

Special Special Special
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MEN ONLY!
MEN ONLY!

LADIES DON'T
LADIES DON'T

READ THIS
READ THIS

This week we are
offering Muleskin
Pants for 85 cts.
Just like you
have been buying
at \$1.25.

Also

Just received 15
cases Men's Fur
Hats in latest
summer styles and
colors, and at 25
per cent under
value.

An elegant line of Fur
Crushers in four different
colors, 75 cents and \$1.

Also
we want to
buy that we are
headquarters for Overalls
in all styles. We have a Blue
Denim Overall for 50 cents that
we guarantee against any you
can buy for 65 cents. Also
Brown and Mode Ducks,
Jackets, Coats, Shirts
and Jumpers.
ALL STYLES.

A FULL LINE OF THE CELE-
BRATED SWEET & ORK OVERALLS
SUITS THAT WILL KEEP YOU
AS CLEAN AS IF YOU
WERE IN A BAND-
BOX.

COME AND SEE THEM
COME AND SEE THEM

JUST FOR CURIOSITY.
JUST FOR CURIOSITY.

A nice line.
A nice line.

Colored Mahairs,
Colored Mahairs

and Alpaccas,
and Alpaccas,

IN COATS AND VESTS.

ALSO

SEESUCKERS AND FANCY
FLANNELS, AT \$1 FOR
COAT AND VEST.

Single Coats at 50 cents in Cotton
Cheviots.

Cannons & Pelzer.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

July 29th, 1890.
EDITOR STANDARD.—I promised
you when I left Concord to give you
a few items for your paper.

We left Concord on July the 14th
for New York. We (I mean myself
and better half) arrived in Wash-
ington on the 15th at 9 a. m. We stop-
ped here two days looking at the
sights of Uncle Sam's big capital.
We went to the capitol building and
looked all through it and spent
several hours in the Senate chamber;
heard some strong debating on the
western land question; did not know
any of the debaters. We then took
a drive to the White House and had
a look round to see how they do
things there.

We took in the national museum,
Smithsonian Institute, Coreoran
Hall, Agricultural Hall and Wash-
ington's monument; took a ride up
the elevator to the top and had a good
view of the city and the grand old
Potomac river.

We then went to the Baltimore &
Potomac depot and saw the exact
spot where President Garfield fell
when shot on July 2nd, 1881. Im-
bedded in the floor is a gold star
just where his head struck, and
against the wall is a marble bust of
Garfield and an account of his assas-
sination. We boarded the train here for
Philadelphia and arrived there in
three hours. We stopped there one
day and night and visited many
places of interest. From there we
went to New York City.

To say that we saw all the sights
in that grand old city would be say-
ing a good deal, but rest assured we
saw the many of them. The grand-
est sight to see was the burning of
the Western Union Telegraph build-
ing which was just across the street
from the hotel where we were stop-
ping. The fire was bursting out of
all the windows when the fire en-
gines began to throw water on the
building. The first thing to be done
was to secure all the people. They
got them all out without difficulty
but seven, who were on the ninth
floor. Their passage out of the
building was cut off at once, when
they all went out on top of building,
in plain view of the many thousands
of people on the streets and house
tops. It seemed that they were all
doomed to death. But just when
they were about to give up in despair
there was a loud report, and up high
in the air could be seen a small
thread flying which fell across the
building. "Alas they are saved was
the cry of the multitudes below!" A
rocket had been shot with a small
thread which was fastened to a rope,
which was soon pulled up by the
prisoners on top, and in less time
than it takes to tell it there was a
brave fireman on the top of the
building and cut open the door to
the fire escape. In a few seconds
they were all safe on the street be-
low.

On Saturday the 19th we boarded
a New York Central and Hudson
River (limited) train for Buffalo and
Niagara Falls. We ran on the banks
of the beautiful Hudson all the way
from New York to Albany, a dis-
tance of 142 miles without a stop.
This is the longest run in the world
without a stop. From Albany we
went to Utica, Syracuse, Rochester
and arrived in Buffalo at 9 p. m.
From here we went to Niagara falls,
and arrived there at 10:30 p. m. We
spent two days and nights here look-
ing at the beautiful works of nature.
The places of interest which we vis-
ited were Bath Island, Goat Island,
American Falls, American Rapids,
Gave of the Winds, Luna Island,
Horseshoe Falls, Three Sisters Is-
lands, Hermit's Cascade, Prospect
Park, Inclined Railway, new suspen-
sion bridge, Cantilver bridge, old
suspension bridge, whirlpool rapids,
Capt. Wells swim, whirlpool, Table
Rock, etc. The beauty of the falls
cannot be described. It must be
seen to be appreciated. We visited
the national museum here and saw
many Egyptian mummies and thou-
sands of other things new to us.
Among other things we saw Capt.
Webb's Hat which he wore just be-
fore he took his fatal swim. From
here we went to Buffalo and spent
two days doing some business, and
from there we went back to New
York and put up in Brooklyn until
the 26th when we took passage on
the Steam Ship Finance for this
place where we arrived on the 27th
at 5 p. m. The passage here was
not rough. But nearly all the pas-
sengers were more or less sick. Mr.
C. was quite sick and for the first
time in my life I contributed my
mite to the mighty deep.

We are taking on Cargo here for
the Brazilian ports and will sail on
tomorrow night. Newport News is
a small place just across the Ches-
apeake bay from Norfolk, Va. and 11

STANDARD NOTES.

Wadesboro's census is 1,217 just
47 less than Concord's ten years ago.

Buenos Ayres has been bombarded
and 1,000 persons killed, and 5,000
wounded.

The population of Goldsboro is
4,093, not as much as that of Con-
cord.

Ign. John S. Henderson has been
re-nominated to succeed himself in
Congress.

It is what we expected. Judge
Arnfield has been re-nominated and
Solicitor Long was nominated by ac-
clamation.

M. L. McCorkle, of Catawba, will
get to be judge for about seven
months. Gov. Fowle has appointed
him to the vacancy, caused by the
death of Judge Shipp.

Though Eaves and Harris fought
and bled, they did not die. The Re-
publican State Convention will be
held in Raleigh on the 28th of this
month.

Raleigh wants a wine manufac-
tory, as the grapes in Wake are so
abundant. There is not likely to be
an over production of wine, as the
Legislature meets next winter.

Major Graham's own township gave
Col. Cowles 100 majority in the
primary convention. This is the
Congressional race. It is believed
that the whole county will be carried
by Cowles.

Clear the track! The first inde-
pendent candidate for Congress, for
this year, has announced himself
through a circular letter. His name
is Geo. L. Tonnofski which is pro-
nounced To-no-ski.

A ten year old boy in Bengal has
eighteen wives—the six aunts, eight
sisters and four daughters of a
brother. Their ages range from
50 years to three months; the young-
est being carried into the marriage
ceremony on a brass plate. The boy
ought to be carried out in a pine box
and dumped into a river.

South Carolina is patterning after
North Carolina in the selection of a
faculty for her agricultural college
—going off to another State. Prof.
J. H. Strode, of Virginia, has been
elected President of Clemson College.

But unlike the old Tar Heel State,
South Carolina is running after a
false god—the demagogue Tillman.

From the Salisbury Watchman
we learn that Hon. Lee S. Overman
has purchased ten hound pups and
sent them to the State penitentiary
for training. We protest against
such a misuse of the State's funds.
It is enough to train convicts to com-
pete with honest labor and give them
the rudiments of a trade; but when
it comes to training pups, you may
justly expect a howl from our dog
trainers, and from others interested
in dog flesh.

A four page circular letter has
been issued by some contemptible
mean cut-throat, who, knowing the
depth of his lying tendencies, vile and
disreputable, dars not sign his name.
The article is to the effect that Judge
Clarke, Judge Whitaker and Gov.
Fowle had been trading, all of which
was dictated and controlled by Col.
Andrews, the manager of the North
Carolina division of the R. & D.
railroad. The whole thing can not
be short of the basest lie. But the
vile, venomous stuff in the article is
in keeping with some more incendiary
stuff you hear of now days.
The author will be found out—his
an office seeker. Mark you.

Smith's Ford.
Gold fever is above 5,000 on the
guage.

Messrs J. S. Turner and Hiram
Barbee have received their much de-
layed machinery, which is already
placed and in running order.

Emerson Garmon is selling stock
in the Barbee mine.

Mrs. J. D. Cox, who has been
quite sick, is much improved.

PATRICK.

STATE NOTES.

They were about to have a little
war at Rutherford last Saturday
between the whites and the blacks,
but peace has been restored and
everything now moves along se-
renely.

Durham Globe: It is evidently
unfortunate that there should be
such a state of affairs that men of
undoubted capacity, ability and in-
tegrity are made to give place to
others for no better reason than that
they do not belong to a certain class
or a certain organization. The only
test for a Democratic candidate
should be: is he capable? is he
honest? is he a sound Democrat?
There is danger of party disintegration
when new tests are introduced.

PASTURES GREEN.

Unto new fields and pastures green lead thou
Our wandering feet, sweet shepherd, where
Of living waters gush, and sycophants
Flow thick and fast, and every laden flock
Letheth crop matina-eye, the pathway show
Unto the parapsied citadels,
Where millions of us into chiming bells
Swell anthems of the blessed. Even so
Lead thou me into darkness, where the light
Shineth and darkness comprehendeth not.
To some undream'd of subterranean spot
Where truth's pure, shining light bath
Come before me, and my feet
Drop on his knees and rise, thro' faith, to
Follow him.

—Atlanta Constitution.

LOOK! THE PHANTOM CHILD.

Brooks and I and another sat at mid-
night, smoking by the fire, each with a
tall drink at his elbow. We talked of
Mr. Brooks' and my own research, of
spooks and vampires, of luminous shades
and wandering, wailing ghosts—
When Brooks (who is a large red man
with a soul attuned to tales of diablerie,
and a fatal sympathy with things super-
natural) told the following from his own
intimate knowledge and experience:

"My wife and I spent our honeymoon
in the house of a friend of mine in a
lively but picturesque part of Concord.
We had the house to ourselves, not only
because my friend desired not to intrude
upon our first conjugal happiness, but
also because he hated the house, and
seldom lived in it. He had had some
years before a great grief; his wife, a
beautiful girl, created a ghost in the
house, and that rustic, who was in the
house, had a short period of perfect
wellness, leaving him the loneliest and
most melancholy of men. He had made
his ancestral home a treasure house of
art to enshrine the crown and center of
all his life, so that when she was
gone his beauty and his interest were
lost to him. We, with the selfishness of the
newly married, forgot what the place
meant for him, and revelled in its beau-
ties within and without. It was called
Silverlades because of a notable planta-
tion of larches that protected the house
from the bitter winds of the north and
east, and that rustled and swung in the
wind with a plaintive grace and whist-
led into fair slim ghosts in the moon-
light. Within the furniture, the rugs
and carpets and tapestries, the pictures
and pottery, the metal work and lacquer-
ware, and the books, were constant
springs of delight to us; and they were
all so harmoniously and unobtrusively
disposed throughout the house that every
day, almost every waking hour, brought
us a new discovery of beauty—beauty,
but no mystery.

A year later we were there again with
our first born. At the beginning of the
last week of our stay our host joined us
to receive some additional company,
whom he felt compelled to treat with
more ceremony than we required. He
arrived just before dinner. He was
courteous and kind; he tried to be cheer-
ful and talkative, but frequently he
lapsed into abstraction, and he retired
to his room early.

When I awoke I found my wife
lost, as was her wont, snuggled into
bed, for it was autumn time, but sit-
ting, rocking herself by the bedroom
fire, with her hands behind her head.

"Will," she said, when I stood before
her, "I never told me that Mr. Clyde
had a child!"

"A child?" I said.

"I suppose," she continued, "he is a
good father, and I always takes her about
with him. A lovely child!"

"I have heard," I said, "about one
child he had."

"He must," she said, "take her about
with him; for I never saw her before to-
night. O, will the most delightful
playmate for our darling!—the sweetest
creature in the world, with her long
golden curling hair falling over her
shoulders, and with nothing on but a
diamond necklace, and a black kitten
trailing behind her, twining about her
little legs till I thought she would be
tripped up ever so many times!"

"Where did you see this child, my
dear?"

"On the stairs as I came up to bed.
She toddle on before me and went in at
the door opposite ours."

"Which," I said, "is a room—the only
room we have not been into; it is always
locked."

"So it is," she said.

"It is all right about the child, I sup-
pose," I said, "but I do not know Clyde
had a child. The only child I
ever heard he had died a mere infant, I
believe before her mother."

"I shall be very sorry if that is true,"
said my wife. "I think a child would
have done Mr. Clyde so much good; it
would save him from his weary
depression and loneliness. However, I shall
be out in the morning what child it is."

Next morning my wife made it her
business before the new company ar-
rived to inquire concerning the child.
The housekeeper (to whom she first re-
ferred) declared with emphasis that
there was no child in the house except
our own child, which was certainly too young
to be toddling about with a kitten. But
(my wife said) the woman looked some-
what askance and was over emphatic;
phenomena which her astute mind re-
garded as suspicious. She therefore
went to the master of the house, whom
she found walking in the sunshine on
the terrace in front of the house.

"I am curious, Mr. Clyde," said she,
"about the child I saw on the stairs last
night."

He turned a shade paler than was his
wont, and looked troubled. He made
her wait and listen (she declared) by
the range suggestiveness of his reply.

"So, Mrs. Brooks," said he, "you, too,
have seen it? I wondered if you would.
I have never seen it."

"Do you mean," she asked, "that it is
not a real child of flesh and blood?"

"That's what I mean," said he. "But
"But the child—the kitten?" exclaimed
my wife. "Is that not real?"

"There has not to my knowledge,"
said he, "been a cat in the house for
years."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed she.

He seemed on the point of explaining
when the approach of a carriage with
several drew him away to receive his
new guests.

"I'll tell you about it," he said, "by
and by."

housekeeper, that you, too, have seen
the child. That gives us an exclusive
interest in each other; for we are the
only people in the house, or, for that
matter, in Mr. Clyde's present circle of
acquaintance, I believe, who have seen
it. How much, may I ask, have you
seen?"

"I saw the child on the stairs with a
black kitten."

"No further than the stairs?"

"No further. It went in at a door on
the right, and the door was closed as I
passed; it is always closed."

"Not always. But never mind that;
and—oh, my dear Mrs. Brooks, what-
ever you see, or whatever you do, don't
go in! It would be the death of you, or
of your lovely baby here! I went in
once—followed the child—just a year
ago, and never shall I forget it!"

"Just a year ago?" exclaimed my wife.
"I was here just a year ago, and I saw
nothing then."

"It is all very strange; when and to
whom it appears. I saw it twice while
Mrs. Clyde was absent; and Mr. Clyde
saw it once before her first child died,
and once when she was about to be
a mother again. A dreadful story that;
but I can't tell it now. And then I saw
it again last year. I saw nothing be-
tween these times, and no one besides
myself, except, of course, Mrs.
Clyde. Now you have seen it; but you
did not see it last year. It is very strange."

"But who and what is the child?" my
wife asked.

"Nobody seems quite to know. It is a
peculiar possession of Silverlades, like
the birch wood at the back, and it has
been for generations. But what story is
there to tell about it. Mr. Clyde likes to
tell himself," said she, with a smile, "he
will not tell it to everybody, though I
dare say he will tell it to you; you've
seen it!"

My wife came to me a little while after
that interview with Mrs. Vansittar, con-
siderably affected. She told me what
had passed, and then broke into a flood
of tears. She had been turning all that
was said over in her mind, and she had
come to a sinister conclusion.

"I believe," she declared, "that Mrs.
Vansittar meant to imply by what she
told me about poor Mrs. Clyde that the
apparition of this phantom child meant
death to her children! And what if my
seeing it meant death to my darling
baby? O, will it makes me sick with
dread!"

I tried to comfort her after the man-
ner of husbands, and to dispel her fear.
But she shook her head, and would not
be comforted. I then advised her to lay
the whole matter—her dread included—before
Mr. Clyde.

Before dinner she inveigled Clyde into
his study, and got from him the follow-
ing story: "In the buccannery days of
the last century," said Clyde, "an an-
cestor of mine, the then second son of
the house, was in the navy. He is said
to have been a bold hand, though his
portrait (which I'll show you presently)
is only a little sailor, who might, how-
ever, at times have an awful temper.
His elder brother died childless, and he
inherited and brought home presently a
foreign wife, from heaven knows where.
They had a daughter, it is said—a fair
haired creature, whom the foreign
woman hated with a deadly hatred. The
child, too, had a favorite cat, and the
foreign woman could not abide cats. What
followed the story is not quite clear
about the child, however, died,
either through constant ill treatment or
some unaccountable violence, and my
ancestor, who was a terrible young man
by his wife, so terrible that, it is said,
she was ever after his trembling slave. You
shall see her portrait, too, and note how
the face seems impressed with a contin-
ual terror—a terror of which, it is said,
she specially died. But the strange thing
is that in memory of these things it is
not the ghost of the mother that visits
the house, but the ghost of the child;
and the only explanation I can offer is
that the child, as is said, was passion-
ately fond of her mother. The spirit of
the child and of her kitten appear at sin-
gular and ominous intervals. The appar-
ition is said to prognosticate an infant's
death, and I must confess it has been
strangely coincident with the two griefs
of my life. My dear wife first saw it—
I, as I have told you, have never seen it
—just before the death of our child.
She saw it, as you do not, climbing
the stairs, and at first she thought it was
her own child, except that she did not
understand the presence of the kitten.
It entered the room you know of on the
right, which was then her room, and she
followed, overtaking it. She was sur-
prised to find her child, but she was
going to it, as you do not, when she
saw her own child asleep in her cot, and
the strange child with the kitten look-
ing at the fire. She stood fixed for a
little with a sense upon her of the evil un-
known. Then she remembered the tradi-
tion she had heard that the black kitten
foretold death, and she turned and fled
from the room. She came to find me.
We returned to the room together—but
the apparition was gone. She was ter-
ribly overcome with the dread of what
was to ensue. She was sure our child
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ing at the fire. She stood fixed for a
little with a sense upon her of the evil un-
known. Then she remembered the tradi-
tion she had heard that the black kitten
foretold death, and she turned and fled
from the room. She came to find me.
We returned to the room together—but
the apparition was gone. She was ter-
ribly overcome with the dread of what
was to ensue. She was sure our child
was going to die, as you do not, when
she saw her own child asleep in her cot,
and the strange child with the kitten look-
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