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THE STANDARD.

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THE STANDARD.

VOL. III.---NO. 50. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1890. WHOLE NO. 163.

CUNNING CHUCK.

A Christmas Story of Plantation Days.

An old negro, the owner of a well cultivated farm, sat with a number of his grand-children in front of a blazing fire of hickory logs. Christmas time was drawing near and on the children's faces happy fancy had drawn pictures of bright eagerness. The old man had 'ust put some sweet potatoes in the fire to roast when a boy said: "Gran dady, tell us erbout er Chris'mas er long time ergo, 'fo' de wah, w'en you wuz er slave."

"Huh! we had Chris'musses sho nuff in dem days, but I reckon da peered happier eaze I wuz young at de time. I belonged ter er ole man named John Peter Thomas. He wa'n't er bad pusson, but he had er mighty heep o' cuis ways erbout him. I rick'lecks one Chris'muss in de specially. Ole m rster he got inter trouble wid de church, He had been er mighty man in de congregation—furnishe t all de wood fur ter keep de house wa'm, an' ole mistiss she mighty nigh allus baked de suckerment bread.

"One day de preacher—an' I neber did like de man, he wuz so stuck up—borrid marster's hoss ter ride ter town, an' I reckon he muster got drunk ur suthin', fur w'en he got back de hoss wuz putty nigh dead, he had been runned so hard. Marster didn't like it er tall, an' he gunter talk ted de preacher er bout it, an' de preacher he talk sorter short, an den marster whupped him, whupped him awful, too. Wall, de church tuck it up, an mar ter got inter er quarrel wid de head men an bless yo' hearts, da turned marster out. It tickled de niggers, but you better blebe da soon gunter laugh on de yuder side da mouths. Ole marster he lowed dat he wuz done wid 'ligion—dat he wan't eben gwine ter keep Chris'muss. Dis made us look powerful blue, I tell you. We had been in de habit o' restin' an 'joyin' ourselves fur er whole week. All we'd hatter do wuz ter git un er nuff wood ter last er week, an den we'd be ez free ez birds. We'd roam ober de country an ketch rabbits, an hunt possums at night an' hab dances wid de gals, an jes' hab er high time all 'roun'. But all dis wuz gwine be stopped. De ole man wuz gwine make us work all through de Chris'muss.

"Dar wuz er sort o' Guinea nigger ribed in the cabin next ter mine. He wuz er mighty funny pusson, an da called him Chuck. Well, atter we toun' out de thing had dun been settled an' dat we wan't gwine ter get no Chris'muss, I went inter Chuck's cabin one night ter greave wid him as I had dun greaved wid all de yuders. Chuck he wuz er setting by de fire makin' ar cross bow.

"'Whut you gwine do wid dat?' says I.

"'Shoot rabbits wid it durin' de Chris'muss,' says he.

"'W'y doan you know dat ole marster ain't gwine gin us no Chris' muss?'

"'No, I doan know dat.'

"'Wall, it's time you wuz er findin' out.'

"'Oh, no 'tain't. Ole mars thinks he ain't gwine gin us no Chris'muss, but he is.'

"'How you know?'

"'Neber mine—suthin' 'dun been er whisperin' ter me.'

"'Yas, an will whisper er long time 'fo you shoot no rabbits wid dat ar cross bow durin' dis here comin' Chris'muss.'

"'All right, ef you think so, hab it yo' own way, but I tell you dat dis is goin' ter be one de mos' 'joyable Chris'musses you eber seed.'

"'I doan know how it gwine come,' says I.

"'Oh, mebby not, but you ain't er very smart pusson, no how.'

"I thought de Guinea nigger had dun los' his mine, an I got up an went ter my cabin an lay down, mighty sorrerful.

"De next day marster tole me dat he want me ter go up ter town wid him ter stan' behine his cheer an wait on him at de hotel table, er habit dat de white folks hab in dem days, an I thought dat atter we got out on de road I would had er chance ter talk him outen dat 'cision dat he dun cum ter in de regards ter Chris'muss. But somehow I didn't hab de nerve ter mention it ter him ez we was gwine, an den I 'lowed ter merse'f dat I wait till we come back.

"It wuz putty late in de night ez we rode toward home. Dar had been er little skift o' snow, an de yeth looked like er sheet dun been spread out on it. Every thing wuz so ghost-like dat I didn't see how he could git mad at me fur talkin' ter him, so I says, says I: "Marster, Chris'muss will soon be yere, won't it?'

"'Hush yo' mouf,' says he; 'dar ain't no sicher thing ez Chris'muss. Dar uster be, but dar ain't now.'

"'I thought it waz gwine keep on jes' like it allus did,' says I.

"'Doan make no diffunce whut you thought an mo'n dat, ef you say ernuther word on dat subjeck I'll make you git offen dis hoss (I wuz ridin' behin' him) an walk home.'

"You better blebe I hushed up. It waz monstuss skeery right er long dar, an I woulder tuck er duck fit ef he hader made me git down.

"Wall, we turned off inter a skirt o' woods, an' rid er long whar de trees hung low ober de road. Putty soon I think my blood gwine ter freeze. Er voice frum it seemed like way up yander call out:

"'John Peter Thomas, John Peter Thomas.'

"'Whoa,' says ole mars. 'Who dat call me?'

"'John Peter Thomas, John Peter Thomas.'

"'Mussyful Lawd, who dat callin' me?' sklamed de old man, an he socked de spurs in de hoss, an erway he went down de road. Dar wuz er big bend in de road, an marster kep' ridin' wid his head tucked down, an not sayin' a word till we got roun' dat bend, an den, jest ez he gunter talk ter me in er skeered sort o' way, yere come de voice ergin. Dis time it say: 'John Peter Thomas, John Peter Thomas, you kain't run erway frum me. Stop.'

"You better blebe he stopped right dar in de road, er shakin' all ober.

"'John Peter Thomas, John Peter Thomas, wharfo you gwine treat dem po' culled folks so? I'se got my eye on you, John Peter Thomas, an you better look out. Doan furgit 'em on de day o' de Chris'muss, John Peter Thomas.'

"Den de voice hushed an ole marster groaned. Atter while we rid on, an bimeby the ole pusson said: 'Jake, doan you say er word o' whut has took place ter night. I wuz jest er foolin' 'bout you folks not habin' no Chris'muss.'

"I wan't gwine say nuthin' fur I wuz mighty nigh skeered outen my raw hide shoes, I tell you; an w'en I got ter my cabin' I wuz so 'cited dat I bumped bof sides o' de do' ez I went in. De next day marster call us all up an say: 'I'se mighty sorry dat you thought I wan't gwine gin you no hollerday. W'y de Lawd know I lub you, an 'stead o' habin' er week, w'y bless yo' souls, you may hab two.' He looked at me w'en he say dis, but he neeter, fur I wan't gwine ter say a word, de Lawd know'd, fur I wan't done bein' skeered at dat minit.

"Dar wuz er mighty heep o' happiness in de quarter dat night, an while I wuz settin' by de fire, mos' ready ter go ter bed, who should come in but old Chuck.

"'Whut I tell you?' says he.

"'You tole me de truf an' nuthin' shorter, but I 'clar I thought you dun los' yo' mine. Say, ef you swar you neber mention it I will tell you suthin'. Will you swar?

"'Yas,' say he, 'I will swar.'

Den I tole him whut had happened, an den he say: "Ef you swar not ter say nuthin' I'll tell you suthin'.' I swore, an den he laughed like he gwine take er fit an atter he got able which peered ter be er monstus long time, he wuz so tickled, he say, he did: 'Man up a bendin' tree, er haw. haw. White man an er nigger come ridin' er long. Man up de tree called de name o' de white man. White man gits skeered an' gallops his hoss. Man drapped down outen de tree—cuts through de woods, gits inter er nuder tree ahead o' de white man, an gins him some—haw, er haw—some advice. White man, de next day, call up de niggers—ter he, he—you know de rest.'

"Wall, chillun," the old man continued, "I sot dar er lookin' at Chuck, an er thinkin' dat he wuz sartinly de smartest pusson I eber seed in my life, an I sometimes wonders whut he would er been ef he had er liben. Po' ole man. One Chris'muss we laid him down under de big red oak tree. Take yere, lemme git deze sweet taters outen de fire."—Opie P. Read, in Detroit Free Press.

It Was Another Chap.

For some time past a San Francisco Matrimonial Bureau man has been causing the Baron Von Maltzahn, who recently married Miss Maggie McDowell, of Charlotte, a great deal of annoyance. It seems that the smoke has all cleared away, and the Baron comes out unhurt. We clip the following from the Charlotte Chronicle, which explains the whole thing:

Baron Hermann Von Maltzahn, who was married here to Miss Maggie McDowell, of Charlotte, last week, has been seriously annoyed by the escapade of a young man in Berlin by the same name.

There are several baronial families by the name of Von Maltzahn in Germany, and the gentleman recently married here has been mixed up with one by his name who last year answered the advertisement of an alleged Matrimonial Bureau in San Francisco.

When the marriage here was published, a California correspondent noticed the similarity of names between the Charlotte groom and the man who had written to the San Erancisco Matrimonial Bureau, telegraphed the letter to the New York World. That paper immediately connected the names as one individual.

As soon as the Baron saw the World article, he promptly established the fact to those interested that he not only had never written such a letter, but that he had never been dismissed from the Prussian army, as the same paper had said, for writing the letter; that he had resigned as an officer of the Prussian army to marry Miss McDowell; and that on his resignation, he was tendered a position as consul in Norway, which he declined in deference to the wishes of his expected bride, who did not desire to live in Norway.

To add to the embarrassment, a story went out from Charlotte about an alleged correspondence between the bride's brother and the groom about the respective financial condition of the contracting parties The brother denies the statement, and thus another unfortunate feature in the affair is eliminated.

Disturbers of Worship.

The pastors of the churches here have determined to break up the disorderly conduct that frequently prevails here during religious worship, and by which both minister and congregation are disturbed. Rev. R. B. John recently preached a sermon in which he touched at some length upon this. Sunday night Rev. A. D. Hunter had to stop after taking his text and send one of the deacons out to stop some boys who were very noisy about the door. Again during the sermon he was disturbed by their noise and says he is not going to submit to it at another service. If some boys in town are not better looked after by their parents and learned not to disurb worship, there are going to be court costs and fines for somebody to pay There are some almost grown girls, too, that need to be learned how to behave themselves after getting in church. This is too enlightened an age for such conduct to be genteel.—Greenville Reflector.

The Concord Standard tells "Two Whoppers"—rivalling Joe Mulhatton in fiction—and yet doubts the truth of the mild wire grass statements published in the Day. Editor Cook is very, very cheeky.—Oxford Day.

Pshaw, brother! You don't know what you are talking about. This climate and soil up here beats the world and can produce whoppers—no little WIREY things about it.

FROM ASHEVILLE.

Most of the Delegates Have Arrived, and Others Coming In.—The Durham Globe Man There.—Everything in a Happy Condition.

Editorial Correspondence.

ASHEVILLE, Dec. 16, 1890.

It is a grand section—this mountain section is!

Asheville is on her p's and q's; hustling humanity is hustling to make the entertainment of the large crowd of delegates already here, with every train increasing the number.

I met Awful Funny Al Fairbrother, of the Durham Globe. He claims to be 29 years of age, but we don't believe he's that young; he wears a churn, broad and VERY long boots; his head is a 7⅝; he looks like Sam Jones and just as witty; he's always in a fighting attitude and chews "pig-tail tobacco." He's a desperate eater, and has pocketed our pipe. Last time seen here, he was wading snow, blood in his eye, and looking for the Citizen man, whom he seeks to devour. That man Fairbrother is a terror.

It is snowing here with a vim, and everybody is bragging on the weather. Hundreds are wearing silken ribbon badges—"Member Southern Inter-State Immigration Convention."

The Deputy Sheriff and "we" are comfortably quartered at the elegant and hospitable home of Mr. A. T. Summey, whose better-half is a native of Cabarrus county and the pioneer section.

Several men along the Western North Carolina Railroad, where the trains stopped, enquired if there was a middle-aged bachelor on the train from Concord; they said he was a physician, had auburn hair, was tenderly built and wanted to buy a horse—we've been wondering who he is.

A young shoe manufacturer of Concord is remembered here as having walked over the mountains, fearing to ride down Round Knob.

The convention opens at 10 a. m. tomorrow, at which time most of the delegates are expected to be present.

When we become "thawed" up and adjusted to circumstances, something further will be given.

Got the Drop on Him.

John Z. Neal, who shot and killed Liville Eller in Ashe, is under arrest and goes to and from his business in Jefferson with a guard. Eller was a "bad" man. Soon after his brother was killed and his band of robbers broken up he left the country for the West, but soon came back, and though he was outlawed and had a price put upon his head, he went in and out among his neighborhood, about nine miles from Jefferson, near the Thomas Springs, as if he were not afraid of molestation.

He had backed down squads of three men attempting to arrest him more than once. He registered and voted at the last election, remaining around the polls all day. At the last tax paying he paid his taxes and shook hands with the sheriff, who had a warrant for his arrest in his pocket. Neal, who had been in his company for several hours previous to the killing, but never could get the "drop" on him till they reached a county liquor shop. Neal drew his pistol on Eller in front of the goocery, when Eller dodged inside, Neal followed. On going in Neal saw Eller levelling his pistol at him but he was too quick for the desperado and brought him down.—Lenoir Topic.

Two Michiganders Believed to Have Discovered a Cure for Consumption.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 18.—Two of the foremost physicians of Michigan announced yesterday that they have discovered a consumption cure whose efficacy is beyond question. The medical men who have thus distinguished themselves are Dr. E. L. Shurley, principal physician of the Harbor Hospital, and Dr. H. Gibbs, of the Michigan University, of Ann Harbor.

For over two years these two doctors have bent all their energies to the discovery of a cure, and not until yesterday, when the success of their labors was beyond a doubt, they announced it.

The theory upon which this work had been carried on does not harmonize with that advanced by Dr. Koch. The hospital has spent $12,000 in perfecting arrangements for the cure, and success at last seems to have been reached. A dozen cases attest the efficiency of the treatment.

The most marvelous feature is the cure of Miss Jackson, of Windsor, who was taken to the hospital in a dying condition, in an ambulance seven weeks ago, and yesterday on being discharged as cured, walked two miles to her home apparently restored to health. Both Dr. Shurley and Dr. Gibbs stand high in their profession, and Michigan physicians regard their cure as the great discovery of the century.

The Citizen National Alliance.

Emporia, Kans., Dec. 16.—President Holden, of the National Farmers' Alliance, has returned from Ocala. He says that the Citizen National Alliance will be a select political organization, similar to the Farmers' Alliance, and its membership will be drawn from people in cities and towns, who sympathize with the Farmers' Alliance.

Ralph Brumont, the prominent Knight of Labor from New York, is largely responsible for its formation. The headquarters will be opened at Washington, and a national organ established. Mr. Holden says there are two Citizen Alliances now in Kansas.

LAND AS AN INVESTMENT.

Paper Securities Losing Ground.

The great Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, Ocala, Fla., has unanimously agreed to petition Congress to remove the restriction from land as a basis of banking. The failure of the famous house of Baring Brothers with fifty million of South American stocks and bonds (supposed to be safe and guaranteed by them) has at last shaken the faith of the commercial world in all paper securities, and turned money lenders and investors to land, as the only real stronghold of financial safety.

At the same time the Financial Chronicle shows that this country is gradually letting up on State, county, municipal and other public or corporate securities. That the amount has decreased (relatively) rather than increased with the growth of trade and wealth, and they are loudly denounced as the ready means of the Wall street harpers for creating combines and corners, often followed by universal panic and lasting depressions.

And still again comes the North American Review with an article showing that the "over-production in securities" has led to world-wide speculation and demoralization. And rather curiously follows the "Spirit of the South," (of Richmond county, in this State,) with the broad charge that the "hard times" are largely due to the wild, wasteful mania for Life and Fire Insurance. And more curiously still he quotes "an aged capitalist of Charlotte," as the author of this idea. But the world moves and the leaders of great agricultural classes are bringing the industrial interest rapidly to the front.

We would advise all who can to secure at once either a "town lot" or a "spot of land" as the best of all coming investments.—"X" in Mecklenburg Times.

Sitting Bull Dead.

La Crosse, Wis., Dec. 16.—A dispatch was received by Mr. Frank Powell late last night from Pine Ridge agency, asking if Col. Cody had left this point, and stating that Gen. Carr would go to the field to-day with the sixth cavalry to open the campaign.

Col. Cody will leave here for North Platte, Nebraska, this morning and says that he will take no part in the campaign, unless the Nebraska State militia is ordered out, or he receives instructions from the War Department.

A telegram from Chicago announcing the death of Sitting Bull and his son, was received by Col. Cody last night. "If the report is true," he said, "it will take but a short time to end the Indian trouble. In the death of Sitting Bull the Indian tribes of America have lost their head."

Arrest of a North Carolina Murderer.

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 16.—Kinch Freeman, the negro who killed and Mr. Mrs. W. Atkins, at Valander, N. C., on the Norfolk and Carolina road, on the night of the 4th of October, was arrested tonight just outside of the city limits by Chief of Police Pettus and three police detectives. Freeman's crime was one of the most brutal that has ever occurred in this section. While Mr and Mrs. Atkins slept he crushed their heads with an axe and then set the house on fire. The housekeeper managed to escape, and aroused the neighbors in time to extinguish the flames before they had burned the bodies of his victims.

Fifty Men Killed.

Denver, Col., Dec. 17.—A news carrier from the camp near Daley's ranch has the following from Rapid City, Dakota: A rancher has just arrived in great haste to our commanding office, and reports the command of cavalry attacked and two officers and fifty men killed, but the Indians were repulsed with heavy losses. The number of Indians killed is not known. The Indians were put to rout. This report is probably credited. It is not known which command it was. It was probably that of Major Tupper, of sixth cavalry and his three troops of 140 men. Our command marches to their assistance at once.

Robbed of $2,500.

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 17.—J. J. Murdock, treasurer of the Blue Beard Company, who was found unconscious at his room door in the Markhan house here last night, and who had been robbed of $2,500, regained consciousness this morning.

Murdock says he was in his room when two men came in and stated that they were railroad men who wished to negotiate about rates. As they started to leave one of them grasped his hands and caught him by the throat, while the other struck him back of the head and knocked him down. No arrests have yet been made.

What Will the Harvest Be?

Soon North Carolina's Legislature will be in session, and already there is speculation as to what will be the result of the work of the session.

Whatever else is done, the idea advanced by the Concord Standard, in favor of a Reformatory, House of Correction, is worthy serious consideration. The confining of minors in the penitentiary where they associate with hardened criminals, is certainly not the acme of prison reform in a Christian State.—Charlotte Chronicle.

Seventeen hundred and ninety-seven marriages, at least, are reported in our exchanges this morning.

THE CITY OF THE SKY.

A Few Remembered Things.

The Inter-State Immigration Convention was at its high water mark at 12 m. on the 18th. Just how many delegates are in attendance could not be ascertained, but a fair estimate places the number somewhere between six and seven hundred. Fourteen States are represented, and the delegations are large, but that of North Carolina, of course, is the largest. There is a great deal of consistency in the arrangements of the hall. On the banner of Kentucky some delegate hung an old brown jug, labeled "Bourbon;" on North Carolina's banner was seen a hornet's nest, and Florida's banner showed a bright, fresh pine apple.

Whether the convention amounts to much good cannot be well predicted. There were a great many present who, having nothing to contribute to the good of the convention, often rise to a "point of order," to a request for "information," "to move to table," to shoot off a mouth in a stentorian voice, and to make their presence felt. There were not a few resolutions read and referred to the proper committees. Up to 12 m. none of the resolutions had been acted on by the committees.

The President, Hon. M. T. Bryan, of Tennessee, is a fine looking man, and presides with grace, dignity, and with an eye to the dispatch of business.

Snow having covered the ground, the driving wind at its height and shortness of time, prevented seeing the BEAUTIES of Asheville.

Work is going on in the building of the government house. It is curious that the foundation stones should be shipped there from Anson county when it is remembered that that there are a few rock in and around Asheville.

Talking about big trees, an Ashevillian had this to say: "There is a church near Clyde built in its entirety of one poplar tree; the house has a seating capacity of 250, and all the lumber, shingles, floor, &c., used in the construction of the house came from the products of one tree."

It was a pleasure to meet Eugene Barnhardt, who is the superintendent of a large cotton mill. Mr. Barnhardt is a young man, son of Col. Jacob Barnhardt, of Pioneer Mills. He is a young man of considerable worth and promise. Having gone in to learn the milling business, he has risen to a high standing, but it was character, energy and brains that did it.

Mr. George Vanderbilt is dropping a good many dollars into the valleys and peaks of the mountains near Asheville. He has 9,000 acres of land, for which he paid $400,000; this land was returned for taxes for about $4 per acre. His weekly payments for day laborers on his premises amount to $2,000. This does not include $67,000 that he paid out for the construction of 2¼ miles of railroad leading from the main line of the R. & D. to the location for his new home. His house is to cost $1,500,000, and to be built of brick. He has a brick-making plant that cost $20,000.

The wind that blew over Asheville on Wednesday and night, is said to be the heaviest for many years. A part of Battery Park Hotel was unroofed, and some other damage was done.

The Citizen man man gave us a warm reception. This was due to the irritation caused by the frequent visits of the Durham Globe man trying to borrow one dollar. To avoid the annoyance caused by the Durham Bull, Mr. Robinson did not show himself the last day, but did his editorial work around his own vine and fig tree.

If the city editor of the Citizen—North Carolina McLoud—is not watched pretty closely, he'll commit suicide from the terrorizing effects of Al. Fairbrother's course, for when he left not a chair remained in the office.

STANDARD NOTES.

They have had a great earthquake in South American governments. The securities have shrunk at least $300,000,000.

In Richmond they have a judge named Fauntleroy. It is not stated whether or not he is any relation of the famous "Little Lord."

Irby, the newly elected Senator to succeed Wade Hampton of South Carolina, is said to be an Alliance-Democrat, and a man of marked ability.

The president of the high tariff league was Mr. Ammidown, of New York. The "high tariff" has capsized, and the able president can now appropriately change his name to "I-am-down."

The people who are not getting too old, and who don't die defore hand, will live to see the Three America's railroad completed. When it i finished the cost will amount to only $400,000,000.

Mr. J. L. Ramsey, who, for some time, has been associate editor of the Progressive Farmer, has bought the Watchman, of Salisbury, and has entered upon his duties as editor and proprietor of that paper. Mr. Ramsey has shown himself to be a fine writer and we wish him the success he deserves.

Lenoir Topic: Rev. L. W. Thomas, who is conducting a protracted meeting at Lower Creek church, of which he has been re-elected pastor, baptized Mr. John McCall in Powell's mill pond, Sunday morning, and had to break the ice.

RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW.

Christmas is nearly at the door and old Santa Claus, with his sled loaded with many choice things and drawn by his beautiful reindeers, is just across the hill, coming at full speed. The little boys and girls have already had their stockings fixed to hang by the fire place, and everybody, little and big, old and young, are looking forward with happy anticipations of a week of pleasure.

But it is not all without its sad recollections, and reflections which bring grief to all of us. Many of the days of the past year have been illy spent, and have not produced the fruit they should have borne. The year has gone and gone forever; it is useless to regret that the past has passed and passed forever; that can't be helped; all we can do is to start out on the new year with greater ends in view, and increase our determination till we shall be enabled to reach them. Let the old men and women encourage the youth of the land to march out and fight the battles of our country, for to them we must look for our future protection. Never before in the history of the world were such golden opportunities offered to any people as are now extended to the youth of America right here in our own beautiful sunny southland. Let us learn to love it—to love the gorgeous grandeur of her mountain peaks, in whose bosoms are stored millions of untold wealth; the beauty and serenity of her hill country whose swift rolling streams fill her valleys with merry laughter; and her broad stretching plains whose air is made pure by the breezes from the sea, and whose sides stand as safe guards to check the surging waves of the great ocean. Let us work together till the New South shall rival in beauty, in power, in greatness, in everything any country or nation that ever had an existence, and let us honor the young men and young women because they are our boys and girls, and because it is them that will bring about this great work.

North Carolina History.

The State Chronicle at Raleigh renews the appeal to the people of the State to aid in securing the "Chair of History" at the State University at Chapel Hill. We wish to add in this connection that Dr. K. P. Battle, President of the University, on his last visit here in behalf of the endowment, made a very favorable impression in regard to the end and aims of that important work. The plan, in a word, is to organize the department of History and State Literature into a number of branch heads and subjects, and seek to assign one or more specialists to each. For instance the whole subject of the "Regulators' War" would be put into the hands of one or two special writers. So of the Mecklenburg Declaration. On the other hand, the broader topics of the first immigration, the Indian wars, and educational movements might be divided, or referred to a committee of several and by them subdivided.

It would be seen at a glance that this method would set to work the whole historic life and energies of our people—alike among students, writers, and the "curious."

Special provision would also be made for a "Library of History," a collection of art, and a museum of relics and antiquities.

So impressed were our people here in Charlotte with the great value and importance of this move that they responded quite liberally to Dr. Battle's call for aid, and he got several hundred dollars in subscriptions, mostly by alumni of the University, but one public spirited gentleman who has never enjoyed the blessings of a liberal education, gladly put down his $50.

It only remains for all who have the name and fame of our good old State sincerely at heart to come at once to the rescue and make the "Chair of History" a complete success.

Here, too, we would again appeal to Gov. Fowle to impress this matter, also, on the coming Legislature and make assurance doubly sure. The time has come when "leading men" must really lead. The people themselves are ready if only public men could learn to throw themselves forward in all great advance movements.—Charlotte Democrat.

Gold Medal Contest.

The eight contestants having won silver medals in previous contests, will compete for a gold medal at New Gilead church Dec. 26, 1890. Exercises will begin at 10 o'clock a. m. Subjects and numbers of speakers as follows: "A Voice from the Poor House," No. 1; "Prohibition the Hope of Our Country," No. 2; "The Martyred Mother," No. 3; "The Original Liquor League," No. 4; "Young America's War Cry," No. 5; "Rum Selling Our Country's Scourge, and the Remedy," No. 6; "The Cry of Today," No. 7; "Two Fires," No. 8. Decision of judges. Recitation, "The Voter's Dream," by Miss Lillie Misenheimer. Presentation of medal by Rev. J. E. McManaway, of Charlotte. Address by Rev. J. C. Clapp, D.D., of Newton, N. C. The exercises will be interspersed with music. The public is cordially invited to be present.

JENNIE SAPP, Supt.

Ashboro Courier: Eighteen head of sheep were killed by a locomotive between High Point and Ashboro this week.

STATE NOTES.

The Morganton Herald says that Capt. Joe Mills met Alf Cowan near Dysartville while out bird hunting, and asked Cowan if he was not one of the men who attacked him and beat him just before the election.—Cowan's reply was to draw a pistol and begin shooting, and Capt. Mills, who was not slow about blazing away, filled Cowan full of bird shot. From the account no serious damage was done, though Cowan will probably lose some time in picking lead out of his carcass.

North Carolina has 29 cigar factories which used 2,429,262 pounds of tobacco, made 3,290,925 cigars and 169,062,560 cigarettes during the year now closing. Two hundred and thirty-four tobacco factories used 27,371,060 pounds of leaf tobacco, 371,753 pounds of scrap, 115,059 pounds of stems, 1,355,139 pounds of other material; manufactured 17,292,506 pounds of plug tobacco, 19,372 pounds of fine-cut chewing, 5,198,955 pounds of smoking, 52,828 pounds of snuff, etc. Stamps valued at $1,921,484.16 were used.

Shelby Aurora: Mr. Miles Wear called to see us and kindly requested us to state that Commodore Carico, who was shot by Philo Harris near a distillery, is still in a dangerous condition, the ball is still in his neck. Also that the shooting did not occur near his still-house. As he looked like a young Hercules, whose arm and shoulders would do credit to a Roman gladiator, and he politely told us that he did not wish the reputation of his still-house injured, we cheerfully make the correction that it was not near his still. We are glad to sustain the reputation of his still-house if he will sustain for five years the reputation and lives of those who drink his compound that steals away men's brains and brings woe upon the land.

We hope our farmers will not fail to put in a larger tobacco crop this year than ever before. Tobacco raising in Burke is no longer an experiment. The experience of the Messrs. Tilley, Winters, Crawley and others shows conclusively that tobacco will pay four fold more than any other crop in this country. All it needs to make it a big success is a little pluck and push, and there is no reason why the tobacco crop of this county should not yield a half million of dollars every year in hard cash. One tenth of our farm acreage devoted to tobacco culture would yield this sum if the average was anything like that of the Messrs. Tilley, and they would mean $200 more per annum for every farmer in the county.—Morganton Herald.

Durham Sun: There was a capital joke played on one of our popular drug men and his force yesterday. Some time during the afternoon an old lady wearing an old white straw hat something less than three stories high, with a large shawl wrapped around her and a veil over her face, stepped into the store and handed a note to the head clerk. The note read thus: "Any one giving this old lady fifty cents to buy a load of wood will be rewarded." The clerk did not give her anything, but the owner of the establishment requested him to hand her ten cents. The old lady pocketed the money and off she went, without saying many words. Imagine the surprise of the young man when a charming young lady went in the store later and handed him the money back. It was some minutes before she could make him understand.

Mill Hill Items.

The Cabarrus chain-gang has been with us for the past few days, working a ford on the public road that goes out by New Bethpage.

Mrs. J. M. Powell, of Lenoir, will spend the holidays at her father's, Jacob Freeze.

A. W. Freeze is now engaged in the rabbit business. Success to him.

Mrs. Ella Stirewalt will move to Statesville on the 24th instant.

The people of Mill Hill are expecting a superlatively dull time Xmas, and we know we shall not be disappointed.

The Standard is always welcome in every home in this vicinity.

PERCY.

Got There Too Late.

Thursday afternoon at four o'clock 'Squire Jesse Willeford united in marriage Mr. John Welsh and Mrs. Julia Jones. 'Squire Willeford was in the best of humor, and the way things turned out, was enough to tickle anyone. It seemed that the two contracting parties misunderstood each other, and the groom had invited the 'Squire to tie the knot, while the bride desired that Rev. W. G. Campbell should officiate. At any rate each one had invited their choice to be present at said hour. Neither the 'Squire or the preacher knew the other was to be present; but the 'Squire beat the brother to the tank, and as he had as good right to do the job as any one else, proceeded to business. After the ceremony had been performed, and everything reflected a scene of joyousness, and every face in the house beamed with a radiance of good hopes and best wishes for the happy couple, a ring of the door bell sounded out loud and clear, and, to the 'Squire's astonishment, in stepped Rev. W. G. Campbell with a broad smile on his face. The thing was over; the 'Squire had got there; and we don't know how the two men agreed, but when last seen, they were off to one side and sorter "canoodlin," —don't know how they divided the fees.

THE STANDARD.

WE DO ALL KINDS OF
JOB WORK
—IN THE—
NEATEST MANNER
—AND AT—
THE LOWEST RATES.

L. M. ARCHEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office opposite St. Cloud.

LIPPARDS :&: BARRIER,
—Dealers in—
DRY GOODS,
FAMILY GROCERIES,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS,
TRUNKS, VALISES, &c.
☞COUNTRY PRODUCE taken either for the highest cash price or in exchange for goods.
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SALE OF BRICK
—AND—
Contractor's :-: Notice.

I have BRICK on hand at all times. Parties needing any will do well to see me before purchasing.
I also TAKE CONTRACTS to do small or large jobs in brick work in any part of the country.
Write me or come to see me.
R. J. FOIL,
Concord, N. C.

A BIG LOT
OF
CHRISTMAS GOODS!

FANCY CANDIES,
PLAIN CANDIES,
APPLES,
ORANGES, &c., &c.

COME, LOOK AND YOU WILL BUY.

Yours to please,
J. F. MISENHEIMER

Have U Been

IF NOT, YOU SHOULD GO TO
THE
Furniture Store

and see for yourself, for no one can tell you of the immense stock they have in store, consisting of Furniture and House Furnishing Goods, Pianos and Organs, Oil Paintings and Steel Engravings, Easels and Screens, Boy Wagons and Velocipedes, &c. Don't fail to see our Xmas Chairs in 16th century and antique oak, Plush, Willow and Queene Anne, for they are beauties. The ladies say our tables are just lovely. Come and see. Thanking you for past kindness, we are yours to serve,

Cannons, Fetzer & Bell

TO THE PUBLIC!

I HAVE JUST OPENED A FIRST-CLASS
RESTAURANT
—BACK OF—
Cook & Sappenfield's store,
where you can get anything in the line of eating.

Fresh Oysters
a specialty.
C. M. SAPPENFIELD.

A Big Accident
ON THE
CONCORD STREET RAILROAD!

While Santa Claus was passing over the second division of the Concord Street Railroad, No. 54 (Lightning Express Train), collided with a show-case in
D. D. Johnson's Drug Store
and left some of his
Nobbiest —AND— Nicest Presents
now in this whole country traversed by this grand railroad. If you have a sweetheart, sister, brother, father, mother, husband, wife, aunt, cousin, friend, son, daughter, children, little folks, grown-up boys and girls, kin folks or anybody else's folks to whom you would like to make a present, come right along and get one before they are all gone, and oblige yours very truly,
D. D. JOHNSON, Druggist,
Concord, N. C.