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THE STANDARD.

VOL. IV.---NO. 41. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1891. WHOLE NO. 197.

THE STANDARD

THIS 4-PAGER HAS A BIGGER CIRCULATION AT EVERY POSTOFFICE IN THE COUNTY, SAVE ONE, THAN ANY OTHER PAPER.

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AFTERWARD.

Six days of labor, toil and pain,
Six days with care oppress,
Six days of sorrow and of woe,
Then afterward—a rest.
Six days of grief so hard to bear;
Of grief that finds no balm,
Till sought from Him who doeth well,
And then—a blessed calm.
Six days of anxious yearning, for
The spirit knows not what,
Throughout the desert of our life,
Then comes—a fertile spot.
Six days of anxious wrestling, for
A blessing to be given,
Then comes a rest, "Now let me go,"
A rest that seems of heaven.
Six days of watching to the end,
The bitter end, may be,
And then—amid the dark and gloom
A beacon light I see.
In joy or pain, in weal or woe,
There cometh first the test,
Of strength and faith, of hope and trust,
And then is given—a rest.
No matter then, how dark the way,
How many showers fall,
If afterward the clouds disperse,
And light is given to all.
And if no one your burdens share,
And naught your pains can ease,
God will be there—and afterward,
He giveth perfect peace.

MRS. E. M. ANDERSON.

Durham, N. C., Oct. 17, 1891.

WATTERSON WANTS PEACE.

Delivered in Chicago Oct. 8th.

In response to the toast, "The War is Over; Let Us Have Peace," Henry Watterson spoke substantially as follows:

I believe that at this moment the people of the United States are nearer together, in all that constitutes kindred feeling and interest, than they have been at any time since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. If it were not so I should hardly venture to come here and talk to you as I am going to talk to-night. As it is, surrounded though I be by Union soldiers, my bridges burned and every avenue of escape cut off, I am not in the least discouraged or alarmed. On the contrary, I never felt safer, or happier, or more at home.

You have been told that the war is over. I think that I myself have heard that observation. I am glad of it. Roses smell sweeter than gunpowder; for every day use the carving knife is preferable to the bayonet or the saber, and in a contest for first choice between cannon balls and wine corks I have a decided prejudice in favor of the latter.

The war is over, and it is well over. God reigns and the government at Washington still lives. I am glad of that. I can conceive of nothing worse for ourselves, nothing worse for our children, than what might have been if the war had ended otherwise, leaving two exhausted combatants to become the prey of foreign intervention and diplomacy, setting the clock of civilization back a century, and splitting the noblest of the continents into five or six weak and warring republics, like those of South America, to repeat in the new world the mistakes of the old.

The war is over, truly; and, let me repeat, it is well over. If anything was wanted to proclaim its termination from every housetop and doorpost in the land that little brush we had last spring with Sig. Macaroni furnishes it. At the touch of an electric bell the whole people rallied to the brave words of the Secretary of State, and for the moment all sections and parties sank out of sight and thought in one overmastering sentiment of manhood, manhood and nationality.

I shall not stop to inquire whether the war made us better than we were. It certainly made us better acquainted, and, on the whole, it seems to me that we are none the worse for that better acquaintance. The truth is the trouble between us was never more than skin deep, and the curious thing about it is that it was not our skin anyhow! It was a black skin, not a white skin, that brought it about.

As I see it, our great sectional controversy was, from first to last, the gradual revolution of a people from darkness to light, with no charts or lamps to guide them, and no experience to lead the way.

The framers of our constitution found themselves unable to fix decisively and to define accurately the exact relation of the States to the Federal government. On that point they left what may be described as an "open clause," and through that open clause, as through an open door, the grim specter of disunion stalked. It was attended on one hand by African slavery; on the other hand by sectional jealousy, and between this trio of evil spirits the household flower of peace was torn from the lintel and tossed into the flames of war.

In the beginning all of us were guilty, and equally guilty, for African slavery. It was the good fortune of the North first to find out that slave labor was not profitable. So, very sensibly, it sold its slaves to the South, which, very dissatisfactorily, pursued the delusion. Time at last has done its perfect work; the South sees now as the North saw before it, that the system of slavery as it was maintained by us was the clumsiest and costliest labor system on earth, and that when we took the field to fight for it we set out upon a fool's errand. Under slave labor the yield of cotton never reached 85,000,000 bales. Under free labor it has never fallen below that figure, gradually ascending to six and seven, until this year it is about to reach nearly 9,000,000 bales.

This tells the whole story. I am not here to talk politics, of course, but I put it to you whether that is not a pretty good showing for free black labor, and whether, with such a showing, the Southern whites can afford to pay other than just and kind treatment to the blacks, without whom, indeed, the South would be a sad patch, and half our national income a gaping hole in the ground.

Gentlemen, I beg that you will not be apprehensive. I know full well that this is neither a time nor place for an abstract economics, and I am not going to afflict you with a discussion upon free trade or free silver. I came, primarily, to bow my head and to pay my measure of homage to the statue that was unveiled to-day. The career and the character that statue commemorates are no less than the life and the work of a man who rises to the grave and who appears in his sphere, though as the obscurest of those who bore any official part therein—I felt that I was helping to bury not only a great man, but a true friend. From that day to this the story of Gen. Grant has more and more impressed and touched me.

I never allowed myself to make his acquaintance until he had quitted the White House. The period of his political activity was full of uncouth and unsparing partisan contention. It was a kind of civil war. I had my duty to do, and did not dare trust myself to the subduing influence of what I was sure must follow friendly relations between such a man as he was and such a man as I knew myself to be. In this I was not mistaken, as the sequel proved. I met him for the first time beneath my own vine and fig tree, and a happy series of accidents thereafter gave me the opportunity to meet him often, and to know him well. He was the embodiment of simplicity, integrity and courage, every inch a general, a soldier and a man; but in the circumstances of his last illness a figure of heroic proportions for the contemplation of the ages. I recall nothing in history so sublime as the spectacle of that brave spirit, broken in fortune and in health, with the dread hand of the dark angel clutched about his throat, struggling with every breath to hold the clumsy, unhandsome weapon with which he sought to wrest from the jaws of death a little something for the support of wife and children when he was gone. If he had done nothing else, that would have made his exit from the world an immortal epic.

A little while after I came home from the last scene of all, I found that a woman's hand had collected the insignia I had worn in the magnificent, melancholy pageant—the orders assigning me to duty and the funeral scarfs and badges—and had grouped and framed them unbidden, silently, tenderly, and when I reflected that the hands that did this were those of a loving Southern woman, whose father had fallen on the Confederate side in the battle, I said: "The war, indeed, is over; let us have peace!" Gentlemen, soldiers, comrades, the silken folds that twine about us here, for all their soft and careless grace, are yet as strong as hooks of steel! They hold together a united people and a great nation, for, realizing the truth at last, with no wounds to be healed and no stings of defeat to remember, the South says to the North, as simply as was said three thousand years ago in that far away meadow upon the margin of the mystic sea: "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Something Queer in Numbers.

Mr. John W. Kirk, the white-haired veteran who was with Morse when the first working telegraph line was stretched, and who stood beside the great inventor when the first message was transmitted from Annapolis Junction to Washington, has made, during his life, a great many interesting calculations in numbers. The two most remarkable numbers in the world are 3 and 7.

"The numbers," says Mr. Kirk, "the Arabians got from India, and all following have taken it from the Arabians. It is conspicuous in Biblical lore, being mentioned over 300 times in the Scriptures, either alone or compounded with other words. It seems a favorite numeral with the divine mind, outside as well as inside the Bible, as nature demonstrates in many ways, and all other numbers bow to it. There is also another divine favorite, the number 3—the Trinity. This is brought out by combination of figures that is somewhat remarkable. It is the six figures 142,857.

"Multiply this by 2, the answer is 285,714.

"Multiply this by 3, the answer is 428,571.

"Multiply this by 4, the answer is 571,428.

"Multiply this by 5, the answer is 714,285.

"Multiply this by 6, the answer is 857,153.

"Each answer contains the same figures as the original sum and no other, and that three of the figures of the sum remain together in each answer, thus showing that figures preserve the Trinity.

"Thus 285 appears in the first and second numbers, 571 in the second and third, 428 in the third and fourth and 142 in the fourth and fifth.

"It is also interesting to note that, taking out of any two of these sums the group of three common to both, the other three, read in the usual order from left to right will also be in the same order in both sums.

"Take the first and second sums, for example. The group 285 is common to both. Having read 285 out of the second sum, read right along and bring in the first figure of the thousands last. It will read 714. All the others will read in the same way.

"Again, note that the two groups of three in the first sum are the same as the two groups of threes in the fourth, reversed in order, and that the same thing is true of the second and third. The last multiplication has its groups of threes the same as those of the original number, reversed again.

"Examine these results again, and you will see that in these calculation all the numerals have appeared save he 9. Now multiply the original sum by the mighty 7—the divine favorite of the Bible and of creation—and behold the answer! The last of the numerals, and that one only in groups of three—the Trinity!

142,857
7
———
999,999

"No other combination of numbers will produce the same results. Does not this show the imperial multipotent numeral 7 and its divinity?"—N. Y. Sun.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Cornracker Moralizes On the Comforts and Peace of Life---Read His Experience and His Observations.

CLEAR CREEK, N. C., October 15, 1891.—Among the great multiplicity of vital questions that are discussing in the pulpit, from the prohibition rostrum, by the press, at the Alliance Lodge and in the great I Am Congressional hall, I know of no other that concerns all alike more than the one I am going to write about. Now, I want to say before I go much further, that a newly replenished stomach and a good warm fire on a cool night may have set my enthusiasm to a higher pitch on the following theme than a fellow ought to have. Sometimes a fellow's steam gauge gets out of fix, you know, and then if he is not a careful hand he may burst the "biler." I knew a man over in Kentucky that burst his boiler when the steam gauge was in full headway, but generally that don't happen. Well, I know that the most of your readers are very busy men, and have no time for reading foolishness and things that don't help along their money matters and such like, so will tell you what it was I was going to say. You see, most of people have some points of resemblance, and in the majority of cases everybody is about alike. But this fellow that I am wanting to tell you about is built on an entirely different rule from a great many other people. He has notions and opinions of his own, of course, maybe two notions to our one. He lives in the country, but wants to "go to town" to live. He says town's the place. We tell him town will do for some people, while for other people it will not do. Most people who have been raised in the country don't know how to get along in town. They not only don't know how to make money there, but they don't know how to behave themselves when they get there. As a general thing, a man that stands high in the country as a literary genius, or for scholarly attainments, finds when he moves to town that he is just ten years behind the times. We are not discussing why this is so, but it's true. A man can be an honest, Christian gentleman, either in country or town, but it's harder to do right in town than out here in the country. I often wonder why there are so many good people in town. They are there, thousands of them, as good Christians as walk the earth; and especially our good little towns like Concord and Monroe and Charlotte.

But when we come to look at the innumerable temptations for misguiding our young people, and old ones, too, that most towns afford, we are made to wonder what a strain the moral proclivities of some people can endure without totally giving way.

Some people think that town people are an entirely different species of beings from the country ones—a superior people. But those who have good sense don't think that—not even those who have the misfortune to live in town think that. Before I had ever traveled any, and my knowledge of the world was yet confined to the narrow compass of the little neighborhood of my childish delights I was happier than I have ever been since. My mind is not capable of conceiving of better days than those were. You may talk as much as you please of city life and the attractions of town, but give me the quiet seclusion of rural life, with neighbors that will go for the doctor when you get sick, and will come and sit up with you and while away the time talking about their good crops, and Jersey cows and Berkshire pigs and frisking lambs. There is nothing to my ear like the doleful notes of the turtle dove or the tinkling of the cow bell. There is no air like the exhilerating breeze of the country homes, no nourishment like the cool, rich milk that faithful old "Pide" gives us, no perfume like that of the newmown hay, no comfort like the warmth and glow which the old time hickory log fire imparts on a winter night, no genuine human sympathy like that which is born of manual toil amid the toiling yeomanry of the country, for city life presents to us such varied and frequent scenes of misfortune and suffering among men that we become insensible to the ever recurring claims upon our sympathy, and instead of growing to be better men and women, we may find it difficult to lend a helping hand, even in time of special need. If I did not think that the better impulses of men could be wrought upon and blunted and destroyed under certain influences, I would not write thus. "I have said what I have said." What I have seen I have seen, and see now. I have seen boys who would shudder at the thought of using an oath, go to the city, and in three months learn the whole category of profanity.

Boys, like our illustrious Washington, who would rather get a spanking than tell a story, go to town, and the next you hear of them they are taking a special comfort in the thought they can tell you the biggest tale with the best grace; boys who would rather thrust their right hand into a rattle snake's den than to allow the fiery serpent—whiskey—find its way down their throats, go to the city, and there in the very flush of approaching success, surrender his hopes, bright prospects, his all, to the demon of the dram shop; boys whose morals and fidelity to virtue before going to the city were unimpeachable, whose every thought was pure and chaste, and now, with morals all gone, his former elegance of speech turned into the veriest blackguard, he is stranded on the drift and slush of despondency, and his last unheeded cry for help, from an unfriendly world, is only a matter of a few more hours. Only a few more black clouds will gather around him, the surging billows of remorse will lash a little harder, the poor, pitiful wreck that was once the idol of a doting father, looks out upon the world, imploringly, but in vain, for some friendly hand to reach down and lift him up again, into the light and joy of one more happy day on earth, where he would be recognized by friends, but no, there are none to pity. His career in sin and folly has been so impetuous, so swift, that even those who would help him could not keep in sight, and now he finds himself beyond the reach of human power to save. Surrounded by base criminals, or polluted outcasts, whose utter insensibilities to the dying man's wretchedness, is all the comfort he gets, as the spirit is taking its flight. The clouds have vanished, and he no longer feels the lashing of the dark waves—the spirit has flown. The eyes that took one longing, wistful look upon earth for the last time, are now closed. A coroner's inquest is held, and the oft repeated verdict is announced to the world. This is a sad picture, but we had better study it than to have to contemplate the sad reality of such a scene.

H. T. B.

A Plea for Democratic Harmony.

State Chronicle.

Lexington, N. C., Oct. 12.—Unity in the ranks of the Democratic party is greatly to be desired by every lover of the gaand old party, born more than ninety years ago, and whose fundamental principles have withstood the tests of talents and of time.

There is unity now in these fundamental principles. But on a mere matter of policy, extrinsic to them, there are, unfortunately, divisions which threaten the very integrity of the party.

These divisions grow out of the financial system of the general government. Indeed, there is unity on almost all questions connected with that system. It is agreed that there are radical abuses and evils in the finances of the country. But there is discord in the mode of plan of correcting these abuses and of eradicating these evils. So it will be seen that there is a unanimity of sentiment in the party on all fundamental principles and on all questions of policy except one alone, and that one a mere abstraction. Now, ought this party that has fought and vanquished all other parties since its birth, to disintegrate on a mere abstraction? A thousand times no. Then what is the duty of its members? It is plain to everyone that will stop and think.

PLAN OF SETTLEMENT.

I suggest this plan of settlement. Let the whole Democratic party—the discordant element and all—meet together in a spirit of patriotism and concession, with one common purpose to adjust, within the party, this one question of policy (for I have shown that they differ only in one material thing), and embody this purpose in resolutions something like the following:

1. Resolved, That the financial system of the general government is radically defective, and the laws in relation thereto should be changed or amended.

2. That we will support any legal and constitutional plan or measure that will provide for the people sufficient sound currency to meet the wants of business and trade, and to give financial relief to the country.

The first resolution declares that there are radical defects in the system. On that all agree. The second declares a determination to correct them. On that also all agree. It goes further. It reveals a spirit of concession in that it expresses a purpose to support any legal and constitutional plan or measure that may be devised to effectuate the object sought.

Then let all agree to relegate the whole matter to Congress, the only tribunal that can give relief. Let the Democratic members devise as many plans or measures as they may deem proper and by bill or bills, introduce them into the House of Representatives, which is Democratic. Let floods of light be turned on them. Let the critical test of debate and elucidation be brought fully into play, This ought to be done, as the question of finance is universally admitted to be an exceedingly abstruse and intricate one. Then after a plan has been matured and agreed on, whatever that plan may be, and to carry it into effect a bill has been perfected by discussion, amendment, &c, let the House of Representatives pass it. Let it be sent to the Senate and if the Republican Senate refuse to adopt it, let the responsibility rest on the Republican party. Or if the Senate should pass it and a Republican President should veto it, still the responsibility would rest on the Republican party. The Democratic party will have done all it could for the time, and until another appeal to the people.

Now, Mr. Editor, is not the above reasonable? Is it not fair to all?

M. H. PINNIX.

The farmers say the frost at night and the hot sunshine in day is doing the cotton good.

PUNGENT HITS BY SAM JONES.

Rev. Sam Jones is doing business in Wilmington now, and the Star catches up these:

"The difference between a dead man and a dead church member is, you can bury a dead man and plant flowers on his grave and he'll lie still; but a dead church member can kick like a steer!

There is not a difficulty in this town that has lived twenty-four hours that has not been kept alive by somebody's talking.

How can a church member keep straight when he is winding in and out in the church, keeping feuds alive?

Of all the things a church was ever cursed with, one of the worst is internal feuds and dissensions, and the preachers' mouths are locked. If he says anything, somebody will say he "tuck sides."

My experience in the matter of baptism is, it's not how much water you put on a fellow, but the kind of fellow you put it on! I've sprinkled some that turned out a heap better than some I dipped clear under.

If my watch don't keep time it isn't worth any more than an oyster shell in my pocket, and if a man don't keep time religiously he is worth no more than an oyster shell in the church.

If all the preachers in town were in the pulpit we'd get along better. There ain't a fellow down town but what is preaching. I'll tell you what I think about it. A blacksmith working on a watch.

HIS OPINION OF PREACHERS.

I believe in preachers. No such class of men live on the face of the earth, and yet of thousands of preachers that I have met and shaken hands with, I cannot name you twenty consecrated preachers that I have met in this country. Now don't understand me to say that I have met thousands that were not partially consecrated. I want to be perfectly understood, because I would rather lay my head on that steel rail out yonder and let the old mogul engine run over it than tell a lie on a preacher. (Laughter.) But, brethren, before God, if I have met and know personally twenty thoroughly consecrated preachers, so help me God I don't know what I am talking about!

A COMPLIMENT TO BROTHER CREASY.

And now let me say, before you blame a preacher, brethren, you had better look upon yourself, maybe, a little. There is an old fellow out there, a member of the Baptist church, and there is another, a member of the Methodist church; as soon as we get on the whisky question, for instance, you have a little property and so you are afraid the taxes will be put up, and for fear of that you will absolutely vote for whisky, or else you won't vote at all. You pusilanimous puppy! (Laughter.) That is the lowest down of all, the fellow who won't vote at all. I ought not to have said "puppy;" I would have said "dog" but they ain't big enough. (Laughter.) A fellow asked me the other day, and said; "Jones, what do you mean by calling people puppies and fools and hounds?" "Why," I said, "because that is their forgiven name; that is the only name they will go by." (Laughter.) You have got them in your church, Brother Creasy; if you would only call their forgiven names in public they would quit your church, wouldn't they? Brother Creasy is a little more sassy than he was last year; he has only got a few more days to stay here, and he is getting right independent. (Laughter.) He is talking out a little better than he was before. I am glad of it. It won't be more than about four weeks or six weeks before he will pack up his blacking brush and call his dog and go. (Laughter.)

The Letter That Came at Last.

Some strange things are discovered about the postoffice department, and the dead letter postoffice is a vast storehouse of epistles full of wit, humor and pathos. Dory Cool is a farmer who resides in Saunders county, Neb., a few miles south of Fremont. Sixteen years ago his sweetheart, a Miss Harris, of Port Bryan, Ill., wrote him a letter which Dory did not receive until long after it was mailed. It was evidently impossible to find him or the letter got stuck somewhere in a postal car or fell into an obscure corner in some postoffice. At all events, the epistle found its way to the dead letter office where it remained for a period and was then started out on a fresh journey.

On the 23d of this month Dory Cool drove into Fremont, Neb., after his mail. Among the letters given to him was that written by Miss Harris years before, on the 8th of May, 1875. It had been sixteen years, four months and thirteen days reaching its destination. The strange part of this story is that Mr. Cool and Miss Harris have been married several years and have a number of children, the eldest being upward of fifteen years old.

European steamers arriving at New York bring additional reports of heavy gales at sea. A number of passengers on the Umbria and Augusta Victoria were hurt.

Frank Melbourne has contracted to produce crop rains in Northwestern Kansas during June, July and August, 1892, at 10 cents an acre. Mr. Melbourne will attempt to make a similar contract with twenty counties of Colorado, claiming that he can easily water every county in the State. The irrigation companies in Colorado and Kansas will fight the scheme.

"I HAVE NO MORE CONFIDENCE

In the Democratic or Republican Parties than I Have Got in a Roguish Negro."

The Standard announced a few days ago that Dr. L. G. Broughton, a prominent physician of Reidsville, and one who stood high in the Medical Society of North Carolina, had turned his back on worldly honors and joined the Baptist ministry.

He delivered his first sermon last Sunday night in Reidsville, and from some of his utterances he went off like unto an excited school boy. The Doctor has room yet in which to tone down. From the Reidsville Weekly the Standard gets these notes about Rev. Broughton's first attempt at preaching:

Dr. Broughton preached his first sermon at the Baptist church Sunday night. Despite the inclemency of the weather a large congregation turned out to hear him. His subject was "The Fear of Man vs. The Fear of God." Text: "And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." Matt. 10:28.

The sermon was able, original, attractive. Some parts of it were eloquent, tender, others witty, sarcastic, severe, and the whole bore the impress of the genius of its author. The burden of the discourse was that men fear man more than they do God. Man fear rules the world. Society is corrupt, politics is corrupt, the government has degenerated, the press is no longer the voice of the people, and the pulpit is not as brave in declaring the whole counsel of God as it should be. There must be a reformation. Men must fear God more than man.

He was severe on the Democratic and Republican parties, denouncing their hypocricy and cowardice in dealing with the great questions which concern the welfare of the American people. They are afraid to take a decided stand upon anything for fear that they will lose votes. The people go to them for relief and they are told to keep quiet or they will ruin everything. When I was going to school in Raleigh I lived next door to a Republican noser, and the prejudice was so great against the internal revenue system that I thought it was a disgrace to live in the same neighborhood with him. By and bye the Democratic party came into power. Did it abolish the iniquitouous system, as it had promised to do? Not much. Why the old folks actually became gaugers and nosers and said that the system was not so bad, after all! As it was with the internal revenue, so it would be with the tariff. It is only a subterfuge to blind the people to the real problems which demand solution. Give it the power and the Democratic party would not dare to reduce the tariff in conformity with its pledges.

President Harrison was given a lick for his timidity in the Diaz matter. He was afraid of offending the Catholic vote and permitted an American citizen to be unjustly imprisoned in Cuba. He merits the execrations of Christendom, and not because he is a Radical.

From this time forward I have no more confidence in the Democratic or Republican parties than I have got in a roguish negro, declared the speaker with great emphasis.

The speaker confessed with mortification that he had been a party to the deceptions which politicians had practiced upon the people, but from this time forward he proposed to stand up for God and right, let party go where it pleased. He cared not what people might think of him. He had conquered self and proposed to live in the fear of God and not in the fear of men.

The congregation was more deeply impressed with the Doctor's earnestness than his words. His oratory was thrilling at times. Some things he said were rash and intemperate, but they were uttered upon the spur of the moment. Too much should not be expected of a beginner. The Doctor is of a nervous, impetuous temperament and puts his whole soul into his words. He will sober down with experience.

All Hands and the Mare Overboard.

Ed. Miller, of Shiloh township, and Pink Lackey, of Alexander county, were going home from Statesville in a buggy some evenings ago, when, at a point just beyond Iredell station, on the Junebug Railroad, one of the wheels of the buggy struck a stump and the young men were spilled out. The mare ran away, and in looking back to see what had become of the young men, didn't notice particularly where she was going and fell, head over heels, into a railroad cut, 9 feet deep, and was so bunged up that she hasn't been able for business since. The fact that Statesville is a dry town protects the young men from the suspicion that they had on any benzine. But this was the worst wreck that has ever happened on the Junebug.—Statesville Landmark.

Considerable interest is excited at Roanoke, Va., by the discovery of a large vein of zinc glance in the mines at Bonsacks.

The Nashville American was burned Tuesday night with a loss of $20,000. Many of the typographical force had narrow escapes.

The jury in the case of Ashley V. Howell, on trial at Warrenton, Ga., for the murder of Capt. W. J. McGrath, failed to agree, and the prisoner will be tried again in January. The jury stood five for acquittal and seven for conviction.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

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

It's Dan Rivens, Sure.

State Chronicle: A colored man yesterday brought here a pure white 'possum.

Here's Information.

A lady writes us thusly: "What do you mean by the word 'fernent?' The dictionary does not contain it, nor can any one tell us." That word is peculiarly at home anywhere about two miles from the lady's home. Fernent is a good word; it means opposed, cannot approve or endorse, not in sympathy with, &c. The next edition of Webster's book will have fernent.

Is It a Member of the Chain Gang?

The Standard published a ghost story which has some truth in it. The chains that rattle created much excitement. Some time ago Eli Miller took leg bail from the chain gang and left in the direction of No. 7. Some think he is the fellow that is rattling the chains to his leg. They believe that he has become a wild man of the woods, subsisting on berries, acorns and mice. Is it Eli?

The October Circuit.

It is law for the sheriff to visit each township of the county during the month of October, to collect taxes. The sheriff is on his rounds. He has visited Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. Up to this date he has not collected "nary cent." He would have gotten one man's tax in No. 1 had Uncle Johnnie Davis not gotten impatient and gone back home before the sheriff reached the point. This is useless. In the first place it is too early, and in the second place people like to come to town to do business.

Iron in Cabarrus.

From what the Cabarrus men say the only talk over about Mt. Pleasant is on what they think is a rich find of first-class iron ore. The hill that is composed almost entirely of solid iron is located near Mt. Pleasant, and will be easily reached by rail. There will be something good for Cabarrus. Watch.—Charlotte Chronicle.

This 4-pager has never before been called "Cabarrus men." That's an ingenious baptism.

She is Dead.

Mrs. Robert Rose, of Mt. Pleasant, whose illness was announced in this paper some days ago, died Wednesday evening. Mrs. Rose has been suffering sometime with dropsy of the heart. She was a kind and christian woman. Not more than eight months ago a son and daughter were stricken down by death. Mrs. Rose was probably fifty years of age. She has a son, Mr. Boon Rose, of Winston, a salesman of a tobacco factory that come here frequently.

He Writes the State Chronicle.

Dr. H. C. Herring, who stands at the head of the State Dental Society, has been very much interested for some time in the methods used in institutions for the deaf. On a recent visit to the State Institution, Dr. Herring was interviewed by the State Cnronicle. His remarks to the Chronicle struck the keynote of a reform that is greatly needed, and the Standard hopes to spend what might it possesses in impressing this upon the public mind. Dr. Herring is right when he contends for the oral method in teaching the deaf.

Matches in Trunks.

Mr. A. T. Vernon informed a Greensboro Workman reporter of an affair which should serve as a warning. A trunk that was on its way from Salem to Danville, and was being handled in the baggage department here, was found to have smoke issuing from it. There was fire on the inside, and when the trunk was opened it was found to have originated from a box of matches that had been put in the tray of the trunk. In a little while longer there would have been a considerable fire, and perhaps much damage. It was only because the smoke was discovered so early that the contents of the trunk were not consumed. It is dangerous to carry matches in trunks, and the practice should be abandoned.

Collision at the Depot.

There was a small sized collision at the depot at 12 o'clock last night, says the Salisbury Herald. Passenger train Na. 9 is due to arrive here at that hour, and it is customary for No. 10, which leaves here for Asheville at 12:55 to pull up on the side track beyond the Mt. Vernon hotel just before the other train comes in. When the train from Asheville came in last night it brought the special car of superintendent Bridgers in addition to the regular passenger and sleeping cars. Both the special car and the sleeper had to be put on side tracks, requiring two trips After making the first trip to the side-track the fireman who was in charge of train No. 10 came down to take the usual place at the depot and the result was that the engines came together with considerable force.

The pilots of both engines were displaced, a draw-head pulled out of one car, and two or three crossties were knocked out of place. No passengers were on either train and no one was hurt. The damage to the engines and track was slight and has already been repaired. One of the engines that collided pulled out the passenger train at noon today.

EAST BIRMINGHAM.

Some More Developments that Are Interesting.

W. A. Smith spent Wednesday at Mt. Pleasant. He has been making further efforts to develep the iron ore discovered there.

He is assured almost beyond a doubt that ore is there in inexhaustible quantities. Examination of other property was made there, and fine traces of iron is shown. Arrangements are making for a thorongh investigation of all these veins of iron ore.

Married.

At the residence of Robert Miller, father of the bride, on Sunday ct. 4th, by Rev. A. L. Coburn, Mr. Lorenzo Walton to Miss Bettie Charlotte Ingo Narcissus Sissie Belle Fannie Salome Caldwell Miller.—Salisbury Herald.

If that man survives with such a load to him, he deserves a chromo.

Wanted Bad.

A writing master to teach traveling men chirography, or words to that effect. Such a gentleman might do a profitable business by opening out such a school here, if the knights of the grip desire to remedy a deficiency. Eighty per cent. of them cannot read their own names as they appear on the hotel registers.

Salisbury Fair.

The Fair this year promises to have a better attendance of visitors from other counties than did the last one. Jim Cook promises a big delegation of people from Concord and Cabarrus, and we can look for equally as fair representation from Stanly, Iredell Davie and Davidson Of course the attendance of Rowan people will be immense.—Salisbury Herald.

They say they are going, and we hope they will.

The Cotton Seed Business.

A few years ago it would have been a novel sight to see a load of cotton seed on the streets bidding for sale. Like everything, a change has taken place. It is a question whether there is economy in selling the seed at 14 cents per bushel. It is evident that the great syndicate is making a big profit out of its business. But the question occurs to us, could not the farmer derive more than 14 cents benefit from the seed were they used on the farms?

Rev. J. B. Davis, D. D.

The gentleman, whose name is at the head of this article is well known in this county. He made many agricultural speeches in the county. The church Messenger speaks of him as follows:

Rev. J. B. Davis, D. D., now residin at Salem, Va., has reached his 86th year. He has been in the ministry 57 years. His life has been divided between the parish and our higher schools of learning. He was a member of the faculty of Roanoke College for nine years; and two years President of North Carolina College. The more recent years of his active life were passed in Ohio, where he served as pastor. He retired from the ministry in 1889. He was among the most prominent of the ministers in the Lutheran Church South, an able preacher, and a devoted student of natural science. He is passing the evening of his life in quietness, retaining his interest in the church which he has served so many years. His excellent wife is still living, and waiting with him the time of their departure. She is now, as always, the warm friend of her pastor, encouraging him by her sympathies and kindly words. God is leading them gently in the way of the life eternal.—Church Messenger.

Send us your job printing.

PREVALENCE OF ILL-HEALTH.

Ill-health is a very matter-of-fact affair—it is no uncertain and problematical condition. The necessity, at times, for medical treatment is as evident and pressing as any other necessity, and it is for this reason that we would earnestly caution our readers against the use of any but the most approved remedies. Irreparable injury is often done by placing confidence in medicines which, although new and pretentious, are often worthless. It is the almost inevitable failure of these compounds that throws discredit upon pharmacy and medical science in general.

Physicians are now of the opinion that many diseases are the result of a morbid condition of the blood, either through inheritance or contagion, and that the only rational and effective way of curing these complaints is to produce a radical change in the vital fluid. The prevalence, for example, of scrofula is the most prolific cause of consumption. A specific that expels the hereditary taint of scrofula from the blood is, therefore, a preventive of consumption. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla has repeatedly proved itself such a specific is a well-known fact that cannot be too frequently and urgently proclaimed.

A distinguished physician has recently recorded his belief, founded on the most satisfactory and reliable evidence, that "the faithful use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will thoroughly eradicate scrofula." He further asserts: "I have used it as an alterative and blood-purifier, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood-medicine ever compounded." This testimony, which has been re-affirmed by hundreds of others, should be sufficient to induce all who are of scrofulous habit to resort, without delay, to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Another malady very prevalent in the United States is catarrh. This is also a blood disease, and one of the most stubborn with which physicians have to contend. We have been repeatedly assured, however, that the persistent use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla effectually expels from the system this most disgusting and dangerous complaint. In a word, the way to health is through the purification of the blood which nourishes the whole system. Try Ayer's Sarsaparilla.