

THE SITUATION AS IT IS.

Confederate soldiers and Northern soldiers raised funds and erected a monument in Chicago to the memory of the Confederate dead, buried there. Speaking beautifully of the dedication of this monument, Ram's Horn, a Northern paper, says: "It makes us blush to think that some of our Northern friends have taken occasion to speak in violent hostility to this celebration."

Both armies fought in defense of what they believed right. The sun sent its rays down for four years upon the bravest soldiers the world ever saw—they were clad in gray and clad in blue. When the surrender came, the true soldier accepted in good faith the results and set himself to the work of rebuilding, and healing the wounds, personal and national, restoring, however, the inalienable right to preserve in a fitting manner the memories of the brave dead and to defend the good name and honor of each section.

This thing of having a good taste in the mouth is impossible and not human, when insults and slanders are hurled at us and circulated against us.

It is the duty of all to strive to lay aside and bury the animosities and the jealousies and backbitings, and to encourage a friendly feeling between the sections and to plant the seeds of brotherly love. This is reasonable; it is patriotic; it is Christian.

We of the South, for thirty years, have borne much, suffered many indignities and insults; and the work, formerly openly now sneakingly, is yet going on. And during all this time the degree of forbearance and patience under all such has been remarkable.

That the feeling between the two sections is not more strained is not the fault of South haters and slanders. That more ill feeling does not exist is due to the good people of all sections; that it exists at all (now 30 years after the war) is due to political knives and unprincipled and unblushing slanders.

There are some people who think they can heap upon us, with impunity, their insults and misrepresentations; and when a decent though emphatic protest is made, they think us ugly and vicious, and lash themselves into a frenzy because of our not submitting in good, patient humor to it all. These impudent and cheeky slanders might think us clever and noble people, did we sit smiling while they abuse us and lie about us to their heart's content.

With all respect we recall that, in 1865, it took six Yankees to whip one Southerner; but it will require ten dozen Yankees to one South-erner (a ratio of 120 to 1, if you please) to force us to feel good over slanders upon our women and our section and make us love and respect the authors of such slanders.

It will be an evil day for us and our domestic institution if we patiently be quiet while emissaries of evil designs and fenshish schemes, under the cloak of religion and a missionary spirit, seek to eliminate the distinctive lines that separate the races, a line that God Almighty himself drew, and while they send painted and illuminated incendiary articles back to their homes to fetch more funds to carry on the nefarious business.

Respectable men and women of the South have gone north and have been treated kindly and decently, respectable and honorable men and women of the North come, take up their homes among us and are well come and are always treated with the profoundest courtesy, with not a particle of friction. All this has been demonstrated time and again. In this wholesome welcome to outsiders, we sometimes take into our bosoms a vile serpent; but with characteristic Southern promptness and sense of right and justice the serpent is unbowed, but oftentimes times until some poison has been lodged. It is then we suffer.

Ram's Horn spoke beautifully. There are inalienable rights that belong to each section of this common Union.

During last year the big fire in Francisco when the water ran the firemen coupled their hoses to a 8,000 gallon tank of 'claret' and turned it on the flames. The hoses broke down at the water works.

THE ANCESTOR OF MAN.
Up jumps a modern scientist with a new theory about man's original ancestor. A Western paper says that "thinking men have never been exactly satisfied with taking literally the biblical account of the origin of their species." What if they haven't? After they write, talk, spread their literature, they lie down and die and with them their theories die and are scarcely ever recalled.

The agnostic—the fellow, who after all has to acknowledge "I do not know"—figures for awhile, sows some seeds of doubt here and there, and finally dies—he never offers anything better, he does not disprove what biblical believers have the greatest confidence in, (though they may not be able to prove it with mathematical certainty), much of which has already received the stamp of authenticity by the records of profane history, by the influences upon man and the world and by the prophecies which have been fulfilled, and which biblical teachings have been so strengthened in thousands of ways until the most cautious and skeptic ought to be satisfied.

There are doubtless many who poe as agnostics merely to be odd, original, independent, or something. About the best one, the greatest intellectually, was the late Huxley—"I do not know" was his trademark. The world perhaps admired him for his intellectual greatness and he had many interested ones to watch him and to read him and to study him—yet a mighty few of them would be willing to die on such uncertainties. Men oftentimes ride hobbies that the Bible does not excuse and which entertain, amuse and even fascinate many and especially those "that do not know," but it is safe to say that when they are nearing the brink of the dark river they wish for something more certain, even that which the old, old story tells of.

But to return—
The same authority above quoted says also: "Since the dawn of civilization the higher types of reasoning mortals have held the belief that man is a near relative to the lower animals." There are so few who endorse this, that their fewness makes them conspicuous—their isolation, so to speak, causes more importance to be attached to them and their teachings than is justly due. Such men are usually lionized, and were it not for the numerous and frequent references made to them and their contentions by the orthodox, they would not rise above the horizon of the ordinary.

The evolutionists ought to have a platform, on which all could stand. They differ, and promulgating widely different views they carry conviction to few.

Professor Edward D Cope, a SCIENTIFIC scholar now connected with the University of Pennsylvania, has solved (?) man's ancestry. He has found an unbroken chain from man back to a low grade of fishes which existed in paleozoic time. This may account for some persons being so "fishy." From the anthropoids or manlike apes, Cope's theory extends back eight removes, by so doing each creature on the line of ascent gets an ancestry not to be much proud of.

How an opossum or like animal can evolve from a cold-blooded reptile or a hoofed-creature from an oppossum, is certainly a very "scientific discovery."

Frederick G Gherke is another scientist. He sprang into prominence after the death of Darwin in 1882. He advanced a unique theory. He says that the ape is not even a remote cousin to man. This is refreshing. But he makes it bad enough—he traces man to bears, polar bears at that. Says Gherke, the bear man:

"My idea is that the earlier bears came down through Behring Straits on icebergs which drifted to the shores of tropical Asia. * * * In the course of ages they took to the caves and there shed their heavy coats of hair. * * * The connecting link between what is now man and the bear being an indescribable manlike bear or bear-like man, whichever expression suits your fancy best."

Prof. Allen, an Australian scientist, argues that the last animal ancestor of man was a kangaroo. Quite natural for an Australian.

The meanest scientist is a German servant who recently proved (?) that man's original ancestor was a plant-lose, and that the human race will again degenerate to vegetable-eating mites.

Dr. J. S. Flagg, a scientist of Boston, lectured last year and said among other things:

"Man, although the triumph of evolution, is not necessarily descended from the ape, but rather that the ape is a living example of one of the stages of

man's development from the lower animals."

These great thinkers (?) ought to get together and promulgate a platform of principles on which could stand, without conflict, manlike apes, reptiles, opossums, kangaroos, polar bears and vegetable parasites.

Whenever, reasoning (?) men begin to formulate new ideas, speculate on vital matters and forget that God "created man in his own image" and try to set up a new system of religion and wander away from the Bible and its teachings and say "I do not know"—then they have no case and amount to nothing except manufacturers of dangerous networks for themselves, and confusion to a few who read and study them.

THE FATHER OF A TRIO.

The news has flashed, with the speed of electricity, across the country that Grover Cleveland has another baby in his home.

It is a lady baby, and this is the third, and all are ladies.

Grover Cleveland may some day, in the distant future, again be president and who knows but that he may have daughters and sons in-law enough to make up his cabinet without going out of his family for material for secretaries. And if his daughters have as much wisdom in selecting their husbands, as the old man has shown on various occasions, he will have a set of strong advisers.

LOOKING AFTER HISTORY.

THE STANDARD prints in another column a card from Mr. W. M. Voils, of Mooresville. Mr. Voils touches on a subject that should elicit the sympathy of all who take an interest in history and desire to preserve all matters spoken of in our correspondent's letter.

Sometime ago our townsman, Mr. C. R. White, gave us the facts relative to the grave of signer Patton; and it was intimated then, that the grave of another signer was in the county, but could not be located.

If anyone can throw light on the subject, spring by Mr. Voils, for the sake of history and erecting a monument let it come.

A NEW TRAVELER.

Last Wednesday G. W. Bowman left Denver in a buggy propelled by gas, and will attempt to reach Chicago at a cost not to exceed \$5.10. We have not learned whether he got there on time or not.

If he succeeded he will receive from a capitalist in Chicago the sum of \$10,000 for the right to sell the machine in half of the State of Illinois. The gas engine weighs 275 pounds and the supply of gasoline may be put under the seat, where it may be drawn upon when occasion demands. He estimates that a gallon per horse power is sufficient for ten hours' run. The machine complete is designed to cost just about what a good horse and harness is worth, and the expense of running the vehicle is less than the cost of feeding and shoeing a horse.

When a man or firm has to curtail expenses the first thing he jumps on is the town newspaper—the organ that depotes its time and energies to the upbuilding of the town in which it is published. But when it comes to economizing they forget the free advertising it does for said town, and the local paper gets it where the chicken got the axe—in the neck.

Every business should be represented in the local paper, if only by a two or three inch advertisement.

The curfew ordinance which is so popular in other Minnesota towns, will soon be adopted in Duluth. The proposed ordinance prohibits all persons under 15 years of age from appearing on the streets after 9 o'clock in the evening, and provides a penalty of \$100 fine or ninety days imprisonment for violation of the law. If such an ordinance got on the books of Concord, there are several or more who would be battered shortly or sooner.

The New York Herald has been turning on some very important and much needed light as to the last bond sale of \$85,000,000. The British syndicate resaped, it says, a profit of \$12,000,000. The bonds fetched about 4 per cent, it says. They now sell for 122.

The issue of the Raleigh News and Observer gotten out Tuesday and which it justly calls a school edition was made up of 24 pages. It contained out of many teachers in the State and school news from Currituck to Cherokee. It is one of the finest papers ever issued in the State. Josephus Daniels is doing a good work in North Carolina.

J. H. Harley, of Rhode Island, has purchased an island in Lake Worth, Fla., for 37 cents. He paid \$5 entry fee, and now makes \$80 a month sitting on the island and catching green turtles as they pass.

The Charlotte Observer editorially noting the birth Sunday last of the new lady baby in the family of the president, gets off this sorrowful complaint and it is also amusing "Mrs. Cleveland was hardly fair to the daily newspapers which do not get out Monday morning editions."

"Give a lie one day the start, and truth will have to chase it around the world." When it has six mouths the start, the world has to be encircled a thousand times before truth catches up.

Mrs. Lease still rides her hobbies, but she also rides a bicycle, which makes her a sort of a "straddler," so to speak. But she still keeps "the middle of the road."

Ram's Horn says: "If there is any dog in a man, it is sure to grow when his food is not to his taste." Lots of people are doggish.

The Governor reproved a negro who had assaulted and murdered a white girl of fourteen after he had been convicted. Lynchers enforced the law by hanging Price to a tree. He begged for mercy but got that he showed the defenseless little girl.

With our local reporter, H. P. Deaton, on the wing, and the old man with a rest and am, THE STANDARD gets about all the game that's out. As a good hunting day and the amount of game on the wing, this issue speaks for itself.

For several days we have been having some dispatches. It looks nice to see "Special &c." Today we have a lot condensed. It is quite probable that THE STANDARD will take the telegraphic service at an early day. Concord deserves the very best.

Electricity and the bicycle may drive the noble horse, the faithful mule and the steady ox to the rear, but no mechanical substitute will ever supplant the humble cow. When milking time comes, bicycles are not in it.

The whortleberry crop of Sampson county is said to be worth \$100,000. Great Scotts! what a financial picnic Dr. Herring is missing by moving his vine from his native county.

An exchange inquires whether it is not possible to take the new woman too seriously to heart. Not where she is lovely and willing.

In St. Louis they are dropping city employees from the pay rolls for not voting. In Chicago they used to be dropped if they did not vote several times or more on the same day. Quite a contrast, St. Louis is way behind.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children with teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. mw1&w

Master Harry Montgomery brought to THE STANDARD this morning an egg skin that bore a remarkable resemblance to an inflated balloon, with an extension on the small end that looked like a parachute attached minus the basket or bars. The covering to this egg had a silken finish and was filled with a substance that was not gasoline, but from appearances on the outside of the skin it contained something the same color as that of gasoline.

This specimen of hen fruit was found by Harry's grandmother in the yard of Dr. W. H. Lilly.

Sidewalk bicycle riding was one of the main questions discussed before the board of aldermen Tuesday night. An amendment was offered to the present ordinance to impose a fine on any person who might run against another not less than \$10, but was lost. It was then tried to prohibit riding on the sidewalks altogether, but this motion was lost by a vote of 4 to 3.

As it now stands the boys have the monopoly of the sidewalks. They seldom ring a bell and few, if any, have lanterns after dark. The law should be enforced, and every man should be made ring his bell.

The Alliancemen have rented the hall over the store-room of Mr. M. C. Walter, near the depot, and will, in the future, hold their meetings there. The room is to be fitted up for this order's special use.

MR. TROUTMAN MISSING.

Was Sick But is Better—Looking for Gold—Prof. Brooks Begins August 5th—Quarterly Meeting—An Instrument That Smells Gold.

GEORGEVILLE, N. C., July 9.—Crops are looking fine in this vicinity.

There will be a township Sunday school convention at Georgeville on the 25th of July. The Mt. Pleasant, Cold Springs, St. Paul's and Georgeville choirs will furnish music for the occasion.

Prof. Brooks will take charge of the school at this place the 5th of August. We wish him a pleasant stay among us.

Quarterly meeting will be held at Center Grove next Sunday.

A hired boy in this neighborhood while hauling wheat fell overboard in the ditch.

Two gentlemen from Canada are visiting the Nugget gold mine. They have an instrument which they call an indicator and they say that they can find a gold dollar in a twenty acre field with this instrument.

Mr. Will Leonard, living near Nugget Gold Mine, is quite sick. Her many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. Charles Widenhouse has been having chills, but he is about done shaking.

Mr. Martin Widenhouse, one of Cabarrus' oldest citizens has been sick, but is improving. He is 91 years old. E. E. W.

ADDITIONAL NEWS FROM "JOIAR." Plenty of fruit.

The recent rains have made a wonderful change in the crops.

Farmers have their wheat in their barns, and are now laying by their crops.

Mrs. Maggie Sikes, of Charlotte, is visiting relatives in and around Georgeville.

Mr. E. A. Jerome and Dr. Hartzell went on a visit to Albemarle on the Fourth.

Quite a number of young people attended the 4th of July picnics at different places this year.

The Odd Fellows have determined to change their home.

For more than a year this order has been living in a room rented from Mr. Jas. Burrage, on North Main street.

The Alliance has caused trouble. It seems that Mr. Burrage, the owner of the building, had a key to the hall and the Alliance went up and met in the Odd Fellows' lodge. This was without the permission or the knowledge of the Odd Fellows' who had the hall rented.

By accident, Noble Grand Coble learned of it and the meeting last Friday night was suddenly ended. Many of the Odd Fellows are not pleased with such intrusion, and the Odd Fellows waited on the Masons and asked to rent the privileges of their hall for the meeting of the Odd Fellows.

So the Lodge comes back to where it was reorganized several years ago.

The Masons and Knights of Pythias and the Odd Fellows can live together but there is a vigorous protest when the Alliance seeks association.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Concord's Church Attendance.
This matter was sprung at a recent meeting of the Concord Ministers' Association. The question was asked how many, on the average, attended the services—that is how many different persons, counting no one twice, attended the morning and night services of the town churches.

Rev. W. C. Alexander, of the Presbyterian church, thought about 200 at his church; Rev. J. O. Alderman about 100 at Central; and Rev. M. G. Scherer about 150 at St. James' Lutheran. We could not get the estimates of the other churches in town.

The Standard knows that every church could accommodate many more than attend, but there is one thing sure that one half of the town's population could not be packed into our churches.

Rev. Alderman is engaged in the very pleasant and interesting work of ascertaining the number attending the churches of both races in Concord.

To those living in malarial districts Tutt's Pills are indispensable, they keep the system in perfect order and are an absolute cure for sick headache, indigestion, malaria, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases.

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Tutt's Liver Pills

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Clear Creek Items.
Crops want just a "leettle" more rain.

A few farmers have threshed wheat around here and we learn that the yield is just tolerable.

Wherry Alexander was thrown from a mule a few days ago and almost killed, but we are glad to know that he is rapidly recovering from his injuries and will soon be home-if again. Wherry is a remarkably good boy and deserves better treatment, even though it be from the heels of a mule.

On Saturday Mr. Thomas McEachern's wife fell suddenly to the floor and lay for some time apparently dead; two physicians were summoned with all possible haste and up to this writing she is still lingering between life and death with little or no hopes of recovery.

Bethel church is having a series of Bible readings—this is quite a departure from the usual custom of country churches and was instituted by Rev. Mr. Bryant, the pastor. Bethel people have every reason to be proud of their pastor as he is an affable, scholarly, devout, and extremely intellectual man.

Rev. A. C. Davis passed through on his way to Cold Water Baptist church last Saturday where he preaches once a month. He lives at Unionville which place is, twenty five miles from this appointment—surely it is a strong man that can endure such a hardship as going by private conveyance this long and rough distance every month to preach.

Bill Tally has a reuter, Bill Taylor, whom he furnished a horse and feed to make a crop. Tally has accused Taylor of misappropriating the feed that he sends to Taylor to feed the horse upon and has entered suit against him. We learn that the trial will be Wednesday the 10th inst, at Clay's school house. The case will come up before Justices Cook, Black, McEachern, Newell and Klutz. The case being a rather novel one with so many of the legal fraternity connected with it seems to have awakened a great interest in the community.

Mrs. Swink Dead.
Mrs. Katie Swink died at her home on Lee street, next to the Rowan House, about noon today. Mrs. Swink was over 80 years old and leaves seven children.—Tuesday's Salisbury Herald.

Mrs. Swink was the mother of our townsman, Mr. George Swink, who has been at his mother's bedside for several weeks expecting the summons to come at any time.

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When you are about to buy a Sewing Machine do not be misled by advertising agents and be led to think you can get the best made, best valued and

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for a mere song. See to it that you buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by merit and square dealing, you will then get a Sewing Machine that will not only last longer but will give you the most enjoyment out of its durability. You want the one that is easiest to manage and is

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There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of working parts, fineness of finish, beauty in appearance, or has as many improvements as the

NEW HOME
It has Automatic Tension, Double Feed, alike on both sides of needle, (patented), and other best features, it is simple, strong, and easy to use. It is the best sewing machine ever made.

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THIS NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. CHARLOTTE, N. C. (Incorporated in N. C.)

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Comprises the University, the College, the Law and Medical Schools, and the

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CONCORD MARKET:
COTTON MARKET.
Corrected by Cannons & Fetzer
Good middling.....61
Middlings.....61
Low middling.....57-5
Stains44to 5

PRODUCE MARKET.
Corrected by C. W. Swink.
Bacon.....8
Sugar-cured hams.....12to15
Bulk meats, sides.....8 to 9
Beeswax.....5
Butter.....15
Chickens.....30to25
Corn.....45
Eggs.....10
Lard.....3to11
Flour (North Carolina).....1.75
Meal......60
Oats......374
Tallow.....374

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CALL AND LOOK AT THEM.
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—Agent—
COLUMBIA, HARTFORD AND CRESCENT BICYCLES,
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