

THE STANDARD.

Table with 2 columns: Rates of Advertising, Price. Includes rates for one square, one month, one square, two months, one square, three months, one square, six months, one square, one year.

LOW PRICES.

THE FALL TRADE

Will soon open, and R. A. BROWN, as usual, is fully prepared to sell every thing in the line of

Dry Goods, Groceries,

General Merchandise

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

He is now receiving a Full Stock of Fall and Winter Goods such as the people need and will have. He will not be undersold, and takes for his motto LOW PRICES. His line of Dry Goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes are no Shoddy Articles or second hand purchases, but the Price will raise a regular RACKET in the Market.

GROCERIES

of the very best quality for every customer. The very best grades of

FLOUR A SPECIALTY,

and always in Stock. Be sure to call on him if you want Bargains. Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods, at Cash Prices. Do not sell before you see him. And now thanking you for the very liberal patronage so freely bestowed heretofore, and asking a continuance of the same. I am Very Respectfully,

R. A. BROWN.

M. J. CORL'S



CONCORD, N. C.

I have moved into the stable lately occupied by Brown Bros., near the courthouse. The best accommodations for drovers. Leave your orders at the stable or with J. L. Brown Porter for omnibus. Horses and mules for sale.

M. J. CORL, Proprietor.

GREAT BARGAINS

In order to close out my stock of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, &c., I will offer great inducements to purchasers until the same is disposed of. Call and see me. I mean just what I say.

Mrs. J. M. CRSS.

NOTICE:

The undersigned having taken out letters of administration on the estate of Aaron Ritchie, dec'd., all persons who are indebted to said estate are hereby notified to come forward and settle, and all persons holding claims against the said estate will present them for payment within twelve months of this notice, or the same will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

S. M. RITCHIE and LUTHER RITCHIE, Admrs of Aaron Ritchie, dec'd. Aug. 24, 1888.

A. H. PROPST,

Architect and Contractor.

Plans and specifications of buildings made in any style. All contracts for buildings faithfully carried out. Office in C. ton's building, up stairs.

D. D. JOHNSON,

DRUGGIST,

CONCORD, N. C.

HAS ON HAND

A FULL LINE

OF

Pure, Fresh and Reliable

FRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINT AND OIL

Which he will sell to you at the lowest cash price.

COME, SEE AND BUY.

FUNITURE

CHEAP FOR CASH AT

M. E. CASTOR'S

FURNITURE STORE.

Room Suites, Bureaus,

Burial Cases, Caskets, &c.

HOWADE COFFINS, ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY.

I do not sell for cost, but for a small profit. Come and examine my line of goods. Old furniture repaired. M. E. CASTOR.

Sale of Land.

By authority vested in me as Commissioner, by a decree to sell land for partition, filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Cabarrus county, on the 16th day of August, 1888, in a Special Proceeding, wherein Paul Barnhardt and others are Plaintiffs and Paul Barnhardt, Guarlian, D. W. Ury, Guardian, and others are Defendants, I will, by public auction, at the Court House door in Concord, N. C., on Monday, the 1st day of October, 1888, a tract of land, known as the home place of Daniel Barnhardt, deceased, in No. 9 township, Cabarrus county, containing 200 acres; the description and boundaries whereof are fully set forth in a deed, for said tract of land, from Daniel Barnhardt to Eveline Barnhardt, recorded in Book No. 28 page 302, in the office of the Register of Deeds for Cabarrus county.

Terms of Sale:—One fourth of the purchase money in cash, balance payable twelve months after date of sale, secured by note, at eight percent interest, with good securities and title reserved till purchase money is paid in full. Title to this land is perfect. GEORGE L. PATTERSON, Commissioner August 16th., 1888.

CHAMPION MOWER REPAIRS.

I still keep on hand a stock of Champion Mower Repairs. My old customers will find me at the old stand, Allison's corner.

For Sale Cheap, A SECOND HAND OMNIBUS

with a capacity for two passengers, in good running order. Call at this office.

NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked on the ocean strand, A pearl shell was in my hand: I stoop'd and wrote upon the sand My name, the year, the day; As onward from the spot I passed, One lingering look behind I cast, A wave-came rolling high and fast, And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill quickly be With every mark on earth with me; A wave of dark oblivion's sea Will sweep across the place Where I have trod the sandy shore Of time, and been to be no more; Of me, my day, the name I bore, To leave no track or trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands, And holds the waters in his hands, I know a lasting record stands. Inscribed against my name; Of all this mortal part has wrought, Of all this thinking soul has thought, And from these fleeting moments caught, For glory or for shame!

THE LOVE LETTER.

It is as old as mankind, and should consequently not be ridiculed. Farm and Fireside. History is hazy concerning the writing of the first love letter; but inasmuch as love was included in the original outfit of the human family, it must have been talked in Eden, and inasmuch as writing is merely talking at long range, it follows—the conclusion we submit is inevitable—that love letters passed between the first pair of lovers who happened to be separated after the invention of writing. If Adam and Eve had known how to write and had known how much pleasure they could find in the new sensation, we have no doubt they would have parted from each other a few days just to indulge in epistolary communication. True, there was no general post-office, no fast mail, no carrier system, no green stamps in their time, but they might have left their letters, as millions of their descendants have done, in a hollow tree—an apple tree, for instance—or under some loose stone on the top of the garden wall. Since love letters are written by every one who can write at all, or has some congenial second self to write for them, why should their publication in courts or law or in the newspapers send a sneaker across the continent? Why do people, old and young, and of all sorts and conditions, rush in crowds to the courts and almost travel over each other's heads to hear love letters read and then go home and laugh at them as if they had found something unique in the way of fun? Why do grave men and sober women skip all the sensible reading in a newspaper if it happens to contain a love letter, and, having read that, laugh at it as if it was the latest and best of Gilbert's operative jokes? Ten to one if all the old trunks in all the old garrets were called to give up their treasures they would convict these grave men of just such "silliness," if they please to call it so, as that which excites their risibles. No man or woman was ever thoroughly in love—and not to have been there, we are informed, is to have missed some happiness, at least— who didn't say and do "silly" things. Why, then, does everybody feel such an irresistible inclination to poke fun at the manuscript love making of an unfortunate whose letters get into the courts and papers? Why ridicule an universal trait?

LOTS OF GREEN GIRLS.

The Young Wife Gets Nearly All the Best Recruits. Philadelphia Record. Good servant girls are becoming scarce, and this scarcity is especially felt in the outskirts of the city, where there is so much reluctance on the part of the servants to go. This reluctance arises from the location of the houses, and the fact that so many newly married couples, without household experience, live in them. Servant girls have an intense dislike for the outskirts of the city, and almost totally ostracize the region above Columbia avenue. They invariably prefer the central sections, and many old families on Walnut, Chestnut, Pine, Spruce and Arch streets have had in their employ for years domestics who never think of uttering a complaint. They are near their friends and close by their churches and societies. As a consequence, what good girls there are in the market generally seek this section. YOUNG WIVES GET THE GREEN GIRLS. The housekeepers in the central part of the city are generally older and more experienced than those in the outer and newer sections. Servants detest working for young housekeepers and the complaint is returned from the other side. Intelligence office agents say that by some unaccountable law of attraction and affinity new and inexperienced housewives generally get the poorest and dirtiest girls, and the young wives and raw servant girls keep up an incessant warfare, each complaining bitterly of the other, and with cause. The servants grow about the great distance from their friends, the quality of food given them, and of general poor treatment. They are compelled to spend a great amount of money for car fare if they wish to see their parents or friends in the city. It is also a well-known fact that young wives detest seeing the beaux of the servant girls come to their houses, and prohibit such visits with all the vehemence and energy of language common to newly married women during their early exposures in housekeeping. The young housewife is, however, detoured that those secret little love-talks of Bridget with her beau shall cease. Bridget soon finds that not enough bedclothes are put on the bed to keep her warm, and that food is ordered only for the first table, while the second one must take care of itself. Then begins a war of words, which result in Bridget's dismissal.

FEW GOOD GIRLS FROM THE SOUTH.

The South used to supply the North with the best quality of servants up to two or three years ago, since when only the riff-raff has come. Baltimore servants, who used to have a great reputation for being good cooks, are now fast losing it. The sanest girls are those of the ebony hue. Since the passing of the Fifteenth amendment it has been a struggle between Ireland and Africa for superiority in line of lip, and Nature has been remarkably impartial in making the mark of sauciness in perfect ratio with the size of lip, wherein the negro stands without a peer. Good Irish girls are now the most desirable and are in constant demand. French girls are most polite, but are generally distasteful to housekeepers on account of their too critical examination of dress, which invariably results in a quiet appropriation of some showy article for their own use. Colored girls with large kissing protuberances generally remain about two to four weeks in a place. German girls are very satisfactory, and suit better the longer they stay, which depends, however, on the amount of work required. Where one girl is compelled to do all the household work in a large family the stay is sure to be of short duration. The market is overflowing with green help, the supply being three times as great as the demand, but they are objectionable to the old housekeepers and a continual source of much trouble to them. Between 13,000 and 14,000 girls are supplied by the intelligence agencies of this city annually. The average number of applicants for household work is about 800 a day. Green help is increasing, good help is diminishing, and poor housekeepers outnumber the good ones twentyfold. Mothers are having their daughters learn to bake pies, iron shirts and plunge their handsome arms in dough at cooking classes. A revolution in housekeeping is anxiously anticipated by husbands whereby a final adjustment may be made between servant girls and mistresses.

Gastronomic Tid-Bits.

Juvenile porkers with apple sauce now "obtain" among a multitude. It can be said that there are many ways of making green turtle soup, but only one that is correct: Grated chicken for sandwich purposes is now put up in glass jars and sold to people who fear they may be in a hurry. "Gamey game," as usual, is an affectation of some young men at the club whose nights are passed swallowing sodamint tablets. "Well," he exclaimed pushing away the "Indian pudding" at table d'hote, "if they eat that I don't wonder they are dying off."

Lobster salad, prepared by an inexperienced person who does not know what to exclude, is almost as dangerous as an unloaded gun in the hands of a full grown idiot! Wild turkey, blue wing duck and other game luxuries will soon be in supply from the far west. The rapidity of transportation in these days prevents "cuplensantsness."

Usually people who write to newspapers to ask if they may eat small game with their fingers are the ones who never have an opportunity to masticate the birds in any style.

"YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU."

A Husband's Appeal for Sympathy Fails to Move His Wife's Heart.

"You know I love you, Freida; how can you tell such falsehoods?" was the answer of August Eskuchen, of Third and York streets, at the Central Police Station yesterday, after his wife had told Magistrate Smith that he did not support her and had threatened to shoot her, besides having once said that he would hang himself. The woman lived on Amber street above Otis. Continuing, August said: "Judge, Freida left me a year ago. She is jealous of me, and if it wasn't for the love she has for me I wouldn't be here. Isn't that true, Freida? Tell the Magistrate you love me, tell the truth and don't let your jealous passion send me to prison." The Magistrate asked the wife how many children they had. "None, sir, whatever," responded she; "we have only a baby." As the spectators in the hearing-room laughed at her answer, the husband broke out with: "This is too serious a matter to laugh at, gentlemen; imagine yourself in a similar position."

He said he had made the threats charged against him only in jest, and said he would go through life for his wife. "Freida, I think so much of you and the baby that I'll promise anything to go back home," said August in a tone that caused his wife to cry. Notwithstanding that she was greatly overcome she swore that she was afraid her husband would do her bodily harm, and he was bound over to keep the peace.

The Confederacy's Half Dollars.

New York Graphic "Observer."

Over on Eighth avenue the other night the Observer stood in a crowd of green looking people who were listening to a lightning lipped auctioneer dilating on the value of some curious coins he offered for sale. One of those he held up to the admiration of the assembled numismatists was said to be a silver half dollar coined by the Southern Confederacy. One of the learned looking old boys in the crowd disputed its authenticity, and a controversy arose which soon drowned the voice of the auctioneer and turned the place into a veritable debating club. Some of the facts brought out in the discussion are well worth preserving. It has been generally understood that the Confederate treasury never coined any silver money, but the truth is that there were four silver half dollars coined in the month of April, 1861, as sample pieces, but the difficulty of obtaining bullion for the mint was very promptly realized, and on April 30, 1861, the attempt to coin silver money was given up and the mint was closed. Thus the only coin ever made by the Confederacy were these four half dollars, and the connoisseurs in such things have been hunting for the pieces ever since. Two of them are known to be in New Orleans in the possession of Professor Biddle, of the Louisiana University, but the others have never been traced. One offered by the Eighth avenue auctioneer was a copy of one of the pieces. Had it been one of the originals it would have been worth a couple of thousand dollars.

An Elastic Roadbed.

Thomas C. Keifer, president of the American Society of Civil Engineers, in his annual address recently before the convention gave the following piece of information regarding a division of the Canadian Pacific: "There is an interesting example of rail creeping on a highly elastic roadbed on this division, where the line crosses a 'muskeg,' the Indian name for bog. The roadbed here yields about six inches to every passing train. With a consolidation engine hauling thirty-five cars the track crept twenty-six inches in the direction in which the train was moving. The rails creep for about one-half of a mile west of a small bridge at the foot of a grade in both directions. They creep with every train, and in warm weather will often run twelve inches under an ordinary train. Cinder ballast keeps the track in fair line and surface, but does not in the least prevent the creeping of the rails. Spikes must be left out each side of the angle plates, otherwise the creeping rail would carry the ties with it. The whole muskeg, when a train is passing, shows a series of short waves five or six inches deep. The general superintendent of the Western division, Mr. Whyte, proposes to use twelve-foot ties, forty-inch angle bars, and cut a slot in alternate sides of the rail at every tie."—Globe Democrat.

The End of "Great Men."

Happening to cast my eyes upon a printed page of miniature portraits, I perceived that the four personages who occupied the four most conspicuous places, were Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, and Bonaparte. I had seen the same unnumbered times before, but never did the same sensations arise in my bosom, as my mind hastily glanced over their several histories. Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another world for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Waste of Brain Power.

What a waste of brain power there is in swindling. The swindler has all the forces of law and order arrayed against him. He is sure to be tripped up sooner or later. The cost of a mistake is bound to come. The ingenuity he expends in his methods if applied in a lawful direction is almost sure to net him a larger return in cash than it does when put to a crooked use. The swindled person generally deserves little pity. He usually expects to take advantage of somebody, and he gets taken in himself. Cupidity is at the bottom of both sides of swindle.—Detroit Free Press.

John Randolph.

During some period of Mr. Randolph's political career, he had the ill-fortune to offend a cornish young fellow, who determined to avenge himself by insulting the Roanoke orator on the first opportunity that occurred. At length the opportunity presented itself, when the young sprig, meeting Randolph on the pavement, walked up to him very impudently, and said, "I never give the way to a damned rascal." Mr. Randolph, immediately pulling off his hat and making the gentleman a low bow, replied, "Well, sir, I always do," and gave him the pavement.

FRENCH MENDICANTS.

The Extraordinary Semi-Weekly Newspaper Supported by Them.

Among the many extraordinary periodicals published in Paris, the Journal Des Mendicants deserves special mention. This exceedingly well-managed paper appears twice a week. It deals neither in politics nor literature, but devotes the whole of its attention exclusively to the practical interests of its readers. It contains advertisements the following effect: "To-morrow at noon the funeral services of a very wealthy man will be held at the Madeleine." "Come o'clock a fashionable wedding at the Trinite C'urch." "Wanted to engage, a cripple for a seaside resort. Good references and a small deposit required." This last announcement is not by any means to be regarded as a hoax. At the seaside the plundering of the visitors is a rigid to extremes with genuine French refinement. They are robbed by the excessive hotel charges, high fees to porters, etc., and the little gambling booths in the casinos. But this is not all. The proprietors of hotels and lodgings assume quite correctly that the visitors would be dissuaded to give alms if an opportunity were afforded them, and as they can not very well do the begging themselves, they engage professional beggars to whom they grant permission to solicit alms on their premises, and who in return pay them one-half of the daily receipts. The above advertisement has reference to an arrangement of this kind.—Suabian Mercury.

Birds of Ill-Omen.

An old Scotch saying has it that "Whistlin' maidens an' crawling hens are nea lucky about ony man's toons." Thus the ordinary barn yard fowl may be a feathered forerunner of evil. Birds, from perhaps antediluvian periods, have been looked upon as feathered fortune tellers. The swarty Italians, who, with their cages of trained birds, stand at the street corners in our large cities and ask passers by to allow the little feathered ones to read their fortune, are the successors of a long array of superstitions souls. In some parts of England even in our day the note of the swallow means the reception of some evil tidings; but to kill that bird is a certain way of bringing down unlimited evil on the destroyer. The white owl in France is universally held as a foreteller of death, and its "screech" is not much liked by English peasants. But in America, among the negro population, the brown owl, if uttering its hood on the right, foretells good luck, but the opposite if on the left. In France and Belgium the cry of the white owl is supposed to foretell all sorts of misfortunes. However, the counteracting remedy is not far to seek—it simply consists in throwing a pinch of salt into the fire when the sound is heard.

Improvement of the Race.

A writer in Nineteenth Century, taking the cue of the new impulse to discuss human culture, makes some suggestions under the heading "Eugeniculture." He believes a good deal could be done by directing public attention to the laws that underlie improvement of stock. He also urges that before a marriage permit is allowed parties should be compelled to submit to a medical examination, to show that they are not laboring under hereditary diseases. Beyond this he would have the absolute prohibition of habitual criminals from propagating their kind. These suggestions have been to some degree general before by Darwin, but they are timely. No question is of more importance than the improvement of humanity. We have traced our ills to heredity. Our remedies must correspond. Probably all suggestions at present will be crude and premature; but it is nonsense to suppose an evil exists without a possible cure.—Globe-Democrat.

A Kansas Advertiser's Ingenious Trick.

Chicago News. It is possible to coat wood surfaces with preparations of oil and other liquids so that any painting that is put on afterward will either refuse to take hold or will readily wear off. An ingenious Kansas advertiser recently took advantage of this fact. He bribed a painter who had contracted to touch up a number of rather pretentious residences to paint his business card in huge letters with a colorless preparation which takes paint about as readily as a red hot iron before putting on the paint. At the expiration of two weeks when there had been a number of severe rains, every one of the houses bore an enormous placard recounting the virtues of a well known patent medicine, to the discomfiture of the occupants and the joy of the patent medicine man.

A Centipede's Preparation for Sleep.

A centipede is afraid of a tarantula, and when he lies down to sleep he always takes the precaution to build a cactus fence about him. A tarantula will never crawl over cactus; and thus, securely hedged in his own corral, the centipede knows he may sleep as long as he wants to, and his enemy can't get at him. It is laughable out on the Mojave desert to watch the security of these centipedes as they lie and sleep, while their arch enemies, the tarantulas, are looking over the garden walls, so to speak, trying to get at them. I have seen the tarantulas nose around for hours before giving it up. When the cactus is a sure barrier. When once they become satisfied there is a complete barrier they go away, and cease to thirst for the gore of the centipede. The latter, however, always takes a careful look around before he removes the cactus and ventures forth.—G. W. Dunn, in San Francisco Examiner.

Knitting with a Cat.

A big cat, of the barn-yard order, killed a chicken on Monday which belonged to a flock owned by Mrs. Stewart, on Second street, Chester. The lady witnessed the affair, and gave chase to the cat. She followed it to the house of a neighbor, where she cornered it, and as she was about to pick it up the cat attacked her and bit her several times on the arm and face. Mrs. Emma Hewitt came to Mrs. Stewart's assistance, and as

last, by poison administered by his own hands, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cesar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and died his garments in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered as his nearest friends, and in that very place, the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name—after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which would not, or could not bring him aid!

Thus those four men, who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of all those whom the world calls great—those four, who each in turn made the earth tremble to its very centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends—and one a lonely exile!—"How are the mighty fallen?"

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Cesar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and died his garments in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered as his nearest friends, and in that very place, the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name—after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which would not, or could not bring him aid!

Thus those four men, who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of all those whom the world calls great—those four, who each in turn made the earth tremble to its very centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends—and one a lonely exile!—"How are the mighty fallen?"

Birds of Ill-Omen.

An old Scotch saying has it that "Whistlin' maidens an' crawling hens are nea lucky about ony man's toons." Thus the ordinary barn yard fowl may be a feathered forerunner of evil. Birds, from perhaps antediluvian periods, have been looked upon as feathered fortune tellers. The swarty Italians, who, with