

THE STANDARD.

JAMES BROWN'S MURDERERS

They Were Two of His Nephews, the Crime Fixed Upon Them by a Detective—The Evidence Against One of Them Complete—Thomas Covington and Elam Josey Sent to Newton Jail.

Statesville, Oct. 17.—Last Sunday evening W. H. Deaver, of Asheville, arrived in Statesville on the late train, and on Monday boarded the train for Catawba. He at once repaired to the Long Island Mills, the scene of the recent murder of the late James Brown, and introduced himself around in the neighborhood as an agent of the insurance company holding a risk on James Brown's life, and as he had learned that James Brown might have committed suicide, he wanted to take the written statements of everybody in the neighborhood. He proceeded to take the statements, and the first person he met who adopted the suicide theory was R. R. Blackwood, and by careful management of this party he found that Elmore Burris had made the statement that he believed that Elam Josey had killed old man Brown. Elmore Burris is a night hand at the factory, and he was sent for, and stated that he said he believed Josey had killed Brown; that when Miss Esau Brown went to the store door on the morning of the murder Elam Josey was standing watching the young lady, and when she opened the door Josey jumped as if he had been shot—apparently knowing what an awful sight would meet her eyes.

With this statement Mr. Deaver went to the house of Josey, who is a laborer in the factory on the night shift, and found him at home. He stated to Josey that he was representing the insurance company and wanted to take from him Josey's statement. Josey said he would not give any statement, but now he is in the Statesville jail, and was finally inquired if Josey would like to know who killed Brown. Josey replied in the affirmative, and Mr. Deaver raised himself to his full height, pointed his finger at Josey and said: "You are the man that did it." Josey broke down and in sobs and tears called upon God to witness his innocence. The man was taken before a magistrate, tried and committed to prison. On the way to Newton Josey said he did not kill Brown but he knew who did it. "Thomas Covington, a day hand in the mill, has a key to the store door. He and I have often gone in the store at night and taken little things; but Thomas Covington went alone the night of the murder. The next day he told me he had killed old man Brown."

Mr. Deaver at once secured Josey's statement, arrested Covington, and tried him before a magistrate. Josey in his statement before the magistrate, swore Covington had a key to the store; that together they had often robbed it; that on the day of the funeral Covington took him out in the woods and confessed to killing Brown, stating that he opened the store door and went in and turned to go out when Brown hailed him. Jumping over the counter he said, "Is that you, Pope?" Then, "Is that you, Tom?" "When he called my name, I turned, clinched with him and knocked him down. Finding that he had a pistol in his hand, I wrenched it from him. Mr. Brown said: 'That will do, Tom, you have got me.' But when I got his pistol he commenced crying murder; and I shot him. He fell and I shot him again and again. When I found he was dead, I closed the door and went home."

Covington was asked if he wished to ask Josey any questions, but was told that he need not do so if he did not want to. Covington asked Josey if he could not be mistaken in repeating what he had said to him at the mill, and was he certain he repeated all he told him in the woods, and again: "What time did I tell you I killed him?"

The magistrate sent both men to Newton jail, their guilt being fully established, and every indication showing angry and indignant, outraged neighbors who wished to take the law in their own hands.

Elam Josey is 27 years of age and married. Thomas Covington is 23 or 24 years of age and is also married.

Concord Will Have a Treat.

The Bloomer Concert Company have an engagement in our city for November 10, Saturday night. This excellent concert company has visited Concord and it is useless for us to speak of its merits as being a highly entertaining company. Mr. Louis Bloomer, the violinist, is a concert within himself.

EXTRACTS FROM THE HERALD.

J Sam Sharpe, A Smart Wilmington Negro, Writes These Items for His Paper.

The Wilmington, N. C. Herald is owned and edited by a colored man, a true blue Republican. He is opposed to being sold out to the traitors by the following clippings of his paper. Read what he says:

Messrs. Butler & Co. got badly cheated when they traded for the Republican party, unless they bought on conditions.

The negro must realize that he is the architect of his own fortune. Look for him from no source save within and overhead. Within him are the elements that will either weave his weal or woe.

Mr. Butler will please explain how it is he cares so much for we colored people and then edits a paper called "The Caucasian?" If he's in sympathy with the Republicans why not name it the Republican.

The Populist fused Negro hating ticket must be defeated.

Some few Populists, we learn, have threatened to give us, as they term it, a "hogging" if we don't quit telling our 3,000 readers their duty, etc., at the coming election. In reply to their threats, I will state that I expect to fight the ticket to the last and if needful I will fight its supporters.

It's expected that on the sixth day of November every colored voter will cast his vote for the Republican party, and rather than support the fusion ticket don't vote at all. If the Pops solicit your vote ask them what law or act have their forefathers—Messrs. Butler, Kitchen & Co.—ever tried to pass to further the condition of the negro race?

We deem it very unfair and ungrateful for a man or party to forsake a true and tried friend that took them up in their infancy, led them, sheltered and protected them, and then for a few lying traitors to go and put on pretensions in order to get in a State convention to sell these very men and their votes to a set of ex-kluxers and Populist fused negro haters, is ridiculous. Fusionism must and shall go.

The manhood of every colored voter is at stake. The "white-washed" Republicans of the South have bargained away their rights and ballot without consulting the negro, and it yet remains for us to say whether we will sit still, be silent and allow a handful of "white-washed" Republican traitors to sell one hundred thousand voters and their wives and children to the Populist-fused party, whose leaders and founders are such men as Messrs. Butler and company, who have always been the bitterest kind of Jeffersonian Democrats and preached white supremacy. The Populist-fused negro-hating ticket must and shall be defeated.

Can the Negro afford to vote with the tail end of the Democratic party—the fusion ticket, when the fact is they stand on record as opposed to all methods that the Republican party drafted to raise and elevate the Negro of America? Be it understood, now and forever more, that every Negro who votes the Populist fused ticket is voting himself, wife and children back into slavery, and more than that, is voting to disfranchise every member of our race that can't read and write, which number is largely in the majority. Ten times to one is it better for every Negro to vote the straight Democratic ticket, whose leaders and organ say "every man, either with or without education has a right to cast his ballot," rather than vote for a party of ex-kluxers and Negro haters, who say, "The Australian ballot system," or "White supremacy must rule." Fusionism must and shall go.

The Freshet in Home.

We clip the following from the Charlotte Observer, which will be of interest to many of our citizens:

Rev. Mr. Boyd, superintendent of the Presbyterian Home, at Barren Springs, was in the city yesterday. The object of his visit was to talk plans with architect Hook for a central building, which the regents have deemed advisable to build. Mr. Hook made estimates and plans of the work, which will be presented to Synod.

No definite way of raising the money for the building has been fixed upon, but the building being a necessity, the regents believe that the Church will respond to the call. The new building is to contain chapel, school room, dining room and dormitories.

Five of the children have lately reached the orphanage majority and will be found homes, and their places supplied by five new children.

The health at the institution, Mr. Boyd says, is remarkable good.

Dagger scarf pins 15c at Correll's Jewelry Store.

About the time a man forgets to kiss his bride good-bye he also neglects to fill the wood-box before starting to work.—Atchison Globe

AT COOK'S STORE

In No. 4 Township—A Big Crowd From the City.

At an early hour this (Thursday) morning groups of men, Democrats, Populist-Republicans, and men who were on the fence, were seen in various spots on the street, all eager and anxious for the time to come when they should start to the place appointed for the speaking today. Besides the candidates, quite a number of our citizens went.

An escort met Hon. F. M. Simmons, the speaker of the day, at Glasses and conducted him to Cook's store. Among them were Judge W. J. Montgomery, Messrs. W. G. Means, D. P. Dayvault, H. S. Puryear and others.

All the candidates are in good spirit and expecting to be victorious, as usual.

There is not much opposition to the Democratic candidates, and what little is doesn't amount to much.

Everything is lovely and the Democrats will make the combination of Republicans and Populists hump.

One That Does and One That Don't.

Two merchants were in conversation in front of a certain store in the city, one merchant is a man that advertises and the other one does not. The one that runs an ad. in the daily Standard said: "There is no two ways about it, unless you advertise an article that you have for sale, you are likely to keep it with you." His store was then full of customers. The man that does not advertise immediately took "a sneeze."

Prof. Jones Deposed for Opposing Col. Breckinridge.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 18.—Prof. J. B. Jones, of Hamilton Female College, and pastor of Providence church in this county, has been deposed from his pastorate by the irate members who objected to his mixing up politics with his religion.

Prof. Jones took a prominent part in the Breckinridge-Owens campaign against Col. Breckinridge. A majority of the members of the church were sympathizers with the colonel, and as soon as they were given the power they deposed Mr. Jones.

How many of our Populist friends will now stop and consider how they rejoiced when the Radicals were turned out of power in 1876? Have they forgotten that the six Democratic legislatures from 1876 to 1881 cost \$314,141.55 less than the one Radical legislature of 1868-'69? And yet many of them, by their acts would aid and abet the Republicans in their attempt to regain control of the State Government.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

A Beautiful Thing.

The lady in her elegant victoria drove up to the great dry goods store, and stepping daintily out, she walked into the busy place. Approaching a weary-looking girl at one of the counters, she said: "What time do you get off duty?" "Usually at 6, madam," replied the astonished girl, "but today at 5."

"Don't you get tired, working so long?" "Yes, madam; but I must work of starve."

"Well, will you let me take you for a drive of an hour, after you are through today? I'm sure it will do you good."

The girl, knowing the wealth and social position of the lady, and she was only too glad to accept the invitation so politely and kindly extended, and the lady with a cheery smile and bow walked out.

Then the man who dreamed this woke up and wondered how the mischief people could dream such improbable and ridiculous things.

"You Orel Thing."

Scratch a Populist and you find a Republican every time. Oliver Dockery and Marion Butler, Jim Young and Otho Wilson are one and inseparable. They have no love for anything but the spoils and are ready to sacrifice every professed principle in order to win success. Dockery and Butler want to go to the Senate, Jim Young will be satisfied with a seat in the legislature, and as for Gideon Wilson, he is in the thing for the very love of deviltry.—News Observer.

Good people, when you scan the above item observe the fitness of these leaders to trust to their own interests. You can't afford to do it. Democrats, be careful.

See the new ad. of Cannons, Fetzer & Bell. They tell you about the fall of McGinty and the subsequent fall of prices on furniture.

Politics are getting hot.

Get yourself in readiness, the cold wave is coming.

The Burlington fair opens October 31st, and continues three days.

Your attention is called to the tax notice by Mr. J. L. Boger, the town tax collector.

They make a great fuss and harper on appropriations, but the Pops have "struck a knot."

The Pops and Republicans were "not in it" in the discussion at No. 3 Wednesday.

Are you a true citizen? If so join the Democratic ranks and get in the push.

Be careful, old man, the tale you tell. We might "show you up," as the tune goes.

"It is not always the big man that whips," as the saying goes, but the "hit dog always hollers." That's just the size of it.

The revival meetings at Forest Hill Methodist church is growing more interesting at each service and much good work is being done.

We told you, good people, that the customary howl would be heard from the Pops during the campaign—that "fraud was being carried on."

What true, loyal and conscientious man can work for and vote the rotten Republican-Populist ticket. Young man and old man, weigh your conscience.

Mr. C. E. Alexander is agent for Wamamker's clothing and has just received a full line of samples, and he will be pleased to show them to his friends.

We were asked by a young man: "What is a chestnut weaver?" A chestnut weaver is a small worm. Had he said "what a chestnut Weaver is," we could have more rapidly answered.

New machinery is being placed in the bleachery. This is one of Concord's industries that is unable to keep up with the immense work it has to do. It has been running day and night for some time.

A serenader was out Wednesday night on North Main street. He was a small colored boy who got separated from his mother and was frightened at the thought of being alone on the street.

On last Monday when Mr. Fred Glass was returning to his home, a few miles above town, his horse, a young and spirited animal, commenced kicking and rearing up, breaking the shaft and knocking the dash board all to pieces.

Rev. J. O. Alderman has gone to Arlington church, in Mecklenburg county, to attend the annual association of the Baptist churches of Mecklenburg and Cabarrus counties. He will be gone three days.

Some scoundrel, who was evidently chucking rocks at the electric lamps, or something else, made a misdeed Wednesday night on North Main street and his rock fell on the front piazza of a very handsome residence.

A man writes to us from a neighboring city that he wants a good printer, one that can "make up" proof galley, set leader long primer; that he would not have to carry water, sweep out or make fire. He wants a very cheap hand. We can refer him to a good "reprint" printer that might suit him.

A man from some place in Catawba who is seriously thinking of leaving the Democratic party, wrote the New York Herald that if the Democrats didn't give him a boggy and harness he would join with the Republicans. He said he had a horse. His father is a subscriber to the above mentioned paper, and the young man had an idea that by asking it would be given him. He has his nerve, sure. His name is Jones.

Rev. D. G. Caldwell, late pastor at Neely's Creek, S. C., is here to take a course of French at the Conservatory preparatory to taking the chair of French at Erskine College. Mr. Caldwell conducted services in the A. P. R. church last night, and gave the prayer meeting attendants some strong, healthy spiritual diet.—Charlotte Observer.

A most hideous theft is reported as recently discovered at Rock Grove church, Rowan county. In the corner stone of the church a small receptacle had been chiseled in which had been placed certain articles, together with some money, and over it a granite slab had been cemented. The robber, or robbers, it seem, tore away this slab, took the money and piled stove wood against the stone to keep it in place.

At least twenty five possums were

were one market Thursday. He who lives with wolves will learn to howl.

Democrats are getting more and more enthusiastic.

Dockery, Butler, Milliken and Young held a meeting in Raleigh Thursday.

No party ever had more leaders and fewer statesmen than have the Populists.

His many friends are glad to know Mr. John Fink is rapidly improving.

Great preparations are being made for a big time Tuesday. Get yourself in readiness.

A number of young boys who are not accustomed to such jaunts are somewhat sore and weary today, after an all-night "possum hunt."

When the times comes for the procession to form Tuesday, many a sore-head will feel as if he would like to be in the push.

A member's meeting will be held at the Trinity Reformed church Sunday, October 21, at 4 p. m. Mrs. Davis will lead, and an interesting program has been prepared. All ladies are cordially invited to be present.

There will be no privacy about the telephone business. Everybody can know what business a man is attending to over the wire. It is located in the St. Cloud office, and the 'phone will be used very seldom.

Mr. W. F. Goodman, one of the best farmers in the county, was in town with several barrels of sorghum. He says the Democrats in his township are holding their own and he thinks before November 6 they will be very, very scarce.

The Charlotte Dramatic club staged this morning on their way to Greensboro, where they present "David Garrick" tonight. The Observer speaks in glowing terms of the rendition of this play by its home talent.

Wilmington Star: A Georgia doctor advises his patients who are suffering from nervous troubles and need quiet and rest, to secure quarters in stores which do not advertise. Next to the graveyard that's the place where profound quiet reigns and it is perpetual.

A petition is being circulated asking the managers to close down Cannonville and Cabarrus cotton mills on Tuesday to give the operatives the opportunity of hearing Senator Jarvis. It is to be hoped that these good people can join in the big rally.

Miss Sadie Whiteford, tragedienne, in "Rome and Juliet," writes to engage the hall for November 9 and 10, but the hall being engaged they cannot secure that date. However, they may change date and appear here. They are now "doing" South Carolina.

The Standard is not yet convinced that Mr. M. L. Buchanan, of Mt. Pleasant, is a candidate for clerk of the court. We don't believe he will take any stock in fusion; at any rate, two years ago he said he would never vote the Populist ticket.

The Standard learns through private parties of a marriage in Albemarle. It is that of Dr. F. Anderson to Miss Cotton, of Montgomery county. The doctor has been a widower for sometime and in this happy union he has the best wishes of a large circle of acquaintances.

Mr. O. A. Starbuck, candidate for Senator on the Republican ticket made in his first speech an attack on the Normal and Industrial School, the State University and incidentally the colored Agricultural and Mechanical School but his Republican backers told him that would never do as the negroes would not vote for him, and he is now engaged in hedging.

The practice frequently indulged in by our transfer vehicles in racing to and from the depot and in trying to "head off" each other, should be stopped, as there is much danger attached to it. Tuesday evening there came near being a runaway. Messrs G. W. Means and C. L. Smith, to save themselves, jumped out.

The chain gang is tearing up things on the Mt. Pleasant road near Mr. Dan Lippe's. Besides grading and straightening the road, that miserable place near Little Cold Water Creek is being macadamized. In addition to these improvements, a bridge is being built over the creek. Day after day Mr. J. Dove's wisdom is manifested and Geo. Barnhardt, Esq., has gone anywhere.

Have you registered?

Senator Ransom had an immense crowd in Charlotte Friday.

Cornshuckings are in order. By the way, the piles are large.

G. W. Means had luck last week. He ran in four bookkeepers.

A blind man gave a performance in Mt. Pleasant Friday night. His name is Page.

The enrollment of North Carolina College, at Mt. Pleasant, is larger than any former opening for years.

Not many of Mr. Bill Moody's neighbors will vote for him. Some of his relatives, even, can not do it.

Snakes are not all gone in Cabarrus—one was run over Friday by a whiskey wagon.

The Minister's Association will meet with Rev. T. W. Smith, on Monday, 10 a. m.

The crowd at Mt. Gilead Friday was a small one. However, the candidates were all there.

Mr. John Slough, from No. 4, was in to see us. He reports everything lovely in that township Democratically speaking.

John Joy, an incorrigible criminal, of San Francisco, has been sentenced to prison for life for stealing \$5. There will now be Joy in the prison.

Mrs. Dr. C. A. Misenbeimer, who has been visiting her father, Col. Jacob Barnhardt at Pioneer Mills, has returned to Charlotte.

It is to be hoped every election officer will familiarize himself with the election laws before November 6, in order that no hitch or irregularity may occur.

Everybody is yet talking about Mr. Simon's admirable address, Thursday night. Oh, how precious is truth!

Mr. H. L. Moore, who has been doing business opposite Patterson's wholesale house, has sold out to a young man from New London.

The Eastern Conference of the North Carolina Lutheran Synod meets at Albemarle on Thursday before the 1st Sunday in November.

While hauling saw stocks to his machine shop, Mr. Burrage's wagon swamped in the bottoms, and it was necessary to send to town for another wagon.

Mr. Wiley Troutman and family, who have been occupying the Cress house on Church street, have moved back to their own house near Forest Hill.

The National Convention of the Disciples of Christ met in Richmond, Va., Friday. There were present about thirty State and Territory delegates.

Let every patriotic, country loving, home loving, God fearing man awake and make the Democratic majority bigger than Cabarrus ever before knew.

The Postoffice Department has been notified of the arrest of W. G. Harrell, postmaster at Old Sparta, N. C., for embezzling money order letters. Harrell is held in \$1,000 bail.

If the Democrats are responsible for the low price of cotton (and only foolish people believe it and insist on it), in the name of justice who is responsible for the high price of corn?

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ONE OF THE FINEST.

Ex-Chairman Simmons Makes An Admirable Political Address.

Thursday night the court house was full of genuine, wholesome, happy Democrats.

Hon. F. M. Simmons was on the stage. He was the speaker.

There were a few Pops there and if any of them have any patriotism or love of their country they went away convinced that they are following up a foolish cause and helping a few infernal scoundrels to carry out a little trade and scheme, made in secret to advance the personal interest of the knaves.

The best, fairest, plainest, most honest and candid political speeches this writer ever heard was delivered by Mr. Simmons. He held an immense crowd for just 24 hours.

Only a few tired, and chief among them was Mr. Bell Moody, who is under the delusion that he has intelligence enough to represent this district in the N. C. Senate. He couldn't see it out. Light was thrown on the wholesale sell out and barter of principles by the few who are leading him and others by the nose, until Moody got dizzy and left.

Mr. Simmons made everybody enthusiastic and everybody was ready to thank God for evidence of enough conservative, true North Carolinians to save the State from the ruin of the cranks and fanatics.

We could not give a synopsis of the speech did we want it. It was masterly; it was superb. A very intelligent colored man remarked: "If I had been a fusionist or a Pop, when I went up there, I could not have come out one." The intelligent colored man thinks as much of his political principles as he should and he will not allow a few traitors to sell him out.

Mr. Simmons has stired up Democracy and he put the fusionists to thinking. The victory was already ours, but he has told us how to bury fusion November 6: "In a coffin lined with silk and dashed with heliostrophs." That was a glorious meeting Thursday night.

They Must be Scarce.

Some time ago a Standard reporter was informed by an esteemed minister that there was a scarcity of women in our city, (with reference to colored servants) but we had no idea that the scarcity of this peculiar sex was prevailing in all circles, both white and colored. Even the young bloods of our town are wearing a button in the lapels of their coats with the inscription: "Girl Wanted." Why boys!

Two colored women were standing in front of the clothing store and handling a small vase that was among other things on a goods box. One of them asked the efficient clerk, Mr. Kelly, the price of same.

"Sixty-five cents," was his reply.

The other woman rolled her eyes around and remarked: "Look a here, Mame, we is got to hab sum meat, and dar ain't no meat in dat little satchel. It's de dyin' truf, we is."

Suspicious Man.

A man, apparently a tramp, who was wandering up and down the streets Friday night, caused no little uneasiness to the campers in the lot in rear of Campions & Feizer's store. He would in a suspicious way, go up to the camp fire every few minutes, seemingly to see if all were quietly resting. He did not do any damage as we could hear, neither did he become boisterous or molesting, more than to arouse the suspicion of these good old farmers. He was only cold, we suppose.

A Baby's Sad Fate.

Mr. H. W. Harkey, of Sharon, brought to town yesterday a part of a body which was found in a bale of cotton which passed through the gin at Mr. J. Watt Kirpatrick's. It was a head perfectly preserved, but the trunk was badly mangled. In some unaccountable way a doll baby had gotten in the cotton, and was killed by the gin.

It was argued today when Mr. Hill's speech was read that the two enemies were fast becoming reconciled. In the course of his speech on the tariff to the Democrats at Utiota, Mr. Hill said concerning Cleveland: "There is no need for me to compliment Mr. Cleveland upon his splendid administration. He has faithfully and conscientiously discharged his duties and fulfilled the pledges of our party platform. No scandals have attached to his administration, every department honestly and economically administered."

GROVER GONE TO REGISTER

He Will Not Only Vote for Hill, Will Write a Letter in Support of Him.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 18.—Other development in New York politics has caused considerable comment among the politicians of this city. It is in regard to Senator Hill's speech at Utiota yesterday. An authentic report was circulated last night that President Cleveland had gone to New York to register, and that he would in due time write a letter urging the Democrats to rally to the support of Senator Hill and to restore the State to Democracy.

It was also stated that a member of the cabinet made this statement, and at the same time said that Mr. Cleveland would vote for Senator Hill.

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It has always been the different entertainments at Armory Hall to complain of the small stage, the scenery common and old. All this is being remedied. The stage is being arranged so as to give nearly eight feet more space in width. The old scenery has been taken down and laid aside and handsome, new scenery is being put up. This is a clever move and it will add much to the attractions that will soon appear on the boards.

The "Merry Milkmaids," will be the first thing presented with the new improvements.

Was Bitten by a Dog.

Mr. De-Witt Blackwelder, while on his way home from his father's plantation, a few miles below town, Thursday evening, was leading a dog (a favorite "possum dog"). A stray dog approached him in the road and began growling and fighting the one he had attached to a twine string and in the melee he made an effort to kick and push the strange dog away, when he was right severely bitten on the hand and leg. Mr. Blackwelder, fearing the rabid dog had hydrophobia, went over to Charlotte Thursday night to have the mad stone applied.

Look out for mad dogs.

I wish I feel completely prostrated. I wish I were dead."

She, "Well, why don't you let me send for a doctor?"—Thomas Cat.

Tired, Weak, Nervous, Could Not Sleep