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FORT HATFIELD FALLEN.

Noted Kentucky and Virginia Outlaws No Longer Live.

Fort Hatfield has fallen! Thrilling tidings as this may be for the residents within a few hundred miles of West Virginia territory, long terrorized by the most notorious gang of criminals in that district, the world in general will wonder what this means. "Old Devil Anse" Hatfield is the leader of the famous family which for generations has been at feud with the McCoy's, another fighting clan across the border in Kentucky. For years the vendetta has raged, with annually some out break, till now the very name of Hatfield is a synonym for outlawry and to be a McCoy is equivalent to vengeance.

How far back the feud runs is not definitely known, but a score of the mounteering people have met violent deaths—some by shooting, some by stabs, blows and whippings, and still others (women) have died of broken hearts. It was in 1880 that the family became notorious as in deadly hatred, Randall McCoy being at the head of the Kentucky clan; Anderson, or "Anse" Hatfield, the chief of the West Virginia contingency. The two men were very powerful among the mountain people. They had adherents who urged them on to any atrocity. In 1882 Talbot McCoy and Ellison Hatfield had a duel, in which Ellison was killed, not by Talbot, but by Farmer McCoy, his brother. The Hatfields captured the three McCoy's—Talbot, Randall and Farmer—and slaughtered them all. Jefferson McCoy, was afterwards trapped by "Anse" and shot while escaping. The State authorities now took a hand.

Big rewards were offered for the Hatfields, dead or alive, and Sheriff Frank Phillips, with a band, including some of the McCoy faction, went on the war-path. Murders were rife now on both sides, whippings to death of women and threats on both sides to clean out the enemy. In 1895, at an election at Matewan, Phillips was shot dead by old "Cap" Hatfield, and Rutherford McCoy followed. The Hatfields and McCoy's grew scarce, and it looked as if, should the law delay much longer, both families would be extinct.

In the spring of 1897 the feud appeared to be dead and buried, when "Princess" Mary McCoy married Aaron Hatfield. A good deal of fellowship was sworn and much moonshine whiskey disposed of, but the truce was only temporary. The vendetta broke out afresh, the Hatfields took to arguing with bullets and the McCoy's moved the State authorities of Kentucky to combine with those of West Virginia to capture and deal justly with the whole Hatfield gang. "Devil Anse" at once barricaded his house, which became a fort, and held besieging armies at bay till Monday of last week. It was then that Sheriff Henderson of Logan county, ten deputies, together with Deputies Peck and Klug of Williamson all armed to the teeth, advanced and as-

saulted the Hatfield fort, some thirty miles east of Wharncliffe, in the heart of the Blue Ridge.

The serprise was complete, and "Devil Anse" and "Bob" Hatfield and John Dingass, an adherent, were captured. As the Hatfields had sworn never to be taken alive the news had spread consternation throughout the mountain country. "Tom" and "Bill" Hatfield had already been betrayed into the hands of the authorities and kidnaped into Kentucky. "Cap" is still at large, but the authorities think they will soon have him behind the bars, and with the leaders of the Hatfield gang hanging side by side on the gallows, law and order will once more be restored in the valleys of the Blue Ridge. —Charlotte News.

ROBT. HODSON DEAD.

For a Long While He Has Been In Bad Health—A Wife and Two Children Left Behind.

For quite a long while Mr. Robt. J Hodson, who lived at Forest Hill has been in very bad health and has been unfit for life's toils. Gradually the disease, consumption, has been taking his life away and at a few minutes before 9 o'clock today (Thursday) the death summons came.

Mr. Hodson, several years ago, married Miss Ida Misenheimer, and now leaves behind his loving wife and two children. Mr. Hodson came here from Worthville, N. C. and was an experienced cotton mill operative until his health declined. For several weeks his mother has been at his bedside. He was a man of character and has numbers of friends here.

The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon at the home at 2:30 o'clock by Rev. J D Arnold.

The Cook—Moore Wedding.

On Wednesday night at Miss Moore's home, Mr. Herbert Cook and Miss Daisy Moore, both of Forest Hill, were married by Rev. J D Arnold. It was a nice home wedding, only a few invited friends being present. A number of beautiful presents were given by friends. Both of these parties are well known at Forest Hill and are two of its most popular young folks. The bride and groom left today (Thursday) for Salisbury where they spend several days with Mr. Cook's parents.

Guilty as to Falsehood.

The committee to investigate charges against Rev. J W Lee as already stated found the charge of crime with the young lady in question not sustained, but the charge of falsehood in representing her as his daughter was sustained and he stands temporarily suspended from the ministry, till the next meeting of conference. He has made the explanation that he habitually addresses young lady parishioners that way but the committee seemed to view the matter in a decidedly serious light.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet

HIS LIFE ENDANGERED.

A White Fellow While Intoxicated Draws a Pistol on Jim Boger and Threatens to End His Life—A Pistol Found in Jim Boger's Pocket—Town and State Cases.

On the southbound local passenger train Wednesday night between Salisbury and China Grove trouble arose between Jim Boger, a colored man of this place, and two white fellows, Jesse Williams and Dick Basinger, of Rowan county.

The white fellows were intoxicated and were quarreling with Jim Boger. After a few words Basinger pulled out his pistol and pointed it towards Jim Boger threatening to kill him. He did this two or three times. Basinger's partner, Jesse Williams, would succeed in persuading Basinger to put his pistol back in his pocket.

After this trouble arose, Policeman Cruse, who was on the train at the time, arrested the three. After arresting Jim Boger and searching him, a pistol was found in his hip pocket. The two white fellows were also arrested, but the pistol was found in Williams pocket, instead of in Basinger's pocket. Witnesses saw them making motions supposed to have been their exchanging of the pistol from one pocket to the other.

When the train arrived here the three were taken off. Basinger and Williams were tried before Mayor Means for being drunk in the town. This was the only part of the cases in which he had jurisdiction. Basinger was fined ten dollars and the costs, and Williams one dollar and the costs. They paid their fines and costs at once.

The State cases were tried before Esq. C A Pitts. Jim Boger and Jesse Williams were bound over to court on \$50 bonds for their appearance at the coming term of court. Dick Basinger was also bound over to court on a bond of the same amount for an assault with a deadly weapon.

Gayety In New York Harbor.

New York Harbor was a scene of military pomp, regulation observances and social greeting Wednesday. Rear Admiral Howison, commander of the South Atlantic squadron, came in expecting to be on hand when Dewey came. He outranks Sampson and his flagship, Chicago, took its proper place while his ranking flag was run up and Sampson's was run down.

Amid all the joy and glee the marines broke over the regulations and cheered lustily. Many on the Olympia met their wives, sweethearts and friends for the first time in twenty three months.

The officials observed the regulation greeting. Admiral Dewey officially notified Mayor Vanwyche of his presence.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

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10c. SOCKS.

10c.

10 Cent

10c.

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10c.

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