

# THE STANDARD.

NO OTHER PAPER EVER HAD AS LARGE A CIRCULATION IN THE TOWN AND COUNTY.

"THERE'S A CHIEF AMONG YE TAKIN NOTES AND FATH'N'EM UP."

## SHORT LOCALS.

The school at China Grove is flourishing.

A merchant of China Grove wants 99,000 rabbits.

Sheriff Morrison is still pegging away trying to collect taxes.

The usual lot of fruit trees are being distributed over the country.

The doors of this office are supplied with hinges and latches. This is straight.

The Standard is patiently waiting for those parties who ought to whack up.

W. D. Pethel, who is running a saw mill at New London, spent Friday night in town.

W. N. Misenheimer, of Mt. Pleasant, came in and told us about his probable marriage.

Look and read R. M. Blackwelder's notices to customers and mill for sale. You can get a bargain.

Insurance agent G. P. Jones, and who is a great singer, is teaching a writing school at China Grove.

The Presbyterian Orphanage that burned down at Batium Springs was valued at \$5,000 and insured for \$3,000.

Grip is raging in town, or it is a kind of cold that burns. Nearly every member of Dr. Payne's family is sick with cold.

A. W. Moore, who has been attending lectures on pharmacy in Baltimore, Md., has returned to his home in Mt. Pleasant.

Esquire Samuel E. W. Pharr advanced an original question Friday night. The esquire asked: When will chemists analyze electricity?

County Surveyor, J. H. Long, has the broad canopy of heaven for a stable roof now. Monday's wind took off his clap-boards and sheeting.

The China Grove Dart thinks Glass is five miles north of its place. It said this in speaking of the burning of Mr. Peter Glass' barns.

It is said that No. 7, has been flooded with letters of the "Green Goods" character. Those people over there are too good to bite at such.

Col. L. L. Polk has been re-elected president of the National Alliance. The election was unanimous. This is alike an honor to Col. Polk and North Carolina.

Col. Boyden Weddington was in town and declares that one half of the people haven't the slightest idea of the trials of the farmers at this season. We are all in it, Colonel.

Dr. Caldwell, of No. 10, will move to Mooresville soon. He makes his home there. The Standard regrets to see the doctor leave the county.

B. E. Parish, the oldest son of Uncle David Parish, is here on a visit to relatives and friends. Mr. Parish is on a street railway line in Washington. He is a mighty nice looking fellow.

S. E. Allen, brother-in-law of John W. Fink, is suffering so intensely with rheumatism that he is to be taken to Hot Springs, Ark. Many of our readers know that Mr. Allen is the leading hardware merchant of Winston.

Uncle David Parish, who has been officer of the Grand Jury for 25 years, only missed one court during that time. He has resigned, and his son, Loch, takes his father's shoes.

The first train that ever ran over the Yadkin railroad on Sunday, passed down on the 22, carrying the remains of Crowell Shankle, the young man who was killed in Charlotte.

The Standard will, in a few days, print twice two verses by a townsman. Inasmuch as it is on a kiss, we here define it. The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oculi muscles in a state of contraction.

Young man, beware of the young lady who sings, "What is home without a mother?" to the piano accompaniment, while her mother is sweating over the kitchen fire getting dinner. A girl like that won't do for a wife.

Charles Williams, one of the chain-gang, has been pardoned by Gov. Holt and is now free. Ill health, good behavior and doctor's certificates justly given, have brought this pardon.

Several of the teachers of the Concord graded school will spend some time in the Charlotte graded school next week in order to better acquaint themselves with the work.

Ed Kestler is in danger; he is pouring vinegar in his coffee. When a fellow has to favor his drinks and victuals with vinegar, there is no sweetness being wasted upon the desert air.

Will Moore, the son of Col. John Fritz Moore, of No. 7, tells us of seven weddings in No. 7 for the next winter; that means seven new subscribers for the Standard, which is pleased to announce that Will Moore is married.

A colored man by the name of White had put up a house on Esq. Hill's place; he was going to move into it; he will not move now, Monday's wind scattered it about over the place where the yard and garden were to be.

Mr. P. H. Massey, of Durham, will be present at the meeting of the County Alliance here on December 4. Mr. Massey will address the Alliance, and president Marion Butler is expected to be present. It is hoped that a large attendance of the Alliance will be here.

Miss Lucy Burleson, daughter of Mr. Ben Burleson of Flowe's store, and one of the excellent ladies of the county, has gone to Asheville. Miss Burleson has accepted a position of teacher in the Female College there, a position she formerly held.

We think we have the smallest man in America residing here in Raleigh in the person of James Lasher. He is 21 years old, 3 feet 6 inches high, weighs 424 pounds, is perfect in form, sound in body, and enjoys good health. He has a sister living in Burlington, N. C., who is 4 feet taller than himself. We think he and his sister are smaller than Tom Thumb and his wife, who traveled over the world, and made a fortune at exhibiting themselves.—News and Observer.

## OUR EXPERIENCE.

AN EX-PASS WORD SO GOOD WITH THE R. & D.

The Whole Thing Failed, and the Conductor Tooked Seventy Cents From Us—He Did It So Quickly That Our Head Begs to Swim—The Richmond and Danville Changes Its Pass Word for Editors and Other People Who Don't Being Dead-Heads, but Live Trees.

This is a day of high winds and humbuggery. Not a few of the descendants of Noah's family are occupied in studying how and when to cure some cousin in the flesh out of fifty lucre.

Men now adays have lots of greed, and to make it serve them to some purpose they cultivate powers that can manipulate circumstances and opportunities.

It is generally believed that railroad corporations are heathens and soulless and progers and the like. It is belied, and it is a lot true, that they sometimes bring money from the public by discrimination, and unjustly. This they have done.

But on the other hand, they are treated badly at times. Worthless fellows, whose death was a relief to their wives and the public, have been killed probably by their own carelessness, and their deaths would furnish the backbone for a suit for damages to the amount of several thousand dollars, and there are but few juries that will grant a verdict against the railroads.

But this is a digression. The Standard man went to Charlotte on Monday—he went to rest in the city by Dilworth. Some experiences are here related.

Some editors ride on editor's passes—they go to New York, Philadelphia, Richmond, Atlanta and even to Raleigh, on these evidences of good will. Something less than one year ago there were more who could have done so.

The man of this type establishment can't move about on the R. & D's good graces. He quit—about twelve months ago, and for good reasons; he fought, but got whipped, and now whistles—the R. & D. can whip most anything and looks very much now as if it is about to whip out its management—the thing is hard up, like most of us.

He got to Charlotte, and the way he got there was experience. He tried to play dumb, but that being so unlike him he gave himself away. Then he tried to work an old pass word (it is not generally known that most of the editors whom the railroads love and carry around on their good looks are given a code of pass words and winks) on to the conductor with sandy chin whiskers. He gave him the series of winks for 1890, and pressed the knuckle of the conductor's third finger, and touched himself on the nose, and whispered into the conductor's ear the editor's pass word of 1890, which was "DEADHEAD"—this didn't make any impression on the conductor, but started up a local attraction. The scheme might have worked, but the conductor wasn't very bright and susceptible to a point—he appeared so green that he didn't remember the 1890 pass word. The conductor began to think the editor like the full moon and threatened to set him off the train between Coddle Creek and Rocky river. The day was disagreeably windy and tramping was bad.

At last, to encourage the blue-buttoned, capped man, he handed the conductor a ticket (it was one that entitled the editor and his partner to the Fat Doll's Party recently held here), which the man of buttons took, punched and started on. But he happened to look at it before burying it in his pocket. The conductor tried to read it (it was script—this streaked, zig-zag, forked cryptography that nobody can read), and then he got mad, thoroughly mad. His eyes split sparks and he got white around the pills, and he said: "Young man, I have enough of this—fork out your ticket or the fare." The newspaper man handed one of Mr. Dusenberry's kind and the newspaper man was no further annoyed by the peculiar conduct of that conductor with sandy chin whiskers.

You can beat your way into a meeting of the county alliance, provided you spend several hours previously with Sheriff Morrison, but you can't get the editor's pass word and grips and winks from a depot agent.

But can't a fellow, who is an editor, get lots of good riding by publishing the weekly-changing schedules, provided he keeps "mum," which is the pass word of 1891.

See the card of the Concord National Bank. The character and business standing of the officers of this institution are sufficient recommendation of it.

Cards are out for the marriage of Rev. Edward H. Davis of the North Carolina Conference to Miss Mattie Carolina Doudamee, of High Point, on December 2nd. Miss Doudamee has many friends in Concord who will wish her much happiness.

## THE LIBRARY CABINET.

Valuable Addition to the Collection of Relics.

The following is Gen. Barringer's letter, with accompanying list of articles contributed to the Library Cabinet, in the Charlotte Library Association:

CHARLOTTE, Nov. 13, 1891. DEAR MRS. DEWEY:—

I am glad to learn from you, as the Librarian of the Library Association of Charlotte, as also from the other officials, that this enterprise is no longer an experiment, but that its permanence and support is fully assured.

I am likewise glad that the management has also arranged a small cabinet for Historic Relics and other curios—the beginning I hope of a regular city museum.

As a start in this work I have gone hastily over my collection of this kind and send you the accompanying assortment, excepting only those pertaining to the late war, which are reserved for another contribution. The list is not very valuable and yet each item has some local, personal or historical interest likely to interest or to amuse.

The gift is made with the usual understanding in such cases, that if the association should unfortunately dissolve, the articles so donated may be reclaimed by myself or family.

Truly and sincerely, RUFUS BARRINGER.

LIST OF RELICS.

No. 1. Journal of Convention of 12th Nov. 1776, to frame the N. C. Constitution—only three copies extant as known.

No. 2. Copy of "Boston News Letter." First paper published in America, 1704.

No. 3. Copy "Boston Gazette" 1770.

No. 4. Copy "Ulster County N. Y. Gazette" Jan. 4 1800 in mourning for the death of Washington 14th Dec. 1799.

No. 5. North Carolina Almanac for 1792.

No. 6. Almanac 1789.

No. 7. Original manuscript letter of Martha Gaily of Guilford Co., of Oct. 1736.

No. 8. Original Court writ 1774.

No. 9. Original Summons 1774.

No. 10. David Crawford's consent that Reuben Kigg "should have his daughter Mary to wife" 1769.

No. 11. Certificate of Troy Property Confiscated 1781.

No. 12. Wolf-Scalp Certificate 1787.

No. 13. Manuscript Arithmetic of Archibald Woodside, 1750.

No. 14. Manuscript Music book of the same, 1773.

No. 15. Certificate as to Patriot Character of A. Woodside and Joseph Latta 1778.

No. 16. Virginia Provincial Money, 1773.

No. 17. North Carolina Provincial Money 1775.

No. 18. Miss Polly Holland's Ball Ticket, 1816.

No. 19. John Bernhart's Vendue notice 1801. "4 shillings per pound for Disappointment"—in German and English.

No. 20. Revolutionary Quarter Master's certificate 1782.

No. 21. Zacheus Wilson's Surveyor's account of \$16.50 for laying out the town of Concord, 1796.

No. 22. "A Turk's Suit."

No. 23. A Turkish Passport.

No. 24. A Spanish Funeral notice Cadiz 1852.

No. 25. Manuscript copy of Poems, in part of Phil Henderson.

No. 26. Cannon ball and grape shot found in excavating on North Tryon St. (the old Salisbury road) and probably used in the action at Charlotte 1780.

No. 27. Fragments of a shell found by Gen. Barringer himself on the field of Waterloo, 1853.

Wait for the Receipt.

The Standard about 24 months ago published a recipe for making persimmon custard—the idea amused our good friends in the Rocky river section of the county. A young lady (she will make some man a good companion, because she does not raise thunder on the piano, while her mother is sweating over the cook stove) writes us to request the recipe. The Standard's culinary editor knows of several recipes and is better acquainted with their material results, but will republish the coveted gem in due time. A persimmon custard made according to the rules and prescription as given by our culinary editor is only surpassed by apple dumplings.

Oh, Where is Mercy?

State Chronicle says: "Three counties yesterday contributed convicts to the penitentiary. Deputy sheriff A. J. Phillips, of Lenoir, brought one; deputy sheriff W. W. King, of New Hanover, two, and sheriff T. P. Womack, of Caswell, nine. Three of the latter were 15 year old boys."

Poor boys—they will come out hardened sinners, and the great state will be the author of their ruin.

## THE WAY BABY DOES.

A young father was in the Standard office, and, like most mothers, thought his was the best and smartest baby in the world. He is not a Dutchman, but he talked like one—he talked in prose and here it is in verse:

Drue as I live, most every day, I laugh me wild to saw der vay My schmall young baby dries to blay— Dot funny leetle baby.

When I look of dem leetle toes, Und see dot funny leetle nose, Und hear der way dot rooster crows, I schmelde like I was grazy.

He bulls my nose and kicks my hair, Und grawls me ofer efery-where, Uad schlobbers me—but vot I care? Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Rev. E. G. Pearson in Egypt.

The Asheville Citizen has received a letter from Rev. E. G. Pearson, dated Cairo, Egypt, Oct. 30th. It said they would remain there a few days longer and then go up the Nile to the first cataract, or sail for Rome and perhaps spend the winter in Italy. Among other interesting things he writes, Mr. Pearson has the following to say:

Owing to the existence of Cholera in Damascus we have not yet been able to enter Palestine, but hope to do so before returning.

We are having a delightful sojourn of ten days in Cairo, the greatest city of Africa, and is to the Orient what Paris is to Europe.

We have crossed the Nile, visited the Alabasta masque, attended the great Mohammedan university, looked upon the traditional spot where Moses was found in the ark of bull-rushes, have ascended to the top of the great pyramid, taken a ride on camels, have seen the sphinx, and have gone through the great Boulak museum, where among many other things of interest we saw the mummy of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the Israelites' oppression. Last night we visited an annual national and religious festival of the Egyptians, where assembled ten thousand people.

This afternoon we expect to visit Heliopolis which is the same as On, the old priestly city of the Egyptians.

Greatly Liked.

Our people will remember Rev. Mr. Bumpass, who renewed the Methodist church here before Rev. Page. The Oxford Day has this to say: Rev. R. F. Bumpass will conclude his first year's work as pastor of the Methodist church here tomorrow, and will leave next week for the annual conference, which will convene at Greenville on Wednesday. Mr. Bumpass' congregation is much attached to him and with one voice asks that he be returned to Oxford. He has been faithful to his charge, and his church has increased in membership and prospered under his pastorate.

A Libel Suit Ended.

Capt. R. B. Glenn returned Saturday night from Beckingham court. He informs us the libel suit of Mayor J. B. Taylor, of Leaksville, against Editor J. T. Darlington, of the Leaksville Gazette, was tried and disposed of by the Judge by imposing a fine of one hundred dollars and all costs in the case upon the editor of the Gazette. The suit was entered by Taylor upon the ground that certain articles published by Darlington reflected on his (Taylor's) character. The suit the Gazette editor proposed to bring against the mayor for articles written by Taylor in the Reidsville Review, failed to materialize.—Winston Daily.

The editor—poor man—has a hard road to travel.

The Classis of the Reformed Church.

A special meeting of the N. C. Classis of the Reformed Church in the United States was held in the Reformed church of Newton, N. C., on the 17th of November, 1891.

Two pastoral relations were dissolved, and one call confirmed, and a committee of installation appointed. One minister was dismissed to the classis of Virginia, and one received from the classis of Philadelphia. That in which the most interest was centered, was the question of establishing a theological department in connection with Catawba college. This question, after being pretty fully discussed by members of the classis, and the committee appointed by the Synod of the Potomac, was referred to the annual meeting of the N. C. classis. The prospect for a theological department seems to be good; and it is to be hoped that at no very distant day students for the gospel ministry in the classis of North Carolina can secure a theological preparation at Catawba college.

Salisbury Cotton Mills.

The walls of the new Salisbury cotton mills are now completed with the exception of the tower and the engine room. A part of the four has been laid, and about two-thirds of the roofing put on. The inside walls are being plastered, and the carpenter work is going on rapidly. A number of the tenement houses are about completed and ready for occupancy. The factory will be finished and ready to commence work by the beginning of the year.—Salisbury Herald.

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## HOW THINGS ARE.

Concord has tried the new schedule on the R. & D. for one week. This company does not change the schedule more than once a week.

The schedule is about the meanest thing this company has thrust upon our people. They have once or twice allowed the whirling splendor with bar-room equipments to stop here; but our people can endure that far better than getting no mail after 1 p. m. Of course the postoffice can't stay open all night. It is all the schedule. Let us hope that this spasmodic, fitful company will give another weekly change ere long. Do not forget to notify us—we will publish it, honey.

Enochville Items.

On the night of the 23rd some thieves stole from Robert Hall, living near this place, and carried off 600 pounds of seed cotton. This is the fourth deprecation in this neighborhood, and as yet there is no clue to the identity of the thieves. Let all persons purchasing cotton be on the look out and help in checking these deprecations.

Rev. W. A. Lutz, having been elected by the Board of Missions of the United Synod of the Lutheran church in the South to take charge of the mission lately organized in Winston, has, after pressing requests of the board and many prominent clergymen in the Lutheran church, accepted the call, and will enter upon his duties in that field the first of January, 1892. This was done against the wish of every member of the joint council of the Enochville pastorate. His labors in the present field will close with the end of the year.

The following is his resignation: In the name of the Triune God, dear brethren and friends in Christ, I have been your pastor for eleven years, have enjoyed your love, confidence and support, but in the providence of God the time has come when I must tender my resignation of the pastorate of the Enochville pastorate, to take place Dec. 27, 1891.

Skipped.

Henry Murph, who has been cropping for Esq. F. V. Barrie, went to J. J. Barringer's gin last Friday, loaded up one of Barrie's bales of cotton, brought it to town, sold it and with the proceeds skipped to parts unknown.

Strange Names.

The whitest man in this county is named Black; the darkest man is named White; the laziest man is named Smart; the warriest is named Freese; the poorest is named Rich; and there are other inconsistencies. But there isn't much in a name.

Great Young Men.

Charles James Fox was in Parliament at 19.

The great Cromwell left the University at Cambridge at 18.

John Bright was never at any school a day after he was 15 years old.

Gladstone was in Parliament at 22, and at 24 was Lord of the Treasury.

Henry Clay was in the United States Senate, contrary to the Constitution, at 29.

Washington was a colonel in the army at 22, commander of the forces at 42, president at 57.

Judge Storey was at Harvard at 15, in congress at 23, and judge of the Supreme Court of the United States at 32.

Martin Luther had become largely distinguished at 24, and at 56 had reached the topmost round of his world wide fame.

A Drunken Burglar.

Weldon, N. C., Nov. 20.—The case of the State against George Foreman, colored, for burglary, was called in the Superior Court this morning. His counsel agreed to a verdict of burglary in the second degree, and the court sentenced him to the penitentiary for five years.

The case is without a parallel, it being in evidence that Foreman entered the residence of Mr. Wiley Cherry, of this county, about midnight, and was found asleep upon the foot of a bed in which there were females. One of the ladies discovered him upon the bed and ran screaming from the room, calling for help. Mr. Cherry went to her assistance, but the man was still asleep, and when aroused appeared in a dazed condition. He had not molested or attempted to molest any of the inmates of the house.

The supposition is that he was drunk.

Mrs. Katie Robinson, wife of Col. T. H. Robinson, died Wednesday morning at Poplar Tent. Funeral services Thursday at the residence of her husband at eleven o'clock.

When a woman dies and her husband refuses to marry again, is it a compliment to his first wife, or is it a sign that he has enough of it?

The farmer talks as if the low price of cotton would force him, for awhile, to go with his elbows out and his hair sticking through the holes of an old wool hat.

Mrs. J. M. Fagart, of No. 6 township, died this (Wednesday) morning at 6 o'clock. The funeral services will be held at Prosperity E. L. church tomorrow at 12 m.

There are two things, we have noticed, that always make an old man sigh. One is a stack of money, and the other is a pretty girl.

There were more wagons clogged in the back lots last night than at any time this fall.

## LITTLE DROPS OF

Far, Fitch Turpentine and Other Tar Heel Products.

Statesville will try for the Presbyterian orphanage.

Weldon is to be illuminated by electricity.

Rev. T. P. Ricard has moved from Newbern to Kenansville.

At Salem, Thursday Mrs. F. L. Fisher died of pneumonia, aged 64.

There is plenty of snow on the mountains in the western part of this State.

Auditor Sanderlin is sending out pension warrants due Confederate soldiers for State pensions.

Evangelist Fife is soon to hold a meeting at Oxford.

Mr. George T. Williams of Burlington was married yesterday at Baltimore to Miss Flora Willard of the latter city.