

THE FLOGGING BUSINESS.

Schools are opening. They are doing this without any unnecessary shows and blow outs. But some of them, to get through top-side up-with-care style, will have a few shows and possibly a blow-out or two.

The advanced thinkers—that is, the blind-moral cranks—have declared that corporal punishment shall not be administered, in broken doses even, to the American kid, who seeks to usurp authority in the school ranches of the State. Wherever this ruling prevailed, the gay and fancy American youth was on top—on top of everything, and he held the school master to his distance.

In Durham, the School Board ruled that corporal punishment should not be inflicted. This was a victory for those boys and girls who have parents, nominally. To those who were decently and orderly raised, it meant no license, but a recognition of honor.

That School Board had to recall its rulings. The bad boys came very near raining some good ones, and they together made it hot for the teachers. The kids were masters of the day.

The man that says a school can be run successfully without good old time flogging is a crank. He is to be pitied rather than despised.

If all the children were little angels and had wings, such philosophy would be good and bold good; but the devil is in some children—in fact, that stuff is in most of 'em.

Some parents ruin their children by gabbing too much. Parents sometimes think that their children are little angels. We have seen such in the school room—they were too devilish and sneaking to be angels. These gooey-gooey kind are the ones that need the flogging.

We know this; we have been there ourselves. We've seen and been seen.

Now, as the graded schools are soon to be opened, let the Board make rules. Rule that the superintendent shall flog, when flogging ought to be done.

The rod is just as necessary for a successful school as books, the opinions of cranks to the contrary notwithstanding.

Let there be flogging, and there will be light and activity.

LYING CORRESPONDENTS.

It transpires that the reports sent out that the National Alliance, in session in Indiana, was in a turmoil, was a fabrication—a net work of lies.

The Standard did not believe it, not even when a paper not a thousand miles away, said in big head lines: "The Alliance Fizzling Out." The truth of the matter is, the body of the dispatch did not even intimate the glaring error that the head contained.

But little confidence can be placed in the average dispatch. Besides the operators getting the copy wrong, it comes to them from the brains of the very scum of the earth, who have nothing at stake. They desire a sensation—that's all.

The Alliance, if it is wrong, if it is founded upon wrong principles, ought to fizzle out. But is there an honest man in this American nation who can conscientiously say that there is no cause for such an organization?

HE'S AN ANALYTICAL SONGSTER.

This from the Lincoln Plow, Forge and Grip, Mr. T. Jeff. Johnson editor:

"Prof. T. Jeff. Johnson will be pleased to organize a class in analytical music. Parties desiring to take such a course, will please report at the office of Plow, Forge and Grip at earliest opportunity."

A very few editors can sing; but when one becomes an analytical musician it is then a feature in North Carolina journalism. The Standardite will not take this course, but desires to send Baby Miller and Clint Brown, of Salisbury. State your terms, Professor.

IT IS CRISP.

On the 30th ballot, Judge Crisp, congressman from Georgia, was nominated for Speaker of the House by the Democratic caucus.

Just why Crisp's claims were better than Mills', is hard to see. Honors don't fall every time where they belong.

If able service and devotion to the principles of the party deserve recognition, the nomination should have gone to congressman Mills.

SEPARATE ORGANIZATIONS.

National Economist. The Alliance and the People's party are two separate and distinct organizations and will always remain so, despite the efforts of the partisan raps to force them together.

INCREASE OF CRIME.

Bro. Saint Clair, editor of the Charlotte Chronicle, when he writes, says things in a pointed way. The Standard does not endorse all that he says. In a recent editorial on the increase of crime, the Chronicle says among other things this:

"This great increase of crime is due to two causes: Foreign immigration to the Northern and Western States, and the emancipation of the negro in the Southern States. The criminal element of Europe has come to America in large numbers, and the negro as a slave was punished by his master and not by the state."

It appears that the Chronicle is right so far as it went. But it strikes us that the Chronicle ought to have gone further by saying that the cause of increase is due to the law taking in a wider scope, and to the courts entertaining so many abortions.

There are more negroes in the penitentiary for stealing an old barn rooster, or articles to the value of 25 cents than from all other causes combined.

Men may defraud others, may bankrupt others, and live in style over the ruins they wrought, but this is not crime—it's an accomplishment.

Crime is on the increase, and will continue so, until our courts are more honest and meet out justice to all men.

There are hundreds of men in North Carolina, had they their dues, would aid in increasing the number of criminals. The man that is the author of the ruin of others, and lives in style and luxury, while his victim struggles for existence, is certainly no better than the fellow who steals a chicken to cheat hunger, and who pays the penalty of his crime in the state's prison.

What mockery, my masters!

THE GREAT STATE OF NEW YORK. Yes, New York State is a great state, democratically. It has dictated the policy of the democratic party since the rebellion. This great state of New York has nominated almost every democratic nominee since 1866, and only one has been elected, and that was Cleveland. In the last campaign we hip, hip, hurrahed for the New York candidate (Cleveland) and got left. This year, the year before the presidential election, New York has started out by putting Lieut. Gov. Wm. F. Sheehan on the National Democratic committee. This is not all. They want Gov. Hill to serve his time out as governor, although he is a senator, and then in conjunction with all the above they want the next Democratic National Convention, claiming that the party would be subserved by this move. If we give them this resolve they will then claim the right to dictate "ad infinitum." Will New York give us a rest? Trot in another state.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

Chicago, which has the biggest footed women in the world, has brought itself into considerable prominence recently.

A female teacher in one of the schools sent a little girl home, because of her breath being contaminated with the odor of onion, the sweetest scent of all such scents. The parents raised a row, of course—the parents usually make all the disturbances we have in schools; they do it sometimes by keeping silent when their offspring act shabbily.

The Board investigated the matter and decided that a school child had a right to eat anything especially onions, they being so wholesome and palatable to a large majority of Americans.

Locally, this is of interest to us. The board may regulate the kind and quantity of the head food, but absolute freedom in selecting stomach food is left to the appetite of the American youth.

A HEALTHY KID.

Danny Bivins, the very nice and courteous youth, with whom we are all in love, announces that his sheet—the news—is six months old. It's a nice kid, with clean hands, trimmed finger nails and bright little eyes. The kid, in the last six months, has received a new apron; and Dan tied the string himself. Mr. Dan Bivins wants to be patted on the back—he deserves it, and let the sturdy, noble sons of neighbor Standy pat him. He'll be grateful, and if he's not—then let the same sturdy sons spank young Dan and mob the kid.

HOLD THAT!

The State Chronicle does a lot of clipping without credit. It may be an oversight. But why that sheet copies stuff from this sheet and credits it to another paper, we cannot tell—probably Joe thinks he can add character to it. Joe Daniels is a clippist, or his right hand bower, Fred Olds, is. Hark! hear the warning.

Plant your Xmas ad. Our partner, Mr. Santa Clans, declares that he will recognize the first advertiser.

A MELANCHOLY END.

Dom Pedro is dead. He was no common figure in recent history. Born in 1825, succeeding to the throne of Brazil at the age of six years, deposed within the memory of the youngest child that reads these lines, and dead an exile far from his native land, his career is of more than ordinary interest. He was a man of many attainments and a wise and sagacious ruler. The principal event of his reign was the gradual abolition of slavery, which was accomplished through his efforts. He was a popular ruler, as was supposed at this distance from Brazil, and is still believed by many people in the United States. But an uprising of the people resulted in his deposition and banishment from the country. Princely provision was made for him by the powers that assumed the reins of government when he was relieved of his authority; but it seems that silver and gold could not compensate for the pain he experienced in leaving his home under pressure. He never became reconciled to his banishment; but "melancholy claimed him for her own," and hastened his decease. He hoped against hope that he would be recalled to Brazil; or at least, that he might be permitted to die in his native land; but that hope was denied him.

It has been asserted that the deposition and banishment of Dom Pedro were due to the progress of republican ideas in Brazil; that the successful maintenance of government by the people in the United States for more than one hundred year had excited the Brazilians to a desire to emulate the example of this Yankee nation; but the facts in the case do not seem to support the theory. Potticoat government seems to have been the bugbear that alarmed the Brazilians and moved them to throw off the imperial yoke and attempt to imitate the institutions of this country. The emperor was well stricken in years, and in the course of events, must soon have been gathered to his fathers. His only child was the Princess Isabella, who on two different occasions when he was traveling in foreign lands, swayed the scepter as regent. In the event of his death she would have succeeded to the throne. The Brazilians, evidently, had had as much experience with her as they wanted; so they decided to take time by the forelock and get rid of her during her father's life time. In this, they probably manifested wisdom; for it is reasonably certain that they would not have found it so easy to do lodge her had they waited until she ascended the throne in her own right. This seems to be the true inwardness of the whole matter. The fact that Brazil has been governed by a dictator under the forms of free government since Dom Pedro was deposed, gives color to the belief that the people of that country have a very imperfect understanding of republican institutions.

It is too late now to be sorry for Dom Pedro. Sympathy for his sad lot would be wasted. And yet one cannot but regret that his dying wish could not have been gratified. Poor Dom Pedro.

WHO IS HE?

Calvin S. Brice, the undemocratic democrat, whom the Ohio Legislature selected to represent the State in the National Senate, is nothing short of a painful curiosity. We have no confidence in such democrats—in fact he scarcely deserves the confidence his friends accord him.

While claiming citizenship in Ohio to a degree sufficient to make him eligible to a seat in the National legislature as one of Ohio's representatives, he does not claim to be citizen enough to pay taxes in Ohio.

The treasurer of Allen county has filed suit against Brice for \$17,850, delinquent taxes and fines.

Brice's citizenship is doubtful; and his conduct is fraudulent, to say the least.

The Standard would much rather see a decent, honest republican hold the credentials that Brice holds than to see the undemocratic and fraudulent Brice in the United States Senate. But he will have company there!

MONEY IS DANGEROUS.

Darham Globe. Money is more dangerous than dynamite. A man who carries a pen-knife is not arrested for carrying a deadly weapon. The man who carries a dagger is arrested.

We believe that when a man gets over a million he should be arrested as a dangerous character—and some of these fine days there will be something said about this in the law books.

Gov. Hill made a great speech at Elmira, N. Y. Friday. He declares that the Democrats of New York, including himself, favor free coinage of silver and of gold but on the ratio of the market value of the two metals. The coined silver dollar must be of equal value with the gold dollar.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE AND POLITICAL PARTIES.

The lecturers of the Farmers' Alliance, State and district, met in Raleigh last week, and apropos of the talk about a Third Party, adopted the following by unanimous vote:

Whereas, The public generally seems to be great ex raised over the supposed relation of the Alliance to political parties and partisan politics therefore in order to make known the true position of the Alliance as we understand it, and in order, further, that one expression may speak for each and all of us on this matter, be it

Resolved, That we, the duly elected and authorized lecturers of the Alliance of the State, composing the State lecture bureau, do unanimously set forth that the Alliance as an organization has not and cannot have any connection whatever with any political party in a partisan sense. That the Alliance can never become a political party.

That if any or all parties that do now exist or may hereafter exist were to endorse in toto its demands and platform of principles, etc., the organization as a great educator on economic lines must still exist and remain intact separate and distinct from any and all party organizations whatever. With us, as an organization, parties are not an object nor an end. It is our mission to educate on the lines of truth, right and justice. It is for the individual as a citizen, consulting his conscience, guided by an educated intellect, to choose the means through which the end—an honest and just government—can be attained.

A KANSAS FOOL.

Kansas is liable to furnish anything. The peculiarity of its climate germinates all kinds of fools, idiots and cranks.

The crankiest specimen yet is Mrs. Charles P. Johnson, a female fool. She claims to have received information direct from the "spirit world" that the end of the world will be celebrated on next Xmas day.

Mrs. Johnson, besides being an idiot, is utterly devoid of discretion—she will, by her remarkable disclosure, alarm hundreds of similar cranks.

About the best reason the Standard has as regards the fallacy of this most awful prediction is, that such important information as the winding up of this mundane sphere is not usually imparted to idiotic cranks. Such revelations, in the past, were given to honest, sensible and decent people.

APPRECIATION.

Elsewhere we print an extract from the report of the Postmaster General in which he says that he has incorporated into his report suggestions from Judge Walter Clark of our Supreme Court bench. The fact that Judge Clark's discussion of the new and interesting subject of the joint use of the telephone and telegraph in connection with the postal service has commanded such decided approbation as to be used by the Postmaster General in laying the matter before Congress, must be very gratifying to him and to his numerous admirers.

While this compliment is paid Judge Clark by the Postmaster General, we notice that Mr. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy, in urging Congress to make provision for the equipment of the navy, quotes twice from Hon. James C. Dobbin, who was Secretary of the Navy in Pierce's cabinet, making a highly eulogistic reference to that distinguished North Carolinian.

The truth is that modesty for which North Carolinians have been proverbial has obscured their title to high public consideration. News and Observer.

SPEAKER CRISP.

An exchange speaks thus of Speaker Crisp: Judge Crisp was born in 1845, in Sheffield, England, where his parents were on a visit, they coming to this country the same year. He entered the Confederate army in May 1861, was captured and in May, 1864, was confined in Fort Delaware till the end of the war. He was admitted to the bar in 1866 and was appointed Superior Court Judge in 1877. He held that position until he was elected to Congress in 1882. He has rendered the South much service on the floor of the House.

STANDARDISMS.

The Plow, Forge and Grip, the new name for the Lincoln Courier by the new management, is the latest. The Standard regrets to see J. M. Roberts retire from the tripod. It's a bad time to plow, the forge is a clippist in season, but the grip is with us. Mr. Johnson starts out well. May he get a decent grip—not the contemptible epizootic—and hold it for years.

Senator Blackburn has a grand son 3 weeks old named after him.

STANDARDISMS.

The biggest opposition to Harrison seems to be at his own home, Indianapolis, Ind. Perhaps he is solacing himself with the oft repeated sentence "a man is not without honor, save in his own country."

It is likely that North Carolina will have some weather during the coming four months. The United States will try to arrange for such a phenomenon.

Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, will be the senior senator in the 52d Congress, having served continuously from April 24, 1872 Senator Jones, of Nevada, and Allison, of Iowa, come next, their service having begun March 4, 1873.

Will Blaine, of Maine, ever again be stout? Will Blaine side track Col. Ben Harrison in the Presidential nomination race? Will he do anything?

Porter, the census failure, seems to get licks from all sides. Porter seems not to have been much of a re-Porter.

The Standard scooped in nine new followers for the weekly last week. When it comes to scooping, the Standard is a scoopist.

It is currently reported that Santa Clans, the former gray-haired and frazzled-whiskered old gentleman, has shaved. He was seen at Fink's saloon.

At past rates, it's about time for another highway assassination. If one doesn't soon occur, the Grammarian will recover from his fitful attack.

The pension grabbers might as well stop short. There is only \$39,126,917.96 in the treasury that is available.

They are moving in New York city to get up a cat show, their horse show being a success. Mr. Fassett might make a good judge, he having a good many animals during the recent campaign.

We are glad we have to walk. The fact is we can't get an exchange or buy a newspaper that doesn't chronicle some railroad disaster. We would rather be a cross tie counter than be a railroad magnate.

The South Carolina Legislature is "rattling" with the State Prohibition question.

Will Cabarrus county celebrate her 100th anniversary next April? The county is soon 100 years of age, and she "saw Geo. Washington."

The R & D is experiencing just what the company has assisted in forcing the people to feel—large and miserable times.

Even Indiana girls marry, and then elope with another fellow, on the next day. Take the case, bloody Northern papers.

The capital crimes in this State have been increased, since the Hyperdermic Syringe has been placed on the calendar. The Syringe often gets there.

Ohio sends three Congressmen by the name of Taylor. They are good things to have in every neighborhood.

Only one murder has occurred in Iceland in 56 years. That country has a population of 66,000. This does not mean that there are no deaths. They bury 'em without murder. This country is blessed with such a climate that to get deaths it is necessary to resort to highway assassination.

Many failures are expected through out the country during the coming season. Some people get too poor (before they know it) in times like this to get up anything as respectable as a failure.

Millionaires are not the most popular people in the world. A dynamiter made Russell Sage jump; medicine refuses to do Jay Gould any good; and Cyrus Field is not only busted, but powerfully ill. When a millionaire is struck, he is struck hard, we observe.

It is said that a bank robber can't survive in the State prison of North Carolina—at least they don't stay there long enough to test it.

Had Dawnes been served by the legal talent that rescued McDougal, would he be under sentence of death?

Will the World's Fair be open on Sundays? The Concord Lyceum says, "Yes." But has the Lyceum the absolute control?

The Atlanta Journal said this, which is an evidence that it can say anything and survive: While the Mills of the Gods are grinding slowly, and the air is crisp in Washington, it is easy enough to Springer surprise or to Ha ch a plot.

A Palpable Fraud.

The tin-plate tax is bad enough if it was honest, but it is a fraud, and that makes it worse. It alleged purpose and justification was to build up the tin-plate manufacturing industry in this country, and make us independent of foreign manufactures. The impression was made that the American factories which would spring up would be American tin-plate factories in fact, and that the tin-plate made would be made out of American iron or steel plates and American tin. But it is decided now that all the manufacturer has to do to get within the pale of the McKinley tariff is to dip imported iron or steel plates into imported tin, and this makes it American tin-plate. These are the kind of tin shops that Ne'dringhaus, of St. Louis; the Norton Brothers, of Chicago, and other alleged tin-plate manufacturers are running. They have sent samples of their work all over the country to exhibit as proof that the tin-plate industry was not a mere visionary thing but an absolute reality. The tin-plate manufactures in a bona fide way will some time be established in this country, when it is demonstrated that our tin mines can supply the necessary amount of tin to keep them running, but not until then and in the meantime the American people will pay about \$8,000,000 more on duties on tin-plate than they had been paying for the benefit of these alleged tin-plate manufacturers and others.—Wilmington Star.

An artesian well at Sioux Falls, S. D., spouts a ton of soft coal a day.

Chicago pastors are shocked at the display of female charms at the opera.

Yale University has received \$342,394.91 in gifts during the past year.

When men become millionaires they talk sensibly and fearlessly about everything except death, taxes and robbers.

The widow of Dr. B. Stephenson, the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic, is reported to be helpless and in need of care.

The largest chicken ranch in the world is said to be on an island in Bellingham Bay, Puget Sound. Its owner claims to have 100,000 fowls.

An injunction to restrain Kansas City, Mo., from issuing \$2,000,000 more of city bonds has been filed by Charles Soomsy, of New York City.

South Carolina will likely have a State Prohibition law. The bill has passed the house, will probably pass the Senate, but what will Gov. Tillman do?

The Augusta, Georgia, "magnetic" girl has been having a successful career in England, and has cured the Prince of Wales of neuralgic headache.

The pioneer woman stenographer of England, Miss Mary Beaucher, is said to be as well as, and to spell her beaux by the witchery of good workmanship.

There will be an old-fashioned barbecue at the Fair, but Yorke & Wadsworth will sell you the best wagon on earth for the money. Get yourself one and take the family.

Where did you get that Silver-mounted Buggy? Answer, at YORKE & WADSWORTH'S, and they're selling 'em cheap. Yorke & Wadsworth have just received the finest lot of Buggies, Buckboards, Carts, Hacks, and will sell as low, quality considered, as any dealers in North Carolina. Their HARNESSES line is complete, and they are showing some of the finest samples of Hand Made Harness ever exhibited here.

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Honest Prices. LISTEN TO WHAT I SAY - Fair Dealing.

I begin the new year determined to create such advantages that my friends who haven't time to come down to Charlotte and see my immense stock can stay at home and buy as satisfactorily as if they saw the goods on the floor. I have out a complete line of photos of

FURNITURE, PIANOS AND ORGANS, which shows up Quality and Styles almost as well as if you saw the goods themselves. I guarantee every article just as represented, and if you do not find it so you can return the goods to me and I bear the expense both ways and REFUND YOUR MONEY. By ordering from me through photos you save paying the big prices smaller dealers charge you, and your railroad fare to Charlotte. Write me for photos of what you want and I will guarantee to both please and save you money.

E. M. ANDREWS, Dealer in Furniture, Pianos and Organs. 16 AND 18 WEST TRADE STREET.

To Get Ahead in the World

all you have to do is to be reasonably wide awake. The world is wide and the world is awake and you can't begin to be a match for it if you don't keep your eyes about you. You are not at all sleepy when you buy Ziglers Goat Button Shoe for \$2. It would be absurd to call such a chance as this the opportunity of a life time, but it isn't at all absurd to say that you never made a better investment of the kind and that you never will. Buyers who do not want all they can get for their money have yet to be discovered: buyers can never get more for what they are paying than they do out of our line of children's shoes. The Little Giant seamless shoe will give you the best satisfaction, because it can't rip, and they say never wear out. See our children's corkscrew, wool diagonal suits for \$2.50.

PRINTS THE NEWS, LOCAL, STATE AND GENERAL, Especially the Local News

Record the coming and going of your friends and acquaintances, and print your own name as well! Advocate everything of benefit to the community and that promise to promote the growth and prosperity of Concord. Oppose anything likely to work hurt to our thriving little city. Discuss politics—simon pure Democracy—but administer them in broken doses. Delivered by Carriers or sent by mail at 35 Cents per month, or \$4 00 per year.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE LIVELY DAILY STANDARD.

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

FETZER'S DRUG STORE. Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long. With us 'tis not exactly so, but it is in our song. WE WANT MORE CUSTOMERS IN THE Furniture Store.

THE FURNITURE STORE IS HEADQUARTERS. Special telegram from St. Nick saying that on or about the 25th he will scatter some of his nicest and most useful presents in this town, and the Furniture Store has taken Father Time by the forelock and has a copyright. Of course we are headquarters. Come and see.

Cannons, Fetzer & Bell.

YORKE & WADSWORTH - HAVE THE LATEST - IMPROVED - MOWERS,

and they are cheaper than ever. Go and see them, and you can buy one on very reasonable terms. This is a machine that any farmer can afford to own, as the cost is so little.

Now is the time to put in your NEW COTTON GIN and PRESS. Don't wait until the cotton crowds you. YORKE & WADSWORTH have the most improved GINS this year that have been on the market. Go and get one right away.

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