Gray beard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spoke the truth;
Out from their pockets came handkerchiefs,
Out from their eyes sprung tears,
And out from old faded wallets,
Came treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study—
The strangest you ever saw—
As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the law,
For one so learned in such matters,
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed as a simple question
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him, or wondered,
When at last these words they heard,
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is for the present deferred."
And no one blamed him or wondered
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room
Himself the "guilty" child.

A Good Shot at 72.

Mr. George Lee, of St. John's neighborhood, though he is 72 years old, is jovial and a good shot.

He killed a hawk c[illegible] that measured 4 feet and 3 inches from tip to tip of wing. Mr. Lee had on no glasses, and yet pulled the hawk at a distance of 100 yards, with a rifle and off-handed at that. The Standard bets he can beat his son Jim, at shooting.

TIRED, WEAK, NERVOUS, Could Not Sleep.

Prof. L. D. Edwards, of Preston, Idaho, says: "I was all run down, weak, nervous and irritable through overwork. I suffered from brain fatigue, mental depression, etc. I became so weak and nervous that I could not sleep. I would arise tired, discouraged and blue. I began taking Dr. Miles' Nervine