

THE STANDARD. A NEW EARTH A PART OF THE SAINTS' FUTURE ABODE.

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THE STANDARD.

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WHOLE NO. 229.

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

coming, then they will feel that they are indeed the inheritors of the earth. There too will be Abraham the father of the faithful, to whom God gave no inheritance in the land as Stephen said in his defense. "No, not so much as to set his feet on." God, however, promised that he would give it to him for his passion and to his seed after him.

Paul to the Galatians, chapter fourth, says: "They which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham; and in verse 29, 'If ye be Christ, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise.' Therefore, when he and all his seed according to the flesh, with all his children by faith in Christ meet in the realm of bliss, or most such other on the new earth, he may well say to the immortal host, God has now given to me and to all my children the whole earth as our promised possession. Not till then will the promise made to Abraham be realized.

While here Mr. Smith had a conference with some of our business men and represented to them that these most interested in the success of the road preferred Wadesboro as its terminus, on account of connection here with both the Seaboard Air Line and Atlantic Coast line systems of roads, an advantage that no other town could offer. He also stated that while he had no positive assurance that the Roanoke and Southern would connect with the new road at Concord and use its track from that place to its terminus yet he had every reason to believe that such would be the case.

Washington, D. C. W. H. Keenan, Esq., Chairman Democratic Executive Committee, New Hanover County: Dear Sir:—If you refer to the demands made by the St. Louis Conference and officially reported by the delegates of the North Carolina Farmers' State Alliance as the "St. Louis platform" I will say that my position on it was correctly stated in an editorial in the Charlotte Observer several weeks ago. I do not enclose the preamble where it reflects on the leadership of the Democratic party—as to the demands on franchise and transportation (there are only three) I approve them. They are exactly the same in substance as those of the demands passed by the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union at St. Louis in December, 1889, and were three of the national demands when I was nominated and elected in 1890. The financial question is the most important to our people. The land question does not affect us—as we have no United States lands in our State.

He shoots flies off the nose of Mr. Hans Jacobs. San Francisco Evening Post. The principal characters before Judge Love of the Police court, this morning, were Bill Fox, a cowboy from Texas, and Hans Jacobs, the keeper of a combination saloon and grocery, on Minna street, between Fourth and Fifth. Bill was in the dock, dressed only as good cowboys are in the habit of dressing. His slouch hat was under his arm, and his long flowing hair was somewhat matted for the want of a comb. The usual revolver in his belt was absent, however, and in consequence he wore an air of disgust, which plainly said he was only half a man without it.

Two Different Minds. Mr. Parholther (Durham Globe) Minds differ. Hearts change. Men and women die, but razor-back hogs still root and the wild ass brays. This is a logical proposition, and we challenge contradiction. But what we want to write is this: Henry Blosset is perhaps the most dowerly writer in the South. He weaves his thoughts from a loom of words which all of us could use—but he fashions his fabric of thoughts in a different style than any other man. For instance, he calls this: A Heart Throb.

SHIELLED FROM AFAR. ED. STANDARD.—As I never have given you any news from Texas I thought I would give you a few bits. Health is good, weather fine and wheat and oats is looking fine. We have been having an abundance of rain. I see a letter from Mr. George Barnhardt, stating he carried a shell back that the people call the stomach of a fish. People here have got better sense than to call a rock the stomach of a fish. My friend Barnhardt tried to leave the impression that we are a green set out here but we are not green enough to be imposed upon. Col. Lore thinks some of the early settlers from North Carolina have dried up. If Col. Lore could see a man that came from North Carolina twenty-one years ago, weighing 140 pounds that now weighs two hundred he would not think we had dried much. Mr. Barnhardt says he walked out here when it was muddy and the mud worked out of his collar. This can't be. G. E. BARRINGER, Nevada, Col. Co. Tex., May 24, '92.

Col. A. H. Waddell's Address. There are few men who have the oratorical gifts of Col. Alfred M. Waddell, of Wilmington. On yesterday he delivered a masterful address upon the life and character of Col. William L. Summers, the soldier, patriot and statesman. The following are the closing paragraphs which are classic and beautiful: Recently I stood, at night, on the narrow peninsula where twenty-seven years ago fleet and fort proclaimed in thunder the fame of Fort Fisher. To the eastward heaved the sea, on whose rolling billows the rising moon poured a flood of silvery light, white opposite, and hanging low above the shining river in the limitless depths of the western heavens, glowed the serene orb of the evening planet, whose glories heightened as it neared the horizon. Between lay the long line of ragged mounds over which the tide of battle ebbed and flowed when the expired hopes of a brave people were forever extinguished. Beneath was and earthward alike, patriot bones were bleaching, mute witnesses of the horrors of civil strife and of the emptiness of human ambition. Higher rose the goddess of the night, white grow the sheen upon the waters, lower and more luminous sank the star. A solemn stillness, unbroken save by the voices of the night wind and the sea, reigned supreme.

John might well say as in the first verse, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away; and there was no more sea." The sea was the symbol of continual unrest and commotion, as also of the great political disturbances out of which the "heaven" arose which had seven heads and ten horns, etc. The sea is now removed and untroubled peace everywhere prevails, and there are no fears of future revolutions or causes of disturbance. The sea gone, there will be three fourths more of room in this part of the saints' abode, for millions upon millions of the inhabitants of God's vast dominions of light, glory and love. Surely never before had the prediction of Isaiah been realized: "Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth and the former shall not be remembered nor be seen any more," or upon the heart as the marginal reading has it. As further confirming the position assumed, we proceed.

Localities are oftentimes rendered renowned by their connection with some great event or noble personage, but for which connection they would have remained common, ordinary places. Thermopylae, Bunker Hill, Manassas, and other cases at point. So Bathany would never have had a place in history but for its connection with Jesus Christ. Here Jesus frequently abode and especially as he neared the close of His life on earth. Here they gave Him a supper, and here it was a humble Hebrew woman did the deed immortal and gave us an example of what woman can do.

W. M. Smith secretary, and C. B. Smith, the engineer of the Concord Southern railroad, have just inspected a proposed route of their line leading from Concord to Wadesboro, by Mt. Pleasant, Big Lick, and Ansonville. We are informed that in each town along the line they not only found a satisfactory route but had such assistance offered the company as will in all probability insure the placing in the field a full force of engineers for active work. Inasmuch as prominent citizens have agreed to take up this road from Concord and extend it to Salisbury it will beyond any doubt, if built, be the Southern's main trunk of the R. & S.

What Will Be the End of It? W. M. Smith secretary, and C. B. Smith, the engineer of the Concord Southern railroad, have just inspected a proposed route of their line leading from Concord to Wadesboro, by Mt. Pleasant, Big Lick, and Ansonville. We are informed that in each town along the line they not only found a satisfactory route but had such assistance offered the company as will in all probability insure the placing in the field a full force of engineers for active work. Inasmuch as prominent citizens have agreed to take up this road from Concord and extend it to Salisbury it will beyond any doubt, if built, be the Southern's main trunk of the R. & S.

Graduating Class of University. Bachelors of Arts—William Douglas Boie, Clarion; George Whitfield Clarkton, Wilson; William Edward Darden, Kingston; Frank Moore Galling, Raleigh; Frank Carter Mehane, Madison; Wallace Eugene Rollins, Asheville; Frederick Leroy Wilcox, Carabonite. Bachelors of Philosophy—George Henry Crowell, New London; Samuel Lee Davis, Sawyersville; Charles Felix Harvey, Kingston. Bachelor of Science—Charles Baskerville, Columbus, Miss. Bachelors of Letters—Plato Collins, Kingston; Leonard Charles Van Noppen, Durham. Bachelors of Engineering—Thomas Roswell Foust, Graham; Richard Benjamin Hunter, Brinkleville. Bachelor of Laws—Alphonso Linwood Gregory, Edenton. Presentation Speeches. The presentation speeches made upon the occasion of awarding medals at North Carolina College were decidedly the happiest in all, this writer ever heard.

After swiping a half dozen hard boiled eggs and going to bed with our boots on about 2 o'clock this morning, we dreamed of a small sized gal who was indeed a cross between a rocky poem and a gab of blank verse which makes us tired—a parody, ungainly, disjointed, hunk of trilling and jam-up grace and awkwardness. She was a hummer, a whizzer—a mocking bird with pin feathers and a scrumptious gallery of gew-gaws—sweeter than a wad of ginger bread, and a three-pronged charmer from the backwoods. She was as sound as a dollar and not a blench on her. She was neither spring-laluted, spavined, nor had she tuberculosis. She was, briefly, a cur—and the pelican who whispers his red-hot words of love into her waxy ear, will be a three-times winner. He will have his arms full, as she weighs about 300 pounds, and her own wooing grace is that she goes barefooted and dips snuff. She is a daisy, and don't you forget it!

Ayres Pills. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was for years a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief until she began to take Ayers Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health. Mrs. Taylor, seeing the crime committed, led to Foster's home for protection, but her husband followed her there and shot her dead. Taylor then shot and killed himself. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor four leave children. An unintentional assault was attempted on the little 8-year-old daughter of Jno. Parks, in South Rowan, Thursday morning by an unknown negro. From the Salisbury Herald we get these particulars: The little girl was at her play-house some distance from her residence, and being away longer than usual the parents became uneasy and called her, but received no reply. Starting to hunt her, the father caught the negro in the brutal attempt. He fled, making his escape. The little child says the negro would not let her answer the calls of her parents. Mr. Parks came to town at once for a bloodhound to follow the villain but did not get one. The people in the neighborhood are highly indignant over the affair and are searching for the negro. If found swift justice will probably be meted to him.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is superior to all other preparations claiming to be blood-purifiers. First of all, because the principal ingredient used in it is the extract of genuine Hemlock sarsaparilla root, the variety richest in medicinal properties. Also, because the yellow dock, being raised expressly for the Company, is always fresh and of the very best kind. With equal discrimination and care, each of the other ingredients are selected and compounded. THE Superior Medicine because it is always the same in appearance, flavor, and effect, and, being highly concentrated, only small doses are needed. It is, therefore, the most economical blood-purifier in existence. It cures SCROFULA, itching, workless skin, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It searches out all impurities in the system and expels them harmlessly by the natural channels. Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives elasticity to the step, and imparts to the aged and infirm, renewed health, strength, and vitality. Ayer's Sarsaparilla Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle, \$1 per dozen. Cures others, will cure you