

THERE ARE
Beautiful words never spoken,
Whispers of cheer that might save
Down to the night of the grave.
Science more deadly than passion,
Ghosts that slumber can send,
Faint in the world's devilish fashion
To murder the heart of a friend.
Looks, spotless virtue impeaching,
Sons lying crumpled on the plain,
Wither'd frozen eyeballs beseeching
The touch of love's sunlight again.
Burdens to bear for the weaker,
Jewels to dig from God's mine;
And crows, father still, to the secker
In the angels' train that shine.
Within the soul's silent treasure
Waiting the kiss of the light;
Sweet-scented blossoms of pleasure
Our finger may call from the night,
Fruit shining ripe on tall mountains,
Pearls that sleep under life's sea;
Made in God's laughing fountains,
Lured onward by you and by me.
Larks singing down in love's meadow,
Rustles that pipe by the mill;
Out of time's darkness and shadow,
Whispers that comfort and thrill.
Voices within ever singing,
Meadows softly by the stream,
The phoebus of hope at last springing
From the ashes of years.
—J. R. Parke.

A COMMUNITY WITHOUT THE BIBLE.
Few people have much idea what kind of a world we should have if the Bible was left out of it. There are lands enough, however, without the Bible filled with darkness, violence and barbarity. There are plenty of histories of lands that had to be habitations of cruelty—and there are heresies and superstitions and communities which have no Bibles, and which give us little encouragement to hope for good, where the word of God is ignored and rejected.
Sometime about the year 1870, certain septs founded in the State of Missouri, an infidel town, called Liberal. The liberality of "free thought" was seen in the exclusion of all churches, Sunday-schools or preaching. It was proposed to have one community free from the influence of priestcraft and superstition. What was the result?
About this matter there has been considerable dispute. Some persons have given the place a very bad name; others residing there have denounced them as liars, and pronounced their statement false. We have no personal knowledge of the facts, but on the 29th of May, 1891, the writer was in Burlington, Kansas, and a well-known business man there, Mr. Robert Williams, said to him:

"In 1870, as I was passing through Missouri, I saw on my railway ticket the name 'Liberal,' and knowing something of the reputation of the place, I thought I would get off on the platform, and take a look around. But just before he arrived there, the conductor passed through the train and said, 'All who want to stop at Liberal, get into such a car.' He then locked the doors of every other car on the train but that. When the train had started on and got out of Liberal, the conductor unlocked the doors and passed through the train. Some one asked him why he had locked the doors and he replied, 'This is the toughest blank town in all Missouri.'"
His language did not savor much of church or Sunday-school, but he evidently knew how to take care of his train and his passengers.
We give this fact as a contribution to the history of a godless town. Mentioning the matter in a certain place, a man remarked that he had visited Liberal since that time, and that there were now two meeting houses and Sunday-schools there, and that they do not now need to lock the doors of railway cars when they are passing through the place.
We give these statements for what they are worth, supposing that whoever undertakes to establish a community or a nation without God will speedily come to the conclusion that Plutarch reached more than 1,700 years ago, when he said that "a city might sooner be built without any ground to fix it on, than a commonwealth be constituted altogether void of any religion."—Lutheran Visitor.

From the Panhandle.
HOLIDAY STATION, TEXAS, }
August 15th, 1891. }
Editor Standard:
I occasionally see a letter in the Standard from the West, but have not as yet seen any from "The Panhandle" of Texas. This part of the country has long been thought to be of no purpose, but to fill space. This idea has now proved to be a mistake one. This is rapidly becoming one of the finest agricultural portions of the country, especially for wheat. The immense wheat crop is now being threshed, and yields from fifteen to thirty-five bushels to the acre. All vegetables do well.
The country is being settled rapidly from an excellent class of people from all parts of the country. Towns are being built, and now the farmer is ploughing the land over which a few years ago roamed the vast herds of buffalo. Churches and schools are found in all communities.
Success to the Standard.
Respectfully,
F. A. KLITZ, JR.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.
Detroit Free Press.
"Do you pass a carpenter sash on your way down town?" asked Mrs. Bowser the other morning as Mr. Bowser was ready to leave the house.
"Why?" he cautiously asked in reply.
"We ought to have a screen door to the kitchen. There's where all the flies come in. We can use one of those of your carpenter's, but we'll have to have a carpenter to hang it."
"We will eh? I beg to differ. I don't propose to pay no carpenter three or four dollars for what I can do in half an hour. I'll fix it myself."
"But don't you remember Mr. Bowser—don't you remember that you said—"
"That I what?"
"You tried to hang a screen door last summer in Detroit and you got so mad you nearly tore the house down."
"I did, eh? That's a pretty yarn for you to tell me, and I don't even remember I ever had a screen door. I never tried to hang one. I never got mad. I never even saw a fly around our house in Detroit. Change of climate seems to have had a queer effect on you."
"But won't you send up a carpenter?"
"Not by a jugful! I shan't have anything to do at the office this afternoon, and if there's a bit of tinkering around the house it will be for me."
He returned at noon, having a heavy parcel with him, and when Mrs. Bowser asked about the contents he cut the string and rolled out just a few tools. Come handy to tinker with. Every man ought to keep a few tools and do his own repairing. I think I saved us at least \$200 last year."
"Well, I hope you won't fly mad over your work. A screen door is a very particular thing to hang."
"O, it is! You've hung lots of 'em, I presume?"
"I know that it takes a skilled workman to queer effect on you."
"You'd better write a book and call it 'What I Know About Screen Doors.' I ought to feel proud to think I have such a smart wife! Run right in, now, and begin on the first chapter of your book!"
Mr. Bowser descended to the cellar, where he found four screen doors of different sizes. He selected one he thought would fit and carried it up. It was six inches too high. The next one was four inches too short. The third was almost long enough to make two such doors as he wanted. He had the fourth one, which was almost a fit, in the back yard, when Mrs. Bowser came out to say:
"If you had first measured the opening and then measured your door you wouldn't have had to lug up but one door."
"Wouldn't it? Perhaps you understand my object in bringing up the extra ones? Perhaps it is the duty of a husband to explain every little move he makes?"
The door had to be sawed off about an inch at the top. Mr. Bowser brought out a couple of kitchen chairs, made a scratch on the door with a nail, and said he would use the saw in this way: "You see, it is a little too high. Aren't you going to strike a line across there?"
"For what reason?"
"If you don't you can't saw straight."
"Can't! Perhaps I am blind?"
"When he finished sawing off the strip and held the frame up to the opening it was plain that he had run his saw up at an angle."
"I told you so," she quietly observed.
"Told me what?" he replied, as he turned on her. "Do you suppose I don't know what I'm about? Do you suppose I want to hang a door on that door?"
Mrs. Bowser went into the lounge, and Mr. Bowser held the frame up again to see that he would be obliged to tack on a strip or leave an opening for all the flies in New York State. He was sawing a piece of one of the other doors to make this strip when Mrs. Bowser appeared and said:
"You'll spoil that door, too, Mr. Bowser. Why don't you take a piece from this box? If you had put a straight edge on the other and marked it you would have been all right."
"Mrs. Bowser," he began as he laid down his saw, "am I a paribund child or a young man, who must be brought in when it rains, or an old man, who is nearly 60 years of age, and generally supposed to have sense enough not to sit down under a pile-driver to eat my dinner?"
"But you'll never make the door fit," she protested.
"I don't do other man on earth need it!"
She went out again and he sawed off a strip and nailed it on the other door. The frame was now about an inch too long. Mrs. Bowser reappeared and was about to say something, but he glared at her so savagely that she went back without a word.
"The infernal old kitchen is either lifting up or setting down," he growled as he held the door up. "I've got to saw a piece off the bottom to make a fit, and she'll either fit or down she goes!"
He sawed off a piece and got what he called a fit. He smiled and chuckled over his success, and had the hinges on when Mrs. Bowser came out to see.
"What good is a door there if you leave all those cracks?"
"Cracks! Cracks! You can't find one!"
"Look here—and here—and here! Mr. Bowser, even the bumble-bee with his wings open would have no trouble in flying in there! And how are you putting that spring on?"
Mr. Bowser said the hammer, the gimlet, and the screwdriver, and after wiping off his flushed face he stood erect and pointed into the kitchen. Mrs. Bowser disappeared without a word. Then he inspected and found cracks.
"Confounded old door-way is out of plumb and that's the matter! He growled as he set to work to unhang it. When he got the door off he found it was warped and twisted. He took it down and sprung upon it with all his might and this time as he held it up there was a crevice

through which a sparrow could have flown. He started to lay it down, but fell forward, tumbled over himself, and sprawled on his back.
"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bowser from the back door.
"Mr. Bowser slowly arose, looked all around for the axe, and not seeing it he jumped at the screen doors and kicked with both feet until they were reduced to a ring and strips. Then he went up to Mrs. Bowser, panting and perspiring and pale-faced, and hoarsely whispered:
"This is the last time—the very last! Next time you coax me into doing any such infernal putting work around the house I'll go—no, never to return!"
"When did I coax you?"
"Never you mind! It's all right!"
"But I say—"
"Just—keep quiet! I am neither blind nor deaf. If we live together ten billion years longer don't you ask me to even bore a hole in a table leg for a caster! This is the limit. I'm dangerous from this on!"

THE COTTON BLOSSOM.
After the meeting had been opened and a number of applications received and referred to a committee, Brother Gardner announced that the Very, Very Honorable Hardroad Johnson, of Jackson, Miss., was in the auto-room. The gentleman was known as the colored Cicero of the Southwest, and had come to New York on purpose to lecture before the Cotton Blossom club. The subject of his lecture was: "Has Man Reached De Top?" He would be introduced and given every show to make a hit, and Samuel Shin and Shindig Watkins were personally cautioned that any disturbance on their part would result in a calamity which might change the whole course of their lives.
The orator was then brought in by the reception committee and introduced by Brother Gardner. The majority of the brethren were disappointed in him. He was short and chunky, instead of being tall and graceful, like Cicero, and he had a stiff neck, a lop-shoulder, and a scared look on his face. Judge Gehobts remarked to Givewood Jones that he would bet seven of his dogs against a bushel of onions that the Honorable had at some period of his life been smothered in a bear-trap before a smoke-house door. He had seen a dozen victims, and all of them had that same scared look. Deacon Cincinnati Taylor, who was brought up close to a forty-acre melon patch in Georgia, told Elder Steppack White that no one could fool him on that lop-shoulder. He had seen fifty of them, and all were the results of the same cause. The orator had been run out of a melon patch, and when he got to the fence had hit his foot on the top rail and landed on the back of his neck on the other side.
A wonderful change came over the orator as he uttered his first words. He assumed an easy position, his face lighted up, he seemed to undergo a complete transformation in ten seconds.
"My friends," he began in a low, sweet voice, which was distinctly heard all over the hall, "what has man been doing since he was created into this world? Has he bin standin' still or progressin'? De question is one which any of you kin easily answer. Eber since de first day man appeared he has bin goin' right ahead. He was pronounced an intelligent, perfect being at the send-off, but dere was a mighty big mistake about it somewhere. He knew so little 6,000 years ago dat he couldn't hev told a ha'r brash from a boot-jack. He just knowed 'nuff to keep out de way of grizzly b'ars in de daytime, an' roost in a tall tree at night, whar de alligators couldn't eat him up. He went around without any clothes on, an' when he was hungry he filled up on roots, an' yams, an' wild fruits. He was so ignorant at dat period dat he would hev swapped off 1,000 acres of choice cotton land for an old jack-knife without any springs in de back."
During the sensation that followed this declaration the orator swallowed a glass of water and placed something like a gumball in his mouth.
"Let us trace man by reg'lar stages or epoch from dat time to de present," he continued. "Dar may be some of you who doan' know what de performance is ober an' I will explain. Doan' git an epoch mixed up wid any of de animals usually attached to a circus. He is neber carried around in a cage for exhibition. Epoch de first occurred about 1,000 years after man was born. He got some clothes on hisself, begun to wash his feet an' cut his toenails, an' he discovered dat it was better to sleep in a bed on de air than to shin up a tree an' roost on de branches. Epoch de second occurred 500 years later, when man discovered how to make fire an' bake a 'possum. At de same time he began to comb his hair, rub his sore heel wid 'possum fat, an' take more or less interest in de sun and moon. He was gradually but surely advanced in intelligence an' civilization, but if de Rev. Penstock had at dat time offered to trade primeval man a pair of red suspenders for 10,000 acres of bottom lands it would hev bin a go."
The statement created a decided sensation, during which the orator removed his coat and vest, draining another glass of water, and signaled the janitor to put another empty starch-box in the stove and keep the atmosphere steady at 102 degree above. Then he proceeded:
"At de end of another 500 years man was considerable of a feller. He had begun to hev toothache, colic, co's, chillblains, ager, an' other civilized complaints. He made hisself knives an' sick. He learned how to tan a sheepskin and to make party good soft soap. He found it needful to boss his feller man an' make sartin laws by which his smokehouse would be safe when he was away all day. He made up his mind dat de world was flat—he took notice dat de sun had a way of comin' up and gwying down every day in de year—Sundays included. He also got on de weather mo' or less, an' made de first attempt to bring out an umbrella to keep de rain off. He knowed ten times as much as he did at de start, but yit he knowed very little compared to de present age. If you had presented him wid a pair of sheepshears at dat epoch he would have been as libel to use 'em for fish-bait as anything else. If Trustee Pullback had bin dar at dat time, knowin' all

he knows now, he could hev taken dat counterfeit dollar he tried to pass off on de club his week to pay his dues wid an' bought one million acres of land for a melon-patch."
During the applause and confusion which followed Brother Pullback stood up and waved his arms around and tried to deny that he ever had a bogus dollar, but he was shouted down, and the orator dropped his suspenders off his shoulders to give his arms free play and continued:
"We now come to another epoch. Man has bin gradually advanced. He has discovered dat tobacco is a good ting to chew an' smoke; he has put on boots an' kin go back-berryin'; he carries a handkerchief to wipe his nose on; he cuts his hair an' puts a buckle on his vest; he begins to pay taxes, run fur office an' demand his right. He even knows 'nuff to put a bobber on his fish-line an' use coon's lid when he has rheumatiz in de leg. He has advanced step by step, slowly but surely, but he can't kin it all yit. A man like Elder Sunrise Jackson had he lived in this time could hev worked de three card monte racket wid sich richness as he possessed himself of de hull of Asia or Egypt. (Sensation.) De nex' epoch brings us down to de present day. We now beid man in de full blossom of his life. He wears collars; he has pockets in his clothes; he kin read and write, an' cipher; he knows all about de airth below an' de skies above; he writes poetry; he travels on de kivered cars; he has a reg'lar bed to sleep on; he has invented lemonade, 'lasses-candy, peanuts, dough-balls, lamp-posts, meetin'-houses, clothes-lines an' boot-jacks. Should Youdown Bebe start today to play de string game as he is he would find hisself scooped in an' cleaned out afore night."
Brother Bebe arose to say something but was called down, and after exhausting the water pitcher and unbuttoning his collar the orator wound up with:
"But has man reached de top? Am dis de limit? Am he gwine to stop heah, same as de mule does when he backs up agin a seben-rail fence? (Cries 'No, no!') No, my friends. Man an' gwine right along same as he allus has. Dar will be epochs an' epochs. He has passed from savagery to civilization, from ignorance to wisdom, from a state of brutality to dat pint whar he will almost give his seat in a New York street-car to a woman. He will continue to progress. That transcendent symbol, which has ever percolated his mentality will continue to re-appear an' perturbate until his transcendent ambishun will obliterate him towards a complete locquity of insolubility."
A wild yell greeted the orator as he closed and the confusion was so great and continued so long that Brother Gardner had to go down and find Rear-Admiral Rainbow over two chairs to restore order. When the gentleman had been reconducted to the auto-room and the dust had settled down, Brother Gardner said:
"Gent'l'men, we has not only bin highly entertained heah tonight, but we has bin furnished wid food for serious reflection. Every single one of us or der feel tickled moas' to death dat he wasn't born 6,000 years ago, an' every one of us or der firmly resolve to reach dat some of perfectkshun so beautifully referred to. Samuel Shin will now pass de hat an' take up a collection for de orator."
A collection aggregating nine cents and a dozen buttons was then taken up and the meeting adjourned.

Some Famous Old Maids.
Look at the list: Elizabeth of England, one of the most illustrious of modern sovereigns. Her rule over Great Britain certainly comprises the most brilliant literary age of the English speaking people. Her political acumen was certainly put to as severe a test as that of any other ruler the world ever saw. Maria Edgeworth was an old maid. It was this woman's writings first suggested the thought of writing serially to Sir Walter Scott. Her brain might very well be called the mother of the Waverley novels. Jane Porter lived and died an old maid. The children of her busy brain were "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "The Scottish Chiefs," which have moved the hearts of millions with excitement and tears. Joanna Baillie, poet and play writer, was "one of 'em." Florence Nightingale, most gracious lady, heroine of Inkermann and Balaklava hospitals, before her name. The man who should marry her might well crave to take the name of Nightingale. Sister Dora, the brave spirit of English pest houses, whose story is as a helpful erangel, was the bride of the world's scrovy only. And then what names could the reader and the writer add of those whom the great world may not know, and the little world of village, the church, the family know, and prize beyond all worlds.

TOWN AND COUNTY.
"THERE'S A CHIEL AMANG YE TAKIN NOTES AND FAITH HE'LL PRENT THEM."
A Flourishing School.
Report comes from Enochville that the High School, under Prof. P. E. Wright's principalship, has enrolled 128 pupils, the largest number in its history.
Considerably Improved.
The elegant and unlucky number of posts erected at the depot have been whitewashed. At night they look like tombs. May be they do mark the last resting place of thirteen tramps.
Fair at Dry's Mill.
Arrangements are making, we are told, of a fair to be held at Dry's Mill sometime during September. It will be free to all. It is intended to exhibit only the products of No. 7 township.
New Firms at One Neighbor.
The firm of Buchanan, Barrier & Co., of Mr. Pleasant, has been dissolved by mutual consent. In its stead is Buchanan & Co., consisting of M. L. Buchanan, J. S. and W. A. Kendrick; another firm, Heilig & Hendrix, consisting of C. G. Heilig and John M. Hendrix. The Standard wishes these new firms success.

For the Fair.
The first entry for a premium at our Fair is a pair of mules with about the best record in the county for this year. They have cultivated 50 acres of cotton, 10 of corn, plowed in 15 acres of oats in the spring, and already sowed 5 acres of oats, and turned 20 acres for wheat since laying by corn and cotton. Bring in your reports; this is a good one.
Alpha and Omega.
On the direct tax list, we find that Rhineholdt Suther was the first to pay his taxes and on the ground where the Cannons and Fitzer store now stands. J. H. Wilson was last (No. 921) who paid the tax on some mining property at Pioneer Mills, owned by R. H. Northrup. His tax was \$34.32, while Suther's was \$5.45. These two men were Alpha and Omega.
A Correction.
We were mistaken, so an esteemed lady friend informs us, in stating that a certain house in Wilkesboro was the birthplace of Senator Gordon of Georgia. It is the birthplace of Gen. James B. Gordon, who was killed at an engagement (during the war) in Virginia. The lady further states that these two men are often confounded in the minds of the people. One is John B. and the other James B.
Reception of New Students.
New students entering the University this September will be met at University Station by committees of students, who will give them information as to boarding places, terms of their examination, and all matters necessary to be known by new comers in reference to their duties on entering the University. Circulars containing full information have been printed, and will be distributed on application as well as by students who will go to the University Station.

Snaky Subjects.
The Salisbury Herald says: "Mr. R. M. Davis was busy Monday making a cage for two iron rattlesnakes belonging to Mr. Charlie Marsh. The snakes were about four feet long and were captured near Round Knob a month ago. They have eaten nothing since being caught, but are active and vicious and show great readiness to strike at anything troubling them. Any interference with the cage would cause the reptiles to assume an attitude of offense, and would put their rattles to singing. Charlie is welcome to his pets for any desire on our part to own them."
Ransome Interviewed.
The editor of the Progressive Farmer was interviewed by the Raleigh correspondent of the Wilmington Messenger and this is what he is reported to have said: "In no conference or meeting was there any talk of the third party. I heard some talk of it by individuals. Many questions were asked regarding the third party, and the answer was the Alliance had nothing to do with it. I never met any bold out-and-out third party men. I do not know whether any can be found in this State. I do not see any drift that they believe the third party would come, but that was merely their own speculation. There is no increase in the amount of dissatisfaction with the present political parties. In none of the meetings was there a word of politics. The Alliance is inflexible in its demands for the sub-treasury plan. The Alliance endorsed it without a dissenting voice. It does not favor any particular bill. Either of those before the last Congress will answer— with perhaps some slight modification. The Alliance was not centered upon any particular candidate for Governor. So far as Col. Polk's friends are concerned, they are not willing for him to be a candidate. They do not propose for him to step down. His best friends in North Carolina had rather see him where he is than in any political office. The election is in December, and he will probably be again chosen president of the National Alliance."
"Blaine and Alger" is Corporal Tanner's ticket.

Men Don't Admire
A selfish woman.
A peevish woman.
An ill-natured woman.
A woman who is continually falsifying.
A woman who talks disagreeably of other women.
A woman who shows him she knows more than he does on a certain topic.
A man may think he admires the mighty girl, but after all he loves the "womanly woman."
It is believed that the Russian ukase prohibiting the exportation of rye will be rescinded in October. The St. Petersburg Journal states that the Czar held out for a long time against the advice that the decree be issued.

THE CONFEDERATE REMNAN IN CHARLOTTE ON THURSDAY.
The old Vets had a meeting in Charlotte on Thursday, and Col. Paul Means was one of the speakers, and here is what the Charlotte Chronicle says:
"Col. Paul B. Means, of Concord, was introduced to the crowd and spoke for about three quarters of an hour.
Col. Means spoke on the 'Perfecting of the Union.' His subject was divided into three special thoughts on which he elaborated:
1st. What the Confederate soldiers effected in the war.
2d. His works in peace far surpass those of war.
3d. The duty now for men with such a history, the cementing of the Union.
The speaker said it was not when the Confederate soldier was facing the musketry on the fields of Manassas, Gettysburg and Spotsylvania that he needed the greatest courage, but when after the four years' strife was concluded he turned his face homeward, there to find his property gone, his wife and children in poverty, no form of government but military, and with spirit broken, to take up the burden of life again.
Col. Means in the course of his remarks said the men who wore the bloody shirt during the war never blushed the bloody shirt after the war. [Applause.] He spoke eloquently on the duty of cementing the union between the North and South, and wiping out all sectional animosities and bitterness.
There are two classes of men, said the speaker, in reference to the South's action, that all good Confederate soldiers have a supreme contempt for, viz: The man who wants to apologize, or the man who would apologize [applause.] Thank God, I have never heard of but few Confederate soldiers who belonged to either class, and thank God, I have never seen any.
Col. Means' speech was advertised to take place after dinner, but the programme was changed, and it took place before dinner. The reporter failed to hear but the latter part of it, or would give it in full. At it, conclusion three cheers were given for Col. Means and his able effort."

Why No Means?
There certainly must be some local cause for so much sickness. Typhoid fever is not at its natural home in this climate. Prof. Holmes, of the State Geological Survey, claims that it is due to the water our people are drinking. Hog pens and such like are located too near our wells, and the kind of water we are getting is by no means pure. This matter is of sufficient importance to be looked into; if the water is the cause of so much sickness, there is no excuse for not removing the evil.
"My God, Abernethy!" What About This?
Some years ago Rev. Dr. Lafferty, editor of the Richmond Christian Advocate, said in his paper that "an old barn called a college, in western North Carolina, run by people who had better be worming tobacco," had just conferred "the degree of D. D. upon a village insurance agent;" and in his paper a few weeks ago he stated as a fact of recent occurrence that "a pile of ashes with a mortgage on it, and without a faculty, conferred the degree of D. D. on Rev. J. Thomas Pate, of Charleston," and advised the Rev. Mr. Pate to sue for damages. There are reasons to believe that the present "pile of ashes" is the remnant of what was formerly the "old barn," and that the reference in both cases was to what was once Rutherford College.

COUGHING—ITS CAUSE AND CURE.
Coughing is an involuntary effort to expel irritating matter from the lungs or bronchial passages, and is, therefore, as necessary, at times, as vomiting is to relieve the stomach of indigestible or poisonous substances. As a general rule, when the stomach is unobscured of its contents, the retching ceases. Not so with bronchial irritation, the effect being liable to remain long after the primary cause has been removed. The reason of this is that, in the acts of coughing and expectoration, the mucous coating of the throat and air passages becomes inflamed and congested; consequently the irritation, which continues to produce a congested blood-vessel or to cause an irritation and soreness that may result in ulceration of the lungs.
The obvious course of treatment is to administer, first, an expectorant that will assist in loosening and bringing away the phlegm; and, secondly, an anodyne to soothe the inflamed and irritated membranes. To accomplish this two-fold purpose is the design of all cough-cures; but the danger with most of them is that they are so cloying to the stomach as to seriously interfere with the process of digestion, consequently the effort to cure one complaint, the patient is liable to contract another.
What, then, is best to be done? The answer is: Take a medicine that is both an anodyne and an expectorant—one which loosens the phlegm and soothes the irritated membrane, but does not interfere with, or endanger, the regular functions of any other bodily organ.
Can such a remedy be found? We reply unhesitatingly, it can—in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For more than forty years this preparation has been in use, and it is without doubt, the safest and most efficacious of all cough-cures. That it is so estimated by the public is evident from the fact that no other preparation of the kind is in such universal demand. As a family medicine, for cases of croup, whooping cough, sore throat, bronchitis, and the sudden pulmonary troubles which afflict children, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is simply invaluable.

What About a Celebration?
Next year Cabarrus county will be 100 years old. Some time in April, 1792, the county was cut off from Mecklenburg. Would it not be interesting and right to have some kind of celebration of that event. Why shouldn't we begin to think of it now, what the character and nature of the celebration should be and other things connected with it?
By celebrating that date, the 100th anniversary of the best county in the State, some will be led to look up historical matters now covered with dust. What about the celebration? Let us have some suggestions.
Aged 125.
A contemporary prints a beautiful sketch about a man who has lived for a century and a quarter. On carefully perusing the article we discover, among other interesting items of information, that Still retains all his faculties. Never uses tobacco or liquor in any form. Splits a cord of wood every morning before breakfast. Gets up at 3 o'clock, A. M., summer and winter. Distinctly recollects George Washington. Walks ten miles to church every Sunday. Can lick any of his great-grandchildren. Takes the Daily Record. Thinks Jackson is still President.
The above is from the Greensboro Record. The fact that the old gentleman believes that Jackson is still President is accounted for by the paper he takes, and reading no others. Has he heard of Greensboro's big sensation of six weeks ago?

THE OLD VETERANS.
The Confederate Remnant in Charlotte on Thursday.

Why No Means?
There certainly must be some local cause for so much sickness. Typhoid fever is not at its natural home in this climate. Prof. Holmes, of the State Geological Survey, claims that it is due to the water our people are drinking. Hog pens and such like are located too near our wells, and the kind of water we are getting is by no means pure. This matter is of sufficient importance to be looked into; if the water is the cause of so much sickness, there is no excuse for not removing the evil.