

Daily Concord Standard.

Vol. XII.—No. 17.

CONCORD, N. C., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1895.

WHOLE NO. 1,355



IN GRAND DISPLAY.

Everything ornamental and serviceable. Besides an elegant line of finger rings, ear drops, brooches, bar pins, stick pins, belt buckles and

SIDECOMBS

we have a large assortment of gold pens. See them at once.

We have everything in the silverware line you want.

A. J. & J. F. YORKE.

Corrells Jewelry Store.

Concord Souvenir spoons with picture of Confederate Monument.

Corrells Jewelry Store.

We Will Give You

\$100

If you find any thing in this that is not exactly right

CANNONS & FETZER.

TO-DAY

We sell Men's all wool Cassimere suits at \$3.00.
Men's Black Wool Cheviot suits at 3.00.
Men's Gray Melton suits at 2.00.
Men's Black Cheviot suits 2.99.
Men's Odd Coats 75 cents.
Men's Odd Coats 50 and 75 cents.
Men's Black Worsted suits for 3.50.
Men's Fancy Melton suits 3.50.

MEN'S FINE CLAY WORSTED SUITS.

Guaranteed all wool \$5.50. Cutaways and Sacks. These are the kind that some merchants price \$12.50.

A Magnificent Line

Of very Fine Clay Worsted Cutaways of Schloss Bros. make at \$10. These would be priced \$25 by people who pretend to save you 25 percent. If you want any clothing at all, it will pay you to see us.

Here are some good reasons why it will pay you to trade with us:

- 1st. We buy our goods in large lots and buy them low.
- 2nd. We put the lowest possible price on them. We don't try to make you think they are worth more by pricing them at doubts what they are worth.
- 3rd. We do exactly what we say we will do. We are here today and expect to be here as long as we live.
- 4th. We will sell you goods that will please you.
- 5th. We will give your money back if goods don't suit you.
- 6th. You run no risk in trading with us. We guarantee the price on everything we sell. Shoes hats and all kind of Finishing Goods.

Cannons & Fetzer

"WOMAN OR MAN—WHICH?"

A Symposium by Prominent People—One Well Known To Concord—A Novel Thing Precipitated by the (N. Y.) Advertiser.

The New York Advertiser addressed many people this question: "Woman or Man—Which?" It prints three columns of replies. Among the correspondents are men and women.

Over the columns, containing the symposium, are cuts of four individuals—a dude, a dandy, a dudine in bloomers and an old-time dressed man.

THE STANDARD clips several of the shorter replies to the Advertiser's question, among them that of Miss Julia Magruder:

Has an Ideal.

In the first place I never wanted to be a man. So far as I am personally concerned I get a great deal more out of life by being a woman. I have received universally good usage from men. But, if I were a man, I would like to be and do exactly like the nicest man I know.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
Exemplary Satisfaction.

I can only say that I am perfectly content to remain what God made me.

LAURENCE HUTTON.
"A Bird in the Hand."

I really don't know which sex I should prefer to be a member of. I don't believe it is possible to see the matter from the outside. As I am a woman, I feel that I would "rather bear the ills and joys I know than fly to others that I know not of," and if I were a man I imagine I should feel the same.

JULIA MAGRUDER.
Doesn't Want to Change.

"Would you prefer to be a woman? Would you prefer to be a man?" Notwithstanding my increasing admiration for the first mentioned party, I should like to continue to be the second.

CHARLES KING.
The Idea is Inconceivable.

No, I don't think I would prefer to be a woman, as I know that at my present age I should be very awkward as a shirt-wearer. Besides, my mustache and grizzled beard wouldn't look well on a feminine face. Then, too, a six-foot woman isn't usually charming.

THOMAS W. KNOX.
Why Not?

You could not hire me to be a woman. Merrily yours,
MARSHALL P. WILDER.

ELL PERKINS, Would Be a Woman.

Do you ask why I should like to be a woman?

It is because I could make some noble man happy. I would be a ministering "angel."

How? you ask.

Well, when I heard of a good-for-nothing fellow, dissipated and without sense or character enough to make a living, I'd marry him, take him home to father, support him, and make my angel happy.

When my darling husband neglected me, and flirted with all the girls in town, gambled and always dined at the club, I would look happy, and, when he staggered home, I'd greet my beloved with a kiss.

I would always give my husband liberty and love. When, after a week's debauch, he came home I'd wipe his dear, bleared eyes, put my arm around him, and after our tears had dropped over into the cradle and

pattered down on the baby's face I'd take him in the arms of love and leave him at the Kesty cure.

After I had nursed my noble husband through a spell of sickness, and I looked languid and worn with anxiety, I would smile when he told me I had grown plain looking. Then when the noble fellow scolded me and made love to the maid, I'd put my arms around his neck and kiss him through my tears.

Then when my darling came home drunk once or twice a week and emptied the coal skuttle into the piano and poured the kerosene lamp over my Saratoga clothes and into the baby's cradle, and then twitted me about the high (hic) social position of his own (hic) family—why, then, I'd smile and try to make him happy.

When weary and sick and heart-broken, I would not ask for a separation. When he finally got a divorce himself, denied the paternity of our own children, and sent me back in sorrow to my father, I'd creep up to him and put my arms around his neck and try and make him happy.

After my darling had used my last money in dissipation, and brought my father's gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave, I would pray for him and ask God to bring joy to his noble heart.

When I was utterly crushed in spirit, tried in the crucible of adversity, and the news came that my idol had died with the delirium tremens, I would go into mourning, and, with my last money, build a monument to the sweet angel who had crushed my bleeding heart.

ELL PERKINS.

Indicates Shortness.

To see the great mass of freight piled up in the warehouse at the depot and twenty-five or thirty cars sidetracked, containing nothing but merchandise for this city, would impress one with an idea that the amount of business done here is considerable. Twenty car loads of freight were sidetracked Monday night for this place, which is an indication of thriftiness and expectations of a better trade and more money. All commercial men are in high spirits.

Disastrous Storm.

Monday night's storm was a disastrous one in the west and north-west. Trains were wrecked, houses demolished and many lives were lost. Telegraph lines are prostrate west of Pennsylvania and the Mississippi river, and what little news can be obtained is very discouraging.

A Farm House Burned.

A tenant house on the farm of Mr. Elam Cochran, near Harrisburg, occupied by Mr. Thornburg, was burned yesterday. Mr. Thornburg and all of his family, except a son who was left at home, were at church, at the time of the fire, but neighbors saved nearly all the household goods. The fire was accidental, having caught from the chimney.—Charlotte News.

Bushlen's Arnica Salve.

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

THE COLONEL PASSES OVER.

Mr. J. W. Long, of Concord, Dies After a Short Illness.

Col. Jim Long, of Concord, is dead. The simple announcement was made in Saturday's CONCORD STANDARD and when we read it, it was with a feeling of genuine regret. Our acquaintance with the Colonel dates back to the palmy days of '87 when he legislated for Cabarrus and the writer was a page in the house. He was a legislator by accident. His election was one of the revolutions of chance in which the lucky pivot pointed his way. But it's not of his public services we wish to speak.

There is no glory in ironizing a dead man's deeds. Having had occasion to render the Colonel numerous services we became interested in the man; his humorous tales and blunt manner of speaking were equally interesting and ludicrous.

As we recall the various experiences through which the Colonel passed as a law maker, a speech which he delivered towards the close of the session overshadows them all.

The Colonel had introduced a bill to provide for a State examiner of whiskey who should testify to its purity. He was a great lover of pure whiskey and contended that only the adulterated article injured the drinker. Well, the Colonel's bill had been made a special order for 8 o'clock at night and he was in a quiver early that morning. All during the day he exhibited signs of the great nervous strain that was weighing on his mind.

Promptly at seven o'clock of the eventful night he ascended the capitol steps, dressed in the perfection of his wardrobe, with the straggling remnants of a few gray locks stealing from under his hat over his forehead.

He had donned a stand-up collar and wore a black tie.

His shoes sparkled and glittered as the result of the bootblack's well earned nickel.

His face was beaming and his knees making rapid backward and forward movements.

The Colonel was going to make a speech.

Promptly at eight the bill was called up and the clerk had barely finished reading it when up jumped the old gentleman.

"Mr. Speaker," he shouted, and as he spoke his whole frame was quivering with excitement attendant upon his first oratorical effort in the House of Commons. "Look at them women in the gallery," and he pointed to where Raleigh's elite was seated. "If you'd give the men good whiskey there wouldn't be so many old maids up there." There was a moment's silence, not a sound was heard as the Colonel stood there with his finger pointed at Raleigh's prettiest girls, just designated by him as old maids. For fully a half a minute he stood thus and mopping the perspiration from his brow sank exhausted, from the effort, into his seat. Then a mighty shout arose and the members crowded around the Colonel and showered him with congratulations. A vote was taken and his bill was beaten. But he had made a great hit.

The last time we saw the old man was one summer three years ago. We had business in Concord and after attending to it called around at his humble home. The front door

was standing wide open and he sat near the door in his shirt sleeves reading his bible. He talked and laughed over his experiences in Raleigh, occasionally throwing in an emphatic expression, explaining that it was not at variance with the "good book." I left him promising to come around the next time I came to Concord.

But this next time never came for the poor old Colonel. And we would feel that poor indeed is the gift of human friendship should we neglect to pay this little tribute, perhaps more lasting than the withered flowers that rest and fade upon his humble grave, beside his memory and tell ourself though humble as he was the same affection that finds way in the hearts of the forlorn dwelt in this old man's breast, and the same God that deals with Kings had stopped the tide of his life and taken his soul to the bar of judgment.

The Colonel is dead.
Peace to his ashes.—John M Julian in the Salisbury World.

Professional Cards

L. M. ARGHEY, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
Concord, N. C.

OFFICE: ST. CLOUD ANNEX

JNO. R. ERWIN, C. A. MISENHEIMER
ERWIN & MISENHEIMER

Physicians and Surgeons
Office No. 3. Harris building, composite 2nd Presbyterian church
Charlotte, N. C.

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When in need of Fire Insurance, call and see us, or write. We represent only first-class Home and Foreign companies.
Respectfully,
WOODHOUSE & HARRIS.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
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