

The "hurry-wagon" in Charlotte was busy Monday. A new fence is going up around the Presbyterian manse.

Many of the boys are hoarse today.

A picnic for the kids—a bear was in town all day.

Let your light shine—Democratic demonstration Tuesday night.

The revival at Forest Hill continues to increase in interest.

We are in the swim, and the Democratic end is whopper and the whales are great ones.

There was a large crowd of Concord people in Charlotte Monday to see the circus.

A gentleman living in Charlotte broke a lamp chimney and his wife shamed the butler.

Rev. Dr. Poole is at Mt. Pleasant, assisting Rev. G. W. Callahan in the protracted meeting.

Mr. Jas. C. Willeford has accepted a position with J. E. Briggs & Co. of Winston. Mr. and Mrs. Willeford will leave Wednesday morning.

At the rabbit! Harry White, James Deaton and others are out and are in hot pursuit of the skipping Mollie-cotton tail.

The ball is moving. Old Cabarrus is Democratic and let the majority not fall short of 1,000. It can and must be done.

A club of twenty-eight young Democrats have been organized at Mt. Pleasant, twenty of which are new voters.

During the absence of Mr. Wade H. Harris the Charlotte News is being run by Jake Nowell, of Cabarrus. Jake will be back in No. 10 before election day.

Col. Sam Whitkowsky, of Charlotte, is developing into a lecturer. The News ran off 1,000 extra copies containing a recent lecture, and they "are all gone."

The Charlotte Observer says: "The monkeys came in with the circus." They were seen this morning with gun organ and monkey. He's heading that way.

Prof. R. L. Keistler said that Main's shows came nearer showing what it advertised than any circus he ever saw. They say the crowd was simply immense.

Mr. L. C. Caldwell will speak in the court house in Concord at 7:30 o'clock, November 3. Mr. Caldwell is one of the best and most eloquent exponents of Democratic doctrine in the State.

The Butler and Dockery candidates were in Mt. Pleasant Tuesday. One man only went to hear them or see them. They moved around unnoticed to such a degree that they were objects of pity.

The High Point base ball team was defeated by the Guilford College team on the 13th, by a score 9 to 0. It is only fair to state that the Guilford team had two of the best men who played here with High Point.

Just after the procession passed the St. Cloud Hotel Tuesday night, a man—broken-down circus man—performed some remarkable feats in swallowing swords, butcher knives, etc., on a goods box in the square.

A man, resident and popular citizen of Concord, who is between 25 and 40 years of age, says he has attended probably twenty circuses, but was never able to see one until he went to Charlotte Monday.

Mr. Will Skinner has returned from Gallaxey, S. C., where he has just finished alighting the roofs of two handsome residences erected by Concord's hustling contractor, A. H. Probst.

A gentleman the other day tried to persuade a Chinaman that it is a brutal practice to retard the growth of women's feet by binding them. The reply of the Chinaman was as follows: The Chinese woman squeeze foot, it is true; but American woman squeeze waist; and I don't know which is worse."

The ordinary Populist presents three sides of his character which are highly interesting. One is the trait of the most unbounded credulity, the other the most intense incredulity, with a convenient middle line. Whatever a brother Populist tells him, no matter how absurd how inconsistent, he swallows with the greatest satisfaction and the most astonishing gullibility. Whatever a laboring Rad tells him he takes with a slight relish. But when a Democrat tells him anything he clenches his teeth and takes out a lot of it, even though the speaker himself bears a truth upon

Mr. John E. Boger, of Lincolnton, is in the city visiting relatives and friends. Mr. Boger will visit friends in Mt. Pleasant after leaving here.

The Standard man was informed that there were only sixty-one mounted men in the procession Tuesday night. We rise to remark that this man is somewhat discouraged in his brief political career and if he will jump the game ere it be too late he may yet be from eternal ruin.

The Populists of southern Cabarrus have been making a great ado about the Democrats having a barrel of whiskey to treat on. The Democrats said they had no whiskey to treat on, and got hot after the originators of the slander. When they ran him into his hole they came very near having evidence enough to prove him equal to a Tillman dispenser.—Charlotte News.

Cabarrus Loves Mary Here.

Sunday night Squire Maxwell was roused from his slumbers at 8 o'clock by a loud knock at the door. On opening it he found Mr. M. Oglesby and Miss Emma Sloop, of Harrisburg, before him. Their errand was guessed, they were invited in and before many minutes, had cast their lots together "for better or for worse" until death do them part. They bound the "Squire to secrecy as they had Register Cobb, not wanting the marriage to be made known until yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Howard Bost Dead.

Mr. Howard Bost, the 10-year-old son of Mr. Tin Bost, of Bost's Mill, died Monday night. Howard was a bright and promising young man and his death brings sadness and gloom to parents and home he so graciously adorned. His death was the result of typhoid fever. There had been from from one to three cases of fever in the family of Mr. Bost during the entire summer. We extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy.

Completely Annihilated.

Lauringburg, N. C., Oct. 20.—The Democratic candidates for county offices and the candidates for solicitor this district spoke here this evening to a large and attentive audience. Never has any man received such a cheering before an audience here.

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"WE ARE STRICTLY
IN THE PUSH!"

JARVIS IS SPEAKING NOW.
DEMOCRATS CROWD THE
STREETS.

The Procession a Large One—
No. 10 Township Well Represented—
Two Hundred
Horsemen in Line.

"Democracy is immortal! The
word Democrat stands for human
liberty and human freedom and cannot
die."—Z. Julian B. Vance.

A great day.
Tom Jarvis is here.

Two hundred more horsemen
meet him and escort him to town.

Did you see all these Democrats?
Does that demonstration signify
defeat?

At an early hour the countrymen
began flooding the town and by 11
o'clock there was a good size crowd
of Democrats to be seen, and still
they came.

A little before 11 o'clock the
procession was formed in front of
the St. Cloud Hotel, consisting of
buggies, carriages, omnibuses, wagons,
pneumatics and a line of mounted
horsemen that swelled the crowd to
several hundred.

The procession was then ordered
to proceed to the depot.

Just as the train rolled up, the
Bellevue band, a colored Democratic
organization from Harrisburg, be-
gan to play the thrilling and patri-
otic melody, "Dixie," which put en-
thusiasm into the very souls of
everyone.

Senator Jarvis was then escorted
to a carriage in wait and when the
order was given to "march," a yell
of "three cheers for Jarvis and De-
mocracy" was given that woke the
eaves far and near.

Close behind the band wagon the
procession followed, escorting the
Honorable Jarvis to the St. Cloud
Hotel.

No. 10 township outnumbered any
of the other townships in representa-
tion, having about fifty mounted
men. No. 10's delegation came first
behind the speaker, an honor that
each township aspired to.

Just as the large procession
fronted the Odell mills, the whistles
began blowing, the bells ringing and
the red-hot Democrats yelling. This
conglomeration of noises certainly
made things howl.

Each mounted man showed his
patriotic spirit by flourishing a na-
tional flag. This feature added
greatly to the appearance of the en-
thusiastic crowd.

At 12 o'clock the Odell factories,
Cannon's factory, the Cabarrus mills,
the bleachers, the roller flour mills,
Pobnd's machine shop and all the
other leading industries of the city
shut down.

The graded school was dismissed
for the day at 12 o'clock, giving the
children an opportunity, too, to hear
our honored guest.

The lawn in front and all around
the court house was packed and
jammed.

Besides the ladies and children
at least 1,200 good stanch Democrats
listened to the most eloquent and
best speaker now before our people
as a public man.

The speaker was introduced
promptly at 1:35 by Col. Paul B.
Means in a splendid, his own pecu-
liar and genteel manner.

We will give a brief synopsis of
the speech tomorrow.

Those who are going to take part
in the torch light procession and
demonstration tonight are requested
to meet at the court house promptly
at 6:30 this evening.

Let everybody come.

There is a transparent or light
for everybody who will take part.

A "serp" at Rocky River.

Lawyer Counselor of Charlotte
spoke at Rocky River Monday
night to a big crowd. After the
speaking a discussion arose between
Bob Linker and Kirk Alexander,
resulting in Linker getting "done up."

THE PRESIDENT LEAVES.
He Will Stop in New York to Re-
ceive—Like a Much Improved in
Health.

Buzzard's Bay, Oct. 22.—The
presidential party, including the
President and family, Mrs. Perry,
Miss Rose Cleveland and the three
detectives who have been here all
summer, will leave tomorrow at
8:30, by a special train with a di-
rector's car attached for their per-
sonal use. The train will run
special to Middleboro and will be
taken up by the regular express at
Providence. The party will reach
New York late in the afternoon and
the President will remain long
enough on Wednesday to register
and then go on to Washington.

Mr. Cleveland asserts that he is
thoroughly rested from his long va-
cation and feels in the best of
health.

Evening Post-Parade.

Tuesday evening Rev. T. W. Smith
was called out to No. 6 township
by the home of Mr. Daniel M. Faggart,
where he united in the holy bonds
of wedlock Mr. G. Wash Earnhardt
to Miss Jennie Faggart. In the
union of this couple two hearts now
beat as one and the Standard's
wishes are that they may live long
and be happy always.

A Happy Event.

At the home of Mrs. F. L. Black
welder, on Corbin street Tuesday
night, about 9 o'clock, Rev. M. G. G.
Scherer, officiated in an impressive
manner, in the marriage of Miss Ella
Honeycutt, to Mr. Martin Blume, son
of Mr. W. H. Blume. A number of
special friends were invited and a
happy throng congratulated the
couple on this occasion. Many
handsome presents were presented to
them.

Two Processions.

Tuesday was truly a red letter day
for Concord and Cabarrus county.
Besides the parade of the Democrats
the streets were thronged with chil-
dren, following the organ-grinder
and monkey. This was a delightful
treat to the small boys, and the
being no school in the afternoon,
they were all in the push.

Col. Polk was always fond of say-
ing that we had a pur-
suer, and that it did all it could
for the people. He quarrel with
the Democracy was upon national
issues. It is pitiable to see his paper
become the organ of the Radical
party, try to prove his assertions
about our State government false,
and turn general defamer of good
men in North Carolina.—Raleigh
Observer.

Have You?

The election takes place November
6th. Every voter must have his name
on the registration books before October
27th—ten days before the election—or
he cannot vote. If you have moved from
one precinct or county to another, you
must get a transfer from the precinct
in which you reside. This must be done
before October 27th. Don't wait until
October 28th, but go immediately and
register your name, or your transfer if
you have removed since the last election.
Attend to this matter at once.

Breckinridge in Danger of Going to
the Senate.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 23.—At
Winchester today Col. W. C. P.
Breckinridge spoke to several thou-
sand people. The colonel spoke in
favor of the Democratic nominee for
district and county offices. Win-
chester is in the tenth congressional
district in which Judge Wm. Buck-
ner and Joe Kendall are the short
and long term candidates. The
colonel's reception signifies that he
will prove a dangerous factor in the
race for United States Senator.

A Good One on Steel Creek.

Yesterday was the time appointed
by the Steel Creek congregation as
the time of holding a congregational
meeting, to discuss the matter of
getting a pastor. A party in from
there yesterday tells us that Capt. A.
G. Neal rose in meeting and said
from what he could hear a great
many in the congregation wanted
to attend the circus, and moved that
the meeting be postponed. There
were several seconds, and Capt.
Neal's motion carried unanimously.
Said the party relating the story
yesterday, "I think the action was
wise, for I met four of the deacons
and two of the elders on one block
here this morning."—Charlotte Ob-
server.

A Populist Weeps.

Capt. Coke, during his cam-
paign of the last ten days,
struck a Populist who wept
during one of the passages of
his speech where he referred
to the war. And after the
speaking he came up, was
converted in good old Metho-
dist style and joined the
Democratic camp. And let it
be known that a gentleman
was not accused to weep-
ing, at the high Ob-
server.

TUESDAY NIGHT.
The Torch Light Procession a Grand
Affair—The Homes of our Citizens
Beautifully Illuminated.

We were right in the push!
Right behind the band wagon.
Wasn't the torches pretty?
Didn't the homes of the residents
of our city look perfectly lovely?
Every house in town was illumina-
ted. Japanese lanterns and trans-
parences and floats were seen in
every home where our God loving
people have a Democrat. Only two
houses on Main street that didn't
take part in the festive occasion.

At 7 o'clock the streets were
thronged with a great crowd that
were to take part in the procession
and witness the scene.

Promptly at 7:45 the great line
of horsemen were formed in front
of the court house. The Mt. Pleasant
band headed the procession,
Next was a line of fifty horsemen in
double file; then the Drum Corps
As a people we should be happy.

"The world likes happy people
And courts their sunny smiles."
But notwithstanding all this pros-
perity, this bright prospect of im-
munity from distress during "black
winter with its chilling blasts" the
wall of the wailer grates harshly on
our ears and the anti-prosperity
prognosticator pushes his prurid
prophecies of universal desolation
under our nose—he tells us our mis-
ere are great subtler passages of
gloom and desolation; that our mills
have ceased their music and the idle
operative lolls about in squalor and
want—that the little products of
our bright lands have no market-
able value. They tell you all this
whilst seemingly "They chafe at the
worlds hard drilling."

But this is an election
year—an off year in National poli-
tics, they call it—and these wailers
under the name of Third party,
Populists and other aliases are chak-
ing our good old State with all its
staid decorum and judicious admin-
istration from a center to circum-
ference. They are raising a howl of
calamity about stagnation in busi-
ness when there is no depression.
Want of office is the "casus belli,"
and this wail of woe has it in the
fertile brain of the
wail-be office holder. Under the
benign laws given us by the Demo-
cracy, we as a state, have possi-
bly and our country has not been
stripped many of her sister counties
in advancement and wealth. Con-
cord alone gives us an example.
Under State Republican rule, like
all other towns, Concord had no
growth. The little old factory,
now Mill No. 1 that had done
yoman service for this and sur-
rounding counties under the man-
agement of the Messrs McDonald,
was not a paying investment. E-
ventually it fell into the hands of
the Messrs Odell. Under Democratic
management, confidence had been
restored the reckless extravagance
of the Republican rule was a thing
of the past. Reliance in an economic
direction of public affairs brought
thrift, enterprise, push, to cor-
porations and individuals and in
1881 the building of Mill No. 2
gave an impetus, not only to man-
ufacturing enterprises, but all other
industries in our midst. The row
or two of little suburban, weather
beaten houses are supplanted by
substantial cottages. Forest Hill is
in itself a town and its residents
find regular employment at prices
that enable them to purchase the
products of the farmer. With Mill
No. 2 the ball was set in motion.
The Cannon factory under the mas-
ter hand of J. W. Cannon, formed
the nucleus around which the pretty
village of Cannonsville was added to
our corporation. And soon, the
Cabarrus Mills were built and homes
for the working cover the once bar-
ren fields around the depot.

No town can or will prosper un-
less the surrounding country pros-
pers also. Concord's growth has
opened up a home market for our
countrymen unthought of in days
gone by. The poultry yard, the
truck patches and the melon crop
have become more valuable than the
single staple crop cotton. The
produce of the forest is always in
demand. Taking a retrospective
view of Republican rule in our State
and judging by it we ask would
these things have been? Would
the reckless guidance of those who
steered the old ship of State from
'65 to '76 and brought this peo-
ple, this prosperity? Let our
Populist friends ponder ere they
foist upon us a repetition of those
dark days. Let them make a per-
sonal inspection around them and
see the open hand purchases of
rich and poor alike. A glimpse
merely will all these calamity stores.
Let us not turn order into fashion
but stand faithful to the party whose
principles have led us into the light
and whose guidance has placed us
on the highway to success. Let us
beware of this fusion of two ex-
tremes. Hoea Biglows lives.

"Ere my principles, I glory
In havin' nothing of the sort."
I ain't a Wig! I ain't a Tory,
I'm just a candidate, in short."

That Senator Jarvis did great
good in encouraging the lukewarm
and bringing light to the way-
ward can not be doubted.

Cabarrus county is letter and
fully describes a fusion Candidate.

THE EQUIRE
Takes a Hand in Our Year Politics.

Nineteen hundred and ninety-four
is clearing up business and we of this
Southland should be especially
thankful and happy for we have
been signally blest. We have had
a glorious seed time and harvest.
Mother earth has yielded bounteously
to the touch of industry and an
incomparable gathering time of
sheen and sunlight has been ours.
The garnerers of those who "think
life worth living" are full to over-
flowing. In truth, on every hand
bright prospects smile at us. Business
in every branch is reviving—
the furnaces and mill stacks of our
factories are at standing still but
sending forth great volumes of
smoke that tell of diligence and em-
ployment—building improvements
are giving to the mechanic and day
laborer remunerative occupation.
As a people we should be happy.

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WE ARE DWINDLING AWAY.
By 4,000 A. D. Only Lilliputians
Will Inhabit the Earth.

A French statistician, who has
been studying the military and
other records, with a view of de-
termining the height of men at
different periods, has reached some