

MT. PLEASANT NEWS.

Hon. John D. Turner Speaks--Lots of Cotton to Pick Yet.
This is cooler weather than we have had so far this fall.

Lots of cotton to pick yet and this weather is hard on it.

When two farmers meet their greeting is: "Meet through sowing wheat?"

Mr. Sam L. Hood has returned from the eastern part of the State. All of his friends are glad to see him.

Hon. John D. Turner was here yesterday and made a fine speech. Many of the crowd said that it was as good as any speech they have heard this year, and some that it is the best they ever heard. His plan of argument was about the same as that of Senator Jarvis. He spoke for two hours and the crowd wanted him to speak longer, but he stopped to give Mr. Puryear time to speak, after which Mr. Shinn made a talk. There will be another speaking here Saturday afternoon by Mr. Glenn, one of the finest orators in North Carolina.

Mecklenburg County Has a Big Day.

Under the caption "Democracy is Immortal," in the Charlotte Observer of this (Saturday) morning, we read of the grand Democratic demonstration and barbecue at Sharon, a few miles from Charlotte. Speeches were made by Osborne, Lockhart and Glenn, and Ham, of Georgia. The Observer tells this as an effect: "A certain original character who kept a tavern in the good old happy days gone by in Salisbury had a method of grading and gauging the various stages of 'jig' madness of the customers who partook of the mellow hospitality he dispensed over his bar. When any of the said customers reached the point of hilarity, he was 'in ambush' when he had gotten to the point of whooping things up he was 'fully presented.' Before the speakers at Sharon yesterday were through dispensing the life giving elixir of Democratic doctrine, the Democracy of Mecklenburg county may be said to have been 'in ambush' with enthusiasm; and by the time the torchlight procession in Charlotte and the inspiring oratory of Ham of Georgia were over, it was undoubtedly 'fully presented.' At least 800 mounted men were in the procession. Between 5,000 and 6,000 were in the auditorium to hear the orators Friday night."

A Very Narrow Escape.

Friday night when returning from Piney Grove church, in No. 11 township, Messrs R. Will Johnson and L. D. Duval met with hard luck. They had been out to a political meeting and the terrific rain set in before they started back. It rained so hard that in a short time the streams were considerably swollen. They did not start to town until about 11 o'clock, and when they reached the usually small branch just back of Mr. Sandy White's, they then realized how terrific the surging little stream was. As they descended into the water, the buggy turned over, throwing them both out and washed the buggy and horse down stream about thirty-five or forty feet.

The unfortunate men swam to shore and gave the alarm and in a short while, Mr. Frank Boat arrived with a lantern. Owing to the intense darkness, it was some time before the horse could be found. After finding the buggy the horse was unhitched and taken out, leaving the buggy and horse to the mercy of the stream. The horse was pretty badly hurt, having somehow ran a stub into his side. It will not result seriously though. Messrs Johnson and Duval being a little damp and stiff, in order to get proper exercise, walked to town, reaching home about 3 o'clock this (Saturday) morning.

It was indeed a very unfortunate occurrence, but it might have been worse.

Mrs. Cleveland to Christen the St. Louis.

Washington, Nov. 3.—Mrs. Cleveland has accepted the invitation to christen the American Lane steamer St. Louis, which will be launched at Philadelphia on Monday, November 12th. The President will not attend the ceremony, but Mrs. Cleveland will leave Washington on a special train Monday morning, accompanied by a party of her own selection, including the wives and daughters of the cabinet officers and a number of personal friends, returning to Washington the same afternoon.

DREYFUS WILL BESHOT.

That Deserved Fate is in Reserve for The Treacherous French Captains.

Paris, Nov. 1.—A special cabinet council was held today to consider the case of Captain Albert Dreyfus, who is now under arrest and confined in the military prison on a charge of high treason in having sold information in regard to the plans of the frontier fortification to the agents of the Italian government and also divulged the plans for mobilizing the French army in the event of war. It is the general opinion that Captain Dreyfus will be shot after the formalities of a court martial has been gone through with.

It is also charged that he has sold to foreign agents information similar to that supplied to the Italian government, and, further that he has given to Austria and Germany the names of all the French officers who have lately been sent abroad on secret missions.

Dr. Pritchard Encouraged.

Rev. Dr. Pritchard held services nightly in Concord last week. He came away feeling a little discouraged. Not that there was a lack of interest or small congregations for the church was filled at each service but few came out boldly for Christ, and His cause. Yesterday the doctor received a letter from the pastor in Concord telling him of a number of additions to the church Sunday, of many reclamations, and of a general spiritual awakening.—Charlotte Observer.

Unless the Weather Changes Buck Won't Go It.

Capt. Kitchen said at Monroe on the 9th of October that it would have to be snowing in hell when he voted for Faircloth and Furches. As the weather continues moderate and the rain is no immediate prospect of a snowfall in hell or elsewhere next Tuesday, it appears as if the non partisan judicial ticket will have to get elected without the vote of the esteemed Kitchen.—Statesville Landmark.

The Betting Stalls Favors Morton and Strong.

New York, Nov. 2.—Betting on the State and city results continue to favor Morton and Strong. On the stock exchange \$500 to \$345 was wagered today that Strong would be elected mayor, and as much more was offered without finding takers. One bet of \$1,000 to \$400 was made on Morton for Governor, which is an increase of odds as they have heretofore been conceded by the backers of the Republican nominee.

A Buggy Turned Over.

Thursday evening as Mr. Will Morris and wife were returning from town homeward they came near meeting with a serious accident. They were on the fill in the new cut road just back of the Fenix flour mills. The off horse shied at something pushing the other one into the ditch. After pushing its companion into the ditch it fell in upon him. Mrs. Morris was thrown out on the two horses and the buggy turned over on her. It was, indeed, not an enviable position for a man, saying nothing of a lady. Mrs. Morris escaped however, with a few slight bruises about the face and body. Mr. Morris did not fall in the wreck as it were.

Theology and Syntax.

The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst says: "I am so much of Presbyterian that I believe it is written down in destiny that victory is to transpire."

If this be true, it is not only written down in destiny, but in extremely bad English.

Speaking at No. 6.

At Rimer's Friday night a torch light procession and a grand Democratic rally took place in which about 200 or 300 hundred people took part, a great many going from town. Speeches were made by Hon. W. G. Means, H. S. Puryear and Col. Paul B. Means. Citizens in that section of the county are all Democratic and enthusiasm Friday night ran high.

Yes, We are Seniors.

Mr. Sims, in a circular under the caption "A Campaign Fact" has the following to say about the Daily Standard: "P. S.—The Daily Standard is very much alarmed lest some one votes for me not knowing it. Those tickets are already in the hands of my friends and you will not find them among the other tickets on the day of election. JOHN A. SIMS." Did you notice that he says "they will not be found with the other tickets on the day of election?" Most any intelligent man would know that, especially when the count comes out.

KORNER WRITES.

We are sure of success and victory. Trauagiving turkeys are in the market.

This November wind is cutting. Look out for sore lips. Korner comes today and tells of the spirits and witches that are close to the city.

Our devil chased himself around a block this morning after a rabbit.

Your attention is called to the new advertisement of Ludden & Bates.

It was suggestive of the good things past—peaches in town Friday.

The political situation all over the State is in favor of Democratic victory, far surpassing that of two years ago.

A liberated Mollie Cotton Tail afforded amusement for some time for the small boys and a dozen dogs this (Saturday) morning.

Workmen on the addition to the Cabarrus cotton mills have begun on the second story of the building. It will be complete January 1.

Two thousand dollars in silver coin was placed in the National Bank today. It was an immense pile.

An immense lot of cotton was in town today. Trade this fall is good and the merchants who advertise in the Standard receive a good portion.

We will have in our weekly edition this week a half-page advertisement for the Lows Co. This firm believes in judicious advertising, therefore they are prospering.

Salisbury's musical circles have in their possession the books preparing to render to their citizens "The Merry Milkmaids." We wish them success.

Mrs. Dr. H. N. Wells, of Clyde, Haywood county, is visiting at her father's, Mr. W. A. Smith. Her many friends here are delighted to see her.

The Friday night mail must have been put into Buffalo Creek, or else the car leaked.

Your attention is called to the advertisement of Drown & Kimmons, new dealers in coal. If you want to get figures call at John A. Kimmons' store.

The sidewalk in front of the First Presbyterian church was used Sunday by the workmen and houses, as the street was blocked by the refuse being moved from Dr. Lilly's to Spring street.

Dr. J. E. Cartland is moving from Spritz street to the home recently vacated by Mr. Hoover, on Plank street. Mr. E. H. Hall will move into his house this week.

Mr. Sam White, who has been clerk at the St. Cloud Hotel for some time, has resigned and will be succeeded by Mr. T. G. Furr, of Edmiston, son of Mr. Sam Furr.

Twenty boys celebrating Halloween baited in front of Mr. Haywood's home, in Independence, Kansas, at midnight. Haywood raised a window and fired both barrels of a shot gun into the crowd. Five boys were dangerously wounded.

Master Willie Wileford, son of our townsman John Wileford, brought to our office two nice June apples. This is the third crop this year, each of which was small. We appreciate the gift and enjoy the delicious flavor of this delicate fruit.

A certain colored man, who was early in favor of the fusion trick of the Republic-as, since hearing that Hon. Buck Kitchen had withdrawn from the Populists and gone back to the Democrats, said: "I hadn't gwine ter vote de fusion ticket. I's gwine ter vote fer Mr. Morrison and John Cline, shore."

Mr. H. G. Ritz returned today from the Burlington Fair. Mr. Ritz says the Fair was a success in every particular. He also stated that there were more fakirs attending that exhibition than at any small place he has ever been. The boss "hooodoo" games was arrested Friday night and put in jail, in default of \$2,000 bond.

Mr. Borders Dead.

Mr. John P. Borders, of Shelby, who lived in our little city for several months and who made for himself many friends, died suddenly on the streets of Shelby Saturday night, the cause supposed to have been heart trouble. Mr. Borders was in the best of health when he left Concord only a few days since, and the news of his sudden death was a shock to his many friends here.

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Serenity of the clouds and darkness, On the frost and early snow, When the summer blooms have faded, The beautiful Christmas flowers blow, All through the budding spring time, All through the summer's heat, All through the autumn's glory, They lift their blossoms sweet, But when the earth is lonely, And the bitter north winds blow, With a smile of cheer for the dear old year, The Christmas blossoms blow. Sweet as a dream of summer, White as the drifting snow, When our hearts are filled with grieving, The beautiful Christmas flowers blow, Not all the south winds blowing, Opens their secret heart; Gentle they grow and steady, Guarding their life away, But when the earth is dreary, And the heavy clouds hang low, With their tender cheer for the wayfarer, The Christmas blossoms blow. Sweetest of all flowers, Fairest of flowers that grow, When hopes and flowers have faded, The beautiful Christmas flowers blow, Bright in the cottage window, Sweet in the darkness of the night, Fair in the starlight, Cheering the dusky gloom, Oh, when our hearts are lonely, And the winds of care hang low, With a blessed cheer for the dear year, The Christmas blossoms blow. —Boston Herald.

MODIFIED PRESCRIPTION.

A Remedy only Good for Patients Who are Upholsters. Mr. O'Connell, in his book, "The Sufferer and His People," says that a Turkish physician was called to visit a man who was very ill of typhus fever. The doctor considered the case hopeless, but prescribed for the patient and took his leave. The next day, in passing by, he inquired of a servant at the door if his master was dead. "Dead!" was the reply; "no, he is much better."

The doctor hastened upstairs to obtain the solution of the miracle. "Why," said the convalescent, "I was consumed with thirst, and I drank a full glass of the juice of pickled cabbage juice."

"Wonderful!" quoth the doctor; and out came the tablets, on which he made this inscription: "Curse of typhus fever, Mohamed Argha, an upholsterer, by drinking a full glass of pickled cabbage juice."

Soon after the doctor was called to another patient, a young girl, who was suffering from typhus fever. Her father prescribed "a full glass of pickled cabbage juice." On calling the next day to congratulate his patient on his recovery, he was astonished to be told that the man was dead. In his haste to attend to another case, he forgot to come to the safe conclusion, and did not note it in his memorandum. "Although in cases of typhus fever pickled cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it is not to be used unless the patient be by profession an upholsterer."

ADRIFT ON THE OCEAN.

The Remarkable Voyage of a Deserted Schooner. Some of the copies of the ocean are inexhaustible. March 21, 1891, an American three-masted schooner, the Wager G. Sargent, of Sedroviell, Me., was abandoned by her crew off Cape Horn, a hopeless wreck. But the deserted vessel did not break up or founder. On the contrary, she hung together with amazing tenacity, and from that day to this has been floating aimlessly about in the path of commerce between our ports and Europe. She has been sighted and reported during these twenty-one months by twenty-five different vessels—to say nothing of those which passed perilously near her in the night or foggy weather. She was last seen a few days ago by a British steamer, who drifted miles due east of Bermuda. The dismantled hull was still in good condition. The name on her stern was distinctly visible and a rusty anchor dangled from the bow. During the year and a half months that this most helpless and rudderless craft has been drifting hither and thither, the sport of the elements, scores of strong ships, well manned and well found, have succumbed to the fury of the winds and waves, some of them not leaving a soul to tell their story, while a deserted craft, without a rag of canvas, has come safely through hurricane and cyclone without number to a deadly encyclopaedia in the path of navigation.

The fixed stars are of all colors.

The fixed stars are of all colors, violet, blue, green and red predominating.

The strongest telescopes [bring the moon to an apparent distance of 100 miles.

To the naked eye 3,000 stars are visible; the best telescopes show 5,600,000.

Apple Snow.

Put six large apples, with out paring, into cold water. Stew slowly, then strain through a sieve. Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth, and add a cup of sugar. When well mixed add the apple, beat until white as snow. Make a boiled custard of the yolks and two whole ones, and a quart of milk, sweetened and flavored. Pour around.

Little Maids of Honor.

Many brides prefer to be attended to the altar by sweet little children, and there is always a demand for original ideas for costume for these tiny maids of honor. At a recent fashionable wedding, the little bridesmaid was dressed like a tiny Priscilla, wearing a quaint gown of yellow brocade, silk mull, made with a gimp, and full, ruffled sleeves of white silk mull. Instead of a hat, white Puritan hood of yellow velvet with a white border. She carried a hanging bouquet of yellow and white roses tied with broad yellow satin ribbon, and the cunning little creature received quite as much admiration as the bride herself.

Keeping It Up.

"I'm afraid they've got me," said the nervous candidate. "Don't give up yet," whispered the election manager, "that feller you started only this mornin' is still votin'!"

Charley Means gave us a ball gown pear Sunday.

Tripe pear was the product of a second crop of blooms in '94.

DEMOCRATS CONFIDENT.

A Standard reporter went over the city this morning to get the opinions of her citizens as to the result of the county ticket and as a result we find that the Democrats are fully confident of victory.

WE ARE THE WINDMILL 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 determining the height of men at different periods, has reached some wonderful results.

A Frenchman is naturally an artist, even in figures. A German might content himself with a dry, unemotional compilation; but this artist carries his statistics into the realm of history and of poetry, and even of prophecy. He has not only solved some perplexing problems in regard to the past of the human race, but also is enabled to calculate its future, and to determine the exact period when man will disappear from the earth.

The recorded facts extend over nearly three centuries. It is found that 1610 the average height of men was 5 feet 7 inches, or say 5 feet 6 inches. In 1700 it was 5 feet 5 inches and a fraction.

At the present time it is 5 feet 3 3/4 inches.

It is easy to deduce from these figures a rate of regular and gradual decline in human stature, and then apply this, working backwards and forwards, to the past and to the future. By this calculation it is determined that the stature of the first man attained the surprising average of 10 feet 9 inches.

The race had already deteriorated in the days of Og, while Goliah was a quite degenerate offspring of the giants. Coming down to later times we find that at the beginning of our era the average height of man was 9 feet, and in the time of Charlemagne it was 8 feet 8 inches, a fact quite sufficient to account for the heroic deeds of the Paladins. But the most astonishing result of this scientific study comes from the application of the same inexorable law of diminution to the future.

The calculation shows that by the year 4,000 A. D. the stature of the average man will be reduced to fifteen inches. At that epoch there will be only Lilliputians.

Do You Know.

Do you know that you can drive nails into hard wood without bending them if you dip them first in lard?

That a lump of soap in your clothes-draw will keep them clean from tarnishing?

That stale bread will clean kid gloves?

That bread crumbs cleanse silk gowns?

That milk, applied once a week with a soft cloth, freshens and preserves boots and shoes?

That gloves can be cleaned at home by rubbing with gasoline?

That weak spots in a black silk waist may be strengthened by "stinking" counterpane under.

That tooth powder is an excellent cleanser for fine filigree jewelry?

That a little vasoline, rubbed in once a day, will keep the hands from chapping.

grammes' hairs in Fashion Again.

The smartest thing to do with the muff is to wear it hung round the neck suspended by a long, slender gold or silver chain. Those yards of chain attached to which our mothers and grandmothers were wont to wear their watches, when a watch was regarded as quite a possession in the way of jewelry, can be prettily utilized in this way.

It seems at last an accomplished fact that muffs are large enough to stow away one's hands in. We have been promised them of a sensible size for several winters, but now at last they are adopted, and the silly little things into which we could only thrust our fingers are out of date.

To be smart one must have a real, cozy "granny" muff. The prettiest are of sable, lined with rich, handsome brocade and perforated. They are so dainty, so warm, so costly looking that they have an air of distinction all to themselves apart from the general effect of their owner's toilet.

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

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

DEMOCRATS CONFIDENT.

A Standard reporter went over the city this morning to get the opinions of her citizens as to the result of the county ticket and as a result we find that the Democrats are fully confident of victory.

The opinion of probably two hundred men, from all parts of the county, is that the Democratic majority over the Populist will not be less than 700. This was the general expression of the Democrats.

We tackled a number of Populists and all that gave an opinion, gave the Democrats from 300 to 500 majority in the county. We except one Populist, who claims the majority for them from 600 to 1,000 in the county—he, of course, would not give in, being a poor, deluded candidate.

CONCORD PROUD

Of Her Musical Talent, Her Pretty Girls and the Large Audiences They Attract.

Friday night the Concord cornet band assembled on the square and dispensed with sweet music to beguile with, which was a signal of what would take place in Armory Hall, the repetition of that beautiful opera, "The Merry Milkmaids."

At 8 o'clock the curtain was drawn and the audience was greeted with a chorus of a steam-female voices. This was indeed a pretty picture and such sweet, charming music has seldom been heard in our little city.

The following is the cast, and each one did his or her part exceedingly well.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Judge | R. L. Keesler |
| Farmer Jim | H. M. Barrow |
| Farmer Joe | A. E. Lenz |
| Dr. Richter | J. K. Smith |
| Comedienne | H. P. Deane |
| Queen of Milkmaids | Miss Fannet Derby |
| Miss Addie | Miss Addie |
| Miss W. | Miss W. |
| Miss Lillie | Miss Lillie |
| Miss Alice | Miss Alice |
| Mrs. L. D. Coltrane | Mrs. L. D. Coltrane |

Misses Jannette and Selie Erwin, Emily Gibson, Katie Bell and Pauline Means, Lillie Hill, Lida White, Corinah Harris, Messrs J. R. Young, W. M. Stuart, J. R. Bell, Harry White, Ed. Moss, R. P. Benson, A. B. Correll, E. P. Hill.

Miss Fannie Rogers, as Queen and Miss Addie Patterson, as Dorothy, eventually the bride, and Mr. Barrow the groom, were the stars of the entertainment, and each one won the hearts of the entire audience.

Every part of the programme was carried out in an superb manner, and so much cannot be said in praise of Concord's talent.

We regret very much that we cannot say more about the rendition last night, but space is just now denied us.

Long live the Dairy maids and Farmer boys, as well as the Judge, Doctor and Comedienne.

The entertainment last night was a great success in every way. The "Maids" were happy and the audience most appreciative. The proceeds in all amounted to about \$27.25.

Some of our most prominent men have expressed the wish that the company would go to Salisbury, as it is such a credit to our town, and they want others to see what we can do with our home talent.

Caldwell and Daniels.

Campbell Caldwell and Joseph Daniels, were two of the prominent orators we have had with us during the campaign, each of whom made good their short time with us Saturday night. Mr. Caldwell spoke for fully two hours to a whopping big crowd, followed by J. Daniels, who made an able take on the National issues. Both men are a credit to the Democratic party. Mr. Caldwell is expected here tonight to speak at Forest Hill.

"Jingle is running through with his fortune."

"Spending it recklessly!"

"Great Scott, yes; he's done nothing but pay up honest debts for the last six months."—Chicago.

Glad of the Czar's Death.

The President of the Polish Alliance Counts It a Gain for Liberty.

Chicago, Nov. 2.—S. F. Adela Satalacki, president of the Polish National Alliance of America, and the People's party nominee in the ninth senatorial district, who, as president of the Alliance, represents about 280 Socialists in the United States, referred to the death of the Czar as a relief to the people of Russia and Poland especially, and to humanity in general. He considered that now is an opportune time for the new ruler of Russia to turn aside the hatred of millions of Russians and Poles by liberating the unfortunate victims of political oppression from their living tombs in Siberia. It may not be Christian-like, he said, to gloat over the death of any one, but millions of men can not help rejoicing at the death of this despot. As one who was the cause of sending thousands of human beings to a fate worse than death, in that hell upon earth, Siberia, every lover of freedom all the world over, must rejoice. It may be that his death means only a change from one despot to another, but every such change must be in the direction of loosening the chains that our so heavily on the people.

Mr. Linton: The state of affairs which confronts us emphasizes the necessity for the triumph of Democratic principles. The discontent which prevails is a natural result of corrupt Republicanism. Enlightened American citizens, sober thinking patriots, for Democratic policy, for the sake of prosperity, North and South, Democratic State and Union, have been everlastingly snowed under.

How is This?

When Mr. Hileman was intrusted with the administration of county affairs it was necessary to purchase some lumber. Mr. Hileman as committee of one bought said lumber from Messrs J. J. Barringer and Joe Safrir for \$1.09 per hundred and billed it to the county as furnished by himself, charging \$1.25 per hundred. Sing brethren:

"Oh, how I love hoodle
"Oh, how I love hoodle
The dear people's cash."

Here something more difficult than Desarte in learning how to turn a pancake just right.—Atchison Globe.

Prof. L. D. Edwards, of Preston, Idaho, says: "I was all run down, weak, nervous and irritable through overwork. I suffered from brain fatigue, mental depression, etc. I became so weak and nervous that I could not sleep. I would arise tired, discouraged and blue. I began to

Dr. Miles' Nerve and now everything is all right. I sleep soundly and my appetite is all right."

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