

A DOG FIGHT.

Well, it wasn't a dog fight exactly; but it was all about a dog, which is not materially different. The facts are related in an article copied elsewhere in this paper. A citizen of Davis county owned a dog. He does not own a dog now; that is to say, he does not own the same dog now. The dog is dead. A neighbor killed it. The citizen afterward was angry; he was rightfully angry. He sent word to the dog slayer that he must pay ten dollars for taking the canine's life, or take a whipping. It seemed preferable to pay the penalty, in the coin of the realm rather than submit his body to torture; so the man who rashly cut off the gentle beast's moral career, shelled out the rocks. Afterward he reflected that the goods came too high—killing a dog was not satisfaction enough for the dollars; so he went over to see the owner of the lamented pup, first taking the precaution to load up his 22 calibre pea shooter to the muzzle. The citizen who had owned a dog, but is now dogless, suspecting war-like intentions on the part of his neighbor, loaded up his artillery, which was of the same calibre as that of the said neighbor. They met on the field of battle; a parley ensued; but nothing but good words came from the mouths of the respective warriors; so they banged away. At the first fire, strange to relate, no one fell mortally wounded; neither did either die in his boots at the second or any subsequent discharge of weapons. Stranger still, every shot but one of the five shots apiece, took effect; but an investigation showed that the pellets only penetrated the outside of the combatants.

The history of the human race records no more deplorable fact than men will fight about dogs when scarcely anything else will arouse their thirst for blood; so it is not at all surprising that the two citizens of Davis fought, bled and survived, all on account of a peevish cur. What a beautiful example they set by using toy pop guns to settle their differences instead of the deadly revolver of the variety that is called bull dog.

WHAT WOULD HE DO?

H. G. Barrett, president of the broken Farmers' and Merchants' State Bank, at Ellendale, Minn., has been arrested for receiving deposits when he knew the bank was insolvent. Severe punishment, in his case, upon conviction, might have a salutary effect as a warning to others—Exchange.

If by special pleading and scheming this fellow should become liberated, would he not be following suit by trying to make himself conspicuous in church matters and constituting himself standard morality? Let Barrett and other imps like him whistle to the music of justice.

STRANDED.

The newspaper fraternity today stands high and dry—stranded. On the 31st day of December, the Free Press expired, by limitation. Every editor in the State of North Carolina is at home today; if he isn't, he ought to be. The gentlemen have an idea how the man of this ill feels—the way you feel now is the way we've felt for one year provided you have a good conscience.

The Standard, in its humble way, extends its sympathy to the passer, at Raleigh—we will get a letter from the boys to this effect: "In consideration of the publication of the schedule &c. &c., I hope that you will issue me another quarterly pass."

MOB LAW.

The Standard is very much gratified to see our esteemed neighboring sheet, the Charlotte Chronicle, speak out against mob law. The time has come when the press must exert itself against this growing power in the land, instead of chronicling acts and then engaging there is a probability of lynching, when such a thing was not thought of.

Some of the papers, which were not afraid and were not serving the dictate and pleasure of a power behind them, used the Metz case as a guide in condemning mob law, and in disapproval of justice being so often thwarted in our courts. Just about that time, some papers were filled up with defense of the defense (lawyers included) and essays on the conduct of boys and girls, when the case proper was sidetracked.

Mob law will not survive if the powers that be do their full duty. This is a day of Jokers. The biggest one is in Raleigh. He jokes with the legislators and such like.

THE SPEECH MATTER.

The Standard cheerfully makes room for the communication of Secretary B. E. Harris. As stated in Monday's issue, what we said concerning Mr. Coulter's address was done in a friendly way. Notwithstanding the lengthy communication from Mr. Harris (he does not desire a controversy, neither does the Standard on the Y M C A question—this institution needs no defense or apology as before said) the Standard sees no reason to change its estimate of the speech of Sunday night. The Standard believes that Mr. Coulter is a good man, and earnest Christian; it believes that he is doing good and it hopes that the people of Concord will heed his efforts, and see that the Y M C A may flourish here, but the Standard does not believe that Mr. Coulter is inflexible—not capable of making mistakes. And believing that Mr. Coulter made a mistake by his topologetic tone (as we yet see it) and that his allusions to club rooms, in general were too broad, we said so and in a way we thought gentle and courteous. The Standard desires no controversy over the matter, the Y M C A, which it hopes will prosper.

DAWNS AGAIN.

The Charlotte News of Tuesday evening has blood in its eye for Dawns, the Charlotte burglar. The News is off; its conclusions are "far fetched"—in fact they have no foundation, save in the imaginative mind of the News editor.

Firstly, there is no evidence that Dawns, when captured, had even a pocket knife to cut anybody with; he did have a syringe, a hyperdermic syringe, but as Dawns was not a doctor he didn't know how to kill people with such a weapon. He stole it that night and had not had time to practice with it.

Secondly, the press that has opposed the hanging has not advocated turning the burglar out on the people of Charlotte, Danville or any other town. They have advocated imprisonment for life, or for a term discretionary with his excellency, the Governor. By such a change Charlotte citizens, Danville citizens or any other town's citizens will not be placed in jeopardy.

The News goes further, and says that burglars still continue to be committed in Charlotte. Does the News wish to make Dawns pay the penalty of death committed while he is in the lock up under sentence of death?

Equal justice to all is a good maxim. Some men acknowledge to murder and get off "not guilty," on the plea that they just killed the wrong fellow. Some men charged with murder for pecuniary gain, go scot free, although the evidence and his own evident point to his guilt. Let justice be meted out with equal hand.

WENT TO SMOKE.

"Seven hundred million cigarettes were made at Durham last year, by the Dukes."

That's the statement as it is circulated to the world. Seven hundred million—what? Little papers filled with tobacco, that when put into service amounts to fire at one end and a misguided person at the other.

They are gone to smoke now—they are associated with the vapors, the air, the nothing. Were they placed end to end they would form a line 27,621 miles long, or reach around the world with 2,621 miles left.

Money dimensions represent something great. The retail price represents \$3,500,000, far more than the value of Concord's and Cabarrus county's property.

They represent, in addition, sore tongues, yellow fingers, sore throats, cancer of the tongue, insanity and other maladies.

\$3,500,000 for cigarettes! More than is contributed to the support of the schools, churches and religious and benevolent organizations of the State.

The cigarette business is a big one; the men who control it are becoming immensely rich, and the misguided youth and others are blowing the smoke to the four winds of the earth.

There's a law against selling cigarettes to boys under 17—the boys smoke as they always did, notwithstanding the dealers observe the law.

PREACHERS AND POLL TAX.

A preacher writes a letter to the Lenoir Topic, and writes it under this head, "Should Preachers Pay Poll Tax?"

They have been required to do so heretofore and are expected to do so this year?

Why shouldn't they? The preacher argues: 1st. By our efforts the jail is kept from filling up, for we make law-abiding citizens by the principles we inculcate; 2d. We save the widows and orphans, and officiate when "Monster Death" has

STANDARDISM.

Mr. Grimsley, the father of the man whose wife was kissed by the person, writes a letter to the public. The Standard published the letter of the kissing shepherd, and the Standard publishes the letter of the other side.

Men do not hear alike, neither do they feel alike. Strange what different impressions follow.

This journal has the authority to say that a part of 1893 is gone Hurry up!

The managers of the Atlanta Journal made C. F. King, of Charlotte, a Xmas present. It was a fine gold watch. The Standard presented each of its printers with 25-cents, and they appreciated it.

If it is true, it's bad. It is reported that Dr. Eugene Grissom, who for a long time was superintendent of the Raleigh Insane Asylum, has been placed in an insane asylum in Denver, Col. It is further stated that his case is not hopeless.

Love is the axle grease that makes the wheels go round. Money does some, too.

Charity fluids the steps to heaven by keeping her eyes on the ground.

The Gastonia Gazette shows considerably more activity, editorially, since the poet has decided to contribute his entire time to it.

David B. Hill is getting nice compliments just now. But, oh how long shall New York dictate? Give us a Western and Southern man.

In years gone by Rome had a circus that would accommodate 159,000 people. There are larger circuses in this country.

If you meet a crabbed person, remember it's due to some resolutions he's formed.

Why don't military companies elect officers for life and good behavior?

Resolve your resolutions, but let the most iron clad one be: Resolve not to break a resolve, or words thereunto.

Tonight at 12 o'clock, when the old year shuffles off its last garment and is hung up for good—well, bury all differences, put a good taste in your mouth towards all humanity and put the devil to shame.

The Little Sheet is Nameless. "I desire to thank my many friends both here and abroad for their generous sympathy so freely expressed during my trouble. As soon as I get able I will reply to all the letters I have received. I am likely to have abundant leisure to reply to them all. I desire to thank the public press for the fair and generous treatment it has given me. One paper alone has attacked me personally—a little sheet in the western part of the State. For me to mention the name of that paper would be to give it a wider notice than it is likely to attain on its own merits. All other papers in the State, so far as I know, have treated me with all the fairness and courtesy that I could expect. Reporters cannot always get exact facts and the wildest rumors have been afloat."

The above is a part of (Rev.) J. T. Abernathy's letter to the public. He ought to have named the little sheet, for charity sake if nothing else. It is not Christian to withhold a simple act that will "give it a wider notice" in the State. That's not a very good spirit on the part of the brother.

A PRODUCT OF THE LAND. S. S. Johnston, of No. 2, brings an Item of News, in a Bag, to the Standard.

S. S. Johnston, of Poplar Tent, is a humorist, anyhow. He came into the Standard office, on Tuesday, with a bag across his shoulder. Throwing it down, he said "there's some news for you."

It is an "Indian Potato." It looks very much like a rock in color, but in weight it corresponds with that much wood. The potato—whether it is of the Irish or sweet variety our junior does not know—weighs ten pounds.

Mr. Johnston found it near his house, about as deep in the ground as a potato ought to be. The Standard has been told that 1st, the thing grows spontaneously without any perceptible connection with the mother earth; 2d, that it has a vine similar to a morning glory; 3d, that the potato starts on the root of a dead tree and with the remaining vitality of the root as a nucleus the potato forms.

Just what the origin is, this writer under conflicting authorities, cannot tell. The potato is not good to eat, except for those who are fond of Indian relics (?).

It is to be regretted that the great Southern Exposition adjourned before this thing was found.

Will not our subscribers each get us a new one at 90 cents?

SECRETARY HARRIS.

Sees Fit to Write an Article About State Secretary Coulter's Speech Sunday Night—Read What Mr. Harris Says.

Mr. Editor:—The Standard, as a rule, is eminently fair in its utterances, and hits the nail squarely on the head. But it must appear to any unprejudiced mind in reviewing the case that in its report of the joint meeting in the Presbyterian church Sunday night, a most unfortunate mistake was made, in that it places Mr. Coulter in an entirely false light not only before our own people in Concord, but throughout the whole state.

Accepting your parenthetical remarks that your criticism was made in a kindly spirit, let us briefly take up some of the points at issue. In the first place, as to the apologetic tone: How the Standard could have interpreted the speaker's remarks this way is a mystery. The Y M C A neither needs nor makes any apology for its existence. Recognizing that it must stand or fall upon its merits, the speaker presented the claims of the association in a clear and manly way, showing not only what it proposed to do, but what it had actually done, in its grand work, namely, aiding the church in the salvation of young men. This is the one great purpose of the organization, and the speaker showed very clearly that in accomplishing this work the Y M C A was an ally of society, in that it made young men purer and more refined; of commerce, in that it made young men faithful and conscientious in the discharge of every duty, and with especial emphasis did he dwell upon the fact that it was an ally of the church, in that it made young men to see more clearly the beauties of the Christian religion and developed them in Christian work. This leads us to consider another error in your curious misunderstanding of the speaker, in accusing him of estimating the importance of the Y M C A as equal, if not superior, to the church. He distinctly emphasized the fact that the association was an ally of the church. An ally is never the principal, but an aid, a subsidiary, recognizing the superiority and leadership of the other. This he set forth more clearly still in endorsing heartily the clear cut and well expressed remarks of Rev. Mr. Blair, that if the association proposed to supplant the church he not only had no sympathy for it, but was its avowed enemy. This sentiment Mr. Coulter not only endorsed, but reiterated with emphasis.

In regard to club rooms: The speaker neither made nor intended any reflection upon the New South Club of Concord. He alluded to the luxurious establishments in our large cities (his exact words) where vice is made attractive to young men by the beautiful and elegant bars, and the gambling rooms, connected with them, and the dissipation necessarily incident thereto. Thus your denunciation of the club here was entirely gratuitous, as it had in no way been alluded to, nor was its character questioned by the speaker.

The writer hopes the Standard will pardon this long trespass upon its time and space, but he is led to it by a feeling that justice has been done our guest and friend, unintentionally, he believes, but none the less potent. This is all the more unfortunate, as owing to the extensive circulation of the Standard, the speaker, thus reported, will be crippled in his great work. Yours respectfully, B. E. HARRIS.

Copal Grove, N. C. Christmas is over, but it remains cold as ever; and still they marry. Mr. James Penning and Miss Mattie Moore, of Cabarrus were married at the Lutheran parsonage by Rev. C. C. Lyerly, last Thursday. They can easily remember the happy day—the last day of Dec, 1891.

Two rabbit hunting parties went out Christmas day; one company killed 19; the other went to Cabarrus and killed 30 of the cotton tails. It looks like a few such hunts would exterminate the cotton tail race, but there are some left.

A man informed us that he would buy beef cattle, but when one was sent him, to fill his order, he had every excuse for not taking the cow, but a lively man informed us that the cause was lack of pro-pr. finance. Documents was the cause, and the beef was returned to his stall. Concord has plenty of money, street cars and a National bank, factories &c.; and some good and substantial men, and it seems that the beef man ought to have caught to some friend's coat tail. M. R.

[Our correspondent has an eye to beef. When the Standard man orders a cow our correspondent can fetch her. The beef dealer ought not to have treated him so badly.]

An Aged Lady Dead. Mrs. Samuel Phillips, the mother of Mrs. M. E. Castor, died very suddenly, Tuesday night, at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. M. E. Castor's. Mrs. Phillips, though nearly 80 years of age and feeble, was not thought to be dangerously ill.

Grimsley's Chat.

THE OLD MAN PUT ANOTHER FACE ON IT.

The Reports, if This Be True, Were Doctored to Suit the Kissing Shepherd.

Correspondence News and Observer.

Snow Hill, N. C., Dec. 31, 1891.—Motives of delicacy which, I am sure, a just public sentiment will duly appreciate, have thus far operated to prevent the publication by me of any statement in connection with the two attacks of my son, William E. Grimsley, on the Rev. J. T. Abernathy. I would now spare the public this additional infliction after so much has been said and written about those affairs, if I could feel that a longer silence would be compatible with my duty to those who are near and dear to me.

It has been published that I and my entire family denounced the conduct of my son in attacking Mr. Abernathy. This statement is absolutely false, and it could not have been given to the public for any other purpose than to give a color of excuse for the wrong doing of one whose holy calling should have made him avoid the very semblance of evil, and especially the temptation of the innocent. So far from denouncing William's conduct we have felt all along that it was natural and excusable and, indeed, justifiable, in an honorable and high-spirited man under the provocation which led to it. His pure and stainless wife joins us in this sentiment.

In this connection I beg leave to say that noble and devoted wife and Christian woman, all through these unfortunate circumstances, has not suffered any diminution of the respect and esteem and confidence which have so long been accorded her (as it surely was her due) from my entire family and all who knew her. Her husband and all "within my gates" and this entire community with one voice and one accord acquit her most freely and fully of the slightest purpose to do wrong. A trusting and confiding nature, zealous in the cause of religion and the advancement of the interests of her church, simply failed to detect criminal wrong in the approaches of one who was her pastor and spiritual adviser, when she herself was too pure to suspect a corrupt motive and there was no open disclosure of actual criminal purpose. We earnestly beg that no blame be visited upon her unoffending head. In this time I feel confident that my son's conduct will be successfully vindicated, but his vindication will not be (for it cannot truthfully be) at the expense of her honor and her good name.

W. P. GRIMSLEY.

Perhaps you think that's a flight of artistic imagination! It isn't. The artist is right as far as he goes, but he doesn't go quite far enough. When you split a thing in two it doesn't always happen that you cut it exactly in the centre and we are not dividing our profits in the middle. On the contrary, the division is overwhelmingly in favor of the purchaser. There's a good reason for this unusual proceeding. The time for reducing our enormous stock of clothing, shoes and furnishing goods has come, and big inducements pave the way to big reductions. Here are some facts which will show you that the matter of profits isn't bothering us at all:

If you come to our store with intention to buy a suit of clothes, you will surely go away with one under your arm if you have anything to do with it. Our line of shoes is still in the land, and, well, if prices cut for anything equate there, we have a line of ladies' fine \$2 kid dougla button shoes that we sell for \$1.50 and no grumbling. Don't forget that big lot of children's boys' and ladies' caps less than whole sale prices. Everything in our store will come down to your figures. As is New Year, we will do better than ever before. So come. We shall be ever so glad to see you.

Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year, we are as ever, ready to serve.

Cannons & Fetzer

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Having been duly appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of P. A. Lower dead. All persons holding claims against the said estate will present them to me or before the 25th day of December 1892 or this notice will be plead in part of their recovery. Also all persons owing said estate will make immediate payment.

M. A. PROPER, Admr.

Dec. 25th 91-61.

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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 LET YOUR SELECTIONS OF COLORS.

FETZER'S DRUG STORE.

LAMPS

A BIG LOT OF LAMPS

That MUST Be Sold

If you need or want a lamp, come and see 'em.

D. D. JOHNSON, Druggist.

DEALER IN

PURE, FRESH AND RELIABLE

DRUGS and MEDICINES

WE WANT MORE CUSTOMERS IN THE

Furniture Store.

We want you, and if good goods and low prices go for any thing we will get you. If your friends are being joined to their idols and you feel called upon to send them a remembrance.

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.

Where did you get that Silver-mounted Bug? 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.

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.

Honest Prices. LISTEN TO WHAT Fair Dealers

I SAY

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 who you want and I will guarantee to both please and save you money.

H. M. ANDREWS,

Dealer in Furniture, Pianos and Organs.

16 AND 18 WEST TRADE STREET.