

### TOWN CHAT.

Our Reporter's Street Work and News of the county

Robt. Sappenfield has returned from Oak Ridge.

Wm. Reed, of Salisbury, spent the day here.

J C Leslie, of Charlotte, spent Sunday in town.

There are 127 children at Thom- asville Baptist Orphanage.

The fellow that exalted himself was lowered this morning as he slipped along on the ice.

See the notice of Trustee sale of a town lot, by J F Best, admr, of Asa Best, Trustee.

George H. Woodall, night watchman at the Capitol, Raleigh, died Saturday.

Were it to freeze for a week—well the moribes in the air and other thing might be frozen.

There was a howl of glass Saturday when G A Robinson, the boss of the dog ranche, came back home.

To North Carolinians the birth- day of Robert E Lee is a legal holi- day, having been so made by act of Legislature. This day is the 19th of January.

Jno. D Hatchett, of Memphis, arrived Sunday morning. He is visiting his mother-in-law, where Mrs Hatchett has been for some time.

The Atlanta Journal gave, in its Saturday's issue, pictures of the different parts of Steve Ryan's prison room. Ryan is not having the com- forts that were once his.

Chas. E Alexander, who for a long time has been clerking for R E Gibson, has gone to Oak Ridge In- stitute, Guilford county, to take a business course. Charlie is a nice, manly boy, and the Standard wishe- for him the success that his decided merits call for.

Charlotte has had a failure. Ross & Adams, large book and stationery dealers, made an assignment Satur- day. They made a bank there a preferred creditor to the amount of near \$4,000. Poor collections the cause of the disaster.

The mayor was kept busy Satur- day afternoon. A little family dis- agreement caused a trial and a fine of \$5.55. Another case of too much spiritual enthusiasm, called for an addition to the town fund of \$7.35.

Soft came the snow flakes down Saturday night pattering against the pines, clinging to the bare boughs of the trees, decking the houses and fences, and kissing old mother earth's face with a wino greeting. The world looked better, brighter and purer Sunday morning in its wintry garb.

**Brooms Has Riz.**  
A broom combine has been formed on account of the shortness of the broom corn crop. That old chest- nut, "a new broom sweeps clean," will be laid away "in de archives of grabity," and even the handle will be considered a too expensive weapon in the settlement of domestic debates.

**Arm Broken.**  
Miss Sue Johnston, daughter of Mr. Milas Johnston, fell this (Mon- day) morning on the icy piazza and broke an arm. Dr. Archey set the broken bones, and it's only a matter of a few days until the young lady will suffer no pain or inconvenience from the accident.

### SOME LOCAL CELEBRITIES.

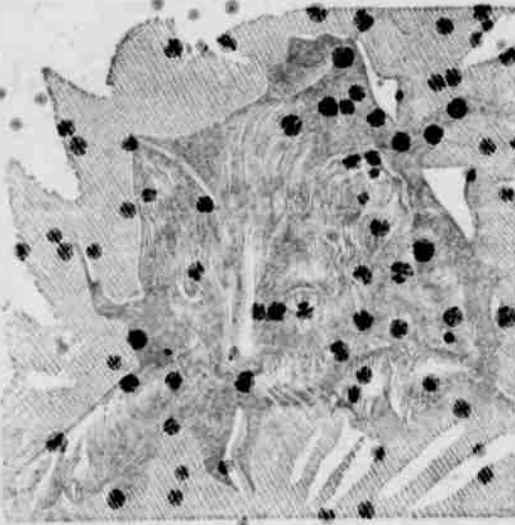
THE STANDARD ARTIST AT HIS DESK AGAIN.

Our Shepherd Pup is not But a Pap a Cat—Our Society Editor has Report- ed—The Old Oaken Bucket—The Rootist of Other Days.

The Standard's artist is on deck this morning. He's a grave old gentleman, who draws his salary whether he yanks up the picture of things or not.

The artistic editor has given the managing editor considerable trouble recently; and a conference Saturday night effected a compromise of difficulties.

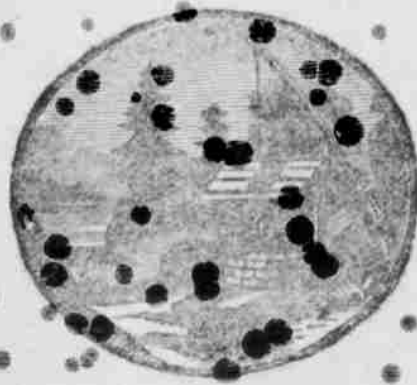
The Standard has been deluded. For some time this office congrat- ulated itself upon what it thought facts. Our Shepherd Pup—which we named "Sis"—is not a Pup, but



a cat. This cat is a nuisance and while she showed some of her mean traits, our artist used his Kodak with this result:

Our society editor began his holiday season on Dec- 23rd. He kept on it. Start- ing out on the festive season a robust and fat mortal, he comes back to us an awful plot. We shall seek him where our forms—that is the type's forms—age washed. If it does not improve him, he's dis- charged—no such a character shall remain in this office.

This is the old Oaken Bucket with its attachment, the well. When we wrote that beautiful poetry years ago, we had no idea of ever having the pleasure of presenting the poem in real character:



The Oaken Bucket is now bound up in ice and snow—the beautiful white snow, which is also pure.

Our artist helped us to a scoop. It has been believed that the razor back, lean, curly-tailed pine Rooter was numbered among the past. This pleasant thought has been scattered worse than Russel Sage's office.

This



which is a famous Rootist, ran down the street, and our artist drew his Kodak. If this is the kind of hog 1892 is to give us, then our meat must come from the—west, the usual place.

The Standard has every reason to believe that our readers are glad to see our artist resume his work. His next lesson will be the bachelors and widowers of the town.

### Severely Canned.

Mr. Daniel R Hoover, for nearly 12 years superintendent of the St. James Lutheran Sunday School, was severely canned, Sunday evening, after the exercises were over. That it might be done in school-teacher style, the editors of this paper was prevailed upon to administer the canning, which he did, he thought, according to the latest science.

The case was given to Mr. Hoover by the Sunday school, as an expres- sion of the pupils' high esteem for him. On the beautifully engraved silver head was this inscription: "D. R. Hoover, from the St. James E L Sunday School, 1892."

The surprise was so great that Mr. Hoover could only speak enough to endorse what the editor said about his war record—that he was not shot in his back."

This mark of esteem is indeed fitting, as Mr. Hoover has been faith- ful to his duties, having missed only a few Sundays during these many years.

### An Aged Citizen Dead.

For forty years the familiar figure, D. T. Bostian, has been seen on our streets. He will be seen no more. He breathed his last Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. This death is the inevitable result of the grip, with which Mr. Bostian has been very sick for over a week.

Mr. Bostian was the oldest citizen of Concord, not in years, but in duration of residence here. He was an enemy to no one and there were none to him; he knew more about the early history of Concord than any citizen here—he delighted in telling of the days of old.

He leaves a widow and two chil- dren to mourn his death, D J. Bos- tian, the Racket store proprietor, and Jro. W. Bostian, Mayor and hotelist of Albemarle.

His remains were interred in the Lutheran church yard.

### Assembly.

Mr. Editor:—How would it do for Mr. Joseph Daniels, editor of the State Chronicle and State printer, to send Al. Fairbrother, who is get- ting up a subscription to the World's Fair, a part of that public printing surplus? This, it strikes us, would be the proper thing. Mr. Daniels ought to give 10 per cent, at least. "ENQUIRE."

### One Day's Work of the Vestibule.

Since the saloons of Charlotte were closed, says the News, the bus- iness of the Statesville vestibule has picked up wonderfully. There is a large wholesale whiskey house in Statesville and the daily condition of the express car attached to the vestibule is so crowded that the messenger scarcely has room to turn 'round in. The vestibule yesterday unloaded here by actual count thirty two 2 gallon jugs, and fifteen 5 gal- ons kegs.

John Y. Gossler, of Philadelphia, and R. W. Hicks, of Wilmington, have bought the Spout Springs Lumber Company's property in Harnett county, with 13,000 acres of land and will operate the mills as the Consolidated Lumber Company, with \$40,000 capital.

General Kirby Smith sustained a severe loss by the burning of his residence in Sewanee, Tenn., for the insurance on the house amounted to only \$3,000. His friends have started a fund to reimburse him.

In proportion to population ex- actly three times as much spirits are drunk in England.

### Death Fooled Him.

DEATH-BED (?) CONFESSION PUT HIM INTO A STEW.

A Confession of Robbery and Murder, Committed Twenty Years Ago in New Bern, May Prove an Exciting Affair Pretty Soon.

The New Bern Journal publishes a letter that was written to Sheriff Lane, of Craven county from Jordan, S. C.:

About the year 1872, a young man came to our town, calling him- self William B. Bennett, looked to be about twenty one or twenty two years of age, dark hair and eyes and also dark complexion, about five feet eight or ten inches high. He says he came from New Bern, N. C., that his mother was Miss Lizzie Gay, who married a man named Bennett, who was his father and three more children; then his father died and his mother married the second husband, named Clemmons.

Some time after that he and two men by the name of Wiggins, went to a store and shot and cut the clerk, and took all the money they wanted and thought they left the man dead. He also had a difficulty with his step father, Clemmons, and shot and killed him; then left and went to Georgia with the Wiggins, then came on here. About the time he came here there was a man advertis- ed (and described him exactly) for killing his father, but at the time he was gone about thirty miles away, so the parties who were on the lookout, give it up as he had been absent so long without being noticed.

This is a confession of his own when on a sick bed and thought he was going to die, but he has not well and hearty.

He is a man of a very bad charac- ter; he has been in the guard house several times for misconduct and is a bad drinking man, and talks about what he has done bad when he is drinking. He married, in this county, and after a time he left and went to an adjoining county and took up with another woman, and told all this, while, sick there, thinking he was going to die. Look in your record and see who was sheriff in '72 or '73 and find out if there was such a person there and if the report he makes is facts. If it is so, and you want to look after him, you can write for more information or come or send a deputy to me at Jordan, S. C.

P. S.—Please let me hear from you anyway, so I can be satisfied about it.

I am not certain of the dates of the depredations he speaks of being connected with, you can look back as far as '69 or '70, as he was quite a young man when he came here.

### A Ten Dollar Gold Piece for a Cent.

Some time ago, a gentleman bet that if he stood at the corner of Broadway and fourteenth Street, New York, and offered gold Eagles to the passers-by for a cent each, he would find no purchasers. The ex- periment was tried, and it turned out just as he said. No one would believe that the coins were genuine. It seemed to good to be true. An equally remarkable offer is that made by the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the sovereign cure for Consumption. Think of it! restoration to life and health for a mere song. There is not a case of Lung-scurfula—in other words, Consumption—that will not yield to it, if it is taken in time. It is the greatest blood purifier ever known, and is guaranteed to benefit or cure in all diseases of the throat and lungs, or money refunded. Only extraordinary cura- tive properties could warrant or sustain its makers in selling it thus, on trial!

All petitions to the British house of commons must be in handwriting and may not be printed.

### BUSINESS LOCALS.

**Insurance.**  
I am prepared to furnish Insur- ance in the United States Mutual accident association of New York City, the largest and best.  
J. L. BOGGS, agent.

**Notice.**  
All persons indebted to the firm of Morrison, Lent & Gillon are respect- fully requested to call at once and settle their accounts, as we must have a settlement.  
D. B. MORRISON,  
A. B. LENTZ,  
M. M. GILLOX,  
October 9.

A silver pocket flask was lost by Green town and the Jack Ury place, on Friday evening. The finder will return to this office, and be rewarded.  
d & w 2t

**Seed Wheat For Sale.**  
Call at Gline & Correll's, in the Albion building, for seed wheat. Come early, as the supply is limited. They have any Palestine, Fulz and White wheat for sale.  
Jno. P. ALLISON.

Beck's Meat Market has on hand every day, fresh beef, pork, sausage and sausage in all styles. Give me a call.  
FRED BECK.  
14 tf.

**For Sale.**  
For cash or on time, one Jersey bull, three work oxen, one beef cat- tle, three mules, one improved mow- ing machine and one improved wheat drill. Call on  
W. C. COLEMAN,  
14 tf.

**For sale.** A fine Italian harp, in excellent condition, lately remod- dled; the one the Concord Spring Band has been using. For prices and other information, apply at this office.  
dec. 7 '91 d w.

**WANTED**—Four thousand cords of four foot pine and oak wood de- livered at Odell Manufacturing Co.'s cotton mills.

**Piano for Sale.**  
An excellent piano, comparatively new, for sale. Apply to  
W. M. SMITH,  
au. 24 tf.

**Store House for Sale.**  
I will be glad to have offers for the storehouse and lot now occupied by Dr. Johnson.  
oc9  
W. M. SMITH.

### LAND SALE.

By virtue of a mortgage or trust deed executed to Asa Best, dec'd by Wilson Inard and wife, Mary Jane Inard, on the 3rd day of Nov. 1883, and registered in record of deeds for Cabarrus county, in book 37, pages 394, 395 and 396, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the courthouse door of the town of Concord, on Monday, the 15th day of February, 1892, the property described in said deed trust, it being one lot on Tournament Place St., in Coleburg, near Concord, N. C., and bounded as follows: 50 feet front on east side Concord St., and bounded by parallel side lines, lying between lots No. 18 and 22 on said Tournam- ent Place St., said lot being Lot No. 20, on said street, and fully de- scribed in book 31, page 29 in office of Register of Deeds for Cabarrus county.  
J. F. BOST,  
Adm'r. of Asa Best, the Trustee.  
Jan11 6ds

**Capt. J. M. Alexander,  
TAILOR,**

Has taken rooms at D. J. Bos- tian's Racket store, where he would be glad to serve his friends and customers to any- thing in his line.  
Jan. 8 '92. 1 mo.