

FREE TRIP TO ATLANTA.

The STANDARD has arranged to give a free trip to Atlanta to some one—a trip covering one week.

This way: The one that secures between now and December 10, the greatest number of new cash subscribers to the WEEKLY STANDARD will be presented on December 11 a free ticket to Atlanta and back, good for one week or less, as the successful one desires. The subscription is \$1. If you secure one for only six months it is 50 cents and counts a half; for only three months, it is 30 cents and counts one fourth.

This is a good chance for a young lady or young man or old one to get a free trip to Atlanta. Who'll win it?

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAID.

J. Davis Hahn, W. O. Petres, J. S. Isehour, M. T. Stallings, Marshall Harris, H. A. Cline, M. R. Boat, J. Frank Boat, E. L. Isehour (part), C. H. Cook, D. C. Dayvaul, W. S. Ritchie, Wm. Richards (part), Jacob M. Ridenhour, J. A. Stroud, W. H. E. Ritchie, W. R. Moore, W. R. Johnson, J. J. Cannon, Joe F. Fisher, O. P. Bick, J. M. Dove, C. C. Fenninger, D. B. Downum (new), J. W. Fox, R. B. Blackwelder, H. M. Boat, N. J. Misenheimer, P. R. Misenheimer, J. B. Wallace, A. M. Blackwelder, L. C. Ritchie.

Statements.

In a number of papers we place statements of accounts of some who are in arrears. This will continue until the list is completed.

We do this because many do not remember how their subscriptions stand and because many have asked us to send statements that they may see how they stand. It is much trouble to do this, but it is the only way open.

We hope this little matter will not escape attention and that all will show their appreciation of the trouble.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

Mr. J. M. Dove, of Caldwell, Mecklenburg county, and son of Mr. Jacob Dove, of Concord, spent Sunday with his father. He is, besides farming, running a fine roller mill.

Col. Jno R Erwin has been appointed county commissioner for Mecklenburg, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Thos. Grier.

Messrs Frank Cook and J. A. Jones, warm patrons of the WEEKLY STANDARD, now living in Salisbury, spent Sunday and Monday in the city.

Six bill posters struck town Monday, advertising balloon ascensions for Monday next, December 2, which will take place in or near town.

Mr. Aaron Hathcock, for a long time a resident of this city at Forest Hill, has moved with his family back to his plantation in Stanly county.

"Dr." Barris, of Stanly county, was in the city Monday night. He is now more famous and is much handsomer than the last time he visited this place.

THE STANDARD got a very pleasant remembrance from the hands of Mr. O. P. Black, an old Concord boy, who finds life very dull at his home in Tennessee without the WEEKLY STANDARD.

Mr. M. B. Phifer has returned from his old home in Rowan, where he was called Friday last to attend the sick bed of his mother, who passed away on Saturday. In the loss of this, his dearest earthly friend, he has the tenderest and sincerest sympathy of his numerous friends in this city.

Rev. Boozer, of Burlington, spent Monday night in the city with Rev. T. H. McCullough. He had been to Atlanta. H. L. Fowler, of Cannonville, accompanied Mr. Boozer to Burlington, where he will spend several days recreating among old and familiar scenes.

Paul Smith, of London, is walking on a \$5,000 wager, will probably reach Raleigh by Monday. He started from Petersburg, Va., headed for this point today. By the terms of the wager Smith is to tramp to every capital in the United States and Territories, and is to accomplish the trip within six years. He has already been to Hartford, Trenton, Dover, Annapolis, Washington and Richmond.—Saturday's Raleigh Observer.

Mr. Henry O. Lantz, of Zeb, is not only a good merchant and competent officer—but he is also somewhat of a farmer, too. This year with one horse he has made three bales of cotton, 450 bushels of corn and 86 bushels of wheat, taking no account of minor crops. If this isn't a good showing for a small, one-horse farmer, then we would like to know one.—Salisbury Herald. [Our people will remember Mr. Lantz. He was associated several months with Mr. Joo K. Patterson, of Concord.]

See the administrator notice and sale notice by Dr. L. M. Archey.

Martin Dry's son, of No. 9, was jailed Tuesday night for costs.

Mr. Godfrey Lips, a good patron of the WEEKLY STANDARD, spent a day in the city. He lives in Union county.

Ed. H. McCracken, one of the proprietors of the deceased Charlotte Penny Post, is now in charge of the Lawrensville, Ga., News.

At this particular time it makes something of a difference to the turkey whether he's lodging at home or napping out somewhere else.

Mary Branie, a colored dame of the city, was arrested and placed in jail Sunday upon a charge of keeping a disorderly house.

Mr. Ed Johnson and Miss L. E. Misenheimer were married last Thursday at the home of the bride's mother. Both of No. 2.

The eleven months old child of Mr. Jackson Boat, of No. 10 township, died this morning. It had been wasting and puny for several months.

Dr. W. H. Wakefield, of Charlotte, will be in Concord at the St. Cloud on Friday, November 29. His practice is limited to the eye, ear, nose and throat.

Mr. James McCollum, who several weeks ago suffered a slight stroke of paralysis, is in a very critical condition, although he is resting easier today than for several days past.

Mrs. Laura Jane Smith, a widow lady of Forest Hill, died Saturday night and was buried Sunday. She was 40 years of age. Mey, J. Simpson conducted the funeral services.

During the funeral discourse at the late residence of Col. Long, Sunday evening, Mr. Matthew Safrit, becoming too warm, fainted and had to be carried out. He soon revived.

Your attention is called to the advertisement of the Occoneechee Farm, of Durham, N. C. If you want any fine stock, this is the place to make inquiry. It is owned by Col. Julian S. Carr, that public spirited North Carolinian.

For several days during the past week Rev. Father Joseph, of Greensboro, has been the guest of Mr. John Cox, of No. 2 township. He was down for a hunt, enjoyed the sport very much. He went to Belmont from this city.

At a meeting of the directors of the Yadkin Falls Manufacturing Company held at Norwood Monday night, at which Dr. F. J. Murdoch, W. Smithfield, Capt. D. N. Bennett, and J. A. McAnay were present, W. Smithfield was elected president of the company and N. B. McCausless was added to the board of directors.

"I escaped being a confirmed dyspeptic by taking Ayer's Pills in time." This is the experience of many. Ayer's Pills, whether as an after-dinner pill or as a remedy for liver complaint, indigestion, flatulency, water brash, and nausea, are invaluable.

Two Children Burned to Death. Two small children were left alone (Wednesday) morning at the home of Ed Foti, colored, who lives on the plantation of Mr. Hansam Blackwelder, five miles east of this city, one or both being in a cradle near the fire, and some sparks are supposed to have popped out and set fire to the bed clothing, burning one child to death and the other so badly that it will die. The house and furniture was saved.

Notes from the Organ. There will be Xmas exercises at Organ church on Christmas day, consisting of dialogues, recitations, music, and an address by the beloved pastor, Rev. G. H. Cox. Subject: "Our Orphan Home." There will also be gifts for the children of the Sunday school. And to teach the children the important lesson, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." A special collection will be taken for the Orphan Home. The Sunday school at Organ never uses the children's offerings, or penny collections, for literature to run the school, but have it on hand, subject to the order of the children. It is quite likely they will order it sent to the Orphanage.

Mr. Whit Powlas, one of our enterprising young men has about completed arrangements to move to China Grove where he will engage in the mercantile business.

Mr. Lewis Bonds, who has been afflicted for several years with a cancer in his nose, is in quite a critical condition.

Mr. Allison Boat, formerly of this section, later of Concord, but now of Salisbury, is dangerously ill at his home in Salisbury. Write.

Jerked Nearly in Two. A small white girl in the west end of the city was leading a cow to pasture in Buffalo creek bottoms this (Wednesday) morning, and came near being jerked in two. A rope was attached to the cow and at the other end was a loop, which was around the little girl's hand. The cow became ferocious, made a plunge to one side and dragged the child some little distance down the meadowed road, braining and scratching her terribly. She will live.

COL. JAMES T. LONG DEAD

The Old Legislator, Auctioneer and Fodder Passes Away Peacefully at His Humble Cottage.

THE STANDARD could simply announce the death of Col. James W. Long, in Saturday's issue, as the sad event occurred just at the hour of going to press.

Saturday 16th the Colonel paid his town tax—Saturday the 23rd he was called upon to settle another account. He took sick with pneumonia on the 16th and gradually sank until death claimed him last Saturday.

In 1884 his wife died, leaving him alone, there being no issue. In 1888, Cabarrus county called him from his humble and obscure home in rear of the county jail and sent him to the State Legislature for one term.

At nearly every auction sale of land, the Colonel's voice rang out musically from the court house steps. There are few houses in Cabarrus county that he has not visited, selling knife polish and stuff to sharpen razors. He was well known being a familiar figure on the streets of Concord; and up to its death where the Colonel was his little dog was sure to be.

There was never but one Col. Jim Long; there never will be another. At his death he was aged 73 years, 1 month and 28 days.

The funeral services were conducted at his late residence, Sunday afternoon, by Rev. W. C. Alexander, who delivered an interesting and thoughtful discourse to quite a large gathering of people.

The interment took place in the cemetery at the old Lutheran church. The pall bearers were Messrs B. F. Rogers, R. E. Gibson, G. T. Crowell, Jas. C. Gibson, Frank L. Smith and J. F. Goodson.

AN OBITUARY BY A FRIEND. Died on the 23'd of November 1895 of pneumonia at his home in Concord N. C. James W. Long in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

The Colonel is dead! His dull stories and merry jests are hushed; his vivid imagination is stifled forever! His faults were venial; his virtues genuine. His heart was tender and he wrought wilful injury to no man. During his latter years especially, in his humble and unlettered way he struggled dimly, haltingly, pathetically towards the Infinite and a better life. He stretched out his hands, seeking yearningly for the light of the life to come, and who shall say that the Master did not reach down pityingly and touch them?

May the earth rest lightly on the old man's body, and may the eye of the Omnipotent fall tenderly on his trembling soul when it enters the shining presence of the Great White Throne!

Indicates Thriftiness. To see the great mass of freight piled up in the waterroom at the depot and twenty-five or thirty cars sidetracked, containing nothing but merchandise for this city, would impress one with an idea that the amount of business done here is considerable. Twenty car loads of freight were sidetracked Monday night for this place, which is an indication of thriftiness and expectations of a better trade and more money. All commercial men are in high spirits.

The Fair Grounds Sold. The twenty days having expired without an increase of Mr. J. C. Wadsworth's bid, the Fair Grounds become his, at a little less than \$1,700. It is the cheapest property sold in Concord for years.

Mr. Wadsworth has already sold a building lot from it to Mr. Chas. A. Dry, who will at once begin the erection of a house.

Home From Mexico. Mr. A. Jones Yorks got in Saturday night from an extended tour through the West. He brought with him quite a number of curiosities from Mexico, some of which he exhibited to a number of friends. While in Mexico he witnessed the famous and interesting bull fight, and says the women in that country all go lareheaded. He enjoyed his trip very much.

Temperance Entertainment. An entertaining programme of songs recitations and important addresses was rendered at Central Methodist Sunday school Sunday afternoon, which was arranged in accordance with the subject for Sunday's lesson. Prof. Holland Thompson made a splendid talk on the evils of cigarette smoking.

Color Line Drawn. A very noticeable incident occurs every day at the home of Merchant John K. Patterson's, who is a noted clichee raiser, that has attracted considerable attention. He has a number of chickens, the Black Minorcas, and White Leghorn species. The Minorcas can be seen in a group to themselves and the Leghorns in another part of the yard to themselves. The two breeds roost in trees fifty feet apart and will not mix in eating or scratching together and the most stringent color line is drawn.

CONGRATULATIONS, BRODIE

A Satisfactory Arrangement Made With Creditors—A Debt Filled.

Durham Sun: It will give the numerous friends of Brodie J. Duke great pleasure, we have no doubt, to know that he has effected satisfactory arrangements with his creditors, whereby it is hoped that he will be enabled to get on his feet again.

The substance of the arrangement is that Mr. Duke borrows \$125,000 in cash of W. Duke, George W. Watts and B. N. Duke. This amount, together with available stocks on hand will make about \$175,000, which it is thought will liquidate his former indebtedness and thus consolidate what he owes.

A deed of mortgage from B. L. Duke and wife to J. E. Stag, Trustee, was filed in the Register's office of Durham county to day for \$125,000. We are informed that no composition with creditors was effected; each being settled with upon the best terms possible.

The sum of \$135,000 is payable at intervals of six months until paid, making two and a half years in its payment. Mr. Duke is active and popular and we feel sure that a way is now open up for success in his business, and we hope it will come speedily.

Death of Charles Hampton. News was brought to the city Saturday morning of the death Friday night, at his home in the Hopewell section of Mecklenburg county, of Mr. Chas. Hampton. He had been sick about one week, though very few of his friends knew of his serious condition, and the news of his death will be a great shock to those to whom it was only a few days ago that the News announced that Mr. Hampton and Miss Gamble, a niece of Judge McCorkle were to be married on December 11th, and Mr. Hampton had been putting his house near Huntersville, in shape for the expected reception of his bride.

The deceased was the eldest son of the late Mrs. Cynthia Hampton, and a brother to Mrs. Abner Alexander, of Mecklenburg, and to Mrs. R. S. Harris, of Concord. His mother died last year and willed him the Hampton farm and home place in this county. He was one of the most popular citizens in Mecklenburg. He was a very quiet disposition, and his character was beyond reproach. He had always led a Christian life. Mr. Hampton was held in high esteem by all who knew him, particularly by his neighbors, who knew him best.—Charlotte News.

Disastrous Storm. Monday night's storm was a disastrous one in the west and northwest. Trains were wrecked, houses demolished and many lives were lost. Telegraph lines are prostrate west of Pennsylvania and the Mississippi river, and what little news can be obtained is very discouraging.

A Farm House Burned. A tenant house on the farm of Mr. Elan Cochrane, near Harrisburg, occupied by Mr. Thornburg, was burned yesterday. Mr. Thornburg and all of his family, except a son who was left at home, were at church, at the time of the fire, but neighbors saved nearly all the house-hold goods. The fire was accidental, having caught from the chimney.—Charlotte News.

Once a Citizen of Charlotte. Speaking of Mr. L. W. Perdne, who was mobbed last Friday morning about 2 o'clock in Alby, Ga., the Charlotte News says:

"The victim of this Georgia mob formerly lived in Charlotte, and kept a store in the stand now occupied by H. G. Link. He failed in business and moved to Paw Creek township, where he farmed for several years, then he went to Georgia as a school teacher. He married a daughter of Mr. Gray Utley, and was a brother-in-law of Rev. Dr. Burkhead. He was 51 years old."

Justed for Assault. J. H. Weidman, a collector for one of the installment furniture houses, was arranged before Esquire D. G. Maxwell today, on charge of a brutal assault upon Olio Richards, the twenty year old daughter of Mrs. Nancy Richards, who works at the Gingham mills. Weidman found the child alone in the house while her mother was at work in the mill. He was sent to jail in default of a \$200 bond.—Charlotte News.

Mr. Corriher Dead. Mr. John C. Corriher, one of the best business men of Rowan county, died soon Monday morning at his home in China Grove, after a nine days illness with pneumonia.

Mr. Corriher was a long time a partner of Mr. I. Frank Patterson in the mercantile business. He was about 48 years old, and was a much esteemed gentleman.

The remains were buried to-day (Tuesday) at Mt. Zion Reformed church, the funeral service being conducted by Rev. Dr. Prexler.

China Grove loses one of its best and most enterprising citizens.

THE COLONEL PASSES OVER

Mr. J. W. Long, of Concord, Dies After a Short Illness.

Col. Jim Long, of Concord, is dead. The simple announcement was made in Saturday's CONCORD STANDARD and when we read it, it was with a feeling of genuine regret. Our acquaintance with the Colonel dates back to the rainy days of '87 when he legislated for Cabarrus and the writer was a page in the house. He was a legislator by accident. His election was one of the revolutions of chance in which the lucky pivot pointed his way. But it's not of his public services we wish to speak.

There is no glory in ironizing a dead man's deeds. Having had occasion to render the Colonel numerous services we became interested in the man; his humorous tales and blunt manner of speaking were equally interesting and ludicrous.

As we recall the various experiences through which the Colonel passed as a law maker, a speech which he delivered towards the close of the session overshadows them all.

The Colonel had introduced a bill to provide for a State examiner of whiskey who should testify to its purity. He was a great lover of pure whiskey and contended that only the adulterated article injured the drinker. Well, the Colonel's bill had been made a special order for 8 o'clock at night and he was in a quiver early that morning. All during the day he exhibited signs of the great nervous strain that was weighing on his mind.

Promptly at seven o'clock of the eventful night he ascended the capitol steps, dressed in the perfection of his wardrobe, with the straggling remnants of a few gray locks stealing from under his hat over his forehead.

He had donned a stand-up collar and wore a black tie. His shoes sparkled and glittered as the result of the bootblack's well earned nickel.

His face was beaming and his knees making rapid backward and forward movements.

The Colonel was going to make a speech. Promptly at eight the bill was called up and the clerk had barely finished reading it when up jumped the old gentleman.

"Mr. Speaker," he shouted; and as he spoke his whole frame was quivering with excitement attendant upon his first oratorical effort in the House of Commons. "Look at them women in the gallery," and he pointed to where Raleigh's elite was seated. "If you'd give the men good whiskey there wouldn't be so many dead and we wouldn't see so many old maids up there." There was a moment's silence, not a sound was heard as the Colonel stood there with his finger pointed at Raleigh's prettiest girls, just designated by him as old maids. For fully a half a minute he stood thus and mopping the perspiration from his brow sank exhausted, from the effort, into his seat. Then a mighty shout arose and the members crowded around the Colonel and showered him with congratulations. A vote was taken and his bill was beaten. But he had made a great hit.

The last time we saw the old man was one summer three years ago. We had business in Concord and after attending to it called around at his humble home. The front door was standing wide open and he sat near the door in his shirt sleeves reading his bible. He talked and laughed over his experiences in Raleigh, occasionally throwing in an emphatic expression, explaining that it was not at variance with the "good book." I left him promising to come around the next time I came to Concord.

But the next time never came for the poor old Colonel, and we would feel that poor indeed is the gift of human friendship should we neglect to pay this little tribute, perhaps more lasting than the withered flowers that rest and fade upon his humble grave, beside his memory and tell ourself though humble as he was the same affection that finds way in the hearts of the loftier dwell in this old man's breast and the same God that deals with Kings had stamped the tide of his life and taken his soul to the bar of judgment.

The Colonel is dead. Peace to his ashes.—John M. Julian in the Salisbury World.

A Strong Fortification.

Fortify the body against disease by Tutt's Liver Pills, an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, jaundice, biliousness and all kindred troubles.

"The Fly-Wheel of Life" Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills are the fly-wheel of life. I shall ever be grateful for the accident that brought them to my notice. I feel as if I had a new lease of life. J. Fairleigh, Platte Cannon, Col.

Tutt's Liver Pills

"WOMAN OR MAN—WHICH?"

A Symposium by Prominent People—One Well Known To Concord—A Novel Thing Precipitated by the (N. Y.) Advertiser.

The New York Advertiser addressed many people this question: "Woman or Man—Which?" It prints three columns of replies. Among the correspondents are men and women.

Over the columns, containing the symposium, are cuts of four individuals—a dade, a dade, a dade in bloomers and an old-time dressed man.

THE STANDARD clips several of the shorter replies to the Advertiser's question, among them that of Miss Julia Magruder:

In the first place I never wanted to be a man. So far as I am personally concerned I get a great deal more out of life by being a woman. I have received universally good usage from men. But, if I were a man, I would like to be and do exactly like the nicest man I know.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Exemplary Satisfaction. I can only say that I am perfectly content to remain what God made me.

LAURENCE HUTTON. "A Bird in the Hand." I really don't know which sex I should prefer to be a member of. I don't believe it is possible to see the matter from the outside. As I am a woman, I feel that I would rather bear the ills and joys I know than fly to others that I know not of, and if I were a man I imagine I should feel the same.

JULIA MAGRUDER. Doesn't Want to Change. "Would you prefer to be a woman? Would you prefer to be a man?" Notwithstanding my increasing admiration for the first mentioned party, I should like to continue to be the second.

CHARLES KING. The Idea is Incongruous. No, I don't think I would prefer to be a woman, as I know that at my present age I should be very awkward as a flirt wester. Besides, my mustache and grizzled beard wouldn't look well on a feminine face. Then, too, a six-foot woman isn't usually charming.

THOMAS W. KNOX. Why Not? You could not hurt me to be a woman. Merrily yours, MARSHALL P. WILDER.

Ell Perkins Would be a Woman. Do you ask why I should like to be a woman? It is because I could make some noble man happy. I would be a ministering "angel."

How? you ask. Well, when I heard of a good-for-nothing fellow, dissipated and without sense or character enough to make a living, I'd marry him, take him home to father, support him, and make my angel happy.

When my darling husband neglected me, and flirted with all the girls in town, gambled and always dined at the club, I would look happy, and when he staggered home, I'd greet my beloved with a kiss.

I would always give my husband liberty and love. When, after a week's debauch, he came home I'd wipe his dear, bleared eyes, put my arm around him, and after our tears had dropped over into the cradle and pattered down on the baby's face I'd take him in the arms of love and leave him at the Keely cure.

After I had nursed my noble husband through a spell of sickness, and I looked languid and worn with anxiety, I would smile when he told me I had grown plain looking. Then when the noble fellow scolded me and made love to the maid, I'd put my arms around his neck and kiss him through my tears.

Then when my darling came home drunk once or twice a week and emptied the coal scuttle into the piano and poured the kerosene lamp over my Saratoga clothes and into the baby's cradle, and then twitted me about the high (hic) social position of his own (hic) family—why, then, I'd smile and try to make him happy.

When weary and sick and heart-broken, I would not ask for a separation. When he finally got a divorce himself, denied the paternity of our own children, and sent me back in sorrow to my father, I'd creep up to him and put my arms around his neck and try to make him happy.

After my darling had used my last money in dissipation, and brought my father's gray hairs down in sorrow to the gray, I would pray for him and ask God to bring joy to his noble heart.

When I was utterly crushed in spirit, tried in the crucible of adversity, and the news came that my idol had died with the delirium tremens, I would go into mourning, and, with my last money, build a monument to the sweet angel I who had crushed my bleeding heart.

ELI PERKINS. Don't forget the oyster supper tonight by the Ladies Aid society at Forest Hill.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and other Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years, by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and cures feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

MARKING DOWN FURNITURE FOR THE NEXT FIVE DAYS

SLAUGHTER THE PRICES. The stock was bought for spot cash money, and at a price that our customers can have the benefit. We will sell FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS CHEAPER FOR THE NEXT NINETY DAYS

IF IT COMES FROM "OCCONEECHEE" ITS ALL RIGHT BREEDERS OF STANDARD AND THOROUGHBRED HORSES

Professional Cards. L. M. ARCHY, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Concord, N. C. OFFICE: ST. CLOUD ANNEX.

Speculation, Stock and Bond Brokers. 130 & 132 Pearl Street, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.