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THE STANDARD.

VOL. IV.---NO. 43. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1891. WHOLE NO. 199.

THE STANDARD.

ONLY TWICE AS MUCH READING MATTER AS ANY PAPER EVER OR NOW PUBLISHED IN THE COUNTY.

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DOES IDLENESS CAUSE IT?

Last week the Standard copied an extract from a paper furnished a magazine by a college professor, one of these shade farmers! We intended to reply to it, but here is what the Wilmington Star says:

Mr. David Starr Jordan, president of the Leland Sanford University in California, has written an article on "Agricultural Depression and Waste of Time" for the October number of the Forum, in which he substancially takes the position that the depression complained of by farmers is due more to waste of time and idleness by them than to any other cause.

We don't know whether Mr. Jordan has ever given much time to plowing, seeding, harrowing harvesting, &c., but he is evidently one of those peculiarly constituted men who thinks he has made a complete diagnosis of the farmer's trouble, and thereupon proceeds to prescribe for him thus, in effect, "work more, and stick closer to it." That has the merit of brevity, at least, but not of originality, for there are about forty thousand advisers who think they have made the same discovery and who prescribe the same remedy, so that the learned gentleman who is going to preside over the big institution where the California and other young ideas will learn how to shoot big guns, so to speak, hasn't made any discovery at all, but has simply stumbled into the path that these forty thousand other wise men had discovered and meandered over before he happened to strike it

The fact is it has become sort of fashionable among some writers and talkers, who set themselves up as public lecturers or educators, to tell the farmer that all this agricultural depression of which he complains is his fault, and that if he got up and hustled, and crowded about twenty-four hours into sixteen that he would prosper right along, the old farm would boom, and he and the old woman and the boys and the girls would be "as happy as big sunflowers." As a general thing, about all the familiarity these gentleman have with farming they have acquired from the speeches and reports of eminent farmers like Uncle Jerry Rusk, and from looking through the car windows as they spin through the country and take in the farms at the rate of forty miles an hour. It was one of these very likely, who was admiring a field of sorghum, which he thought very fine corn, who was informed by a farmer sitting near him that it might be very fine corn if it didn't have a constitutional objection to growing ears.

It may appear an entirely satisfactory reason to these writers and perhaps conclusive to some of their readers when they find the cause of agricultural depression in the idleness and the thriftlessnesrs of the farmers, but it is not true all the same. In individual cases, it is doubtless true, and it may apply to a great many individuals, but in general application it is not true, for as a calling, there is no more industrious, or harder working body of men in the United States than the men whose wheat, corn and cotton fields feed and cloth the 65,000,000 of people in this country and help to feed and clothe the populations of some of the countries on the other side of the sea. The farmers of the Northern and Western States, work more hours in a day, and stick closes to it from the time the melting frost unlocks the soil in the spring time until the frost locks it as winter comes along, than any other body of toilers in the land, and it is simply nonsense to say that as a body they are, in the depression which their business suffers, only reaping the fruits of their own idleness. And so in the South. As a body the farmers work as faithfully and as hard as the men of any industrial pursuit.

If this has anything to do with it the depression from which the farmers suffer is caused not by too little, but, strange as it may sound, by too much work. It is caused by the low prices, ordinarily, for the products of the farm, low prices caused by raising too much for the market which our farmers have to supply. If there were less raised there would be a more active demand and better prices, the price increasing in proportion to the shortness of the supply, so that if the farmer didn't work half as much as he does, and didn't raise half as much as he does, he could get as good or better pay for one-half his labor than he has since this depression era began, goten for all of it. The farmer commits errors, there is no doubt of that; he with some exceptions, pursues methods that are not remunerative, there is no doubt of that: he gets into ruts that it seems very hard to get out of, there is no doubt of that; but if he does not prosper and is not getting rich, idleness is not the cause. There are too many farmers in this country raising food and cotton for the number of people there are to feed and to clothe, and the result is an overstocked market and consequently low prices, and then on top of this, out of these low prices the farmer is required to pay heavy tribute to the protected manufacturers for the various things he needs and has to buy. That's where the trouble is, and not in too much idleness.

A homicide in Dunlin county, ten miles from Mt. Olive, Sunday evening, is reported by the Goldsboro Headlight, in which a white deaf mute named Summerlin was killed by his wife's two brothers named Rogers. Domestic troubles between Summerlin and his wife caused the homicide.

THE CALL FOR THE ARTICLES.

Will the Gentlemen, Who Read the Articles, Give Heed.

Editor Standard:

In your issue of Wednesday you say that Dr. Young was requested to allow the Standard to publish the essay read at the Lyceum on Tuesday, but that from a sense of timidity he declined. The Lyceum as I understood it, was organized for the improvement of its members and the citizens at large Now there have been several papers read there, that were well worth the public's consideration. Prominent among those were, How to Build a Town on Paper and Thoughts Suggested by the Appearance of a Woman Drummer in our Town. They were edisfying and interesting to the Lyceum and would be to the readers of the Standard. Do not hide your lights under a bushel, (my visits to the Lyceum has taught me to make Scripiural quotations, you see) but let us all have the benefit of your sayings and doings The author of How to Build a Town on Paper has been before the public often enough to have become callous to the bickerings of Moss Backs and the author of, Thoughts Suggested by the Appearance of a Woman Drummer in our Town, certainly has sufficient Cerebral Vertebræ to stand the attacks of the Women Suffragist of the community.

Let us have them, by all means.

ADMIRER.

The "Arizona Kicker."

Last Friday we received word that a man had appeared in Gulchtown soliciting subscriptions to the Kicker and claiming to be our agricultural editor. This trick has been played on us half a dozen times within a year And when we heard of this chap we mounted our mule and cantered over to interview him. We found him just as he had bagged his eleventh subscriber and was ready to get out.

What followed may not be recorded in future history, but it was lively while it lasted.

The bold-faced imposter was of squatty build, weighed 200 pounds and had been eating Limburger cheese. He, therefore, had a shade the best of it on the go off, but we rounded him up after getting our second wind, and he won't travel on our shape hereafter. He's got through taking subscriptions for us, and six months hence, when able to crawl out again he will probably look for honest work. We employ no travelling agents, give away no chromos, and we don't take stomach bitters in payment for advertising.—M. Quad.

We Must Have the Roanoke & Southern Railroad.

The enterprising citizens of Lexington, those who have the interest of the town truly at heart, met again in the court house in a mass meeting here on Friday night, the 23rd instant, to further discuss plans for getting the Roanoke & Southern railroad to and by our town. Hon. M. H. Pinnix called the meeting to order. In the absence of the regular secretary, W. M. Sherrill was elected secretary pro tem.

Col. Henderson, Capt. Robbins and several others made short, but pointed and effectual speeches.

Col. Henderson arose and moved that the committee on private subscription be continued, and report at next meeting. Carried.

Capt. Robbins moved that a committee of three be appointed to confer with parties along the line. The chair appointed Capt. Robbins, Col. Henderson and James Smith.

Col. Henderson was added to the committee on private subscription.

After some business of minor importance, the meeting adjourned to meet Tuesday night, the 27th instant—Lexington Dispatch.

This will interest our neighbors, of Mt. Pleasant. Their only hope is the road running by Lexington.

NEWS IN GENERAL.

Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, pastor of the London tabernacle, is in Mentone, Italy.

The anarchists of Barcelona, Spain, will celebrate the anniversary of the execution at Chicago of the anarchists concerned in the Haymarket riots.

John E. Redmond, Parnellite candidate for Cork city, threatens to slap the face of Timothy Healy if the latter continues his abusive statements about him.

The new cruiser No. 10 has been named the Detroit.

Nine more war vessels at Brooklyn navy yard or vicinity are available for service in Chilian waters.

The New York Central railroad has put on a train from New York to Buffalo which averages 52½ miles an hour.

A number of well known New York independents and anti Tammany Democrats have issued an address in favor of Flower.

Robert D. Morton, who had been treated at the Pasteur Institute, New York, for hydrophabia, died in great agony.

From all parts of Mantioba come reports of a great crop yield. At Sheppardsville fifty acres yielded 1,766 bushels, and in another case twenty seven acres yielded 963 bushels. At Deloraine two farmers reports a yield averaging nearly fifty bushels to the acre.

Buncombe county criminal court on Tuesday took up the case against Robert Dougherty, for killing William Torrence. A verdict of manslaughter was agreed on. Judge Carter sentenced the prisoner to twenty years in the penitentiary.

VERY PINTED, THESE.

The Wilmington Star's Comments on Several Subjects.

In Carnegie's steel works the wages of employes have been reduced ten per cent. It is not a "cut" however, but simply a "readjustment." That's all——Andrew Carnegie has sent Mr. Harrison eighteen gallons of fine Scotch whiskey, in which he may find something to brace his drooping spirits when the election returns come in.——Roswell P. Flower, Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, can no longer be classed as a "bloated aristocrat," as it has been discovered since the campaign opened that he is a poor man, worth not more than $1,000,000.——Some men are very unsocial. There is a man in New Haven, Conn., who weighs 100 pounds, but whose better and larger half weighs 250. He is now asking a divorce from her, just because in her playful moods she was in the habit of gathering him up, tossing him to the ceiling and letting him fall to the floor. There are some mean men, who don't want their wives to have any fun.

Cabin and Three Children Burned.

Phebe Atkins; a colored woman who lives on the farm of Mr. John H. Howie, at Crofts, on the A. T. & O, road, a few miles rrom Charlotte, lost her cabin by fire, at 11 o'clock yesterday morning At the time the fire started, her three children were in the cabin. Two of them were burned to death and the third was so badly burned that there is but little chance of its recovery.

The woman had gone out to the cotton field leaving the three children at home. She left both doors to her cabin open, but the fascinating fire was burning on the hearth. About 11 o'clock the hands in the cotton field noticed that the cabin was enveloped in smoke. Those who got to the house first, found the oldest child, whose age was 5 years, in the yard just outside the cabin door. Its clothes had been entirely burned off, and it was then dying. Its death occurred two hours later. Crouched against the chimney on the outside of the house, was the next oldest child. One of its hands was burned completely off, and it was burned on the head and body. This child was still living this morning. The baby has burned to a crisp in the cabin. The poor woman is almost insane with grief.

Charlotte News.

Edison on Gold Mines.

Mr. Edison was talking the other day about his experiments in the North Carolina gold fields. He said:

"My experiments were all right. The trouble was the lack of gold. I spent several months travelling over North Carolina and I found in fact that every farm had a gold mine, but the gold, if it ever existed in large quantities, has been taken out. The mines had been dug down to the water level in slavery days and there was nowhere gold enough to pay. I found the country too far off and too much out of the world for a civilized man to settle in, and I concluded to come back to New Jersey and devote my attention to iron. There is more money in iron than in gold, and the New Jersey iron mines are going to produce some of the best iron products of the future."

"Why don't you go to Mexico? There's plenty of gold and silver there."

"It's too far off," was Mr. Edison's reply, "and life is too snort to waste time in travelling from one place to another.

A Bad Preacher to Fool With.

The News a few days ago noted the fact that its good friend, Major John Wilson, the colored politician, in addition to jining the alliance, had put another iron in the fire and was now dispensing gospel, in a cheap way, for anything, in fact, that the hat might bring in. John was passing a fruit stand last night when a little negro tauntingly called out to him: "Dere you go, you five cent preacher!" John picked up a cocoanut and hurled it at the little negro. It missed its mark and was smashed to pieces on the side of a house, within six inches of the head of a white man, scaring the owner of the head half to death. John was before Mayor Brevard this morning, and the mayor said that inasmuch as John was a preacher, and had set a bad example he would be fined $2.50 and further be required to pay for the demolition of the cocoanut. Thus another serious drain has been made upon the Republican campaign fund.—Charlotte News.

Circus Swindler Run In.

One of the circus gamblers got caught. A negro who was running a little machine went to stay all night with a town negro whose acquaintance he had made during the day. The host went out for some purpose and while he was out the visitor lifted $80 from a bureau drawer. But soon after his departure the money was missed and the thief caught and money recovered before he left town. The fellow is now in the Newton jail.—Newton Enterprise.

A young white man, Q. Pollard, who lives near Clayton, went to Smithfield Tuesday to see a friend in jail. Before entering the jail he was searched, a loaded pistol was found upon his person and he was committed to jail for a month.

There are 110,759 acres devoted to tobacco in Virginia.

Written For the Standard.

AUTUMN.

There is a sadness in the air,
The leaves are falling everywhere,
In the grove—down the lane;
All the night and all the day
Winters frosty fingers work away,
Stripping trees—of their leaves.

—LYCEUM MEMBER.

THIS IS OURS.

Leaves have their time to fall and so have I.
The difference between the leaves and me
Is I fall more harder and more frequently.

☞The above is poetry of the first water.

Salisbury Has a Big Fire.

A big fire occured in Dixonville about sunrise this morning in which three houses were burned. The fire bell awoke many citizens, who hurried to the scene, to find all three in a big blaze. The fire department and the reel company were promptly on hand, but all efforts to save the property proved futile. The fire originated in a small grocery store belonging to G. T. Mowery and W. A. Gallimore, and it is suppysed to have been incendiary, or caused by spontaneous combustion. Messrs. Mowery & Gallimore inform us that when they reached the store it was in a big blaze. No one knows the exact cause of the fire. Parties who live in the neighborhood heard a loud noise like a blast just before the fire was discovered. This is assigned to the explosion of a small keg of powder or a kerosene oil tank, which was in the store. A rumor is current that a colored man who was at the well for water about daylight, saw a burning lamp sitting on the counter with the door wide open, and supposed Mr. Gallimore was in, but did not see him. If this is true the store was probably set on fire to cover the traces of burglary. The houses were very dry and burned like tinder, and had the wind been blowing like it did on Tuesday, Dixonville would have been swept away by the flames. All three houses were the property of Jack Mowery, colored, who sustained a loss of about one thousand dollars. No insurance. Mowery & Gallimore's stock is estimated to be worth between six and seven hundred dollars, and nothing was saved. Their insurance is four hundred dollars.—Salisbury Herald.

The Farmer Pays the Freight.

We will send abroad 250,000,000 bushels of wheat. For it we will receive say $250,000,000. This will be invested in clothing, in carpets, in linens, in furniture, in chinaware, in tinware, in hardware, etc., etc.

When these cargoes reach New York they are seized by Federal officers. They are weighed and measured and valued, and the owners are compelled to pay in duties 50 per cent. of the value of the cargoes. This will be a tax of $125,000,000.

In otner words, the farmers must send abroad three bushels of wheat in order to get in return the exchange value of two

Last year the exports of cotton amounted to 5,800,000 bales. One third of the return cargoes were confiscated under the plea of protection.

On last year's cotton crop two-thirds were exported; one-third was consumed at home.

It required all the cotton sold to American mills to pay the duties on the return cargoes taken in exchange for the 5,800,000 bales sold abroad.

Here we have an object lesson illustrating the injustice and the oppression of our whole system, so-called.

The farmer, he pays the freight; he pays the tax; he pays the pensions. To do this he has to cultivate three acres in order to have for his own use the products of two.

It is the most stupendous system of iniquity and oppression to which any free people ever submitted, and yet the farmer who works three days for two days' wages is expected to walk up to the polls in Pennsylvania, in Ohio and in the great Northwest and vote for McKinley and protection.

Down with the war tariff!—Courier-Journal.

Graphic Description of a Smash-up.

Just outside of town, opposite the residence of W. T. Brogden, a freight train yesterday afternoon ran into a wagon and smashed things.

James Thorp, a colored man, was driving a one-horse wagon, and had on a seat with him a colored damsel in whom he was much interested. And evidently she was equally interested in her admirer.

It was a mash.

They were engaged in earnest conversation when they reached the railroad crossing, and did not hear the thunder of the approaching train nor the repeated warnings whistled by the locomotive. The engineer tried to stop his train when near them, but too late.

Then there was a smash.

The pilot struck the rear end of the wagon, and the air was filled with broken wheels, splinters and the wild screams of the frightened couple. The horse ran away and completed the wreck of the vehicle.

Thorp and the woman were thrown to the ground, and the former was badly bruised; the latter was also bruised and one of her ears was cut. Their injuries are not serious. The horse escaped almost unhurt.

The horse and wagon belonged to Mrs. L. G. Smith.—Oxford Day.

Is your father a Christian asked the new minister. No, replied the boy, he sings in the choir.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

"THERE'S A CHIEL AMANG YE TAKIN NOTES AND FAITH HE'LL PRENT THEM."

The Thanksgiving turkey is the coming fowl.

There are 146 students at Davidson College.

Wait for the two marriages that are coming soon.

The China Grove Dart declares that Clevland is a photograper.

W. A. Wilkinson, of Forest Hill, went to Raleigh. He too, wants rest.

The Western North Carolina Conference convenes in Asheville on Nov. 11.

Business manager Dowd, of the Charlotte Chronicle, is a Baptist deacon.

The Weekly Standard gets a new subscriber on nearly "every morning zephyr."

The Waynesville White Sulphur Springs property has been sold for $90,000.

About the only thing that can "equalize fatality" is the unstinted propagation of grip.

Rev. A. L. Coburn, a Methodist minister laboring in Rowan county, spent Wednesday in town.

The boys and girls are making words out of "The Concord Standard." See the rulss elsewhere.

Some one has said that very soon the grunting, groaning and porky swine will be assissinated. Let him die.

"Why spend so much money for a wedding suit?" This is a question propounded by a widower of very marked proclivities.

Since the dummy has been out of repairs, the public has suffered no little inconvenience. The management, however, could not avoid it because of the slowness of a Richmond machine shop.

Shelby Aurora: "Please help the poor editor by calling at once." Calling won't help some. Does it do old man Miller, the boss talker of the press, good by simply calling on him?

The unusual brightness, brilliancy and cheertulness of the Standard is due to the invoice of a supply of fresh paste and a pair of new scissors, but the 4-pager is not a paster or cutter, but a stunner.

Dr. N. D. Fetzer wants us to tell the fate of the resolutions presented to the Lyceum. The Standard gladly states that they went a glimmering, all because he objected to their consideration.

The man that sees prosperous times ahead is backed up by a delusive belief that there is in this country a surplus of 250,000,000,000 bushels of wheat. That's the way they all think.

Those who subscribe for seats at the Blumenburg Concert Company, formerly the Boston Quintette Club, which appears Nov. 16, will have the advantage of selecting them before the rush.

Mrs. George James, of Burlington, met her death Wednesday night in a very peculiar way. She went into the yard for some wood, and, stumbling over a wheelbarrow, sustained internal injuries that resulted in her death.

A patent medicine man called on us for space. He wanted something like a quarter column for $12 per year. To get this we would have been required to take medicine, which, from our peculiar condition in life, we could have no earthly use for.

Charley Black, of Charlotte, dreamed that his ginner in Cabbarrus had stolen a bale of cotton. He kept thinking about it, so came over, and the Chronicle says that it is doubtless true. The ginner sold two bales pocketed the money and is in parts unknown.

There will be four eclipses in 1892; two of the sun and two of the moon. An eclipse of the sun on October 20th is visible; it begins 11 h. 54 m. a. m., and ends about 2 h. 55 m. p. m. A partial eclipse of the moon on May 11 will be visible here.

No lady cornetist ever created such enthusiasm as Miss Anna Teresa Berger. As a cornet virtuoso she stands by the great Levy, his equal. Miss Berger has just returned from a two years concert tour of England to join the Blumenburg concerts.

Correspondent of the Methodist Advocate: "True and effective discussion consists not so much in belittling the arguments and points of an opponent as in answering them." That's good sense, but some people have no other ability. "Prove all things, therefore, and hold fast to that that is good."

The matrimonial editor came in and declared: "When a young man proposes and is accepted he rings the girl's hand. If he is rejected he wrings his own hands." He rolled his eyes wildly and then vanished, the matrimonial editor did.

In another column is a communication signed "Admirer." He wants the publication of "Thoughts Suggested by a Woman Drummer," by Dr. Young and "How to build a town—on Paper," by Solo. These articles were read before the Lyceum.

John W. Creech, who lives in Mecklenburg, just across from Harrisburg, came in and told the old man about his crop and about his subscription to this 4-pager. Mr. Creech says his corn is good, but his cotton is not more than two thirds of a crop.

TWO ANTI-JONES MEN.

Rev. Mr. Peschau and Rev. Mr. Moser Pass Through the City---They are Anxious to Tackle Mr. Jones.

Rev. F. W. E. Peschau, of Wilmington, and Rev. John R. Moser of Monroe, passed through the city at 3:15 o'clock this afternoon, on their way to Catawba county, where they are to do church work. Mr. Peschau and Mr. Moser are endeavoring to get up anti-Sam Jones movement in the State. They were seen at the depot this afternoon by a News reporter, and were primed ready for the fight. Mr. Peschau, turning to Mr. Moser, said: "There's a man who is ready to take part with me in the proposed debate."

Mr. Moser wants to get up a meeting of ministers in the State. Mr. Peschau says that he still does not consider himself answered, and is not only ready, but anxious to meet Jones in debate at any time. If Mr. Jones will divide time with him, he will meet him in Charlotte next week, on any day that Mr. Jones may suggest.—Charlotte News.

Wanted to Die at Home.

Mr. W. E. Morrison found the old family horse of the late Wm. C. Morrison, of Concord township, lying dead in his lot last Thursday morning. Mr. Morrison thinks the old horse had been traded upon by the court crowd last week and felt the degradation so keenly that he wandered back into his old neighborhood and died of mortification.—Statesville Landmark.

Even animals below man want to return to the old familiar spot to die. Several years ago, a striking proof of this was seen in the death of a very sensible horse in No. 8 township. During the fated night, the horse became sick (this is a conclusion), broke from his stable (this the door showed) and went over a mile to the stable of his former owner, and where the horse had spent much of his time. There the horse was found dead. Two things seem proved here: First, the horse believed that death was near at hand; second, he wanted to die at his first home, where he had spent much time, though not pleasantly at times.

A New Agent---Mr. Hall.

Mr. Frank R. Hall, of Monterey, Mexico, has been here for a few days and has made arrangements with the Kerr Bag Mfg. Company to travel in Arkansas, Texas and Mexico for the sale of their bags. Mr. Hall has lived in Mexico for nine years and speaks the Spanish language fluently. He is the son of the late Dr. Hall, of Greensboro, and left here seventeen years ago and has been living in Texas and Mexico ever since.

Mr. Hall says that large quantities of bags are used in Texas and Mexico, and he has no doubt but that he will be able to do a good business as all the bags are shipped into the Republic from the States.

With the improved facilities which the Kerr Bag Mfg. Company have for manufacturing bags, we have no doubt but that Mr. Hall will do well for them in the new territory.

No Foolin' with Him.

A workman in town was called on to repair the threads on an elbow for some piping. When completed, the owner asked the charges. "Twenty-five cents," was the reply "Oh," said he, with a little more emphasis than is pleasant, "I don't want to buy your tools; I'll give you 10 cents." "It is a quarter, sir." "Well, you may just keep the elbow for your pay," said the owner. The portly smith reached down for a hammer, and with one blow completely crushed the elbow. "Hold, man, what did you do that for?" said the owner. "I have a right, contemptible idiot, to do what I please with my own." The Standard will not give names, but this is a true case. Jury will please return a verdict as to the conduct.

Brings His Cotton to Charlotte.

A young farmer, of Cabarrus, living less than ten miles from Concord, is hauling his cotton to Charlotte and does not hesitate to say he will continue to do so as long as the present difference in prices continues. This difference, on Saturday amounted to about $1.60 on the bale. —Charlotte News.

Ah, my brother, name your man. Mr John W. Creech, a Mecklenburg man, who, from the condition of the roads &c., lives nearer Charlotte than Concord, sells his cotton in Concord He called on us Tuesday after selling cotton on this market. He said that he could do better here than in Charlotte. How do the two statemants compare

A Powerful Potato.

N. D. Fetzer is no farmer but he is exhibiting a very large sweet potato. It has the appearance of seven or eight roots having grown together, or been pasted together. This potato may have been doctored in the early season—this we only suggest. The product weighs four pounds and ten ounces. The impression prevails that this potato came from Dr. Fetzer's garden, of this we have no assurance. They say his neighbor, M. L. Brown, raises big ones too.

Tight Lacing.

"The doctors have decided that Katie Cole, a girl of eighteen, who dropped dead at Pottsdam, Pa., Tuesday, died from the effects of tight lacing." Had the right of voting been given her, and the privilege of becoming a physician, drummer or preacher been extended her, why, that girl would have been living (?) now.

A Small Accident.

At the depot the vestibule stopped about 30 minutes this morning. It is indeed provoking for this barroom whirling splendor to remain so long in this town where prohibition reigns. Probably suit will be baought for the violation of local option, if evidence sufficient can be had.

The Standard has to tell, however of a small smash up. A freight was backing up at the switch near the creek. A truck was badly split and when that struck the switch he car was derailed and in its jerk, and fall it carried another with it. Railroad hands had to be brought from Harrisburg to get the cars on the track, which required about one hour.

The track was consequently blocked up and the whirling palace on wheels with bar attachment was flagged down.

The Standard goes on record again for getting in a big scoop of news that ought to be news. Those that walk can write this stuff with a clear conscience, so to speak. The accident, be it remembered, was caused by no carelessness of the local management.

Negro No Balloonist.

Raleigh, Oct. 28—At the Exposition this afternoon in the presence of over two thousand people, a shuddering accident occured. A balloon was inflated and men were holding it down by ropes. Among the men was Anthony Jordan, col., of Raleigh, who instead of holding the rope with his hands was standing on it. Suddenly the balloon with a parachute, in which was Mrs. Hawkins, rose in the air. Jordan's foot was caught by the rope and he was carried up between the balloon and the parachute. There were cries of "Drop, drop," and at the height of about fifty feet he dropped and came head foremost. His shoulders and head struck and he was perhaps fatally injured. His jawbone was crushed, his wrist dislocated and he sustained hurts on the head as well as internal injuries.

The balloon rose to an immense height and Mrs. Hawkins descended safely in the parachute.

A Bad Ruling.

Public sentiment in the South will generally approve the action of the grand jury at Montgomery, Ala., in refusing to indict Colonel Dunham for the killing of young Cunningham. The slain man several months ago wrote Colonel Dunham's wife an anonymmous note, asking her to make an appointment with him. Mrs. Dunham handed the note to her husband, who, by a decoy answer, detected Cunningham. To avoid scandal and trouble the young man was warned and allowed to go. With remarkable recklessness and folly he continued to discuss the matter in public and to exhibit the decoy letter and claim that it had been written by Mrs. Dunham. who had tried to meet him and been prevented. When endurance had reached its limit the insulted husband empied his shot gun into the unhappy boaster and slanderer. The grand jury said he did right and the vast majority of our people will approve the finding.—Greenville (S. C.) News.

Ages, Sages, and Wages.

If you have a wife and a half-a dozen daughters, you can keep them all well by very simple means. Let them use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is good for women of all ages. You will not need to spend all your wages for it. Those ancient sages, the M. D's of a century since, did nothing but dose and bleed their paitents. We do better to-day: use Dr. Pierce's remedies. For womankind, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is simply indispensable. The young girl needs its strengthening help at that critical period when she is blossoming into womanhood. The matron and mother find in it invigoration and relief from the numerous ills which beset their existence. And ladies well advanced in years universally acknowledge the revivifying and restorative effects of this favorite and standard remedy.

Scotia Reopened.

Scotia Seminary has reopened for another session. Every train that comes in, brings large numbers of girls. The Standard man was at the depot Wednesday evening when the train came in. The girls in a quiet and lady-like manner entered the 'buses. The desire to be attractive and to be otherwise foreign to what is right, was not seen in a single instance. These girls have been here before and they are but putting into practice what they are taught by their institution—Scotia.

TWo Birds With One Blow.

Janitor Surratt, of the new South Club, met up with an owl Wednesday night. The Janitor's first impulse was to run, but with his cane delt it a deadly blow. The owl was dead and held in its mouth a dead English sparrow. This is the stone that kills two birds. Henry is so proud of his conquest that he carries the dead owl and the English sparrow, which is also dead, around in his pocket.

The Motz Murder Trial.

This case, which has attracted interest all over the State, is being heard at Shelby. The crowds in attendance are simply immense People are there from the adjoining counties and are camping out.

Send us your job printing.

A SMALL FIRE.

Had Not Promptness Followed the Damage Would Have Been Great.

A fire occured Wednesday night wry after midnight.

It was the "smoke-house" on the premises of Mrs. Esther Gibson. The building was not more than 12 feet from the ell to the residence.

Occuring at the hour it did, not a large number found it out, but the hose and reel company was there promptly and saved, by their splendid work, the residence. Had the main building caught, other residences would have burnt too.

The origin of the fire was some ashes that contained live coals being thrown so as to get against the building.

The loss is not great.

A Romatic Marriage.

A romantic mariage in which Lexington people figured, says the Dispatch, took place in Salisbury on Sunday Morning.

The contracting parties were Mr. Wm. F. Sink and Miss Arreny Kindley, both of this place, and employees of the Wennonah Cotton Mills

Miss Kindley's parents were opposed to the match, and the couple decided to run away. Their intention was to flee to South Carolina and have the knot tied in that State, but learning that the enraged parent would pursue them there, gave Mr. Kindley the slip, and stopped over at Salisbury. Mr. Kindley finally traced them there, and found Mr. Sink, but failed to find his daughter. She was kept in concealment until friends of all the parties concerned prevailed upon him to sign an agreement expressing his willingness to allow their union.

The happy pair were married Sunday morning by Rev. N. S. Jones, and the party returned to Lexington that evening.

Gems From Exchanges.

Salisbury Watchman: Mr. Jesse Barger is putting up a new dwelling house for Mr. Harvey Graber, China Grove.

Lincoln Courier: Subscribers will please bring us wood before the roads get muddy.

Wilmington Review: I found your Brandycrotine for headache a blessing.

State Chronicle: We have a new paster and cutter.

Wilmington Star: Tar received 175 barrels.

Stanly News: Cider has gone down considerable this week.

Durham Globe: The East Durham kid. Is it back again?

They Hold Secret Session.

The Salisbury correspondent of the Charlotte Chronicle says: Fully a dozen delegates representing Lexington, Gold Hill and Mt. Pleasant, have been in session all the morning at the Mount Vernon Hotel, in the interest of the Roanoke & Southern road. Another session will be held this evening. They have decided to order an election all along the route from Lexington to Monroe, so says Dr. R. A. Shimpoch, delegate from Gold Hill. Monroe is not represented here today, not having time to appoint them. The meeting is a sly affair, as no Salisbury man has been invited into the conference.

Some Guiding Figures.

While not a local, yet here are some figures that have intense interest in them;

	Dem. Plurality.
1885—Governor	11,134
1886—Court of Appeals	7,797
1887—Secretary of State	17,077
1888—Governor	20,527
1889—Secretary of State	19,170
1890—Congress	75,646

New York is Democratic, because the majority of the people are so. Could the last Democratic plurality be reduced from 75,646 to 1,500 as some try to believe? Flower is not unpopular enough and Fassett is too much under the thumb of Col. Tom Platt to produce such a wrinkle in the state of results.

"THE BEST."

It is easy to say of anything, especially of a medicine, that it is "the best"; but to show the reason of its superiority to the satisfaction of the public, may be quite another matter. When we affirm, however, that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any other blood medicine, we make no inconsiderate statement, but tell the plain, unvarnished truth. Other so-called blood-purifiers may produce a temporary exhilaration, which is mistaken for cure; but the cures effected by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla are radical and permanent. It not only purifies the blood, but renews and invigorates that fluid.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been in use for the better part of half a century, and has achieved a success which is without parallel in the history of medicine. People early learned to appreciate its value as a purifier of the blood, and the lapse of years has only confirmed and strengthened the popular opinion of its merits.

Only the choicest and most approved ingredients enter into the composition of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and these are secured regardless of cost. It is on this principle that the Honduras sarsaparilla root is exclusively used in this preparation. The domestic variety is cheap and abundant, being indigenous all over the American continent, but it has little medicinal value compared with the richer growth of the tropics. Therefore it is that the extract of the Honduras root, solely, forms the basis of Ayer's preparation, the other ingredients being stillingia, podophyllum, yellow dock, and the iodides of potassium and iron.

The effect produced by these ingredients depends largely upon the proportions used, and it is only by the greatest skill in compounding them that the remarkable alterative and tonic qualities of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are secured. The appliances of Ayer's laboratory are unique and costly, and experience shows that their use results in producing a compound extract of far more curative power than can be obtained by any other methods. This fact, together with the most attractive, liberal, and original methods of advertising, readily accounts for the world-wide reputation and enviable success of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.