

WE ARE CARED FOR.

An Allianceman tells a Charlotte News reporter that it is now pretty well settled that Mr. James P. Cook, editor of the Concord Standard, is to be the editor of the new Alliance paper there...

The Standard feels honored. Matters affecting the future course of its editor can be settled with out his knowledge. So far as he knows, nothing has been settled. He is making no arrangements except such as are necessary for the improvement of his work—this is his desire at all times.

That the editor of this sheet should be tendered the editorship of the new paper to be started in Charlotte, as the exchanges say, is, he takes it, a compliment.

In this connection, the Standard desires to say that this sheet has a mission. It has traveled roads that are rough and roads that are dark. It has seen days of struggling. It has carried a subscription list that did not pay for the white paper, ink and labor required to produce it, saying nothing of the support of the owner. It has worked hard for Concord and Cabarrus. It has said what it believed the truth—even against the advice of bosom friends. It has made a few enemies, whose course concerns us not at all. It has made friends not alone in this county, but elsewhere. It has seen its county subscription list grow to a number larger than any paper ever had in the county—it is still growing. The Standard congratulates itself on the possession of warm friends, without whose aid all this could not have been accomplished.

The man at the head has struggled hard—the quarter of century spent in life has been struggle itself. Today we are working (and it is not boasting) more hours than any man among our acquaintance. That he puts in seventeen hours of work per day is not because he has a weakness for such conduct, but as a matter of necessity. The only thing that has made such labor endurable is the well-grounded belief that the people of the town and county appreciate the Standard's course, and the new supporters being added daily, leads the editor to hope for a fair living in the business, in the course of years.

The Standard is a fixture, without doubt. The editor may go to Charlotte; he may go to Greensboro; and he may return to the shadows of his parental home, but the Standard's in the ring and doing business on its own policy and style.

NOT SO BAD, AFTER ALL.

Our esteemed contemporary, the New York Sun, says that: "Prince Damrong, the brother of the King of Siam, who is at present in Paris, thinks the missionaries in his country put the cart before the horse. They begin, he says, by preaching that all the Siamese know and all their belief in Buddhism are entirely false, and that the only truth is the faith which they propound. Then, after prejudicing the people against them in this way they establish schools and do some good work. He thinks they ought to begin by opening schools and performing other helpful service which the people can appreciate and then enlighten the public as to their tenets."

We regard this level-headed opinion, and the clear terms in which it is stated, sufficient grounds upon which to base a not unreasonable hope that, after all, his royal highness may not be as hopelessly in error as his name would seem to indicate.

HE IS TO BLAME.

It will not do to monkey with a tiger. A Caldwell lady, attending the circus at Morganton, innocently approached too near the cage of a black tiger and received a slight scratch on the neck. Mr. Fassett, of New York, Mr. Platt's young man, with great bravery sailed into the ring-streaked and striped tiger in the neck that severed the jugular vein of his political aspirations. Three cheers and a tiger for the Tammany tiger!—Lenox Topic.

Willie Wyoming Scott, the editor, was with the young lady and is to blame. Wyoming Scott, who was a kid about 73 years ago, ventured up and the lady followed him. It is a huge joke on old man Scott in that he thought the tiger in question was a mountain black possum. He was mistaken in thinking that every animal that stretches open its mouth is a possum.

Baby Miller, of the Salisbury Watchman, wears a coon skin cap.

THE LOTTERY AND EXCHANGES.

The New York Advertiser says: "The Louisiana Lottery has itself afforded the strongest argument why all the states should unite in its suppression. It tells Louisiana, as a reason for that state's protection of the swindle, that it draws very little from the people there, and looks elsewhere for the millions which annually come into its coffers. It sucks money—hard earned money, and some of it stolen money—from every state, county and town in the Union. For this reason every part of the whole country is directly interested in killing a swindling scheme which robs the people. The meeting in Chickering Hall tomorrow evening should be a representative one, expressive of the sentiment of the city, and it cannot fail to influence upon the people of Louisiana, and especially upon the citizens of New Orleans."

The Louisiana Lottery is a fraud. It swindles men. But what about the Cotton Exchange of New York—the cotton future business? The Advertiser calls on the States to help suppress the Lottery business. That's all right. But where this particular institution gets one dollar here and there, the systems that gamble around Wall street get hundreds. They sap up men in toto—they lift a fellow out of boots, house and home. You need but look around but a few minutes to count your fingers full of men who have been driven jam-up to the wall by the internal (and probably infernal) workings of the cotton exchanges. Charlotte and Concord alone have lost more money in the cotton future business, as conceived and managed in John Cokerill's New York town, than the whole State has lost by the Louisiana Lottery.

The United States government legislates against the lottery, and yet encourages the robbery in New York City. The State of North Carolina prohibits the advertising of Louisiana Lottery business, yet many papers keep up closely with the cotton future reports—a business that not only makes men squand and kermis, but affects materially the fruits of the laborers' efforts.

They make the dirty gambling Louisiana Lottery a monster and ignore the gigantic gambling schemes in New York. Are we right? If not, show us.

INJUSTICE METED OUT?

The Stanley News remarks: A petition is going the rounds for signers, petitioning the governor for the release of Dave Frailey, who killed a noble man, Mr. H. E. Walker, whose death the people mourned as that of a beloved fallen brother, and who died at the hands of the criminal whose pardon is now asked for. Law, which is getting to be a weak force, saw fit only to convict the man of man-slaughter, and sentence him to 12 years in the penitentiary. Fasten a sentence of lifetime on him and still the widowed mother, her fatherless children, and an outraged public will be unavenged. Dawles, the negro burglar of Charlotte, pays the penalty with his life while murderers go almost unpunished. Is justice meted out justly to all?

The slip-shoddy way and stopping over policy of endorsing everything of a public nature and letting things go, whenever a favorable comment can not be made without perjuring one's self is about a back number. The above article is not calculated to make friends for the News in some quarters, but is the sober thoughts of a fair and square man. Sometimes a paper palavers over a thing, because he can't help himself.

CANDID CONFESSION GOOD FOR THE SOUL.

Col. Al. Fairbrother, who is assisted by his far better-half in the publication of the Durham Globe, went down to Raleigh on Wednesday. He didn't get out to the Exposition, but remained the entire day near the Yarbors House, as is evidenced by his own confession editorially in Thursday's Globe: "The old man was at Raleigh's yesterday—went to see the regiment and the gay sojer boys. And we saw 'em—saw all that any man could see and enough without going to the grounds. The whiskey in Raleigh is not as good as some whiskey made in this country—but as all of it is bad enough, perhaps it makes no difference."

THE OLD DOCTOR SPEAKS.

The Concord Daily Standard is a year and a half old, and an awful breezy, newsy, hustling little thing. —Statesville Landmark.

A BIG LOAN.

It is expected that the United States will loan the World's Fair concess \$5,000,000. That is a big loan and no interest is to be charged. Let us hope that the constitutionality of the transaction will be settled first. In this day of funny things, there is much fear of breaking the constitution.

RESPELLE 'EM 'T.

Jim Cook's little baby, the Daily Standard that has been saying such "plummy" things in such a jolly way ever since its birth, celebrated its third birthday last week and has now entered its fourth volume. Batchelor Jim is an able, independent and strong writer, and gets out the brightest if not the newest little Daily in the State, and bids fair for a long and prosperous life. May this be its future destiny. The News wishes it an unlimited success. —Stanley News.

Dan's persistency in the use of a superfluous "m" in bachelor is not to be taken as an evidence that he is "too fond of his tea." Our knowledge of his private habits enables us to account for it on other grounds. We violate no confidence when we inform the public that Dan is paying attention to a rather elderly lady who has a weakness for "the cup that cheers but not inebriates."

THE SAME OLD STORY.

A poor man in Missouri stole two or three hams. He went to the penitentiary for five years. The Treasurer of the State stole \$36,000 from the State Treasury. He went to the penitentiary for two years. Moral: If you want a short sentence steal a large amount. —Progressive Farmer.

There is virtue in a name. There is a penalty for stealing; and there is a penalty for embezzlement. An eye to the offense committed will serve a good purpose.

The Standard knows of some people in the penitentiary for stealing a dollar's worth of something, but there are others who wrecked innocent men—threw them out penitentiary upon the world—and did not get anywhere.

THE GOVERNOR-SENATOR.

Governor Hill has wisely determined to serve out his term as Governor. New York can better get along with partial representation in the Senate for a few weeks—usually devoted mainly to organization—than with a crank in the executive office. —N. Y. World.

"I-am-a-Democrat" Hill presumes considerably on his ability and underrated that of "I-pay-the-freight" Jones.

Senator Hill's course will prove a fine piece of history. Probably if he is elected president of the United States, he will hold on to the Senatorship as long as law will let him.

Could not Hill's friends bring to bear upon him enough influence to cause him to let loose?

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Mr. Harrison, who is president of the United States, has appointed the 26th of this month as Thanksgiving Day.

It is a hard job to write a new and fresh article like that of the President's—most men could not do it.

But the people should observe that day. In the midst of aches, trials and even misfortune, the worst afflicted have much to be thankful for.

Politically none of us have much to be thankful for; socially we have; that moral progress has been made is cause for thankfulness.

Financially, the people are not happy, but they can not complain of Providence for this—the Great God, who rules the universe, has been better to us as a nation than it deserves. The existing troubles, so far as they bind us, are to be laid at the door of those to whom we have entrusted legislation and at our own door for deeds done and deeds undone.

LAWLESSNESS EVERYWHERE.

There is a certain excitement in the judicial life in some parts of the country. A North Carolina Judge was run out of his court room by a young man with a revolver a day or two ago and about the same time a California Judge shot in self defence a party to a suit tried before him. The sculptors and the painters are wrong in portraying Justice with a sword. She carries a pop.

REAL ESTATE REGULATION.

We had a pleasant call yesterday from our enterprising agent, Mr. W. H. Nunn, Sr., of Big Creek, Stokes county, who brought us a fine list of subscribers. He says the News is gaining ground in that section.

It makes the Standard tired to see a man boomed for President of the United States just because he is successful in some State election. They are talking Boies, governor of Iowa. They tell some bad tales on him about his recent campaign.

IN THIS PHILOSOPHY.

We are crossing the threshold of the hardest times this country has seen for twenty years.

The short cotton crop means poverty to many people and reduced income to more.

It means poor business to some merchants and bankruptcy to the balance.

It means curtailed salaries to employees, scant wages to the laboring man and little work to the mechanic. The dollars will have to go as far, this year, as ten usually does, and the man who can not learn how to make them do it will be left.

Not these are the facts, and there is no getting around them.

We must face the music and adjust ourselves to the circumstances.

The creditor must make up his mind to be lenient, and the debtor must learn economy as he never learned it before.

On these two hang the law and the prophets: Forbearance and Economy.

Let us keep a stiff upper lip, do the best we can and trust God for the balance.

Let every man do unto his neighbor as he would be done by, and we'll pull through in good shape, right side up with care, and ready for business at the same old stand next year.

CONCENTRATION OF WEALTH.

It is right amusing to hear some men tell what they would do had they a million dollars, or twenty five of them. Some say they would give half of it to schools; others would build a home to care for every disabled soldier in royal style; others would do this and that. One of the Standard's printers said if he had a million he would give \$500,000 of it to the editor, knowing that he would give nearly all of it away to subscribers who seldom or never pay.

But, fellow-citizens, there is something in the words that head this article—they mean lots—they are but a photograph of the results of systems and the benefits of certain legislation.

It has been said that no man ever got rich honestly. This is a little overdrawn. In the first place, who is rich? Every locality has its rich man—he may not be worth but \$2,000, and yet there are some who look upon him as being well "housed," and consequently happy. Be all this as it may, and let the standard by which men are declared rich be what it may, every rich man is not so by honest means—he can't kneel before the true God and say: "Oh, Lord, all this I have accumulated by efforts and means that I conscientiously believe right and proper; I have wronged no man; I have done unto others as I wish to be done by; and I have taken advantage of no man." The Standard repeats that every rich man can not go before the great maker and declare the above and not perjure himself.

The wealth of this country is becoming concentrated; it is being drawn from the South year by year. Statistics tell us that the wealth of this country is increasing. It is not increasing in the rural districts—you know that. It is increasing in some towns, but the increase is nothing but what foreign capital is invested. The citizen who lives with us does not represent it in his own assets—it may be his liabilities, but the day of reckoning is coming some day.

Ten men of New York City represent wealth that is equivalent to 640 Concord. These money kings are:

John D. Rockefeller...\$140,000,000  
W. W. Astor..... 125,000,000  
W. B. Astor..... 110,000,000  
Cornelius Vanderbilt... 110,000,000  
Jay Gould..... 90,000,000  
W. K. Vanderbilt..... 80,000,000  
C. P. Huntington..... 45,000,000  
Russell Sage..... 40,000,000  
William Rockefeller..... 35,000,000  
J. Pierpont Morgan..... 25,000,000

Total.....\$800,000,000

Take the poorest one in this crowd. He owns wealth that is equivalent to twenty Concord; that is, J. P. Morgan owns enough wealth to buy Concord (with all its lots, stores, goods, money, notes, factories, bedsteads, shirts, shoes, cradles, bicycles, watches and everything) just twenty times—or he could buy the entire county, Concord included, seven times.

Mr. Rockefeller would not associate with Mr. Morgan—Mr. Morgan is a small man. Mr. Rockefeller represents wealth sufficient to buy 116 Concord. Were his wealth in silver dollars it would weigh 8,750,000 pounds, or more than 17,500 bales of cotton of 500 pounds each. This is not pessimistic, it is straight.

There is not a single man in the country that is accumulating as he used to, and probably there is not a single one in Concord.

Fellow citizens, you can not deny that the wealth of this country is concentrating in the North.

Last night was cold. Ice formed of an inch thick.

LET IT RESTORE.

The State Board of Education met Monday and made a sale to the Wilmington Real Estate and Investment Company, represented by Hon. Charles M. Steadman, of 1,400 acres of swamp lands in Columbus county. The price paid is 50 cents an acre. Northwestern men, who will work the timber out of the lands, become the owners. State Chronicle.

The Standard several times before took occasion to enter a protest against this giving way of land. The very idea of selling land at 50 cents per acre! The worst land in the State is worth more than that. Hon. Charles M. Steadman is an agent of a speculative concern, and such should not be permitted when it comes to the interests of the State.

Too much authority is given the State Board of Education, if it exercises such privileges. Why, it is absurd, to say the least of it, to sell 1400 acres of land for \$700.

It is a peculiarity of our people to be enured out of things and some who are above us are no better.

This giving way of land, when no consideration is derived to the State, is poor policy and unwise. The Legislature ought to look into this matter and put a stop to such extravagant cheapness. North Carolina soil and water—swamps—are worth more. FIFTY CENTS PER ACRE: that's business!

STANDARDISMS.

The Greensboro Record was just one year old on Monday. It is an excellent paper and always has good reading stuff in it. The Standard tips its hat to the Record.

The Pope is very ill and has expressed fears that his end is very near.

The New York Herald seems to be a daily favorite with the State Chronicle. The Herald played a funny, if not ridiculous, part in the recent election.

The Durham Globe has a new editor—he is a poetical editor. Al Fairbrother ought to buy him. Sunday school books and they together go to school.

The Raleigh News and Observer, of Wednesday, was "A Maryland, My Maryland" paper. The first page was illustrated.

The little Greensboro Workman has gone into sensational journalism. In Saturday's issue, it published a special to the effect that John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, was dead, and died with heart disease.

Col. John Tipton will in a few weeks send out the first issue of the Shelby Review.

HE WAS HERE.

Sam Jones the Evangelist; the lecturer; the reformed drunkard—the good old shouter—well, he has been here and he has spoken again. What of Sam Jones?

This question has been asked a thousand times and been answered a thousand ways.

The man who stands within the pulpit's narrow confines generally is three—five feet of slang and always talks like a gentleman. Jones is not polished. He is ignorant of all the rules of grammar—or all the delicate attributes which are necessary in the polished gentleman—but your Uncle Jones Always Gets There.

The Globe has said that it did not care what voice—what gesture or what logic a man used to yank a soul from out the devil's arms. And so it believes in Sam—just that far. It pushes on that proposition and then it wonders why a man should be a clown in the pulpit.

Take here in Durham, and if the Rev. Darnall would become an ordinary colonel that would be the last of him. Imagine Rev. Moorman stringing slang in the way Jones strings it, and—

Well, he would be looking for a job at some other business. The audacity of the man—and he calls it grit, grit, grit what makes Jones. He would meet the Devil for fun and would do him up and laugh about it.

His lecture has to more to do with the subject than Artemus Ward's lecture on the Babes in the Woods had to do with his subject. In fact Mr. Ward would always insist that the one feature of his lecture was that it had nothing whatever to do with what he was talking about. Jones' talk last night abounded in chestnuts which he repeated here—and yet the crowd laughed. He told them for fifty cents a head last night the same thing that he volubly told them a year or two ago. Of course the general subscription was large in those days—but the admission fee was nothing.

It occurs to us like this, to amuse all eyes: Jones knows how to massage him self and he always takes the measure of the crowd. He is in it for what there may be in it for him—and as the schoolmaster asked in the dath of little Nell—who would he differ or who would make her different? Who would call her back to life—if one could do so? And who would make Sam Jones different—who would criticize him manly? Let him go—let him do good, and if we all are fools enough to make him rich—the logic is that is not the fault of your Uncle Jones. He will always get there.—Durham Globe.

THE HOUSE OF LIBERTY.

The Third Luck of Three Wisconsin convicts—they broke a tunnel. Got out and were quickly recaptured.

Wausau, Wis., Nov. 14.—R. N. West, John Stagg and Fred Knack the three "cliffers" who escaped from the State penitentiary yesterday by tunnelling, were recaptured this morning at Mackford, fourteen miles west of here. Twelve hours of liberty was all the reward they got for the two years' labor that they bestowed on the work.

After making their escapes they struck out in a westerly direction, and had got only as far as Mackford when they were overtaken by two prison officials. There the officers were joined by several citizens, and when they called upon the convicts to surrender no resistance was offered. On their return to the prison they were placed in solitary confinement.

The story of their escape from the prison is a most remarkable one, showing almost unparalleled patience and industry. The execution of their plan covered a period extending through the service of two wardens, and during this long period their operations were never suspected.

The three men were employed in the wash-house of the prison, which is located about six feet east of the north end of the main shop. They carried on all the daily operations of the extensive prison laundry. In the west end of this building is located the boiler, at the south end of which is a brick walled well about twelve feet deep, at the bottom of which is a wash house water supply.

The men began operations on the east wall of this well, about eight feet below floor level, first extracting brick enough to make a square passage way large enough to admit the body of a man. These bricks were fastened to a board, forming a door, which was barely noticeable when in place, still having the appearance of the solid wall. They tunneled to the east at this depth for about four feet, then turned to the north about six feet, then west, directly under the boiler of the wash house, and through the stone foundation wall of this building, a distance of all of about eight feet.

Then they continued beneath the boiler way on the west to an opening in the foundation walls of the main workshop into the ditch beneath the floor, which runs parallel with the foundation walls for convenience in running water and steam pipes about the building. Passing through this ditch to the north foundation wall of the shop they tunneled through the well, and then under ground and beneath a wagon road way in the prison grounds, a distance of between forty and fifty feet through the heavy wall around the prison grounds, when they came to the surface of the ground and freedom.

The fact that they could work on their tunnel only a few moments continuously, and that all the dirt and stones removed had to be disposed of so as to excite no suspicion on the part of the guards, rendered the chance of success for their project very slight.

The men were not missed until 6 o'clock Wednesday evening, when the yard guards made their report, and it is presumed that they made their escape between 3 and 4 o'clock. A heavy rain and snow storm was prevailing at the time, and this greatly favored them. One of the well guards was stationed not more than five feet from where they emerged from the tunnel.

West has been in the prison for twenty-two years, and this was his fourth attempt to escape.

Almost an Accident.

What might have been a serious accident was happily averted by a race exercise of presence of mind in the parties concerned. Tuesday noon, as the St. Cloud bus was going to the station, as the bus jolted along on East Depot Street a lady attempted to change her seat just as the vehicle lurched to starboard with a jerk that loosened the filling in a hardware drummer's back teeth and shunted the passengers up so badly that there had to be a new deal for seats. The lady would have been thrown out of the door but for her presence of mind in instantly sitting down in the lap of a young man who happened to be where she sat, and for his, in holding to her. It was all over in a minute but it was rich while it lasted. There were profuse apologies and two blushing parties the rest of the trip. We fancied we could tell exactly how the young man felt.

A Card From Governor Holt.

Editor State Chronicle.—My attention has been called to an alleged interview between a reporter of the Baltimore Sun and myself recently published in that paper, and published in your issue.

I said so-called interview I am unable to give utterance to sentiments in regard to the Farmers' Alliance and Col. Felt, which are at variance with the sentiments always heretofore expressed by me both publicly and privately, and I take this method of denying and repudiating the statements attributed to me in said alleged interview.

The statements contained therein were never made by me and are untrue.

The Farmers of North Carolina (of whom I am one) have, and have always had my heartfelt sympathy in their endeavor to better their (deserted) deplorable condition, and I will ever and I can render in relieving them from the burdens that now oppress them shall be freely and cheerfully given.—Special Cor. to the State Chronicle.

Very truly, fully,  
THOMAS M. HOLT.

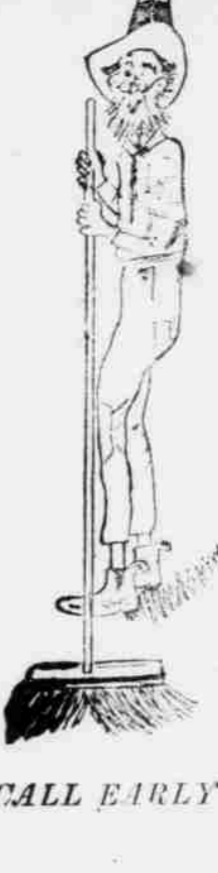
THAT IS THE WAY THEY DO.

That's the way they do. A s'orn last evening, but it blew over.

L. Q. C. Lamar is registered at the St. Cloud. This is not the associate Judge of the U. S. Supreme court but a shoe drummer.

D. A. Caldwell is doing some repairing on the jail.

A CLEAN SWEEP!  
AS WE INTEND TO PURCHASE THE SALE OF Peerless Brooms, WE OFFER TO CLOSE OUT OUR PRESENT STOCK OF Peerless Package Brooms AT ONE-HALF THE REGULAR PRICE FIVE CENTS A PACKAGE. CALL EARLY AND GET YOUR SELECTION OF COLORS.



FETZER'S DRUG STORE.

Explanation of the Flag and Whistle Signals adopted by the United States Weather Service.

Number 1, white flag, six feet square, indicates clear or fair weather. Number 2, blue flag, six feet square, indicates rain or snow. Number 3, white and blue flag (parallel bars of white and blue), six feet square, indicates that local rains or showers will occur, and that the rainfall will not be general. Number 4, black triangular flag, four feet at the base and six feet in length, always refers to temperature; when placed above numbers 1, 2, or 3, it indicates warmer weather; when placed below numbers 1, 2, or 3, it indicates colder weather; when not displayed, the indications are that the temperature will remain stationary, or that the change in temperature will not vary more than four degrees from the temperature of the same hour of the preceding day from March to October, inclusive, and not more than six degrees for the remaining months of the year. Number 5, white flag, six feet square, with black square in center, indicates the approach of a sudden and decided fall in temperature. This signal is not to be displayed unless it is expected that the temperature will fall to forty-two degrees, or lower, and is usually ordered at least twenty-four hours in advance of the cold wave. When number 5 is displayed, number 4 is always omitted. When displayed on poles the signals should be arranged to read downward; when displayed from horizontal support a small streamer should be attached to indicate the point from which the signals are to be read.

INTERPRETATION OF DISPLAYS.

No. 1, alone, indicates fair weather, stationary temperature.

No. 2, alone, indicates rain or snow, stationary temperature.

No. 3, alone, indicates local rain, stationary temperature.

No. 1, with No. 4 above it, indicates fair weather, warmer.

No. 1, with No. 4 below it, indicates fair weather, colder.

No. 2, with No. 4 above it, indicates warmer weather, rain or snow.

No. 2, with No. 4 below it, indicates colder weather, rain or snow.

No. 3, with No. 4 above it, indicates warmer weather with local rains.

No. 3, with No. 4 below it, indicates colder weather, with local rains.

No. 1, with No. 5 above it, indicates fair weather, cold wave.

No. 2, with No. 5 above it, indicates wet weather, cold wave.

EXPLANATION OF WHISTLE SIGNALS.

The warning signal, to attract attention, will be a long blast of from fifteen to twenty seconds duration. After this warning signal has been sounded, long blasts (of from four to six seconds duration) refer to weather, and short blasts (of from one to three seconds duration) refer to temperature; those for weather to be sounded first.

Blasts.

One long Fair weather.

Two long Rain or snow.

Three long Local rains.

One short Lower temperature.

Two short Higher temperature.

Three short Cold wave.

INTERPRETATION OF COMBINATION BLASTS.

One long, alone Fair weather, stationary temperature.

Two long, alone Rain or snow, stationary temperature.

One long and one short, Fair weather, lower temperature.

Two long and two short, Rain or snow, higher temperature.

One long and three short, Fair weather, cold wave.

Three long and two short, Local rains, higher temperature.

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Such as Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Candles, Nuts, and other goods, and in fact everything you could want. We have a full line of goods, and our prices are the lowest. We would take up a fair price for your goods.

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Call and see for yourself. We are bringing your country produce. Thankful for last patronage, we are ready to do more.

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BOY'S SHOES.  
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