

NO OTHER PAPER EVER HAD AN LARGER CIRCULATION IN THE COUNTY. TOWN AND COUNTY.

The management is desirous that all subscriptions be paid at once. We hope to clean up our books and start anew the first of the year.

Death of Colonel Treat. On last Friday, at Newton, Col. W. T. Treat, died of pneumonia. For twenty-two years he was a resident of Monroe, where he served several terms as mayor of the town.

That's Not So. The following from the China Grove Dart is untrue: A gray cat, possibly from the Standard office, came in contact with the fast flying vestibule train just outside of China Grove and was completely annihilated.

Things are going to be here after awhile, and we remark that somebody had better be looking after the public roads of the county. Meetings of stockholders and the election of officers to the manufacturing of the State, take up a good part of our exchanges now.

Things around here will not have the right ring until a few dozen chronic grumblers and professional dead beats are knocked in the head and drug out. In some localities the apple and cherry trees are wanting to bloom.

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SHORT LOCALS. "Progressive Euchre" parties are now in order. Wainwright's Washington's birthday is coming!

Charlotte Graded School has an enrollment of 909. York and Wadsworth do not advertise penders. No Editor's Pass will be taken on subscription at this office.

McNamara & Brown are putting Morris House in good trim. We regret to learn that Esq. J. H. Morrison, of No. 2, is quite unwell.

The cats that is sown in youthful days will scarcely make good oatmeal. County Surveyor Long rides in a cart. It's just as convenient as a sulky plow.

One window in the bank building will be converted into a door to give entrance to a private office. Dr. J. Y. Fitzgerald went up to Linwood Saturday evening to spend a short time with the "old folks at home."

Rumors as to the sale of some valuable property on Main Street has, by the Standard, been found untrue. To some, gray hairs are a terror.

The silver thread is hidden by the tiny hand of the owner and viewed as an ill omen. An exchange says the lecturer who was pelted with ancient eggs had no difficulty in ascertaining the accents of the meeting.

Sheriff Morrison is beginning to look around and to notice you when you hail him "Sheriff." He's getting used to it. Since the McKinley bill became a law axle grease has gone up, and now tar kilns are being put up in all parts of the county.

Mr. John M. Moore was doing some work in our office, and used "wooden horses" that have been in use for eighteen years. It's right amusing to hear some of our town people discuss their agricultural experiences. Not one of them succeeded, it appears.

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Be patient—Easter is coming! Salisbury wants a new passenger depot. There seems to be but little moving this year.

The Y. M. C. A. rooms are delightful places. The inside work of the Morris rooms is being done. The good die young; but all that die young are not good.

Wait for the fourth of July; it is coming without a doubt. There are 120 boarding pupils at Greensboro Female College. See notice of the proposed change of the charter of Concord, N. C.

Jas. K. Deaton was in town with about a pound of cotton in his ear. A drove of mules reached town Monday night; they each have four legs. A barber shop has been opened by a Randolph county man at Forest Hill.

There is snow in the mountains, and many of the telegraph poles are down. Miss Rumor, if she has any matrimonial news, can call. The thing is dull. Sunday was a beautiful day overhead, and a great many people went to church.

J. M. Loman has accepted a position in Liddell's machine shop, at Charlotte. There are only two boarders at Hotel de Will Johnston, outside of the chain gang. What will be done with our sidewalks?

That is a question that confronts us all. The Standard is glad to see John P. Allison out after quite a severe attack of the grip. The town-trial-office has rusty hinges on its door, and the policeman has nothing to do.

Between three string bands and the telephone office, there's music around the St. Cloud. The general delivery window of the post office had a hankerchief screen over it, may be news.

It is said that Esquire Morrison contemplates erecting a handsome residence on the Mehaffey lot. If the weather continues to improve, evening drives will soon assume their former and original delights.

The latest brand of guano is decorated with a dog-scarred frizzly cat running off with a dry bone. May the cat survive. The Standard regrets to learn that Mr. Victor Caldwell, of No. 4, whose illness was noted in this paper, is not improving very rapidly.

Joe Goodman says that Dave Hill will go before the National Democratic Convention with a solid New York delegation behind him. Mr. M. W. Ferguson called and said: "Just consider me a life subscriber to any paper you may ever edit"—or words to that effect.

"Coming events cast their shadows before them." How about the flagman at the railroad crossing at Cornhill street—he has neither shadow nor light. In life's journey, boys, remember that to do your whole duty and faithfully perform every promise made to your fellow men should be your chief desire.

It is the fixedness of purpose in a young man that counts. A neat tower is being built on the Presbyterian chapel at Forest Hill. The peanut market was steady today, a good article bringing one dollar per nut.

In less than a month's time the woods will be beautified by the white bloom of the dogwood. The railroad schedule has got in better running order. The trains are not behind so much now. The Standard has heard it remarked that there is now in the country more cotton than was raised in 1889.

Applicants for license to practice law will be examined before the Supreme Court on Friday, the 30th and 31st inst. Fred Swink is now wrapping goods for D. P. Dayvault. Fred is a handsome and accomplished clerk, and will please everybody.

Some of the pretty windows, that were arranged for holiday displays, have been rearranged, but do not look as fine as they did. A few loads of crushed rock were taken to East Depot street yesterday. Several holes that resemble the "Hole of Death" are still there.

The Standard will give a communication, possibly in Thursday's issue, from Dr. Mary Walker, who moves about in malpractice. Those who took notice and believe the first twelve days to be an index can now tell pretty well what the weather of the next year will be.

There was a musical warfare in town on Tuesday. Two men trying to sell one man an organ. Neither succeeded, but the Standard bets on his man. Wednesday—yes, a cold day. Everybody—the men—walked along at a rapid rate with hands in pockets and noses red and remarked: "It is going to snow."

Mr. Noah Correll wants it understood that he did not cut through the bank wall by night—it was done in broad day light, and by order of the directors. A door is wanted. Let a Railroad Commission bill be passed—at once! Why suffer any longer the grinding weight of cruel monopolies? Put men on it that cannot be bought by whiskey, etc.

Captain J. M. Parks, the genial Confederate soldier and son-in-law of Col. T. H. Robinson, and a resident of Statesville, gave us a pleasant call. Captain Parks belongs to Cabarrus county. Last Friday evening while the oratorical exercises of the colored town school was going on, the building began to spread—a wild rush to the door put an end to the enthusiastic oratorical efforts of the African Americans.

Now when you hear something that happened several weeks previous, don't you get mad and grumble, and say we didn't tell you about it. If you will read everything in the Standard you will know about all that is going on. They are now kicking about the width of Three-Mile branch. That's all right. The water washes mud off buggies and from the legs of horses; and in the summer it will swell sorry wheels. Let it alone—it may have fish in it by and by.

Not a few wagoners from Stanley camp here at night. Would it not be a nice thing for the merchants to erect a house that could be used for camping purposes? The cost would not be much, yet the good accomplished would be immense. Just behind the new Morris building is an old well, that, in its present condition, is dangerous. There is nothing (except a few small copal trees, that are more of a blind than a protection) to keep animals or anything else from falling into it.

A man came to town the other day riding a mule. He told a tale that all who heard it did not swallow it exactly. He said that he crossed a creek that morning that was 30 feet deep. The mule waded through in safety, breathing, through his ears. Mr. John A. Sims left Monday night at two o'clock for his father's home, in No. 3. Mr. Sims was reported dangerously ill with pneumonia, it being the third attack. The messenger who came for Mr. Sims thought that recovery was very doubtful.

Mr. John Atkins displayed some chickens in front of R. A. Brown's store. They were labelled "Orange Buffalo." They are orange color, but don't look much like a buffalo. The rooster weighs nine pounds and is done growing, and he can eat as much corn as a pine-rooster hog. Colonel Charles Dry, who helps York and Wadsworth, brought Mack Hartell over and tried to sell him his grindstone. It was brought to this office about a year ago by some middle-aged American. It weighs just 325 pounds and is good grit. The Standard claims it is right of possession, and if it's removed there'll be some litigation at once.

Court begins Monday. None but civil cases will be tried. The St. Cloud is white washing its inside. People do their outside that way. Mr. D. P. Dayvault, who has been on a visit to his father's at Barium Springs, has returned.

Mrs. Sarah Estridge died last Sunday morning, at her home in No. 10. She was 76 years of age. Horse swapping has begun in earnest now. Several "right good plugs" were trotted in on Friday night. The coal business, while the Legislature is in session, will not be pushed very hard. The lobbying around the Legislative Hall requires some time.

The R. & D. railroad has some feelings. A few items in the Standard brought the grinding, gigantic, do-as-they-please—usually—concern down upon our silver locks. The entrance to the Hall over Dr. Gibson's drug store will be changed, so as to enter from the end. The present stairway will be torn away and a handsome window be placed there.

That's a good letter from "Corn-cracker." The Standard man always leans back in his spring chair to read his letters. His remarks on the New Methods are pretty plain and practical. The Olive Alliance, of No. 4, will meet at the usual place of meeting on Saturday, at 1 o'clock, p. m. A full attendance is desired, as some very important business is to be transacted.

The Register of Deeds is issuing only a few marriage licenses now. It should be remembered that each applicant gets, in addition to his papers, a spool of button-hole twist and a wife. Hurry up! Last week the pastor of the Reformed church, Concord, and his family, received from Lebanon, Pa., a box containing many articles for the use of himself and family. Many thanks to the kind people who sent it.

The Mayor has advertised that amendments to the town charter will be asked for. Some people are anxious to know what they are. The Standard does not know, either; but all will be well and the town commissioners can not do two things at once. Morrison, Lentz & Co. have something to say to you; they wanted to say it today, but the Standard is more considerate of the feelings of its readers and has decided to warn every reader that that speech of theirs will come tomorrow. Nerve yourselves.

There's a kind of a dress coming in fashion that seems a puzzle. The New York World calls it a "street sweeper," but the ladies call it "demi train," or "dummy train" or something. We have heard of Demi Johns, but these Demi trains bother us. Will some body please set us right on this important subject. What is that just in front of the post-office? To climb it, is hard on legs and back, to descend it, you give fearful pains to your toes that carry corns on them. In rainy weather there is positive danger of slipping and breaking your neck. Don't you think that the little hill should be removed? Or shall it be kept there for the sake of being funny?

The Charlotte News says: Fire occurred in the two-story wooden building opposite the electric light engine house, on Fifth street, at 11 o'clock this morning. The fire department answered a telephone alarm and subdued the flames. The house is occupied by colored people and a large hole was burned in the floor, but no other damage was done. The question of a Graded School is being talked no little by many people in town. There is no doubt that the bill will be pressed to successful issue at no distant day.

There is need of such a school in Concord, and such a school would bring more people to town—people that would come for a purpose: to educate their children, follow some honest work and make of themselves good and substantial citizens. OBSERVERS FROM OLD MAN JOHN ELKINS' LOOKING-GLASS, DOWN IN ALBEMARLE, WHERE LAND SELLS FOR \$500 PER HALF ACRE.

The telegraph wire is now up in Albemarle—Fire broke out in the Academy Wednesday morning, but was extinguished. [Good time to get a supply of hats, shawls and music.—Ed.]—Dr. Douglass, of Troy, will locate at Big Lick for the practice of his profession.—The trains run within seven miles of this place.—The Old Arm Chair Club had a nice oyster supper.—The wind blew violently last Sunday night—fairly made the buildings rattle. There was preaching in the courthouse by Rev. Denny. Rev. Brower was concluding with prayer. The wind surge! against the courthouse, and the building, which is scarcely safe at a quiet time, began to shake. Well, almost before the preacher had time to say amen the court building was emptied of its living contents.

Hotel Morris. Col. H. McNamara has taken charge of the Morris House again. Old Uncle Mc. has made for himself quite a reputation as a hotelier, and now he goes back with his boarders. Success to the Morris House. Came Near Being Burned. The school house in District No. 19 came near being burned last Thursday. Miss Emma Alexander is teaching there, and noticed the fire before it had done any great damage. Some of the boys, the largest of whom have not cut their mustache yet, carried water in their hats and extinguished the rapidly growing flames. About the only damage done was the burning of a few hundred shingles, which was soon repaired, and then things moved along as pleasant as ever.

The Standard Boycotted

WE DARED TO DO THE RIGHT! A Gigantic Railroad Monopoly Kicks Because of a Little Honest Light Being Thrown on the Concerns. THE STANDARD is sad this morning. Very sad! A communication from the managing brain of the Richmond and Danville railroad to the Old Man who manipulates the keys on this musical instrument—a paper that speaks what it believes to be the truth—conveys the sad (?) intelligence that we are to have no "Editor's Pass" on the railroad, &c. So THE STANDARD is boycotted by the great railroad concern, known throughout the world as the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company.

We are not surprised, in the least, at the action of the boss. He has a right to do as he pleases with his little red cards that bear his signature and which his blue-coat, brass-button men accept as genuine tickets on the concern's rolling stock, except the bar-room vestibule. And THE STANDARD has a right to use its columns for any legitimate purpose. In losing our pass we have gotten rid of a pretty tough contract. To recall some points that lie behind this great official act of a very humane (?) company, THE STANDARD rises to remark: Some time ago this paper, representing the independent thoughts of its own feeling itself, published a few remarks about the masses where we believe them right, to fight soulless monopolies, to expose abuses of corporations and to publish the news, took occasion to publish a few remarks about the freight charges made by the R. & D. R. Co. (Hauling \$23 worth of coal from Roanoke, Va., to Concord and charging \$63.00, &c.) in a way that we saw fit.

From time to time we remarked upon the company's lack of appreciation for this town in the traveling facilities afforded us. Word came to this office that one of its employees prophesied that we would lose our pass. This is the way we looked at it: The company gave us a pass for the publication of its schedule and train times—a business matter, and one that we did not include our honor, our soul, and life and our hide. In accepting the pass, the Standard did not convey to the Richmond & Danville Railroad Company its freedom, its soul, its body, its life—we simply gave them a column for their schedule.

It appears now that the R. & D. employee knew what he was talking about when he prophesied our losing the pass. We have done right, we believe; we told it a truth, as we got it from freight bills signed by their own agents; what we have done, we are preparing to do again; and it will be a late day, when the Standard, under its present management, sells its honor, its freedom and its birthright to a gigantic monopoly who is robbing by degree, its all—we simply gave them a column for their schedule.

When we carried an "Editor's Pass" in our vest pocket, we told "takes out of school" on the R. & D., and that that vest pocket is empty, we can continue to grind away every time a "turn of grain" is brought to this mill. While the brains of the R. & D. are looking around the Legislature, that proposes to look into the monopoly, we are boycotted by the management for having exposed some of their MAX acts. The Standard still grinds at the same shop, and has the satisfaction of knowing that its honest and fair showing up of the practices of the gigantic, rough-shod corporation has gone down in the history of the bit of the great spirit that controls its interests in this State.

The Weekly Standard contains enough reading matter to fill a book twenty times as large as Webster's Blue Back Speller. The most interesting matter for publication in this week that a column was hung on the outside of the chase. Instead of eight columns of solid reading matter we have nine on the first page and one on the fourth page. It is true that the margin is only the width of a hair but that is all o. k. Every day new men are coming in and ordering the ONLY ONE DOLLAR WEEKLY to go to their homes.

Ex-Sheriff Rogers and Mrs. Parker, of Granville county, who were under arrest charged with poisoning the husband of Mrs. Parker and a negro man, have been admitted to bail in the sum of \$10,000 each. The fact of the bond being so large is conclusive evidence that the affair is wrapped in considerable doubt. A Story Run Down. It went the rounds of the State papers that an ex-jailer, of Gaston county, was in jail, and the Standard's drag-net got it, too. Dr. Bickle is pastor of a church over in Gaston, and an ex-jailer, A. M. Rhyne, is a member of his congregation. Dr. Bickle spent last Saturday with Mr. Rhyne, and he declares he didn't sleep in jail, either; he further states that Mr. Rhyne is not in prison and never was. That item evidently was a f. a. e. By the way, our jailor, Mr. Johnston, is in jail.

Non-Resistant Non-Resistant Non-Resistant. Is a new dish by the silvered pen of Henry Blount. He says "one of our boarding house keepers has prepared a dish for her palatable looking table which is likely to remain unmolested. It is called 'senkartofolebreisauerkrautkranzwurts', which is crowned with a wreath of black puddings and hashed meats. A man never makes an attempt to call for it but once, as he would rather suffer the pangs of starvation than endure the paroxysm of torture consequent upon its pronunciation, and hence that fine dish remains in its serene and undisturbed majesty with 'none to molest or make it afraid'."

Buggies, backs, wagons, carts at York and Wadsworth's. They have proved to the trade that they have the cheapest and best buggies, backs, etc., ever offered in Concord and at prices and terms that any one can buy at. A complete line of home made harness, bridles, collars, etc. Mr. E. M. Andrews, of Charlotte, will have a new ad. in next week's issue. Be patient and read it when it comes.

CABARRUS NORTH EASTERN

Quarters Have Caught the Step and are Moving Along at a Rapid Rate. Naturally one of the best, but for a long time No. 7 township has not been thoroughly awake. But that part of our county is a stir; there's nothing dead over there, nor nothing a-dying—there's young life turned loose. That No. 7 did not rank with the leading townships of the county is due to its great distance from the county seat and a railroad. But now! It is not generally known that Cabarrus has two railroads; the Yadkin railroad runs across No. 7 township. My, my! how the whole country round about is alive and moving with the keen spurs of activity. Why, the people of that section look better out of their eyes; they talk business and squeeze your hand like they feel good and happy. The railroad has done this!

The washboard company, composed of George and Claudius Dry and Malcoln G. Lentz, has done a big business in manufacturing a first class and salable washboard, of which the Standard has frequently spoken, but now the company is enlarging its plant and placing down machinery for the manufacture of tobacco boxes in connection with the other work. White, red, post and black oak will be used. The company has one order of 5,000 boxes from a Salisbury firm. Col. John Fritz Moore let his son come to Concord to spend a day here. He always makes his headquarters in the Standard office and behaves himself, excepting using a great deal of our stove heat. That son of Fitz tells this tale: "We have a decent family row over the Standard every week—Who's to read it first; it was decided to let the one that goes to the post office for it to have first read, then draw straws; but now we row over who's to go to the office." Colonel Moore ought to take an inventory of his family and order a Standard for each one. This No. 7 son told some more things, but the Standard won't publish them.

The Henderson Gold Leaf is nothing, if it is not an observer of history. From it we learn that among its bank officers the following is true: It's Vice-President, on his mother's side can trace relationship back to Benjamin Franklin; the President of the bank is a lineal descendant of the eminent theologian, Jonathan Edwards; and the cashier is a descendant of the sister of George Washington. Historically, the Bank of Henderson has a good showing. The Standard would modestly remark that none of our bank officers can trace any relationship back to historical characters, but its president is a mighty fine business man and was once a poor boy; its vice-president is a mighty safe business man and was once a poor boy; and its cashier is a mighty careful and successful business man, and he started a poor boy. But such is the world!

A CARD OF THANKS. From the China Grove Dart and Published in the Standard, by Request. The present pastor of Lutheran Chapel and Central Grove congregations, greatly desires to say, that he has had very many evidences of affectionate appreciation, both in word and deed. The people seeming to vie with each other in showing him kindnesses. Not many days ago, unmarked by some such demonstration, he said to their praise. Groceries of all kinds, fruits and vegetables of every variety, milk, butter, beef, chickens, backbones, sausages, spareribs, lard, hams, &c., have come in an almost ceaseless stream. The "Thanksgiving turkey" was not forgotten. Maud has been remembered with hay, straw, fodder and corn. The pastor's birthday was not passed by lightly, but made pleasantly memorable by a delightful visit of a company of friends, who through Mr. John Barrier, presented a well filled purse. Christmas 1890, signally marked, will live long in memory. Chris mas eve quite a number of the good ladies gave the paragon a complete surprise pounding the inmates well. "Articles too numerous to mention." That night a young lady sent a beautiful painting, her own work, to her dear pastor. Christmas day several presented smaller amounts, whilst one brother gave \$25 in cash. The Central Grove congregation united in presenting as their Christmas gift, a handsome gold watch, the latest pattern. This is surprising for so small a congregation. These many unmistakable tokens of esteem make a grand display when they rise to demonstrate the superiority of the new over the old way, but their work is necessarily a circumlocution, and when you have skipped along merrily on this royal path of knowledge, plucking only the roses, you will soon realize that you must retrace your steps and gather a few of the thorns too. No presumption or hypothesis can be of force enough to over brow constrain experience. CORNCRACKER.

A Peculiar Light Acting Peculiarly. L. D. Coltrane and John F. Reed have seen something that startles them. It must be considered with a great deal of faith, as one is a bookkeeper of a bank and the other is the captain of a military company. On Tuesday night they were walking up street and saw something of the nature of fire and color of electric light hanging about one hundred yards above their heads. As they moved, the messenger of fire moved in the same direction and directly above them. It was not a pillow of fire, neither was it a jack-o'-lantern. The young gentleman is very much excited over it—they were not lost and therefore needed no guiding star of light.

York and Wadsworth have received two car loads of stores, grates and heating apparatus. Call and see them.—119 24.

That 85,000 Job. It Appears on All Circulars by State Institutions. RALEIGH: JOSEPHUS DANIELS, STATE PRINTER AND BINDER. Presses of EDWARDS & BROUGHTON, 1890.

York and Wadsworth have received two car loads of stores, grates and heating apparatus. Call and see them.—119 24.

A GRADED SCHOOL

For Concord is Being Talked—A Bill Looking to its Establishment will be Introduced in the Legislature. "Look here, I want to show you something," said a prominent citizen of the town to a Standard reporter. It was a bill, providing for the establishment of a Graded School for Concord. That bill will be sent on to our Representative with the request that it be introduced and pressed to successful issue. "That bill provides for the question being submitted to the voters of the town; no intention whatever of running it rough-shod over the people. It provides furthermore that the public school property—now used by the Principal of the Virginia Dare Institute—be enlarged and put in shape for the purposes of a Graded School, thereby making the starting expense quite small. It provides furthermore that the amount now given to the public schools of Concord shall be turned over to the Graded School fund. This being the case, but little extra money will have to be raised by taxation.

This move involves many points of interest to the town, and the Standard, always favorable to the idea of some concerted action in respect to schools anywhere and everywhere, will have something more to say about it in the near future. In the meantime let us not form opinions until all the facts are in and then discuss the question on its merits. County Alliance. The Cabarrus County Alliance will meet at the court house on Friday, February 6th, 1891, at 10 o'clock, a. m. All the secretaries must be present, as I have a "Word" for you, if opportunity.

Clear Creek Items. Apples are ten cents a dozen on this market. On last Friday evening the crows, under several circumstances, dispersed, said Sunday morning at six o'clock. She was interred at Clear Creek late in the evening of the same day. Mrs. Ida Cook, whom we mentioned last week as having typhus, is now in the most critical stage of the fever. The many friends of this truly good lady await the development of her present sufferings with much anxiety for her recovery. (Later: A gentleman from No. 10 informs us that Mrs. Cook is dead. To her bereaved husband, H. C. Cook, the sympathies of the entire community is extended.) There is a man not quite a thousand miles from here, and not less than fifty years old, who spends forty dollars a year for tobacco, about ten dollars for cigars, and nothing for a newspaper. Everybody ought to help pity such misguided wretches. One day last week, in broad daylight, the Henry D. Pig's barn was burned to the ground. There were no men folks at home, and when Mrs. Pigg discovered the fire the flames were lapping and leaping far from the barn. She immediately grabbed a short distance from the barn and was not burned. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary rat and a Lucifer match.

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