

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

PUT WATER IN OUR EYES WITH A...

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WHOLE NO. 213.

THE STANDARD.

ONLY TWICE AS MUCH READING MATTER AS ANY PAPER EVER OR NOW PUBLISHED IN THE COUNTY. TICKLE US WITH \$1.

He Has Been Caught

AND IS IN JAIL AT CHARLOTTE--HE CONFESSES HIS AWFUL CRIME.

Cought the Wrecker of the Passenger Train on the Western North Carolina Railroad.

Sunday's Atlanta Constitution.

Twenty lives were lost in a wreck on the Western railway of North Carolina, near Statesville, early last fall.

The miscreant, whose fiendish happiness was enhanced by the wholesale murder, is now in jail.

And it was the shrewd, hard work of an Atlanta man who put him behind the bars.

Besides making the arrest, the Atlanta detective--for that's what he is--has secured a full, free and complete confession.

The prisoner's name is John Boyd, and the detective who trailed him to his hiding place and then jailed him is Tom Haney, once the well known and successful marshal, chief of police and detective of Gainesville, Ga.

Immediately after the terrible wreck occurred, the Richmond and Danville road offered a reward of \$10,000 for the arrest of the wrecker.

The best detectives in the country were caught by the munificent offer made, and in a day or two that section of North Carolina was overrun with professionals and amateurs all eager to grab the purse.

Each worked for himself and the money-makers made many trails. Trails crossed and recrossed until it seemed almost impossible to follow any clue.

Every pointer became a mystery when an attempt was made to follow it.

But Haney, who was then, as he is now, doing the secret work for the Richmond and Danville, was upon the ground.

He, like others, was mystified, but, unlike others, he kept working hard on the case.

Finally Haney, too, was ready to throw up his hands and quit, so completely had the wreckers covered their tracks.

HANEY'S GOOD FORTUNE

Seven weeks ago, however, Detective Haney's good fortune--that's what it may be called--threw him in company with a negro team land on the Richmond and Danville, who gave him a start on the story again.

A first Haney sniled at the team land's story, but decided, nevertheless, to investigate it.

Almost at the first step he was astonished at his discoveries, and then, dropping everything else, went down to hand work.

Within a few days Haney became convinced that he was on the right track, but realized that he had a flimsy piece of work before him. Point after point was taken up by Haney, until he located the man upon whom his suspicion had been directed.

Every day the company's officials watched the detective's progress, and when, three weeks ago, it seemed sure that he was upon the right track, Superintendent McKeel, of the Central, who knew the country about Statesville thoroughly, joined him.

Then, in the superintendent's private car, Haney went on with the search, never losing sight of the man about whom he was weaving his net.

A TELL-TALE PACKAGE

Two weeks ago Haney ascertained that a man in Statesville had in his possession a package which Boyd had left with him.

Two days later the detective knew the contents of that package.

Sixteen hundred dollars in bills. Several watches and other jewelry. That's what Haney found it to be.

Then the custodian of the package was taken into the secret and Boyd, with whom he held frequent conversations, was more closely watched than ever by Haney and more assiduously courted by his "chucker." Boyd, it appears, had every confidence in the man who bid he stuff, and one night, when closely questioned, told him he could have it.

That story was a full confession of the wrecking work by which many lives were lost.

Haney was not surprised when a confession was related to him, but he was not willing to take the story as it came to him.

In his confession Boyd described the tools he had used, and told just what he had done with them.

There was a crowbar, a monkey-wrench and a spike-lifter.

Each one Boyd had hidden securely, but in his conversation with the Statesville friend he described the exact hiding place.

Haney made a search for the implements. The crowbar he found

DR. H. C. HERRING LEAVES US.

Dr. J. E. Cartland Succeeds Him--The Standard Will Take One More Snip at the Doctor.

The Standard has known and regretted for some time that Dr. Herring was to leave us.

On Monday, Dr. J. E. Cartland, of High Point, will move into and take complete possession of the office now occupied by Dr. Herring.

A few personal notes: Dr. Herring was born in Sampson county, which is to his credit; and that he became a citizen of Cabarrus is still a greater credit.

The first school he attended was in a log hut--one of the rules of the master was to be there half an hour by sun.

If a pupil failed to conform to this demand he was sent on a mission to a birch thicket near by.

The doctor, then a youth, often visited the birch thicket. We do not know how old he is, but he reliably informed that the Southern Confederacy still owes him for a few weeks' service.

In 1868-69 he was under the training of B. F. Grady, now Congressman from the 3rd district. He was a student at Wake Forest College in 1871-72.

He graduated in 1880 at the Philadelphia Dental College. He located at Clinton, Sampson county, but health breaking down, he came here, where he has been for about ten years.

Dr. Herring has built up a large and lucrative practice, and gathered around him many friends, who will regret to know of his departure.

But he has a little girl, who cannot bear, and it is his intention to perfect himself in teaching these unfortunate ones speech and devote his life to it.

The best wishes of the Standard, together with that of many friends, attend the doctor in his noble purpose.

Dr. Cartland is likewise a graduate of one of the finest dental colleges north. Two years ago he took a post graduate course in Chicago.

He comes with the endorsement of all the people of his acquaintance as an excellent dentist and a Christian gentleman. Dr. Herring could not have chosen a better man for his successor.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Sticks of Wood and a Tuft of Hair Removed from the Wounded Leg of A. L. Sink, a Victim of the Boston Bridge Wreck.

Your local last week in reference to the condition of Mr. A. L. Sink, one of the victims of the railroad wreck at Boston's bridge, August 27, 1891, was somewhat misleading.

It is true that Mr. Sink had been able with the aid of crutches and an attendant to get out on the street, a short distance from the house; but there was waiting at the same time indications of a "rapid" recovery.

Mr. Sink, it will be remembered, received a very bad punctured wound six or seven inches deep in his right hip at a point about seven inches above the break in his thigh, which has obstinately refused to heal, and by the constant discharges, has been a great drain upon his system.

It is doubtless owing to this terrible wound, more than to his broken bone, that his recovery has not been more rapid.

To ascertain the cause of the wound not healing, and if possible, to remedy the difficulty, his attending physician, Dr. R. L. Payne, Jr., determined to perform an operation, and accordingly on last Thursday, assisted by doctors Payne Sr., Crawford and Riley, he made a perpendicular incision about four inches long and in depth to the bone opposite the fracture in the thigh and extending upward to the bottom of the old wound.

At this point the doctor introduced his finger and took from the wound a splinter of wood about 2 1/2 inches long, 3/4 or 1 of an inch wide and nearly as thick.

On a further search he found another splinter about one fourth as large, and a small tuft of hair, which had been peeled from the head of some other poor victim (probably his wife), of this most horrible wreck, before it reached Mr. Sink, and was driven through his clothing and into his flesh to the depth above stated, and for more than five months has caused intense suffering.

The operation was a tedious one, but skillfully performed. Mr. Sink submitted to and stood the operation with much nerve and fortitude.

He has, of course, necessarily suffered much and is still suffering from the operation.

Hopes may now be entertained of his recovery. L. C. H.

Blaine is 62 and Second term has felt like sixty, too, since its war cloud went glimmering.

SOBER ESTIMATED COTEMPORARIES

Our Kodak Gets a Job and Does Its Best for Two of North Carolina's Gifted Members of Public Opinion.

The other day, when Farmer Al Fairbrother passed through Concord on his way to Charlotte, there was something about him that seemed to convey the impression that there was something up.

This impression became so fixed in our mind that we lay awake that night until long after nine o'clock trying to think what it was Fairbrother was after.

Ever since he came to this state we have been doing for him in one way or another and every effort he has made to do better has been instigated or encouraged by us.

After mature deliberation we telegraphed Jake Newell our suspicions and requested him to keep an eye open for developments. The result was satisfactory. Newell reported and we are able to lay before our readers an illustrative account of what seemed at one time an impenetrable mystery. It seems that Fairbrother was

Better Times Ahead.

THE RICHMOND AND DANVILLE MAKING IMPROVEMENTS.

Important Addition to the Company's Plant--Business Not as Flat as Was Supposed.

The Richmond and Danville Co. is erecting an additional chimney on their palatial passenger station here.

Will Tote the Flag Staff.

Col. Jim Long on Cabarrus Politics--He Will Run for the Legislature.

Col. Jim Long was in Charlotte on Friday, and was interviewed by a Chronicle reporter in regard to the state of politics in Cabarrus with the following result:

Col. Long stood against a brick building on Tryon street, while the reporter climbed around him on a step ladder and shook hands with him, and then proceeded to question him as to the political status in his county.

Col. Long said: Yaas, the boys over there want me to hold the flag staff for them in the next campaign--that is, they want me to go to the Legislature. I have viewed the pulse situation from every side and have decided that I must heed the call to the helm of my country's destinies.

"Do you mean that you think you will be a candidate for the Legislature in the next campaign?" asked the reporter.

"Yaas, that's what I mean, if I continue to think this way. I have decided that I ought to be better posted on the Bible to stump the county right, and so I have been reading considerably."

"How are you succeeding in posting yourself?"

"Fine, I am getting well acquainted with the book of Exodus. Solomon and me were always good friends and I'll tell you what is a fact, I have lately found in the Bible where Solomon said to the Queen of Sheba to give to the rich man wine, and to the poor man give him corn licker. Oh, yaas, I'll be 'lected provident I run, an' shore's I am, I am gwine to have something for the poor man to do with his corn--make juice out of it."

The colonel then lighted a match to fire his cob pipe, whistled for his dog until the little terrier barked right under his master's avoirdupois to let him know that he was near by, and asked the reporter to tie his shoe for him, adding by way of apology that he had not seen his feet for years, and hurried off to catch the train for Concord.

No Prospect of Free Silver.

The prospect for the passage of a free coinage bill at the present session of Congress is not encouraging to free coinage advocates.

The vote of the Senate committee Tuesday, adversely to the Stewart free coinage bill, is a pointer which may be taken to mean that when the measure comes to a vote next Tuesday it will be defeated.

The house has evidently read correctly the signs of the times and the majority party has abandoned the idea of a caucus on the silver question.

In other words the Democrats of the house decline to make free coinage a party question.

Mr. Bland says that unless they do so the party will be defeated next fall, and just as wise men as Mr. Bland say that if they do so it will be defeated. Such declarations as these are of a piece with the views of free coinage and anti-free coinage men generally: that if the mints were opened to the unlimited coinage of silver, prosperity would return to the country, while the mono-metalists think that free coinage would result in a debased currency.--Charlotte Chronicle.

Good Omen for Farmers.

The fertilizer agents at his point say that they expect their sales in this odorous commodity to fall off more than half this season, as the farmers have come to the conclusion that there is no money in using it to the extent they have in former years.

The best farmers say they expect to pay more attention to making their own fertilizers and will raise less cotton and more grain and home supplies.

In former years our merchants were heavy shippers of flour and grain to Southern markets and, if the farmers carry out their present intention, they will again be exporters instead of importers, and we will all enter upon a new era of prosperity.--Statesville Landmark.

The pension law just passed by the legislature of Mississippi, allows pensions to negroes disabled in the confederate service.

LEAP YEAR RECEPTION.

The St. Cloud a Scene of Beauty, Joy and Happiness.

Friday night will long be remembered by the young men of Concord. The long talk of "reception" has come and gone, and now lingers in our memories as a "beautiful dream of fairy-land," filled with visions which will always make it pleasant to remember.

About 9 o'clock, the gentlemen with their fair escorts, began to arrive, and ere long the halls of the hotel were filled with "lovely maidens and gallant men," presenting a scene unrivaled in the history of our "city of fair women."

No escorts could have been more careful and attentive to all the wants of their partners than were the ladies on this occasion, and the modest blushes and drooping eyes of several young men gave evidence that they had been listening, with what result, only the future can tell, to "the old, old story, of a love that never will fade."

At 11 o'clock the doors of the spacious dining hall were thrown open and the party flocked to supper. Such a supper! Oysters, salads and pickles; fruits and ices in abundance. Even the most fastidious could find no fault, and our most peculiar tastes were fully satisfied.

After supper the crowd gradually dispersed, each one filled with regret that the most enjoyable evening of a life time had been numbered with the past.

The entire assembly is indebted to Mrs. Dusenbury for her kindness and personal attention, which added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

The following is a list of those who attended, with their costumes and partners, as nearly perfect as your correspondent could make it:

Miss Ada Rogers, white faille, en traine, diamonds; Chas. Wadsworth.

Miss Annie Cannon, white Henrietta, en traine, ancora fur; Mr. Werrell.

Miss Bell Bost, black lace and forget-me-nots; B. E. Harris.

Miss Lucy Richmond, blue silk; E. P. Mangum.

Miss Charlie Fetzer, black silk; Mr. Alexander.

Miss Nellie Fisher, white swiss and flowers; Arther Faggart.

Miss Clara Oehler, black net, red ostrich feathers; J. B. Harkey.

Miss Mary Adderton, blue silk; A. H. Mitchell.

Miss Estelle Adderton, white brocade silk, gold trimmings; J. F. Parker.

Miss Minnie Cochran, yellow silk and chiffone; Dr. Fitzgerald.

Miss Grace Cochran, white silk; John York.

Miss H. len Johnson, yellow satin, white lace; Q. E. Smith.

Miss Willie Richmond, lavender cashmere; Howard Cannon.

Miss Corinne Harris, white swiss, satin, hyacinths; R. L. Keesler.

Miss Jeannette Erwin, pink silk mull; Frank Robbins.

Miss Lillie Patterson, black net, lace and diamonds; Dr. Houston.

Miss Emily Carter, china silk and chiffone; H. S. Puryear.

Miss Collins, white Henrietta, hyacinth; Rufus Patterson.

Miss Mary Fetzer, cream cashmere; M. W. Ball.

Miss Fannie Fisher, cream cashmere, en traine; R. E. Kidenhour.

Miss Lizzie Young, black lace, pink roses; J. C. Leslie.

Miss Maggie Neal, cream cashmere, marchal neil roses; Gowan Dusenbury.

Miss Marie Reed, lavender silk mull and flowers; R. T. Gowan.

Miss Julia McCrudder, black lace; Rev. B. S. McKenzie.

Miss Jennie Smith, black brocade silk, en traine, japonicas; Dr. Fetzer.

Miss Kate Smith, black silk, gold trimmings; Will Morris.

Miss Lallah Hill, corn colored satin, feather trimmings, diamonds; G. L. Patterson.

Miss Nannie McDonald, blue silk, chiffonne, silver ornaments; R. S. Wheeler.

Miss Minnie Thompson, red silk; Ed Hill, Joe Goodman.

Mrs. Dr. Arthey, white silk, en traine, hyacinths; Dr. Arthey.

Mrs. Dr. Young, yellow silk, en traine, pearls; Dr. Young.

Mrs. W. R. Odell, black silk, diamonds; W. R. Odell.

Mrs. W. G. Campbell, black net; Rev. W. G. Campbell.

RECEPTIONS by the People.

The House committee on elections last Saturday took a vote on the principle involved in several resolutions offered in the House and referred to this committee, looking to the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people, and it was ascertained that the committee is almost unanimously in favor of the proposition.

This is very significant, and, very gratifying. And, moreover, it looks much like the beginning of the end. It will be rather surprising, if, after this expression from the elections committee, the House does not at this session pass a measure proposing a constitutional amendment agreeable to the views of the committee. The Senate will defeat it, but it will come a measure abolishing the electoral college and providing for the election of President and Vice President by the people.

And why not? The circuitous method now in existence for the election of Senators and President are remnants of monarchical ideas, incorporated into the organic law by the fathers when the government was founded; when popular government was an experiment in the world and when there was no light of experience to guide their feet. Time has demonstrated that the people are to be trusted with their elections and there are not lacking instances which prove that in cases where the elections are removed from them their will may be thwarted.

Yes, let us get the Senators nearer the people by having them chosen by popular vote, and let the constitution be so amended that in the election of President and Vice President the ticket that gets the majority of the votes--not the ticket that carries a majority of the States--shall be the one elected.--Statesville Landmark.

An Era of Peace.

This end of the nineteenth century; of ours is an age not of war but of arbitration, not of passion but of reason. As the barbarous practice of duelling between individuals is now reprobated and condemned; so war, which is the duel of nations, only attended with more serious consequences to third parties, strangers and would be neutrals to the quarrel, is similarly to be condemned and avoided by all means consistent with honor. War, which used to be styled the "last argument of kings"--ultima ratio regum--may now be more appropriately termed the supreme folly of nations.--Baltimore Sun.

Russia's Great Famine.

It is estimated that 14,000,000 people in Russia are suffering from famine. A failure of crops for three years has not only made a scarcity of provisions, but there is a crying demand for clothing, fuel, farming implements, &c. Barns, thatched roofs and boards have been used for fire wood. Fifty car loads of provisions per day are necessary to feed these starving provinces.

Mrs. Cleveland and Baby Ruth are back in New York, both plump rosy and happy.

"THE BEST."

It is easy to say of anything, especially of a medicine, that it is "the best"; but to show the reason of its superiority to the satisfaction of the public, may be quite another matter. When we affirm, however, that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any other blood purifier, we make no unaccountable statement, but tell the plain, unvarnished truth. Other so-called blood-purifiers may produce a temporary exhilaration, which is mistaken for cure; but the curative effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are radical and permanent. It not only purifies the blood, but renews and invigorates that fluid.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been in use for the better part of half a century, and has achieved a success which is without parallel in the history of medicine. People early learned to appreciate its value as a purifier of the blood, and the lapse of years has only confirmed and strengthened the popular opinion of its merits.

Only the choicest and most approved ingredients enter into the composition of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and these are secured regardless of cost. It is on this principle that the Honduras sarsaparilla root is extensively used in its preparation. The domestic variety is cheap and abundant, being indigenous all over the American continent, but it has little medicinal value compared with the richer growth of the tropics. Therefore it is that the extract of the Honduras root, solely, forms the basis of Ayer's preparation, the other ingredients being stillingia, probolyites, yellow dock, and the iodides of potassium and iron.

The effect produced by these ingredients depends largely upon the proportions used, and it is only by the greatest skill in compounding them that the remarkable alterative and tonic qualities of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are secured. The appliances of Ayer's laboratory are unique and costly, and experience shows that their use results in producing a compound entirely of far more curative power than can be obtained by any other methods. This fact, together with the most attractive, liberal and original methods of advertising, readily accounts for the world-wide reputation and enviable success of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.