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THE STANDARD.

VOL. X--NO 25. CONCORD N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1897 WHOLE NO. 434

THE STANDARD

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REV. JESSE H. PAGE VOTED NO.

And He Explained His Vote, Too.—President Kilgo, of Trinity College, Had Addressed the Rockingham District Conference on "Christian Education," and Had Attacked Some Institutions—Mr. Page Voted Against Extending Dr. Kilgo a Vote of Thanks, Saying That He Was Ashamed and Sick of the Doctor's Flings at the University.

MAXTON, July 7.—The monotony of the District Conference proceedings was broken by a lively incident which occurred in the closing hours of the Conference recently held here by the ministers and lay delegates of the Rockingham district.

Dr. Kilgo, of Trinity College, delivered his well-known address on "Christian Education" in eloquent language and with his usual fiery spirit. He drew sharp contrasts between State institutions and denominational schools, representing the latter as conforming to the teachings and dominated by the spirit of Jesus Christ, while the former acknowledge no king but Caesar.

A resolution was offered highly eulogizing and heartily endorsing the speech, and tendering the thanks of the Conference to the eloquent orator for his masterful address. A motion to adopt the resolution was decided by a rising vote. One minister, Rev. Jesse H Page, of Aberdeen, boldly stood alone "until he was counted" in the negative. Subsequently, in giving his reasons for his vote, he defined his position so clearly and emphatically as to leave no room for misunderstanding it. Without attempting a full report, I will give a few things which he said:

"I have several times listened with pleasure to Dr. Kilgo on his favorite theme—Christian education—and, while I admire his brilliant talents and eloquent speech, and personally hold him in high esteem as a brother, I wish to say plainly that every one of his speeches which I have heard has been marred to the nauseating degree by his perpetual, ill-timed and ill-tempered flings at our State institutions. I, for one, am ashamed and sick of it, and intend here and now to wash my hands of this whole matter. Let it be known in all our borders, from the mountains to the sea, that there is one Methodist preacher in the Conference who, as a citizen of North Carolina, is proud of the noble record made by our State University, and the grand work she has done in the cause of education during the 100 years of her existence—sending out from her halls a long line of illustrious men, who have filled with credit and honor the highest positions of responsibility in this great country of ours. President Alderman and those who have charge of our other State schools are neither infidels, atheists nor unenlightened heathen, but are high-toned, cultured Christian gentlemen, who deserve all honor for the great work they are doing for our beloved State and country. To be explicit, let me say that if I had a son to be educated, I would just as soon trust his moral and religious training in the hands o' E A Alderman as J C Kilgo. 'If this be treason, make the most of it.'

"I haven't stopped to count the loss I am to suffer for taking this position and giving utterance to these sentiments. You had before you this morning the question of setting off a mission in a lonely, desolate section of our district. It may be that this field of labor is being prepared especially for me—be it so, I will stand boldly for my honest convictions, whatever it may cost

"We cannot build up our schools by trying to tear down others, and the institution whose managers are guilty of this ungodly practice, however much money may back it, is doomed to certain failure. 'Ephraim should not envy Judah, and Judah should not vex Ephraim.'"

A Countryman in Trouble.

A countryman, who was just about 3-thirds drunk, was on the streets apparently in great distress Wednesday night. With his little jag on he toddled up to Chief of Police Boger and told his trouble. He had given a negro man money with which to obtain some whiskey, but the negro, instead of bringing the said booze, put the money in his pocket and made himself scarce. Chief Boger told the man that the negro had served him right.

SEES THE FUN.

Our Correspondent Witnesses the N. C. Senatorial Contest—The Weather Not But the Campaign Hotter—Bicycles and Pretty Girls Catches the Writer's Eye—Ice a Comfortable Sent—Dispensary Patriotic.

I have often heard of a regulation South Carolina campaign, and I have wanted to see a sample. My wish, Mr. Editor, was gratified here today.

The U. S. Senatorial primary began here. It opened with three races, with probably two more before midnight, after then, the primary law shuts off all others. State Senator Mayfield, of Aiken, U S Senator McLaurin, of Marlboro county and Ex U. S. Senator J L M Irby, of Laurens (Capt. J W Clark's town), are now in the race; the first named was not present today.

In all my life I have never seen anything yet so hot in so short a time—and the affair was even opened with prayer, but the preacher prayed as if he didn't expect Providence to be much in evidence.

Senator McLaurin has an open face—makes me think of Theo. Kluttz, of Salisbury; but Mr. Irby looks like Congressman Linney, of N. C. They favor as much as any two cow-peas I ever saw, except Irby is taller than the "Bull of the Brushies."

McLaurin defended his cotton-tariff speech, Irby beat the bush and jumped on McLaurin with the epithet of a "ringed-streaked dishonest politician and kinky-headed 10c cent lawyer," and gradually warmed up. The crowd was with McLaurin. By and by, Mr. Irby's remarks pricked Senator McLaurin to the quick, and the latter rushed up to the former white with rage and ready to make a job for and undertaker—I kept an eye on each fellow's gun pocket. The crowd whooped and screamed as if nothing but a bull-fight was being pulled off, while level heads rushed up and scotched what seemed every minute to be a saw-mill.

This is the first appointment, mark you! They do say the campaign warms up as it proceeds! While I imagine what the end may be, I can not resist recalling the letter Senator Vance said an illiterate but emphatic mountaineer had him to write. The mountaineer dictated; and after writing the date Senator Vance inquired of his client what he should say. The mountaineer cooly replied: "Call him a d—n infernal scoundrel and thief, and gradually warm up from that point, governor."

I suspect this Senatorial campaign will be similar; perhaps some medical college can get a sample for dissecting purposes in a week or so.

All the candidates are reform Democrats, but Mr. McLaurin is not so reform as is Irby. After every sentence in Irby's speech the crowd "hurrahed" for McLaurin—then the former railed on the audience and swore he was no "Jersey Bull," nor "he didn't have feathers on his legs" and such expressions as these. The crowd that howled at him are the ones who howled for him when he ran against Senator Hampton some years ago.

I have seen a sample of a South Carolina campaign—I am not hankering for any more. I am not exactly afraid to go within two miles of one of these mills again, but frankly, Mr. Editor, I had rather be a living coward than a dead hero, or words to that effect.

Near Wedgefield, Sumter county this morning I saw 20 ploughs doing service in a 2000-acre field of cotton, which is as high as the little donkey Master Fred Odell used to drive. The field is as level as the court house yard. Corn here is out in silks, and crop prospects are fine and bicycles and awfully pretty girls are numerous in Sumter.

This place has three ice factories—all doing well, too. Competition, however, has caused the price to come down to 4 pounds for a dollar or 100 pounds for 20 cents. It is so cheap here that the draymen use a 200 pound cake for a seat, rather than a cracker box. The coolest looking set of colored people I ever saw.

But with all this ice, the thermometer registered 102 here today but this may have been caused by S natorial speaking today.

The dispensary observed today for the Fourth of July. The dispensary is patriotic, in addition to so other things. K.

Sumter, S. C., July 5th, '97.

NERVOUS Troubles are due to impoverished blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier and NERVE TONIC.

Honor for a N. C. Boy.

Willis G Peace, of N C won his appointment to West Point in a competitive examination in 1896. Shortly after he entered West Point he was selected on class day as the first of four model soldiers on all points to represent his class. Again in a review just held before the Secretary of War he was selected as one of the four models. Mr. Peace was also one of only three men in his class to receive no demerits during the year. Boys prepared at Horner school win honors wherever they go.

Frank Pasham and S R Buxton graduated at Wake Forest as head of class of '95; the one being valedictorian and the other salutatorian. Both were prepared at the Horner School, Oxford, N. C. Mr. Parkham is now Professor of Greek in a college in Mississippi.

F P Hobgood., Jr., Professor in Columbia college, Washington, D. C., graduated valedictorian of his class at Wake Forest College after being there only two years. He was prepared at the Hornor school, Oxford, N. C.

Friends and patrons of Wake Forest and Trinity who wish their boys to win first distinction at these colleges are solicited to send their sons to the Horner School, Oxford, N. C.

J Crawford Biggs led his class at the University, graduating with the highest average attained by any graduate since the war. He was prepared at the Horner School, Oxford, N. C.

Fred L Carr, who led his class at the University for four years and graduated summa cum laude in class of '95, spent last year pursuing post graduate studies at a Northern University. He held the position of Tutor in Latin of the University of North Carolina for one year. He was prepared for College at the Horner School, of Oxford, N. C.

John R Carr, of Durham, N. C. was announced at the commencement at the University, the best man in Sophomore Class '97. He was prepared at the Hornor School of Oxford, N. C.

Darius Estman and Burton Craig graduated magna cum laude in the class of '97 of the University. They have been leaders of their class for four years. Both were prepared at the Horner School, Oxford, N. C.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while 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. Winslows Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind

Holland Wants Pardon

A petition is being circulated in Charlotte, praying President McKinley for the pardon of one J R Holland, who was convicted in 1895 for embezzlement of the funds of the Merchants' and Farmers' National Bank of Charlotte, and sentenced to seven years in the Albany prison. The plea for his pardon is based on the fact that the embezzler has contracted an incurable disease, and the confinement constantly endangers his life.

The petition is being largely signed by lawyers, doctors and other leading citizens of Charlotte, says the Observer.

An editor observing "that the census embraces 17,000,000 women," asks rapturously: "Who wouldn't be a census?"—Tit Bits.

After.... Taking

a course of Ayer's Pills the system is set in good working order and a man begins to feel that life is worth living. He who has become the gradual prey of constipation, does not realize the friction under which he labors, until the burden is lifted from him. Then his mountains sink into molehills, his moroseness gives place to jollity, he is a happy man again. If life does not seem worth living to you, you may take a very different view of it after taking

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

A FRIGHTFUL ENCOUNTER

With the Wolves, Related by Tar Heel Correspondent to The Standard.

After my visitor from the happy hunting ground had departed I stood for a long time in deep meditation. After some time I aroused myself to a sense that it was indeed time for me to quit this region, when I began to have callers from the land beyond. I want no more of it, so I will get ready to leave by tomorrows sun. But before I leave I will take one more strell over the valley. I shouldered my rifle and walked out across the broad river bottom and climbed to the top of a round peak, from which I could survey the surrounding country. To the north some 20 or 25 miles I saw for the first time the beautiful Kootenay Lake. The mist had cleared away and I could see it quite distinctly, and I then thought it was the most picturesque scene I had ever beheld.

On my right and left huge peaks towered in massive grandeur and reared their snow capped heads to the clouds. They seemed like sentry towers placed there by the Creator, from which he could keep watch over the valley below. Turning around and looking southward I could see the meanderings of the grand old Kootenay river. It looked like a gigantic serpent winding its way through the meadow lands on either side. Large herds of ponies were feeding and frolicking here and there along its banks. I could see the smoke curling into the air from the Indian lodges. Ever and anon I caught a glimpse of bark canoes swiftly driven over the sluggish waters. I stood spell bound looking out over one of natures most lovely scenes! I was suddenly aroused by the howling of a wolf. I gripped my rifle more firmly and looked around and there stood two large timber wolves in plain view, about 150 yards away. I brought by rifle to my shoulder, took good aim, and fired. At the report of the gun one bounded in the air and fell over dead; the other came towards me and I fired two shots before I brought him down. I started over to where they were, with my skinning knife drawn ready to take their pelts, when, low and behold! I saw some 10 or 12 more a little farther away. But they had heard the death howl of the last one I killed, and were bearing down on me. I knew I had no time to loose so I fired four times in quick succession. I killed or disabled six, but this did not bring them to a halt, so I now saw that I was in for it. It seemed that for every wolf I would kill there would two come in his place. The forest was now alive with wolves. I started for my house at full speed, which was 1½ miles away. I looked around after running about half a mile and saw that they had stopped and were devouring the first two that I killed. This gave me a chance, and I flew like the wind. I was a good runner in those days and on this occasion my fleetness saved my life. I ran on for another half mile, looked around and "Holy Moses," there were at least forty wolves bearing down on me. Just ahead of me was quite a thicket, along the bank of a little creek that put into the river. I made for this, intending to climb the largest bush that I could find, but as luck would have it I had no occasion to climb, for just before I reached the brush twenty Indians came through from the other side, well armed with guns, bows and arrows. They had been enjoying the sport at my expense. They had heard me shooting and saw me running, so they came in time to rescue me from a terrible death.

On came the wolves

We made a bold stand and were not long in getting away with the whole band. This was the greatest slaughtering of wolves I ever witnessed and I think that killing accounts for the scarcity of that animal in these parts at the present day.

The Indians at once commenced skinning. It did not take long to take off the pelts. They then brought them on to my trading post. I gave them forty dollars in trade, two dollars each. I paid them for twenty skins and I claimed twenty for bringing the wolves into camp. We then smoked the pipe of peace and I made a bargain with eight of them to come early the next morning with their canoes and carry my furs and remnants of goods to Banners Ferry, Idaho. The Indians all left about 8 o'clock and went to their camp, which was about half a mile up the river. I retired early, as I was pretty tired after my long run. It did not take me long to get into the land of dreams. I first dreamed of Red Eagle trying to take my scalp. I awoke, struck a match and looked at my watch. I had only been in bed an hour, so I lay down again, this time I thought I would try sleeping on my left side. Well I soon fell to sleep and began to dream of being chased by a band of wolves. Thought they caught me and was pulling me to pieces.

When I awoke a large bushy tail rat jumped off the bed and I felt the blood trickling from my chin on to my neck. I had gone to bed with a greasy mouth and chin, so the rat had actually crawled up and bit me. I again looked at my watch and it was just 10 o'clock. I then lit my lamp and thought I would read a little. I read until I fell asleep. This time I was on my back and I had a horrible night mare. Thought that a big bully that I read about had his knee on my chest and was choking the life out of me. I got up and took a good wash, made a strong cup of coffee (if I had had anything stronger I would have taken it) then I sawed a few old-fashion pieces on my violin, "Life on the Ocean Wave," "Home, Sweet Home," after which I said, "Now I lay me down to sleep,"—etc., and went back to bed. This time I had pleasant dreams and when I awoke my Indians were pounding on the door and were ready to load their canoes. We started about 10 a. m., on the 10th of May. On the 11th at 6 p. m we paddled into Banners Ferry, a distance of sixty miles up stream.

(To be continued.)

The Discovery Saved His Life

Mr. G. Cailloutte, Druggist, at Beaverville, Ill., says: To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it. Get a free trial at Fetzer's Drug Store.

Cadet Neil D. Emerson at Horners.

The Oxford Ledger of yesterday in referring to the closing exercises at Horner's School, pays the following deserved compliment to a Wilmington boy; Messenger.

"All the declaimers and essayists did splendidly as is always the case with the Horner cadets, but conspicuously meritorious was the declamation of Cadet Neil D Emerson of Wilmington, N. C. His subject was the 'Dream of Clarence,' and this young man spoke with beauty, earnestness and eloquence that electrified all present, eliciting a storm of well deserved applause. His rare gifts will assuredly win for him future fame on the arena of eloquence if he will cultivate his native gifts in that direction. He was awarded the declaimer's medal and was fortunate as the recipient of many beautiful flowers.

Salisbury's Bicycle Races.

From the Salisbury World we learn of the great time the people of Salisbury were treated to on the Faley race track at that place Thursday the 8th. The championship was won by Mr C A Baughan, coming out victor in the half mile, quarter mile and also in the mile championship race. To add to the merriment of the occasion, the races were concluded by a race between Mr. W C Fraley's trotting horse, Jim Sherrill, and a darkey, the horse having won the prize.

After the races came the presentation of prizes, which was very gracefully performed by one of Salisbury's most popular young ladies, Miss Bessie Henderson, by request of the managers.

Pinkerton Detective at Lexington.

We learn from the Salisbury World that a Pinkerton detective from Philadelphia has arrived at Lexington and will use every means possible to unravel the evidence for the conviction of the assassin of Mrs A A Springs. Mr. Springs seems so inclined to give up hopes that the scoundrel will be found. It is certainly hoped that by the aid of one of these detectives, they will succeed in finding the right man.

The Madstone Failed.

Gilbert Trapp, a negro boy of 13 years, was bitten on the hip and back part of the thigh in Kershaw, S. C., on June 7th by a dog that it was feared had rabies. He was brought to Charlotte where the madstone was applied. It was claimed that the stone stuck to both wounds and both healed nicely. In 21 days however he developed a well defined case of rabies and died Friday amid spasms.

Preparations are being made, we are told, for a big wedding to take place in the St. John's neighborhood within the next two months.

Items From Cold Springs.

Rev. J Homer Barnhardt preached an excellent sermon at Cold Springs last Sunday evening at 3 o'clock.

The little six-months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. G D Bost fell from the porch Wednesday evening breaking its leg. Dr. Barnhardt was sent for immediately.

Mrs. C W Earnhardt and children spent yesterday at Mr. D C Faggarte's, Mrs. Earnhardt's father.

Miss Dora Faggart is spending a week in Concord.

There will be a ten days meeting held at Cold Springs some time in August.

Another marriage is booked in Cold Springs neighborhood, which will take place some time in the near future. GUESS WHO.

We Are Getting Reform.

Statesville Landmark: The Raleigh correspondent of the Charlotte Observer, writing of recent changes in the Agricultural Department, says:

"The mailing clerk used to be a little boy. Now a well salaried man does that work. A clerk at $720 a year used to do what three men at an aggregate of some $3,000 are doing. At the museum the usher used to be an 18-year-old boy, at $15 per month. Now he is a kid in knickerbockers, at $30.

Oh, well, reform is what we voted for, isn't it? Well, we are getting it in large and frequent doses, and let us be content.

Want to Secure a Meet.

Bicyclists of this city who attended the races at Salisbury Friday say the races were decidedly tame. Several of our boys wanted to enter in competition for some of the prizes, but were not allowed to do so.

Some of the enthusiasts here want to secure a meet between the Salisbury bicyclists for a nice purse, divided, or as a whole. Can't the matter be arranged. Concord will be willing to run the races here, or at Salisbury, or just any old place.

Human Bones Dug Up.

P W Brown is having a cellar dug under his bar next to the opera house. An old pot, a shovel, four or five loads of rough stone, a quantity of ashes—probably an old fire place, quarter circular brick for building columns, and some bones have been taken out. As this place was, years ago, the private burying ground of the Yarborough family it is thought some were human bones. —Salisbury Truth.

Made Good Sales.

The woman who came to town last week and sold "jumping jacks" on the streets, worked the unsuspected town people for all they were worth. She canvassed the town from house to house and sold nearly every lady a box of insect powders—a quantity of powdered peas, put up in neat packages and labelled.

Cure For Headach.

As a remedy for all forms of Headach Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowles, and few case long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Fifty cents and $1.00 at Fetzer's Drug Store.

A Gloomy Epitaph

A rude slab in an old Georgia cornfield bears the inscription: "On this spot Amos Wilkins was kicked by a mule. We hope he is in heaven but so far his relatives have been unable to trace him."—Americus Herald.

WARNING.

We wish to caution all users of Simmons Liver Regulator on a subject of the deepest interest and importance to their health—perhaps their lives. The sole proprietors and makers of Simmons Liver Regulator learn that customers are often deceived by buying and taking some medicine of a similar appearance or taste, believing it to be Simmons Liver Regulator. We warn you that unless the word Regulator is on the package or bottle, that it is not Simmons Liver Regulator. No one else makes or ever has made Simmons Liver Regulator, or anything called Simmons Liver Regulator, but J. H. Zeilin & Co., and no medicine made by anyone else is the same. We alone can put it up, and we cannot be responsible, if other medicines represented as the same do not help you as you are led to expect they will. Bear this fact well in mind, if you have been in the habit of using a medicine which you supposed to be Simmons Liver Regulator, because the name was somewhat like it, and the package did not have the word Regulator on it, you have been imposed upon and have not been taking Simmons Liver Regulator at all. The Regulator has been favorably known for many years, and all who use it know how necessary it is for Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever, Constipation, Headache, Dyspepsia, and all disorders arising from a Diseased Liver.

We ask you to look for yourselves, and see that Simmons Liver Regulator, which you can readily distinguish by the Red Z on wrapper, and by our name is the only medicine called Simmons Liver Regulator.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

Take Simmons Liver Regulator.

The Free Ride

Once every three months there is a "warm time" in the old town of Greensboro, when the stockholders of the North Carolina railroad are granted a free ride for themselves and their families. Among those who went from this point were: Mrs. Dr. Johnston, Mrs. J W Fink, Mrs. Frank Mund, Miss Rosa Mund, Miss Vallie Brown, Miss Maude Holbrooks, Miss Mattie Johnston, Miss Lizzie Willeford, Miss Ina Barringer, Miss Lena Barringer, Miss Grace Fisher, Messrs M G Lentz, Paul Bost, DeBerry Beaver, George Foil, DeBerry Fisher, Zeb Cox, Aubrey Hoover, Joe Hill, Ed Moss, Luther H Moose, Price Dry, J Fritz, Wade, George and Howard Moose, R H and Joe White and J D Greene.

Allen Boger Dead.

News reached the city last Thursday morning, announcing the death of Mr. Allen Boger, of No. 10 township, which occurred Wednesday night about 10 o'clock. Mr. Boger was 82 years of age and highly esteemed by all who knew him. He leaves a family of three daughters and four sons. It will be remembered that about seven weeks ago Mr. Boger was stricken with paralysis, from the effects of which he never recovered.

The funeral was conducted from his home Friday morning at 9:30 o'clock by the Rev. Bryan, and the interment took place at Bethel church.

Mr. Levi Rumple Dead.

Mr. Levi Rumple, of No. 4 township, died last Thursday morning. The remains were buried at Bethpage church Friday at 10 o'clock.

The deceased has been afflicted for several months with dropsy, probably. He was in his ninetieth year of age. The only surviving members of his immediate family are a son, John, a man of a family, and his maiden daughter, Miss Mary Anne Rumple, who has lived with and cared for him in his declining years.

The deceased was a brother of Dr. Rumple, of Salisbury, and was a good and exemplary citizen.

Another Side Track.

THE STANDARD has learned from a reliable source that the Southern will place another side track at the depot, next to the Cabarrus cotton factory, just as soon as the line to the proposed Coleman mill is complete. The side track is very much needed—in fact, there are many things needed at the depot here.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetterd Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at P B Fetzer's Drug store.

Fever From a Spring.

The State board of health has searched for the cause of so much fever at Clemson College, S. C. The board finds the cause in a spring near the dairy. Its use is to be discontinued.

Getting a Help-Meet.

We clip the following from the Gastonia Gazette, and while we suspect it a little premature we do not like to doubt the authority believing the author knows whereof he speaks;

Rev. W J Boger, the new pastor of Mt. Holly and Chapel Lutheran churches, has begun his work and has already taken a strong hold upon his people. His appointments at Chapel church are on the 2nd and 4th Sundays. The young pastor is now away on the happy errand of getting a help-meet.

Death In No. 2 Township.

The wife of Mr. Adam Crisco died Friday evening about 5 o'clock at her home in No 2 township, on the farm of Mr. S J Ervin, of this place. She leaves a husband and several children, together with many friends, to mourn the loss. THE STANDARD extends its most tender sympathy to the bereaved husband and motherless children.

The remains were interred this (Saturday) evening.

A Concord Steed.

Mr. R Lee Kerr, of Rock Hill, S. C., cashier of the Savings Bank in that city, and who was in our city some days ago, purchased a horse from Mr. M J Corl—the horse once owned by Mr. Billy Swink. The horse was taken to Charlotte Friday evening. We learn that Mr. Kerr is also a partner in a large livery stable at that place. We are pleased to know that he is favorably impressed with our equine advantages.

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills are guaranteed to stop Headache in 20 minutes. "One cent a dose."

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

SCHEDULE

SOUTHERN - RAILWAY.

IN EFFECT JAN. 18, 1897.

This condensed schedule is published as information, and is subject to change without notice to the public:

TRAINS LEAVE CONCORD, N. C.

9:27 P. M.—No. 35, daily for Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line division, and all points South and Southwest. Carries through Pullman drawing-room buffet sleepers between New York, Washington, Atlanta, Birmingham, Galveston, Savannah and Jacksonville. Also Pullman sleeper Charlotte to Augusta.

8:48 A. M.—No. 37, daily, Washington and Southwestern vestibuled limited for Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans, and all points South and Southwest. Through Pullman sleeper New York to New Orleans and New York to Memphis. Dining car, vestibuled coach, between Washington and Atlanta. Pullman tourist car for San Francisco, Sundays.

9:02 A. M.—No. 9, daily, from Richmond, Washington, Goldsboro, Norfolk, Selma, Raligh, Greensboro Knoxville and Asheville to Charlotte, N. C.

10:30 A. M.—No. 11, daily, for Atlanta and all points South. Solid train, Richmond to Atlanta; Pullman sleeping car, Richmond to Greensboro.

10:07 A. M.—No. 36, daily, for Washington, Richmond, Raleigh and all points North. Carries Pullman drawing-room buffet sleeper, Galveston to New York; Jacksonville to New York; Birmingham to New York. Pullman tourist cars from San Francisco Thursdays.

9:02 P. M.—No. 38, daily, Washington and Southwestern vestibuled, pmited, for Washington and all points North. Through Pullman car Memphis to New York; New Orleans to New York; Tampa to New York. Also carries vertibuled coach and dining car.

7:22 P. M.—No. 12, daily, for Richmond, Asheville, Chattanooga, Raleigh, Goldsboro and all points North. Carries Pullman sleeping car from Greensboro to Richmond. Connects at Greensboro with train carrying Pullman car for Raleigh.

6:17 A. M.—No. 10, daily, for Richmond; connects at Greensboro for Raleigh and Norfolk; at Danville for Washington and points North; at Salisbury for Asheville, Knoxville and points West.

All freight trains carry passengers.

JOHN M. CULP, Traffic M'gr. W. A. TURK, Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
W. H. GREEN, Gen'l Superintendent. Washington, D. C.
Washington, D. C.
S. H. HARDWICK, Ass't Gen'l P. Ag't Atlanta, Ga.
. H. TAYLOE, Ass't Gen'l P. Ag't, Louisville, Ky.
GOWAN DUSENBERY, Local Ag't, Concord, N. C.

Murder Near Old Fort.

At noon today Sheriff Nichols received a telegram from Old Fort telling him of another crime committed near Sugar Hill, in that county. L E Marlow and W C Hogan had a quarrel about some whiskey, and Marlow hit Hogan on the head with a rock, which fractured his skull and caused his death a few hours later. Marlow made his escape, and is thought to be hiding in the mountains near by.

Suffered 20 Years.

MRS. MARY LEWIS, wife of a prominent farmer, and well known by all old residents near Belmont, N. Y., writes: "For twenty-seven years I had been a constant sufferer from nervous prostration, and paid large sums of money for doctors and advertised remedies without benefit. Three years ago my condition was alarming; the least noise would startle and unnerve me. I was unable to sleep, had a number of sinking spells and slowly grew worse. I began using Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and Nerve and Liver Pills. At first the medicine seemed to have no effect, but after taking a few bottles I began to notice a change; I rested better at night, my appetite began to improve, and I rapidly grew better, until now I am as nearly restored to health as one of my age may expect. God bless Dr. Miles' Nervine."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restores Health