

THE STANDARD.

THIS 4-PAGER HAS A BIGGER CIRCULATION AT EVERY POSTOFFICE IN THE COUNTY, SAVE ONE, THAN ANY OTHER PAPER.

VOL. V.--NO. 12.

CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1892.

WHOLE NO. 219.

THE STANDARD.

ONLY TWICE AS MUCH READING MATTER AS ANY PAPER EVER PUBLISHED IN THE COUNTY. TICKLE US WITH \$1.

Shot Through the Lung.

White going from the depot in Mt. Airy, Joe Cruise, a native of this county, was shot through one lung, by a lively man. What the difficulty grew out of, the Standard can not learn.

The Mt. Airy News, just to be (and it is printed Thursday morning) gives the particulars of the shooting.

It seems that while calling for passengers at the depot upon the arrival of the freight at eight o'clock that night Messrs. Allred and Crews got into a dispute as to which was entitled to drive for the Central Hotel, and the result was some hard words.

At this juncture Allred got off the steps and Ed Patterson crawled out of the bus. This put the three together and they all walked along between the buses, Crews and Allred fussing.

Discussing Its Value.

Friday night the electric light system here was discussed by a small group of individuals. The question of per cent realized was the main issue.

While the service is by no means extraordinary, it is very satisfactory and beats the "lightning bug system" two to one.

It was the consensus of opinion that Concord was the best lighted town in the State, which the Standard doesn't believe at all.

Upon the whole, it's no one's business how much per cent the system pays except the stockholders, who will not call upon any of the crowd, that was discussing the matter, to find out.

couldn't Find Deuteronomy.

Col. James Wilson Long, who represented this county at one time in the Legislature and made himself famous by the delivery of an oration on tooth carpenters and a bill looking to their government, has his hobby as well as other great men.

Col. Long, a right smart of a Bible student, one would judge from his remarks, is very much interested in a statement in the Bible as regards one getting full of corn licker and other intoxicants and then being prepared to do more good etc.

He made a statement to that effect Friday evening, in Dr. Johnson's drug store, in the presence of quite a crowd when it was at once challenged. The Col. called for a Bible. Through a mistake, or otherwise, Dr. Johnson, who "won't be reconstructed," handed the colonel a dispensary.

When the amused crowd told him that the book was not the Bible, but that if he had his "could find Deuteronomy or Exodius in a minute."

DISCUSSING ISSUES.

A Letter From Wake Forest College That is Worth Reading.

Wake Forest, N. C., Mar. 21 '92. On the night of 16th the Wake Forest Scientific Society met in extra session to discuss the financial depression in this section and the cause of the low price of cotton.

1. The failure of the Barin ton, owing to the devaluation of government bonds and the depreciation of the currency. The speaker tried to prevent this financial panic by selling bonds. So much stock was thrown upon the market, thus everything dropped.

2. The McKinley bill.—Here the speaker got warmed up and said sometimes when he thought of the misery and distress in so many homes caused by this bill his blood boiled and he felt like shouting his protest.

3. Over production. An extra crop was gathered in the fall of 1890 just at the time of the great financial panic spoken of above and a large surplus remained. In 1891 the yield was not so great still there was a large surplus.

4. The grain famine in Europe. Last year nearly all Europe failed on the grain crop. They had to be supplied from our granaries, hence the high price of flour and the impotency to buy our cotton.

The speaker closed by saying that he was no prophet and could not say whether the price of cotton would soon be any better or not but there were some hopes of the working class of Europe becoming helped and the supply curtailed he hoped for an increase in the price.

Dr. Taylor made a few remarks, saying that the day for cotton in North Carolina was done. The price had become so low and other sections could grow it so much cheaper than we could that we were forced to resort to something else.

Many of the farmers of the surrounding section came in to hear the discussion, thus showing their eagerness to catch a word whereby they might better their condition.

Henry Blount's Confession.

I threw my arms around her waist, And drew her to my breast, And then of bliss I got a taste In that one sweet caress; But all at once a string did break, She gave a little tussle, And then her nerves began to quake For off had dropped her bustle.

Albemarle has a little skating rink. It appears that quite a number are displeased over the matter and consequently a meeting has been held with a view of putting a stop to such.

GAVE HIM THE DRY GRINS.

How a Durham Drummer Sold a Texas Newspaper Reporter.

It is a great fad in Texas just now for the larger papers to poll their respective cities on the pending issue of Governorship—several gentlemen being named for the position and Governor talk has spread all over the state, just like it does in other states.

While in one of the stores, a reporter of one of the papers in the city came in with note book and pencil in hand, and began to ply his question. He took down the vote of all upon their choice for Governor of Texas, and finally struck the Durham drummer in this way:

"Who are you for for Governor?" "John Carr," replied the D. & S., and the reporter hesitated and looked puzzled, and remarked: "Who's he? I never heard of his being in the race."

"Well, I'm from North Carolina, and I've answered your question," replied the D. & S., amid the laughter of the crowd, while the reporter closed his book and stepped out to interview another man, with a very dry grin upon his countenance.

[There are a few that are well versed, but the majority of drummers are very poor authority. Then how greedy Durham is to send electioneers out of the State, especially to Texas, to boost their man; the truth of the matter is, to get him in will take a deal of boosting.]

Probably True.

A man hailing from Concord walked up to the ticket office here this morning and called for "a ticket to the Stanley road." The agent had to inquire to what point he desired to go before the ticket was sold.

[That may be true. If there is a messy place, utterly without system, order, regulation and comfort, it is at Salisbury, depot. In a congregation of irregularity such as Salisbury's depot displays, it would require a ticket to find the Stanley road, unless one knew where it was.

When you don't see what you want, Tude Richard, the right way is to ask for it. And if these folks of ours don't learn before they leave, they surely can not be better informed after a trip to Salisbury.]

Lecture Last Night.

Dr. H. W. Bay's of Concord, delivered his lecture at G. F. College last evening on Courtship. There was a good audience present as everyone is interested in the subject.

We wonder if he taught Jim Cook how to court. If he did he ought to be sued. Jim is a mighty good looking man and the reason he has not had better success must be due to his mode of procedure.

[We ask for an extension of time. Dr. Bay's methods have of been tried and found good, and out of appreciation for his services the Standard will defend him against any damage suit.

Pay the Printer Promptly.

An exchange gets off the following bit of alliteration: "Persons who patronize papers should pay promptly, for the pecuniary prospects of the press have a peculiar prosperity. If the printer is paid promptly, and his pocketbook kept plenteous by prompt paying patrons, he puts his pen to his paper in peace; his paragraphs are more pointed; he paints his pictures of passing events in more pleasing colors, and the perusal of his paper is a pleasure to the people. Please paste this piece of proverbial philosophy in some place where all persons can perceive it."

Sleep may knit the raveled sleeves of care, but it absolutely refuses to darn holes in socks.

HILL IS FOR FREE SILVER.

His Georgia Organ Declares His Position Explicitly.

Atlanta, Ga., March 20.—David Barnstomer Hill is leading the most ludicrous political life imaginable. Down here in the south he has been a free coinage man by nod or wink and innuendo. Up in New York public opinion forced him to put a sound money plank in his snap convention platform.

Hill's henchmen in New York will admit that the nomination, chaser's first and foremost spokesman here in Georgia is Evan Howell, owner of the Atlanta Constitution. He is certainly the man who has authority to voice Hill's view—that is, his southern views—for David's northern and southern views are as much unlike as a pea and a potato.

As a matter of fact, David's refusal to define his position on silver while on his Southern delegate hunt has turned hundred of Farmers' Alliance men away from him, they were originally attracted to him by the diligent way in which his friends down here had started him as a free silver coinage man.

The Hill people are evidently startled at the way in which Hill's silence has been reached; so this Sunday's issue of Evan Howell's Atlanta Constitution contains an editorial expose of Hill's Southern silver policy, and coming as it does from Howell, it must be regarded as official, because he is conducting Hill's campaign here under Hill's direction. The editorial says:

"The Appeal Avalanche challenges the Constitution to give its authority for its assertion that Senator Hill is in favor of free coinage. The authority is Senator Hill's speech in the course of which he declared that only free bimetallic coinage would restore the parity of the two metals. The declaration is explicitly made in half a dozen paragraphs. To that document we refer the Memphis editor."

How will this strike Richard Croker and the other politicians in New York who know how the voters of New York stand on the silver question?

DROVE OUT THE CONGREGATION.

A Steer Stops Services in a Connecticut Church.

A dog and a steer formed a combination Friday which proved extremely disastrous to the congregation of the Long Meadow meeting house in North Plains, Conn.

The canine was dozing under a wagon when George Keating, a stock dealer, drove a herd of cattle by the meeting house and disturbed his slumbers. The dog ran among the herd and stamped them. One steer dashed into the church carrying the light green baize door with him, and came to a stand in the center of the edifice.

The pastor was in the midst of his sermon when the animal entered. As far as his hearers were concerned it ended right then and there. Every one tried to get out at once, and they left the steer in undisputed possession of the place. Not so the pastor.

When he grew bolder in his endeavors to have some of the men remain and drive the animal out, he came down from the pulpit to do himself. But he did not succeed. Had he not sought refuge in a pew where the steer could not reach him the then thoroughly infuriated animal would have made short work of him. He was compelled to sit perched on the back of a pew in a very undignified position and watch the steer demolish the church property.

When the animal became tired he trotted out. The pastor descended from his perch, re-entered the pulpit, and when the congregation had returned took up his sermon at the point where it was so rudely interrupted.

Moonshiners in a Cave.

Deputy revenue collector Massey and a posse made a raid in New Light township, this county, this week and found an illicit distillery in a cave. The entrance to the cave was very small, barely large enough to admit a man on "all fours," but the interior was roomy. Inside was a 60-gallon copper still and a lot of liquor. All was destroyed. The cave had been dug by the moonshiners, it was found, and had been in use a long while. And all this in Wake; though it reads quite like a story of the wild West. The moonshiners were not captured, having in the usual way received information of the coming of the officers.

Sound Sayings.

Satisfied men can only be found in coffins. What we learn with pleasure we never forget.

Presumption is our natural and original disease. Experience is the cream of life, but it sours with age.

No, Minnie, a parachute is not a double barreled gun. Time and tide wait for no man's three months' note.

It often happens that fear is merely dread of being afraid. The man who keeps his mouth shut never has to eat any crow.

The plant of happiness cannot thrive without the air of cheerfulness.

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.

Make friends with your creditors if you can, but never make a creditor of your friend.

If you want to know how to keep a hotel, ask some one who never tried to keep one.

A felon is not a desirable thing to have, but it is always on hand when you don't want it.

Promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.

A tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief. It has many human imitators.

Many people mistake stubbornness for bravery, meanness for economy and violence for wit.

If there is anything that makes a very poor man feel sarcastic it is to read advice to rich men on how to secure a good appetite.

A Compliment to Mr. Daniels.

St. Louis Chronicle.

Last evening Mr. Josephus Daniels, the late editor of the State Chronicle, gave a supper at his pleasant home in compliment to the typographical and mailing force of the paper, which was headed by foreman Bogasse. It was in all respects an enjoyable affair and there were no empty chairs. The supper was just what a supper should be, and all the guests were made at home. When the ice cream and cake had been disposed of Mr. H. B. Hardy, the veteran and invaluable canvasser, made a neat little speech, presenting Mr. Daniels with an Odd Fellows' pin of gold, the gift of the guests of the evening. It was a genuine surprise to Mr. Daniels and his remarks in accepting it were full of kind regard to those who had been such faithful and always consistent employees and friends.

Animals and the Weather.

If a cat sneezes it is a sign of rain. The goat utters a peculiar cry before rain.

When the fox barks at night it will storm.

If the dog eats grass in the morning it will surely rain before night. The wind will blow from the point the cat faces when she washes her face, and fair weather will follow.

It is a sign of rain if the cat washes her head behind the ear. Cats rub against an object before a storm.

Sheep are said to ascend hills and scatter before clear weather, but if they bleat and seek shelter it will snow.

Sailors do not like cats, and they have a saying when the cat is frisky she has a gale of wind in her tail, and charm is often resorted to in a calm by throwing the cat overboard to raise a storm.

That's Alright, Doctor.

Charlotte Democrat.

The article on our second page concerning early settlers, is copied from the Concord Standard, and the Standard vouches for the authenticity of the facts stated. It also says that the article was furnished by Col. Paul Barringer Means, a great grandson of John Paul Barringer, but it takes occasion to add that Col. Means himself does not believe in the 20th of May, as the day of our Mecklenburg Declaration, May 31st being a much safer day to stand on.

Under a proper arrangement with the Standard we hope to continue this series of biographical sketches, simultaneously with that Journal. We sincerely rejoice that the people of North Carolina are so thoroughly aroused on the great question of State history, and the best way to work it up is to begin with personal and local sketches.

The Buffalo N. Y. Courier says: "Mr. Cleveland went down south some time ago to hunt duck and now Mr. Hill has gone down on a wild goose chase."

A Letter to the Alliance and Other Folks.

Special Cor. State Chronicle.

Morganton, N. C., March 24.—The Alliance is not responsible for the "People's party," that "hermaphrodite" of American politics which expects no issue, and wears the brand of sterility. I lay no stress on the fact that the St. Louis convention did some things as delegates, then, by a deft back somersault, getting into their popular capacity, did something else. That is too fine for me. There is too much diplomacy in that for rustic honesty. Right is right, and it has but one face. These fellows were Janus-faced. With the face wearing an air of subdued and suffering patience, they said: "We resolve so and so."

Then that face disappeared instant like a "jack in the box," or like weak stew at a Republican banquet. The other face, limited up with high resolve and dynamic determination they said: "We are not the same fellows we were a minute ago; we've out grown and 'shucked' our representatives clothes, now we are the people, the whole people and nothing but the people; and in our amalgamated and popular form, we be blanked if we don't set down and mash the grease out of Democrats, Republicans and everybody else." What an unmitigated farce! The friends of this mushroom concern complacently speak of it as the Second Declaration of Independence.

Just think of those stout yeomen like John Hancock and his copatriots solemnly passing resolutions as delegates, and then by a feat of politic gymnastics, tumble back in propria persona, and doing something they were afraid to do before the metamorphosis. I despise such legerdemain. Whatever is right for a citizen is right for an Allianced man. Here is the point; let no member suppose that he is tied by the action of that convention. The Alliance is a democratic organization; it gets its power from the people. Col. Polk with his headship, Messrs. Macune and Ramsey with their organs cannot dictate one letter of our policy. Only our own representatives whom we send from the subs to the county, State and national councils can order our steps. The St. Louis convention was extraordinary, it was a body not provided for in our organization, it binds no one. Our birth, heralded over the country with so much fuss and fury, was quite unique. They first made the platform, then made the party. The baby was born backward. Such will be its future direction. Now, I am an Allianced man; I make no apology for it. I am an Allianced man because the movement is one for human freedom, and there is but one side for a patriot to take. I believe in every one of the Ocala Demands including the "sub-treasury," or something better. Honestly, I don't like to vote for a man who is opposed to these demands. I will not do it, if I can help it. I believe in free coinage. Is there any reason then in my indirectly helping to power the party that demonized silver? I am opposed to the National Bank. Shall I vote this new bastard ticket, and aid the party that created and yet sustains the bank? Because I am for reduced taxes and a more economical administration of the government, surely I do not want to play into the hands of the party of plunder and of the Billion Dollar Congress. So of every one of the demands; they are nothing else—the Alliance is nothing else—but a protest against thirty years of Republican robbery and misrule. But sometimes a fellow is foot enough to say: "The Democrats have not done anything for the people!" Neither has "the man in the moon." Yet he has had just the same chance since 1860 the Democratic party has had. Since James Buchanan went out of office, everybody knows that the Democrats have never had control for one minute, and the Republicans are responsible for every law of which we complain and under which we suffer. I am a Democrat. There is nothing else to be. The Democratic party, the only party, at least in the South, is not what we wish in all respects. It may have its rings—all parties have—every large body on earth, not excepting the churches, has the same thing. It may lack courage on some new and radical issues, but the only remedy is to fight it out inside the camp. The human race is not as good as I wish; I am not disposed to change into a dog or some other animal for that reason; better stay inside and reform the human. We want none of the Republican party. Its record is rotten, and its existence is a disgrace to every Southern State. So long as memory survives, so long as there lives within the bounds of North Carolina one solitary member of that pirate gang, which robbed our State, and ravished her honor in her hour of darkness—surely, surely, my countrymen, we will not suffer them nor their mongrel descendants to tag on to the tail end of any reform, and thus get back into power: They can't ride in on the Alliance—you may be sure of that. They will get kicked to the "dog-star and the devil."

W. E. ABERNETHY, Lecturer of Burke County Allianced

RIOT AT THE HAILE GOLD MINE.

Fights Have Been Going on Between 200 Negroes Since Sunday—A Detachment of the Brewer's Monkeys Offered As Temporary Relief.

Charlotte News.

There is serious trouble at the big Haile gold mine, in Lancaster county across the border line. A war has sprung up between the North Carolina negroes and the South Carolina negroes. Already several sharp skirmishes have occurred and a lot of blood has been spilled, but a more serious final riot is daily expected. Capt. A. Thies is superintendent of the Haile mine. This is one of the greatest gold mines in the country and employs over 300 hands. It runs sixty stamp mills, and a chlorinating works. The laborers employed in the mine are principally colored, and number 300. Of this number 150 are from North Carolina and 150 from South Carolina. Last Sunday war began between the two factions and a very lively free fight ensued. The North Carolina negroes wanted to drive the South Carolina negroes away, and the South Carolina negroes were equally determined to drive the other crowd out.

Capt. Thies realized that in either event, the work of the mine would be seriously interfered with, and he used every means in his power to keep peace between the two factions. The fighting began Sunday, and it has been kept up at intervals each day since. Monday there was a cutting row and Tuesday they used pistols. Five or six negroes were laid up for repairs.

Things became so serious that the protection of the civil authorities was called, and the sheriff and posse from Camden have since been stationed at the mine. Work is now going on, but the final and decisive riot is expected at any moment.

Capt. Motz, superintendent of the Brewer mine, where monkeys are employed, has telegraphed Capt. Thies that if the worst comes to the worst, he can send a detachment of monkeys to the Haile to keep the works going until the inter-State riots are over.

Why Is It That—

St. Louis Republic.

Bees never store up honey where it is light? The moth has a fur jacket and the butterfly none?

Leaves will attract dew when boards, sticks and stones will not? A horse always gets up forepaws first and a cow directly the opposite?

Corn on the ear is never found with an uneven number of rows? Fish, flies and caterpillars may be frozen, solid and still retain life?

A squirrel comes down a tree head first and a cat tail first?

Electricity is never visible except when it comes in the form of zig-zag lightning?

A horsely will live four hours after the head has been pinched off? The dragon-fly can devour its own body and the head still live?

Kernels of Truth.

An angel is always amiable because it has no stomach. Living down a trouble is as difficult as trying to live down old age.

When women applaud fools the wisest men make fools of themselves.

Look over any shiftless man's door and you will find a horseshoe hanging there.

No children in the eyes of their mother are even old enough to take care of themselves.

If a man was half as good as he claims to be he would be a hundred times better than he is.

Too many women forget when a man flatters them that the deeper the coating of sugar the more bitter the pill.

Always hope for the best. You will never get it, so there will be no excuse for abandoning hope.

North Carolina's Oldest Newspaper.

Wednesday the Durham Recorder entered upon its 73rd year, and can say what no other paper in the State can, that it has subscribers who have been taking the paper over sixty and who a few years back were placed on the free list because they had stood by the paper so long. At Hillsboro, so Mr. Dennis Heart's later days some people called the paper the "Old Testament," for Mr. Heart was a very old man, and nothing appeared in its columns but the truth.

Capt. Charles McDonald calculated that he would have 1,000 cabbage plants set out by Friday evening. The captain made a success of cabbage raising last year.

Lesson Production.

Overproduction, whether of the raw material or the manufactured product, always lessens prices. In the manufactured product, there is always an outlet for surplus stocks through the auction rooms, and through the prices realized may not be remunerative to the manufacturer, he recovers at least a portion of his outlay at once. There is no such easy channel for the disposal of the raw material.

The excess in the production of cotton in this country for 1891, as compared with that of former years, has had a very depressing effect on the market, to which the India cotton crop, aggregating nearly 2,000,000 bales, has also contributed. Then, again, the failure of the grain crops throughout Europe and the East, has reduced the working class—there to a state of more or less poverty, which prevents them from spending much for wearing apparel and household uses, and this has restricted the demand for cotton goods, and consequently, for cotton itself.

Egypt which produces a fine grade of cotton has not competed much with us, nor has Peru, but the simple fact is that we have grown much more cotton than the combined demands of this country and of the rest of the world required. The effect of this has been severely felt in Southern States for some time past. The only permanent remedy is to replace the growing of cotton, to a certain extent, by the raising of other crops. The soil and climate of the Southern States are well adapted for the growing of a variety of crops, and a large acreage might advantageously be laid in such grains as corn, wheat, rice and other food products, not only sufficient for home consumption but export as well.

The establishment of manufactures, so as to create a home market, is also becoming a necessity. Unfortunately, conservatism and old-time methods are very strong in the planters of the South, who have an idea that cotton growing is the only industry that their sections and the negro labor are fitted for. If the present depression arouses them to a sense of the necessity of varying their products, it will eventually have been a blessing in disguise, and the population and wealth of the Southern States will advance with much greater strides.

The Board of Charities.

The state board of public charities is receiving reports from all the counties, which are certainly very satisfactory. Secretary Denson says that six months ago some of the reports did not show a satisfactory condition of the penal and charitable institutions in some of the counties. The attention of the local boards was called to these, and the last reports show that the desired reforms have been effected in many cases. Some of the jails, however, are yet far from satisfactory as to ventilation and other hygienic features.

Capt. R. P. Rhinehardt, mayor of Newton, has made an assignment with preferred creditors to the amount of \$4,526.

THE FACT

That AYER'S Sarsaparilla CURES OTHERS OF Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions, Boils, Eczema, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, and Catarrh should be convincing that the same course of treatment WILL CURE YOU. All that has been said of the wonderful cures effected by the use of

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don't be induced to purchase any of the worthless substitutes, which are mostly mixtures of the cheapest ingredients, contain no sarsaparilla, have no uniform standard of appearance, flavor, or effect, are blood-purifiers in name only, and are offered to you because there is more profit in selling them. Take

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