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THE STANDARD

WE DO ALL KINDS OF

JOB WORK

—IN THE—

NEATEST MANNER

—AND AT—

THE LOWEST RATES.

THE STANDARD.

VOL. IV.---NO. 22. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1891. WHOLE NO. 178.

THE STANDARD.

LARGEST PAPER

—PUBLISHED IN CONCORD.—

CONTAINS MORE READING MATTER THAN ANY OTHER PAPER IN THIS SECTION.

THE LAW OF RECOMPENSE.

There is no wrong, by any one committed,
But will recoil;
Its sure return, with double ill repeated,
No skill can foil.

As on the earth the mist it yields to heav'n
Descend in rain.
So on his head who e'er has evil given,
It falls again.

It is the law of life that retribution
Shall follow wrong;
It never fails, although the execution
May tarry long.

Then let us be, with unrelaxed endeavor,
Just, true and right;
That th' great law of recompense may ever
Our hearts delight!

—(Daughters of America.

THE DRUMMER'S STORY.

How He Was Initiated Into the Mysteries of the "Knights of the Road."

One thing I like about these "Knights of the road," is that they are great fellows for secret societies. Most of the drummers belong to everything that is going, from the Grand Knights of the Diamond Garter to the Sons of Temperance. I am quite a hand for such mysterious things myself, so I get solid with all the boys. My old friend Crookston called on me the other day to see if I needed any drugs and have a visit. We had a jolly old time.

While we were sitting in the office a chap came in and wanted to borrow $2 on account of a remittance not coming to him as expected. I told him my $2 kept to lend was in now, being sent in the day by Johnnie McIlture, but I never lent it except to drummers. He said 'That's me.' I gave him the grand hailing sign of the Odd Fellows, which he tumbled to. Then came the great "hail in the sooth grip of a Pythonic.' He tumbled. Then Crook gave him the G. G. of the Sons of Malta. He was on to it. Then I tipped him the hair poker signal of a Good Tipper. He smiled and said 'O. K.' This is a chemical term meaning 'water.' Crook stack out his hand and gave him the P. D. Q. sign of a Royal Arch Brick Mason. He 'got thar' on that. Then Crookston examined him as follows to make sure he was a drummer:

'From whence comest thou, pard?'

'From the Lodge of the Holy St. Johns, Michigan.'

'What seek ye here to do?'

'To take a few orders and collect a bill on Bilson.'

'Then you are a drummer?'

'I am so taken and accepted by the boys.'

'How may I know you to be a drummer?'

'By my cheek and my fifty pound sample case. Try me.'

'How will you be tried?'

'By the square.'

'Why by the square?'

'Because the square is a magistrate and an emblem of stupidity.'

'Where were you first prepared to be a drummer?'

'In my mind.'

'Where next?'

'In a printing office adjoining a regular post of drummers.'

'How were you prepared?'

'By being divested of my last cent, my cheek rubbed down with a brick, a bunion plaster over each eye, and a heavy sample case in each hand. In this fix I was conducted to the door of the post.'

'How did you know it was a door, being blind?'

'By first stepping into a coal scuttle, and afterwards bumping my head on the door knob.'

'How gained you admission.

'By benefit of my cheek.'

'Had you the required cheek?'

'I had not; but Bears had in his pocket for me.'

'How were you received?'

'On the sharp toe of a boot, applied to my natural trousers.'

'What did this teach you?'

'Not to fool around too much.'

'What happened next?'

'I was set down on a cake of ice and asked if I put my trust in mercantile reports.'

'Your answer?'

'Not if I know myself, I don't.'

'How were you next handled?'

'I was put straddle of a goat; made 2x4 and trotted nine times around the room by four worthy brothers, and then brought in front of the left bower for further instructions.'

'How did he instruct you?'

'To approach a customer in three upright regular steps with my business card extended at right angles, my arms forming a perfect square.'

'How was you then disposed of?'

'I was again seated on a cake of ice in front of a dry goods box and made to take the following horrible and binding oath:

'I, Charles S. Robinson, do hereon and herein most everlastingly and diabolically swear by the Great Bob Tail Flush that I will never reveal and always steal all the trade secrets I can for the use and benefit of this most august order. And I further swear, by the the Bald Headed Jack of Clubs, that I will never give, carve, make, hold, take or cut prices below the regular rates. And I further swear by the Pipers that played before Moses, to never have any commercial dealings with any man or his wife, sister, grandmother, old maid, aunt or uncles, unless they, he, she or it is sound on the goose. Binding myself under no other penalty than to have my grip-sack slit from top to bottom, my dirty shirt and socks taken out and my reputation removed and buried in the river at Pear street bridge, where the Salvation Army ebbs and flows every two and half hours. So help me, Bob Ingersoll, and keep me in backbone.'

'I was then asked what I most needed.'

'What was your reply?'

'Money.'

'What did you then behold?'

'A copy of Dun & Co's report open at chapter 'Muskegon.' Upon the open book rested a pair of drug scales, in one of which reposed 10 pounds of concentrated lye, and in the other sat a small silver jackass.'

'What did this emblem signify?'

'The scales indicated the ballance between debtor and creditor. The other emblems represented liabilities and assets of bankrupts.'

'Did this teach you any lesson?'

'You bet. It taught me the fact that the former are generally so almighty much better than the latter.'

'Shake brother. * * * Will you be off or from?'

'Both if I can borrow money enough to get out of town on.'

'Have you any cigars?'

'I have.'

'Give 'em to me.'

'I did not so receive 'em; neither will you depart 'em.'

'How will you dispose of 'em?'

'On sixty days time or 2 per cent cash f. o. b.'

'All right begin.'

'No, begin you.'

'"Up 'Em.' 'Set,''

'Set 'em up.'

"The words and sign are right. Brother Crook, he is a yard wide and all wool, and you can bet on him.'

Brother Crookston and I each lent the chap $5 and he left with many thanks and kind wishes.

'Now you can see by this what a help it is to a fellow when he gets dead broke among strangers to have these little things to fall back on.

Remarkable Statement from John Brown's Son.

A dispatch from Hartford, Conn., to the Boston Herald says: Many of Connecticutt's old-time abolitionists have greeted Jason Brown, son of John Brown, the martyr of Harper's Ferry, who has been visiting here for two or three days past. He is a tall, bent old gentleman, with a white beard and pale blue eyes. He dresses very plainly and wears a big, broad-brim felt hat and heavy cowhide boots. In referring to the slavery question he gives this significant opinion: "I believe that slavery was a sectional evil, and that the people of the North were as much to blame for its long continuance as the people of the South. Why? Because the old slave States of Massachusetts, Connecticutt, Rhode Island, New York and Pennsylvania, when they found slavery no longer profitable, sold their slaves to other people of the South and pocketed the money. To be sure, a few liberated their slaves, noticeably the Quakers. We of the North were their holders, while the people of the South were their owners, and we in the war that followed went down into the red sea of blood with the people of the South. Today my sympathies and those of the remaining members of my family are largely with the people who have suffered the more because of the war."

Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Russell Harrison to Visit Europe.

Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Russell Harrison, daughters of the President, will soon be en route to Europe. They left the White House this afternoon for New York, where they will take the steamer which sails Wednesday. All of the presidential household were at the front door to see the ladies off and wish them a safe and delightful voyage. The President left his desk to come downstairs and place his children in the carriage which was to convey them to the depot, Mrs. McKee said "good bye" to all the servants, but Mrs. Russell Harrison gave to each of them a hearty shake of the hand. Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Dimmick, Private Secretary Halford, Mrs Parker and Russell Harrison went to the depot with the tourists. The President kissed his daughters affectionately and told them he was too busy to accompany them to the station. Russell Harrison will escort the ladies to New York to see them safely aboard the steamer, where they will join Mrs. Wanamaker's party. Mrs. McKee was enthusiastic at the prospect of an ocean voyage, for she was afraid her participation in the recent trip with her father might interfere with the European tour. Mr. McKee will go to see his wife sail, but neither he nor Russell Harrison will be members of the party, as their business duties detain them at home. Grandma Harrison will take care of the grandchildren, while their parents are absent.—Baltimore Sun.

More Charges Against Sam Small.

Speaking of this Ogden university business, the the New Orleans Daily States says:

"It appears that the Rev. Sam Small while in Ogden, as president of the Methodist university of Utah, worked the 'bloody chasm racket' quite successfully. He told the people that he was the originator of a plan to erect a grand monument to the memory of the Federal and Confederate dead in Atlanta, and that city had given him a fine piece of ground as a site for the monument, which would be symbolical of a reunited country. He also said that all the money which patriotic people desired to contribute for the erection of the monument he would collect and forward to the mayor of Atlanta. A goodly sum was placed in the hand of Mr. Small, but instead of it being sent to Atlanta it found its way into his pocket and since his departure from Ogden with the funds of the university, the people there have discovered that the monument to the blue and gray existed only in the fertile imagination of Samuel the Smooth."

The Mythological Fates.

"Somewhere upon the unknown shore,
Where the streams of life their waters pour,
There sit three sisters, evermore
Weaving a silken thread."

Lovers of classic painting are familiar with that famous group, called the "Three Fates." Fate seems cruel when it deprives women and girls of health. But in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescripton they find a cure of untold value for nervous prostration, sick headache, bearing-down pains, bloating, weak stomach, anteversion, retroversion, and all those excruciating complaints that make their lives miserable. All who use it praise it. It contains no hurtful ingredients, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or its price ($1.00) will be refunded.

Necktie parties are becoming fashionable over the States. It is really fashionable to wear neckties.

THEIR ALL AT THE ALTAR.

Remarkable Scene at a Religious Revival in St. Louis.

St. Louis May 30.—Centenary church, the most aristocratic Methodist church in the city, of which the Rev. Dr. B Carradine is pastor, has, during the past two weeks, been the scene of some remarkable demonstrations, culminating last night in an exhibition of religious fervor bordering closely on the sensational.

Dr. Carradine made fame in the South, where, as pastor of a prominent church in New Orleans, he fought and was fought by the Louisiana lottery. When he came here from New Orleans he announced his views on the manner of life a Christian should lead, and his belief in spiritual sanctification, without which he did not believe any church could prosper or grow in the grace of God. Directly after being installed he drew the line on church sociables and fairs, denouncing them as iniquitous schemes of Satan to propagate sin in the church. He next paid his respects to secret societies and life insurance companies with such vigorous language as to create quite a furore, even in business circles of the city. Then he jumped on the secret societies, and got into a row with the Masons. Three weeks ago he began a series of revival meetings, day and night. With fervid eloquence he has day after day depicted the sinfulness of the practices and utter inconsistency with the profession of Christians, and warned his hearers that they could not hope for the spirit of sanctification so long as their vanity influenced them.

His efforts have been most successful, a number of ladies and gentlemen coming forward nightly and depositing their diamonds, jewels, and other personal ornaments on the altar, to be sold and the proceeds given to the poor. Last night came the culmination. With tearful eyes, young, middle aged and old ladies came forward to the altar and cast down at the feet of the minister their bracelets, earrings, brooches, finger rings, &c., while men possessed of valuable gold watches and seal rings with beaming countenances threw them on the altar. "The scenes at these meetings," said Dr. Carradine to a reporter, 'have been most remarkable. I do not know that I ever witnessed anything to equal them. At times this congregation has been moved and stirred by the Spirit of God like unto the Pentecostal scene described in the Scriptures. So far, 150 have expressed their faith and been received into the church, while some 200 are now in a state of spiritual sanctification. It is this latter class, principally, that has been moved to make sacrifices of their jewelry for the poor as an evidence of their Christianity, and I never witnessed more cheerful giving in my life."—New York Times.

At the Toe of the Italian "Boot."

Sicily is a three-cornered island about as large as the State of Maryland. It has about as much of a mountain chain as the New Hampshire "White Mountains." Mount Etna is on this island; and there are famous sulphur mines. The climate is most tropical; snow and ice are unknown. The summer heats are generally tempered by healthful breezes, but in some localities people can not stand the malaria, and at intervals in summer the dreadful winds, called the "Sirocco" and, "Libeccio" blow from the deserts of Northern Africa across Sicily destroying vegetation and making mankind wretched. Corn, wheat, cotton, hemp and grapes are raised successfully; besides a large crop of brigands for export. If they could only raise twisted hemp rapidly enough, with the brigands grafted on one end, the rest of the world would be thankful — particularly America.

A Brave Girl's Persecution.

Pittsburg, May 31.—Pretty Mollie Hanlon attended a decoration day pic nic yesterday at McKee's Rocks and missed the 10 o'clock train for Pittsburg. Two men volunteered to row her across the Ohio to enable her to catch a Fort Wayne train. In the middle of the river they decided to take the girl to Brunot's Island instead, a lonely insolated place. Hattie wept and pleaded and offered all her money and valuables to the ferrymen. They refused to land her, and the frightened girl leaped into the river. The ruffians dragged her back, but she again threw herself into the water and made a desperate attempt to drown herself. Again they dragged her into the boat, and were proceeding to the island, when intercepted by the ferrywoman, who heard Mollie's screams, and took the unconscious girl from the men, who were later arrested, and are now in jail.

Dame Nature is a Good Book-Keeper.

She don't let us stay long in her debt before we settle for what we owe her. She gives us a few years' grace at most, but the reckoning surely comes. Have you neglected a cough or allowed your blood to grow impure without heeding the warning? Be wise in time, and get the world-famed Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which cures as well as promises. As a blood-renovator, a lung-healer, and a cure for scrofulous taints, it towers above all other, as Olymbus over tops a mole--hill. To warrant a commodity is to be honorable and above deception, and a guarantee is a symbol of honest dealing. You get it with every bottle of the "Discovery." By druggists.

THE POLICY DECLARED

By the Board of Directors of the Stanly Observer.

It has come out and reached town that the directors of the Stanly Observer had a meeting. There's one member that can't keep a secret, and he's told on the brilliant and important meeting:

1. The Observer was declared in it.

2. The Observer is to be Democratic to the "kore."

3. Its editor is to be one of the Old Arm Chair Club—each member acting editor, alphabetically, for one week. The janitor is not to wear the honor except as the fighting editor.

4. The policy shall be to fire and not fall back.

5. No marriage notices shall be published for less than 5 cents per line.

6. The Observer shall not publish an advertisement for the Louisiana lottery.

7. The Observer shall be published in Albemarle and on a cylinder press.

8. The office shall be closed on Sundays.

9. All accounts must be endorsed by the president and paid by the treasurer.

10. The Observer will not accept cross-ties or other agricultural products on subscription.

11. Editor's pass on railroads will be accepted with discretion.

12. No snake stories will be published unless the snake accompanies the story.

13. The Observer believes in the Constitution of the United States and the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

14. The Observer shall advocate electric lights and other internal improvements.

15. The Observer shall be neutral on all great questions, such as the Italian trouble.

16. The editor of the Observer shall be an American-born citizen and over 21 years of age.

These are all the resolutions, bylaws, &c., the member could remember. The Standard thinks they are capital. But that member told Charlie Correll, who happened to be in Albemarle, that the final resolution was carried with a whoop and general demonstration of demonstrative endorsement. It is this:

"17. The Observer shall always seek to 'down' Jim Cook and his paper. And for the support of these declarations, with a firm reliance on the protection offered by our limbs, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

The Standard likes that, and wishes the Observer the many blessings attending journalism, and hopes to see the various editors (one at a time) in our sanctum.

Bost's Mills Notes.

Miss Lizzie Bost is at home now.

Some chills and fever in this neighborhood.

Tom Bost has had quite a large lot of lumber sawed.

The cotton crop will undoubtedly be very short this year.

Your poetry is very nice, but pshaw! can't you find something better to display your poetical talent than the infective cherry crop?

PEA JAY.

The Little Boy of No. 11.

J. R. Brown comes again, this time with 110 oat heads to grow from one seed.

Children's Day at Center church was a pleasant occasion. The address to the children was delivered by D. B. Coltrrne, and there were recitations by members of the Sunday-school.

An organ has been purchased for Mt. Hermon church. Because of the absence of an organist, Miss Murdy Brown kindly accepted an invitation and played for them last Sunday. B. OF No. 11.

Copal Grove Items.

Mrs. Misenheimer, at the springs, is improving some.

Wheat is looking fine.

Farmers much behind in work on account of wet weather, but they are moving things now.

No visitors at the springs, but some are expected soon.

Mrs. F. D. Lentz is at the springs during Mrs. Misenheimer's illness.

Rev. C. C. Lyerly preached at New London last Sunday morning.

John A. Fisher has the chance of bail on $2,500 bond, but don't know whether he can give it or not.

The Stanly Observer has suspended but will be run all the same by other parties, and will be a Democratic paper as ever and all done at home. Stick to her and hold up her arms; she will get there all the same. The former editor has gone into the tin business, which was his former occupation. R.

Died at Nearly 102 Years.

Catherine Whitener died on the 3rd day of June, 1891. Her maiden name was Sigmon and she was born near St. John's Church, Catawba county. Her father was George Sigmon, who was a teamster in the Revolutionary war, and her mother's name was Rachel Sheefler and was born on the first day of Sept. 1789. She maried Daniel E. Whitener, a soldier of the war of 1812, and was a pensioner for over thirteen years. She connected herself to the Lutheran church at the age of fifteen years. Her age was 101 years and nine months and two days. She was the oldest person in the county and perhaps one amongst the oldest persons in western North Carolina.—Newton Enterprise.

LITTLE DROPS OF

Tar, Pitch Turpentine and Other Tar Heel Products.

Warrenton Index: Mr. John Parker, a highly respected citizen of Northhampton county, died at his home near Miami on the 22nd., at the ripe old age of 84 years.

High Point Enterprise: Rev. C. G. Weels, pastor of the Baptist Church here, after tendering his resignation was recalled by the church. Mr. Wells communicated with the church last night and declined the call.——Last Tuesday Mr. J. Milton Gorden, who lives three miles from here, while moving some boards in his back yard was struck on the finger by a highland moccasin.

Henderson Ledger: We promised our readers last week to give them the result of the investigation in the case of Dr. Nash, who was accused of attempted rape upon the person of Miss Goss, at Lyons, in this county. We withheld the names at the personal request of the Doctor, pending the investigation. The case was compromised, we learn, by the Doctor's giving a bond of $500 to leave the State in thirty days and to keep his mouth shut. We suppose $500 will make a wad big enough to do it.

Smithfield Herald: Henry Bain, murderer of Floyd Davis and who is serving a sentence here in jail for the same, had given bond and was out of jail last week working on the road across the river. Saturday evening he got on too much whiskey and was put in the guard house by Policeman Dickens and afterwards confined in jail.——The storm of Saturday night seems to have been pretty general throughout the nothern part of the county. It was more severe near Clayton than any part we have heard from. It blew down nearly all the fences and a good many trees and was accompanied by a shower of hail but was not enough to damage crops very seriously.

New Berne Journal: Mr. O. C. Farrar, one of the wealthiest, most active and progressive business men of Tarboro, died at his home Thursday morning, after several days illness. He was formerly a tobacco manufacturer of New Berne. The firm was Walker, Farrar & Co. He left a large fortune which he amassed himself. It was estimated some years ago at $200,000. A new Baptist church in Tarboro, which is to be dedicated Sunday, was virtually built by him—he contributed $10,000 towards it——Mr. George D. Gordner, who was for several years foreman of the New Berne Lumber Co., and is now putting up a mill near Alberdeen, Moore county, has written to his father in this city an account of a remarkable saw he observed at work in a mill there. The saw revolves like a circular saw, but is simply a steel blade eight inches wide and four feet long, with only two teeth—one on each end of the saw, on opposite corners. Mr. Gordner says: "It saws the boards as nice and smooth as I have ever seen any lumber sawed. It was built about fifteen years ago and was run regularly up to three years ago."

Downed the Bar-Keeper.

Here is a piece of fun played on a bar-keeper in Jack Ramsey's town, Salisbury. It found its way to Concord:

A good one is told upon a certain bar-keeper in Salisbury. A few days ago, it is related, a tired-looking stranger dived into a saloon and, walking up to the bar, fumbled with his thumb and finger in his vest pocket. The bar-keeper asked, "What'll ye take?" He replies "water; I've lost my money." It was handed out and stowed away by the stranger while he lovingly looked on the red liquor just out of his reach. Dropping his hand on his breast, with a look of pain, and almost doubling himself up, he said; "It was too warm; that water is going to hurt. Do you know that water is more destructive to human life than whiskey—has killed two to one?" The tender-hearted bar tender had placed a bottle and glass out to the sufferer as he gasped, "No! Tell me how and when." The second glass of poison had trickled down the stranger's throat and he winked at the bar man saying: "I heard it was when the flood came and the whole human race was drowned," and he darted out of the door, while the bar-keeper went to calling for the police and the individuals standing around yelled in delight.

A Complete Collapse

is occasioned in our feelings by derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure sick and bilious headache, bowel complaints, internal fever and costiveness. They remove all waste matter, and restore health to body and mind. A dose, as a laxative, consists of one tiny, sugar coated Pellet. Cheapest and easiest to take. By druggist, 25 cents a vial.

The hardest people on earth for an editor to please are those who borrow the paper from some of his subscribers. Fortunately there are not many such here.

If you would get rid of the pestiferous little ants that infest your floor, simply take a piece of chalk and mark around the floor, or around the table leg, and they at once leave. Ants will not cross a chalk line, so a friend who has tried it for several years, tells us.

JAMES MADISON LEACH.

The subject of this sketch was born in the county of Randolph in the month of January, 1815, and died in the town of Lexington on the first day of June, 1891. His parents were William and Nancy Leach. He received a classical education and studied law under his brother, J. E. Leach, who died at an early age. He came to Lexington a short time thereafter and engaged in the practice of his profession. He rose to eminence at the bar, and for many years was a leader in the criminal practice of this part of the State. At one time it was a rare thing for a capital case to be tried in the counties where he practiced without his services being retained. He also enjoyed a large civil practice.

Though eminently distinguished as a lawyer, Gen. Leach was better known by his political career His public services began in 1848, when he was elected to the lower house of the general assembly. He was reelected and served continously for ten years. In 1856, he was elected a presidential elector on the Fillmore ticket. Two years later he defeated Hon. A. M. Scales for Congress. On the floor of the House, he opposed secession, but at the call to arms he entered the service of his State. When President Lincoln issued his call for troops, he raised a company and went to the front as its captain, and subsequently became lieutenant colonel of the regiment. He fought at Manassas, but resigned his command, returned home and was elected to the Confederate Congress. After the war, he served several terms in the State Senate. In 1871, he was elected to Congress over Gen. W. L. Scott, and two years later he defeated Judge Thomas Settle. At the 1879 80 session of the legislature, he served in the Senate. In 1876 and 1880, he was elected presidential elector at large on the Democratic ticket.

In his prime, Gen. Leach was no ordinary man. He possessed a great deal of individuality of character. He had opinions of his own and the courage to express them anywhere and everywhere; moreover he had a way of impressing his opinions upon others. He delighted in argument, and never failed to make himself heard or understood in a discussion of almost any conceivable subject. He was a ready and tireless speaker; and whether at the bar, in the halls of legislation, or upon the stump, he could talk for three or four hours at a time and never falter for a word. More than that, he had a happy faculty of coining words on the spur of the moment, which however inelegant, viewed by dictionary standards, always had the effect of making his language more expressive than plain English. He pursued an enemy or an opponent relentlessly, and employed the weapon of sarcasm with a skill that was all his own.

General Leach was a strong man physically as well as intellectually. He had a constitution of iron that endured strains which would have exhausted an ordinary man in much less than the allotted time of human existence. He retained his health and vigor of mind and body until within the past two or three years. At last he broke down and failed rapidly until he became but a wreck of his former strength; but his wonderful vitality sustained him for months after his life was despaired. Thus he lingered, until death came, a veritable thief in the night and claimed him.—Lexington Dispatch.

MARRIED IN JAIL.

And Eighteen Preachers the Descendants of the Couple.

In the Evangelical Repository of January, 1891, in an article on Thomas Clark, D. D., page 42, Dr. Scouller says that during his imprisonment Dr. Clark "officiated at one marriage and thirteen baptisms."

It may be of interest to some to know who the couple was and what became of them and their descendants. They were John Harris and Eleanor Renalds, natives of Monaghan county, Ireland, and parishioners of Dr. Clarke, who at the time of their marriage was confined in Monaghan jail because, although he fought for his country against the Pretender, he would not take the Oath of Abjuration, for it recognized the king as head of the church and was administered by "kissing the book," which he thought was wrong.

They were married in 1784, and came at once to the United States—ten years before Dr. Clark—and settled for a short time in Lancaster county, Pa. Thence they moved to York county, S. C., where they permanently located in the neighborhood of Steele Creek.

John and Eleanor Harris had four sons—Hugh, Robert, John and James—and among their lineal descendants were eighteen ministers and twenty-three wives of ministers. Of the ministers four were Harrises, six Griers, two Youngs, and the other six Robinson, Peoples, Chalmers, Spratt, McKee and Cannon. Some of the grandchildren of this couple who were married by their imprisoned pastor in that Irish jail, 1784, are well known in this part of the State and South Carolina, as Mr. Leonard Harris, of Chester, S. C.; Mr. Hugh Harris, of Steele Creek, Mecklenburg; Mrs. Isabella Harris Caldwell, of Harrisburg, and Mrs. Ellen Harris Query, of Davidson College.

Eleanor Harris died in 1789, aged 63 years; John Harris, 1808, aged 81 years. Their bodies lie in the cemetery of Big Steele Creek Presbyterian church, Mecklenburg county, N. C. Besides the long catalogue of preachers and preachers' wives, many of their descendants have filled the office of elder and deacon in the Associate Reformed Presbyterian and Presbyterian churches.

Signal Officer Bronson is to leave Charlotte. He goes to Minnesota, and is to be succeeded by John N. Ryker.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

"THERE'S A CHIEL AMANG YE TAKIN NOTES AND FAITH HE'LL PRENT THEM."

Interesting Contribution.

The June number of the Cosmopolitan Magazine has an interesting article from the pen of Miss Julia Magruder. It is, "The House of Madame De Pompadour." The contribution is beautifully illustrated with several wood engravings.

A Baptist Church Burned.

Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. the Baptist church at Jerusalem, Davie county, was burned to the ground. A letter from Dr. Bessent states: "The lightning struck the cupola, and in a few moments the entire building was in flames. The loss is very heavy on the small congregation. No other damage."

It is Eight.

The Greensboro Daily Workman is eight years old. The Workman is silvery true and a pleasant daily visitor at this office. The Standard man likes the Workman, its ideas, its goodness, its honesty; and, above all, likes the faithful, gentlemanly and Christian Bro. Michaux, whose head has been whitened by the frosts of many winters.

The Goods Found.

Jack Ramsey, of the Salisbury Watchman, is the komicest kuss in this congressional district. He publishes Shoe Douglass' picture (which he took from this office) for Stanly's clerk, S. H. Milton, and Senator Peffer's picture (which he carried out of this office) for Capt. D. N. Bennett's picture. Jack Ramsey is so blood-thirsty that he carries razors in his pocket.

Honorary Degrees Confered at Chapel Hill.

D. D.: Bennett Smedes, St. Mary's School, Raleigh; Rev. Wilson J. McKay, South Corolina; Rev. Edwards M. Gusbee, Cambridge, Mass.

L. L. D.; Hon. Walter L. Steele, North Carolina; Maj. Robert Bingham, North Carolina; Prof. James H. Horner, North Carolina; Hon. Joseph B. Batchelor, North Carolina.

Better Take N. B.

The Mayor requests us to say that heretofore it was customary to notify parties having hog pens, sinks and all out buildings in an offensive condition to put them in proper shape, but such is not the case now. The sanitary policeman will make investigation, without notification, and finding any such in a bad condition the owners or rentors will be fined twenty dollars or imprisoned for ten days. This notice had better be observed.

The Same One, Maybe.

The Monroe Enquirer says: "A buzzard with a bell tied around its neck was seen flying over Monroe Sunday morning between 9 and 10 o'clock. It flew around for some time near enough for the bell to be seen distinctly, and then made a straight shoot Northward." This is doubtless the same buzzard that alarmed Col. John Fritchey Moose, of No. 7. He wanted to call an indignation meeting to resolute over some Monroe people being cruel to animals.

A Splendid One It Was.

The Monroe Enquirer says of Dr. C. M. Payne's sermon: "On Sunday morning came the annual sermon, and a splendid one it was. The church was crowded even to the aisles and gallery. In the congregation we were glad to notice many of the parents of boarding pupils and people from the adjoining country. We were prepared to hear a good sermon from Dr. Payne, and he certainly met the public expectation. He has captivated the hearts of our people by his amiable disposintoi and by his earnestness in the work of the Master."

Our Centennial.

It is nearly a year until Cabarrus county will be one hundred years old. Next April will be one hundred years since the line that cut Cabarrus off from Mecklenburg county was run by a brown jug of red whiskey and a little hatchet that George Washington never used nor saw. But it is time for us to decide whether or not we are to celebrate. Cabarrus in many respects is second to none, and the fact that her erection hung on the good judgment and fairness of one man is enough to cause us to recall the matter and get ready to celebrate.

That Sunday-School Pic-Nic.

Whenever on any occasion hereafter we hear the oft-repeated assertion that pic-nics are an unmitigated bore, we shall cite, as a glorious exception, the one held at White Hall on Thursday, June 4th, 1891. It was, as intended, a day in the woods, the party starting at 7:30 a. m. and returning about 7 p. m. Six wagons and as many buggies carried 125 persons of all ages, from babyhood to "hoary age," as merry a party as ever made the woods ring on a perfect June day. The thanks of all present are due to our genial Mr. J. A. Sims, who originated and so happily carried out the project, and to the young men who heartily and unselfishly devoted themselves to making the day a joyous one for the little people. Swings, hammocks, baseball, croquet and snake-killing were the amusements provided. Dinner, unsurpassed for quality and buantity, was also provided. Unanimous testimony: An unmitigated success.

THE SURVEYING

Of the Roanoke and Southern Railroad---The Corps---Some Points in the Work.

There has been so much said about the R. and S. that nearly every child in the county is familiar with the name. There seems no doubt that the road wants to go south from Winston.

The corps of surveyors now at work in Eastern Cabarrus number nine men. The chief engineer is a Carolinian, and the other surveyor is a Hagerstown, Md., man.

Their camp is at the outer edge of Gold Hill. On the 30th of May they struck Gold Hill, Rowan county, and for five days they worked to make a certain route there of only three miles. They went back and surveyed five lines before they succeeded in reaching a point desired. There was considerable difficulty in crossing the Yadkin railroad at Gold Hill so as to get to Buffalo creek, southwest of Gold Hill.

The route selected is not altogether satisfactory to the No. 8 people, but if no better one can be selected those people, for the sake of a railroad, will take it anywhere and be glad.

There is a ridge all the way from Gold Hill (east of Buffalo creek) to Rocky river. But this would throw the road nearly two miles from Mt. Pleasant, and place the largest creek in the county between the depot and Mt. Pleasant.

The distance from Winston to Gold Hill according to measurement, and it must be almost a bee-line, is just 45.2 miles. That great pains are taken with the surveying, and that numbers of resurveys are being made, lead those people down on the Dutch side to think that they "have the coon." The grades are not over 1½ per cent., while on the R. and D. they reach 2½ per cent.

The chief engineer says that the route from Lexington to Gold Hill is the easiest and most satisfactory one he has ever run.

On their return the engineers will run the route from Charlotte to Winston, probably via Concord and Salisbury.

Off on a Visit.

Mrs. S. A. Gorman is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Carpenter, of Charlotte. She is accompanied by John Gorman, of Salisbury, and Mary Lillian, daughter of Mr. J. L. Boger. Mrs. Gorman, on account of ill health, has not been out of Concord since 1865. She will remain some time in Charlotte. Her companions return in a few days.

Let Him Be More Careful.

The bicycle is mighty nice for the rider, and all like to look at the riding. But as many as a dozen times a Standard reporter has seen one rider come sailing up Depot street and turn suddenly and shortly at Litaker's corner. Women have had to dodge him, children had to scatter, and a crippled man this morning came very near being knocked whirling by the same rider, who, instead of looking forward, was, as usual, looking downward. It can be said truthfully that the bicycle riders are very careful and give no just cause for complaint, but this one seems, not maliciously but thoughtlessly, to be doing some mighty dangerous experiments in turning Litaker's corner. A fellow that rides like he does ought to get out in the street or in a ten-acre field.

Shelby will have graded schools, and the Aurora calls it "Victory.'

Yorke & Wadsworth have a catalogue that describes a gun that you can load up in the Spring and it shoots all Summer. It neither smokes, smells nor makes a noise. It is a powerful gun.

THE GREAT HAIR-RESTORER.

The use of various unguents to dress and beautify the hair is a custom as old and universal as the race; but preparations to prevent the hair from falling out, or for restoring it to its original color and fullness, seem to be of modern origin and confined to the limits of the higher civilization. Probably the fatalistic and superstitious ideas of the ancients and of most barbarous people would forbid their interfering with what seems to be the course of nature, in thinning the locks and sprinkling them with gray, as life advances toward the close.

The ancient Hebrew poetically termed white hair "a crown of glory," and so it is when it gracefully adorns the brows of the aged. But when a person in the full vigor of life becomes gray, his gray hair, so far from being a crown of glory, is rather an indication of weakness and premature decay. What may be admired in "John Anderson, my Jo, John" at eighty, is to be deplored in John Anderson at thirty or forty.

It has been observed that early baldness is more common now than formerly. Whatever may be the cause of the early loss of hair, there are few but would avoid it if possible. Some attempt to conceal the loss of their hair by brushing what is left over the vacant places; others brave out their misfortune, as did the fox when he lost his tail; but the majority of the "too previous" ones look anxiously about for something that will restore lost youthfulness and hide their tell-tale phrenological deficiencies. For this purpose, nothing has as yet been discovered that surpasses Ayer's Hair Vigor.

We do not pretend that this preparation will cause hair to grow on a scalp that has been denuded for years and polished like a billiard ball, but without claiming for it any more than its just due, we assert that it certainly promotes the growth of hair, restores color to faded and gray locks, heals humors, keeps the scalp cool, prevents dandruff, and imparts to the hair a silky texture and a lasting fragrance. It will not stain the skin or clothing. Though Ayer's Hair Vigor has been before the public many years, it is still in greater demand than any similar preparation—a convincing proof of its superior merits and extensive popularity.