

A Water-tank Keeper Killed and Robbed by a Negro Boy. TARBORO, N. C., Oct. 23.—Charles Neville, a respectable white man, keeper of the water-tank near Tarboro, was foully murdered this morning by an unknown person.

Neville had just been paid off, and as he was entering the engine house was shot, the bullet passing through his head. He was found at 12 o'clock.

The railway authorities at once sent for three bloodhounds from the State farm. They, with their keeper, arrived this afternoon and are in hot pursuit.

The keeper says he will catch the murderer before morning. It was a dastardly affair, and the whole community is very much excited.

Later—the murderer has been captured. He was a negro boy that lived in town. He had the dead man's money, watch and knife in his possession.

Early a Fire.

About 2 o'clock Thursday night the air was pervaded with an odor of burning grass and leaves, but it was an hour or longer before the fire could be discovered. Mr. Will Johnston, the night watchman, after searching the lots for some time, discovered the grass and a pile of old straw burning in the rear of the Shuman restaurant, (the old court house k.) where some one had dumped out hot ashes. The fire had begun to spread and had gained considerable headway. Mr. Johnston found it in time, however, to save perhaps a large conflagration.

Signs of a Hard Winter.

The goose bone is nearly all white this year, and the result will be that snow will lie on the ground from early in December until late in April. A long, cold winter filled with blustering storms is ahead.

There are other signs that confirm this. Corn husks are unusually thick, and chipmunks and woodchucks are already fat enough to kill. Coal is advancing and gas companies are threatening to raise their rates.

The above is from an old resident a firm believer in the goose bone business.—Greensboro Record.

The Populist Executive Committee.

They met in Raleigh Wednesday night and the Press-Visitor says this about the present:

"Those who were present are Senator Butler, Mr. Hal Ayer, Secretary to the committee, Maj. Guthrie, of Durham, Congressman Strowd, Mr. J. B. Lloyd, of Tarboro, W. S. Barnes, Dr. G. Thompson, of church fame, Ambrosial Hileman, Ocho Wilson, J. W. Denmark, Senator M. W. Stone, J. J. Rogers, Spier Whitaker and Mr. Peace."

Odell mill No. 4 shut down Wednesday afternoon on account of something going wrong with the boilers. The defect has been repaired and the machinery is again in motion.

DEATH IN SALISBURY.

Mrs. John Allen Brown Takes Flight at a Frightened Horse, jumps from Her Buggy and Suffers a Blood Vessel.

SALISBURY, Oct. 23.—The town was violently shocked shortly after 7 o'clock tonight at the news that Mrs. J. Allen Brown had been killed. She was out driving late this afternoon with her little son John, and had reached the side gate at her home and was about to drive in when a part of the harness broke, falling on the horse, causing it to kick. Mrs. Brown became alarmed and jumped out, falling backwards on the street, rupturing, it is supposed, a blood vessel in her head. Friends ran to her assistance and Dr. McKenzie, who was near, was called and rendered medical aid but could do her no good. She became partly conscious for a short while and when asked where she was hurt pointed to her head. The accident occurred about 6:30 o'clock. The affair is a most distressing one, nothing so shocking has occurred here in years. The news spread like wild fire and many expressions of grief have been heard. The little boy was unhurt and had Mrs. Brown remained in the phaeton she would not have been injured. The horse she was driving belonged to her husband and was gentle. Mrs. Brown leaves eight children and mourn her sudden and sad death.—Charlotte Observer.

A Marriage in Albemarle.

Parties in Concord have received cards of invitation to the marriage of Miss Carolina Ashe, daughter of Maj. S. J. Pemberton, of Albemarle, to William Augustus Moutoure, of Fredericksburg, Va. Miss Pemberton is one of the most lovely young women of Piedmont N. C., her charming manners and splendid accomplishments winning strong admirers everywhere.

Mr. Moutoure is a civil engineer of considerable reputation and it was during his engagement in surveying the Yadkin railway that he met Miss Pemberton, and many a time did his compass, yielding to the local attractions, carry him to Albemarle.

And on Nov. 6th, at 8 o'clock, in the M. E. church at Albemarle, this love affair at sight, and grown stronger in the years that have passed, will be legally solemnized at the matrimonial altar. Mr. Moutoure is collecting from that section too big an interest on his work, to be carried off to the Old Dominion.

Another of Concord's to Marry.

There is pain in the announcement of a coming marriage in Concord—it means that one of the town's best and most excellent young ladies is to be taken from us. In this we all feel like protesting, but it can't be helped.

Thursday evening, handsomely engraved cards were issued that read as follows:

MR. AND MRS. D. BRANSON COLTRANE requests your presence at the marriage of their daughter JUANITA TO

DOCTOR DAVID A. GARRISON, Wednesday evening, November sixth, eighteen hundred and ninety five, at nine o'clock.

Central M. E. Church, South, Concord, North Carolina.

Christmas this year will fall on Wednesday.

A TACKLED THE BOSS.

A Convict Escapes Cord Wood and Has To Be Shot Off.

Wednesday morning out on the Mt. Pleasant road where the chain gang is at work, Supt. Geo. Barnhardt was attacked by one of the convicts.

He picked up a piece of cord wood from under a wash pot and attacked Supt. Barnhardt with the end that had fire on it.

The convict had the big advantage and was about to do Mr. Barnhardt up and would have done serious work, had not guard Sid Barnhardt come to the rescue. The convict could not be stopped in his murderous assault until Guard Barnhardt shot him. The shot was not serious but painful. The shot were little fine ones. The convict can not sit down for some time.

Up to the time of the insurrection west of town, the gang was under complete control. Then the liars put in their work and forced the commissioners to investigate. Since then the meanness of the gang are constantly courting trouble—it would have been far better for all, had the commissioners turned a deaf ear to the complaints, which proved groundless.

A Whole Life Time's Work at Once.

The home of John Langdon, a well-to-do farmer, living six miles northwest of Delta, Falton county Ohio, is at present the Mecca of the inhabitants for miles around. The attraction, or rather the attractions are five bouncing boys which Mrs. Langdon presented to her husband yesterday. The little fellows are well and likely to live. Mrs. Langdon is a comely woman and twenty-six, and although she has been married four years has never had any children before.

Under the laws of Ohio the State furnishes free maintenance and education for the additional child or children when more than two are born at a single accouchment, and from present appearances Mrs. Langdon has given three charges to the State. The children average 3 pounds each.

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TOWN AND COUNTY.

The engine and three large boiler have arrived for the new mill of the Cannon Manufacturing Company.

Mr. D. A. Miller, a prominent citizen of Statesville and a native Concordian, is in the county on a visit to friends and relatives.

The farmers are sowing wheat in spite of the dry weather. Mr. G. W. Dry tells THE STANDARD that the wheat in No. 7 is coming up.

Said a Concord lady to her neighbor the other day: "Do you find it economical to do your own cooking?" "Oh, yes," replied the neighbor, "my husband doesn't eat half as much as when he had a cook."

Mr. W. W. Green, of the firm of H. E. Bucklen & Co., the well known proprietary firm of Chicago, was here yesterday distributing free samples of Dr. King's New Discovery, New Life Pills and Bucklen's Arnica Salve. All this medicine is on sale by the druggists in Concord.

Mr. Francis Hinton, a well known and wealthy iron man, of Milwaukee, suicided at Paris Thursday in a dramatic manner. His act was attributed to mental depression. He was standing on the steps of his hotel when he drew a revolver from his hip pocket and without saying a word fired a bullet through his brain.

Mr. Andrade, the Venezuelan minister, visited Secretary of State Olney Thursday, but only incidentally mentioned the much-talked-of British ultimatum. It is believed the ultimatum has been sent by England to Berlin to be forwarded by the German government to Caracas, England not having a representative there.

The negro of this region can often throw in a word to describe a situation when a scholar who is conversant with many languages would fail. The other day at a station on the Seaboard Air Line, this side of Hamlet, a lady approached, and being a stranger and seeing an old negro man asked: "Uncle does the vestibule train stop here?" "No marm," answered the old coon, "she do not even hesitate."—Monroe Enquirer.

The Raleigh News and Observer, of Tuesday, noted the presence in the city of Jno. R. Gentry. Mr. B. F. Rogers precipitated, unintentionally, this joke on the reporter. He had eaten supper and coming up to the clerk's desk at the Yarnborough threw down money for the meal.

"You haven't registered," said the clerk, "and we always like to have the names, so please register." Mr. Rogers, pen in hand as the saying goes, started to comply when the name of "Jno. R. Gentry" was mentioned by some one in the lobby—so Mr. Rogers simply wrote "Jno. R. Gentry, North Carolina," and the News and Observer thus got its personal, and doesn't know yet its mistake.

Capt. O. A. Barringer, of Eastfield, has had a slight stroke of paralysis.

The editor of the Stanly Enterprise has a new hat; it was given him.

Mr. John L. Miller today completed ten houses for the Cannon Manufacturing Company. Several of them are occupied already.

Northerners who have never seen cotton in the field or in pods, think it one of the greatest curiosities and features at the Cotton States Exposition, and on every train can be seen some one or many with bunches of the open and green bolls.

We are glad to note that Dr. F. E. Hartzell, of Georgeville, Cabarrus county, has decided to locate in Albemarle. Dr. Hartzell is a very energetic young man and a splendid physician and will be quite an addition to our town and community.—Stanly Enterprise.

A Salisbury patient addressed a Salisbury physician: "Doctor, I have an important physiological question to ask you. When I stand on my head, the blood rushes into my head. Now, when I stand on my feet, why does it not rush into my feet?" Doctor: "Because your feet are not hollow."

A colored man living on Happy Hill, beyond Ponnies' shop, has burned up his hog pen for fire wood and put the hogs in the basement of his house. The hogs are alive.

While out walking one right recently a lady of the city got her face tangled up in a certain rose bush that runs out over the sidewalk on Main street, receiving several ugly scratches on her sweet, tender face.

Here is a problem for our crack mathematicians: A boy ten years old has a sister who weighs 16 pounds, pounds, and he gets tired holding her in ten minutes. When he is twice as old how long will it take him to get tired holding some one's else sister who weighs 116 pounds?—Exchange.

Parents should try to explain to their children how dangerous it is for one to chunk rocks at another. While two little white boys were on their way to school this afternoon, they engaged in chunking rocks, thick and fast, at a little colored boy without any provocation whatever. Several of the rocks came near hitting a lady. It occurred on Depot street.

Captain Charley Henry, who punches tickets and handles way bills on the Durham and Northern Railway, had a remarkable sight on his train the other day, says the Durham Sun. In the coal bin he found three men snugly encoached. In the entire crowd there were only two legs—one had no legs at all, and the other two had one leg each.

They were on their way to the Atlanta Exposition. Capt. Henry would have taken them back to a car but he had no block and tackle to move them.

James Hawkins is the name of the man that was so violently thrown from a one-horse dray wagon of Mr. James Molahouser this (Thursday) morning at Brown's brickyard. Mr. Hawkins was standing in the rear end of the wagon loading brick when the horse made a dash forward, landing the man on his head and arm on a pile of brick fragments several yards from the wagon. The horse ran as far as the depot before it could be stopped, which was effected just in time to save a collision, there being a number of dray wagons backed up at the platform. Hawkins' arm was not broken, but badly sprained and his head and face considerably bruised up.

Wouldn't Take Warning.

A young traveling man (we withhold his name) representing a Richmond house, struck town Thursday, and finding himself quite lonely and discontent in the afternoon, the young sport secured a bicycle and proceeded to take in the town. He was warned not to ride upon the sidewalks, but thinking the town just one size smaller than himself, he heeded not the warning. After enjoying a pleasant ride over our lovely sidewalks and reviewing the lovely residences and lawns on Main street, the young fellow was entertained at the Mayor's office for a short while, and before bidding "His Honor" adieu he donated \$5.35 to the town treasury.

Charlotte a Surgical Center.

Miss Lou Norwood, of Monroe, has been a sufferer for several years. She was sent here for treatment and yesterday a large tumor was done and a large tumor removed. Drs. J. R. Irwin, Miesheimer and Gibbon performed the operation. Miss Norwood was resting quietly last night. Charlotte Observer.

"LIBERTY AND FREEDOM EVENLY BESTOWED."

Mormon Elders Have the Right to Preach, Says Solicitor Fox, But Citizens Also Have the Right to Respectfully Protest.

Solicitor Fox arrived in the city yesterday, on business connected with the court. A reporter soon found him, and interviewed him regarding his probable action in connection with the protest presented the other day by the four Mormon elders to Governor Carr. Mr. Fox said he had only read the account contained in the News and Observer of Tuesday, that he had so far received no communication either from the Governor or from Judge Coble. From the statement contained in the paper he said he presumed the matter would be referred to him.

The solicitor said further that unless the Mormon brethren could show that a conspiracy has been formed to force them to leave the community, he could not see how the signers of the protest could be prosecuted.

"In this great country of ours," said the Solicitor, "liberty and freedom are evenly bestowed, like the rain and the dew. As long as the Mormon elders obey the law they are entitled to preach their doctrine, but at the same time any number of citizens may respectfully protest against such preaching and may even go so far as to request the brethren to quit the community and bestow the blessings of their doctrine upon some other community and yet not violate the law. I have read the paper presented to the Governor and I fail to perceive any threat therein and I note that it is signed by several well known gentlemen, some of them ministers of the gospel, who would perhaps be as far from violating the law as the Mormon brethren, even. I feel that so far as the State is concerned there is nothing to be done at present. If there shall be any conspiracy formed, or any injury done the Mormon brethren, I promise them that so far as lies in me, they shall have the same protection as any citizen of the county of Wake."

Mr. Fox thinks the Mormons are unduly sensitive and suggests that St. Paul would have hardly taken fright at so slight provocation.

"Since that protest was written," he said, "two of the Mormons, Elder Carter and Elder Smith, have struck my town, Smithfield, and they appear to have been well fed and cared for in Wake county, from which they had just come. There have been gentle hints at Smithfield that these elders might find more attractive fields of labor elsewhere, but the citizens of Johnston have not yet gone so far as to make a formal request to them to leave the county."—Raleigh News and Observer.

Thrown From a Wagon.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

FROM THE STATE OF WILKES. The Gibbs Triplets in Atlanta.—They are 42 Years Old and Good Looking Men, All Married, Have Twin Children and Twin Children, and Voted for Cleveland.

The Atlantic, Tennessee & Ohio vestibule from Taylorsville this morning brought in a party with tickets to Atlanta. In the party were R. I. Gibbs and T. L. Gibbs, of Wilkes county. They looked so much alike that it was not possible to tell one from the other. They weigh each 187 pounds, have a short cropped gray mustache, and are dressed alike, from hat to boots. "We are brothers," said one of them to the News reporter, "and we are going to Atlanta to meet our other brother, for there are three of us. Our Atlanta brother, W. W. Gibbs, moved there from the old homestead in Wilkes county 30 years ago. He looks just like we do, and weighs the same. We are going to have a reunion there, and may advertise ourselves as a sample of North Carolina's product."

Continuing, the two brothers who are going to Atlanta to see their third brother, told the News that their father died when the triplets were three years old. Their mother died last June, at the age of 98 years. The Atlanta brother has had a pair of twins born to him. R. J. Gibbs had no twins, but one of his married daughters had twins. "How many children have you three together," asked the reporter of one of the men. He turned to the other and said: "Well now, Tom, how many have we—I've forgot." Tom couldn't tell, either.

All three of these 42-year-old triplets voted for Cleveland. The two here today were proud of the fact that they had got a chance to shake the hand of the President. "I shook it twice," the one named Tom proudly exclaimed.—Charlotte News.

McConeil's Case.

A lovely home wedding was the one Thursday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Custer, on West Depot street, when their daughter, Miss Mattie Custer, one of Concord's most excellent young ladies, was married to Mr. Ross L. McConeil, the popular young operator at the Western Union Telegraph office. The marriage took place in the parlor amidst a beautiful array of floral decorations and in the presence of guests and friends, who witnessed the eventful affair that made the two one. Mr. Herman Koediger, of Charlotte, with Miss Sallie Caster, sister of the bride; and Mr. D. B. Caster and Miss Carr's Neisler, cousins of the bride, were the only attendants. Rev. M. G. Scherer, of St. James Lutheran church, performed the ceremony, which was short and impressive, after which the guests repaired to the dining hall where an elegant supper was served. Both Mr. and Mrs. McConeil are popular and are favorites among the young people of the city and have the best wishes of their friends for long, continued happiness. They were recipients of many handsome and costly presents. They will reside at Mr. Caster's for some time.

Seized the Outfit.

Wednesday afternoon, Axel Nash, a Wilkes county man, arrived at Bob Wallace's place, at Eastfield, with a load of whiskey for Charlotte. Nash said his team was played out, and asked Mr. Wallace to give him a lift to Charlotte. Mr. Wallace said he was coming to Charlotte today for cotton bagging and ties, and would haul Nash's whiskey in for him. This morning Wallace and Nash came to town in a buggy. Behind them was Mr. Wallace's team and wagon hauling the Wilkes county man's whiskey. Deputies King and Graham met the wagon on the road and found something crooked about the whiskey. They seized the whole outfit, team, wagon and all, and that's the sort of a scrape Mr. Wallace has got into by giving Mr. Nash a friendly lift to town.—Thursday's Charlotte News.

Fine Seed Wheat For Sale.

I offer three hundred bushels of seed wheat for sale, Excelsior variety. Price \$1.00 per bushel at my granary. J. W. WIDENHOSE, Georgeville, N. C.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restores Health For Sale by all Druggists.

Oct. 18th, 1895.

WAIT! WAIT! WAIT! We wish to announce to the public of CONCORD - AND - VICINITY THAT THE BALTIMORE BARGAIN HOUSE IS COMING!

We have taken up quarters in the vacant store room, opposite the National Bank building, of Concord, known as the Litsker building, corner of Main and Depot streets, where we will open on or about Nov. 1st 1895 with an extensive line of very fine and medium grade clothing.

The clothing we will have in stock is manufactured by Hamberger, Strauss, Schloess Bros., and other such fine clothing makers. This clothing we will offer the public of Concord and surrounding community at 25 percent less than the manufacturers' prices.

People, who value their money, will certainly wait for our opening. All wool suits from \$4.50 to \$15 that would cost you elsewhere from \$8.50 to \$25. Amongst our other lines we will handle the choicest line of gentlemen's furnishings, hats, and shoes that was ever seen on counters in Concord. Wait for our opening Nov. 1, 1895.

Wait for our opening and then call and convince yourself that we mean what we say. We came to add to the prosperity of this community by saving you money.

Respectfully yours, BALTIMORE BARGAIN HOUSE, CONCORD, N. C. P. S. we will also handle a line of all kinds and makes of shot guns and rifles.