

TOWN CHAT.

Our Reporter's Street Work and News of the County

Remember the trial at the Lyceum, Tuesday night.

Rev. Geo. H. Cox, of Mt. Pleasant, was in town today.

Prof. Mangum is indisposed today. He is suffering with neuralgia.

That's a good show to be here Saturday night. See the announcements in another column.

They say that the presence of snakes in Charlotte, is making the whiskey subject a serious one.

E. C. Wheeler, J. B. Fisher and J. F. McCabbing, of Salisbury, spent Sunday in Concord.

The best black ink only 3c. School paper 10c. Steel pens 4c per doz., at the Racket.

Mrs. Rebecca Brown died in Duplin county last Wednesday. She was born Oct. 25th 1788, and therefore was in her 104th year.

Because a married man is very low in stature are we to infer that his wife cuts him short whenever he begins to talk.

There is many a dude waiting for the girls to take advantage of leap year's permit, but the girls are waiting for a man to come along.

Dr. Payne, of the Presbyterian church, has gone up to Lexington to visit brother and relatives. He will return on Wednesday.

The weeds are growing in front of the mayor's office in Charlotte, since the bar rooms have closed. If the weeds are not growing, they ought to.

"Another gloomy, drizzly, disagreeable day," muttered the news gatherer. Then he solemnly spat on the floor and wondered what kind of deacons would adorn the evening issue.

This is the month to plant inguns, lettuce and sich like. Now remember inguns are bringing \$1.60 per bushel this winter and that at this rate 20 bushels is about equal to a bale of cotton.

The Lutherans have purchased the Highland Academy at Hickory, and have complied with the conditions of the munificent bequest of Col W. W. Lenoir. The institution will be called Lenoir College.

The young ladies of Bridgeton, Pa., have petitioned the town council to allow them to carry red pepper in their pockets, so as to defend themselves against impertinent dudes. If their request is granted, the dudes will get a warm reception.

Messrs. John Slemann, James Shevlin, Thomas Kerrigan and Henry Sheppard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are here. Each year they pay Concord a visit during the hunting season, and of course enjoy themselves.

The illustration in another column is true to an incident in Concord. Our artist changed the likeness of the physician, that the public could not recognize him and thereby tease him. Of course, you recognize the kid and his mamma.

The London Lancet says: "It cannot be a matter of indifference what a man eats and drinks. He is, in fact, choosing his animal and moral character when he selects his food." What are we to do about that scriptural injunction, "Eat what is set before you, asking no questions for conscience sake?"

Fight 'Em.

A movement is on foot to organize a new company to fight the American Tobacco (Cigarette Trust.) One million dollars will be the new company's capital, and \$300,000 worth of new cigarette machines have already been purchased.

This looks like fighting the devil with fire.

Will it be One Session?

The Standard has no official connection with the graded school, neither has it any children to send, but it has an interest in the school.

The question of one session scarcely admits of discussion. But the reasons that the board should order the one session per day are briefly as follows: The same time can be made; the very nature and merits of a graded school can be carried out; the government of the pupils can be made perfect; the pupils will be under the personal supervision of the teachers at all times; the fighting and quarreling (that oftentimes occur at the noon recess) will be avoided; profane words cannot be indulged in; unnecessary associations can be avoided; it will be more satisfactory for the parents, teachers and all; and it will make the schools more profitable—these propositions the Standard feels able to prove.

In Town To-day.

Jimmie Honeycutt, Hoover, Lore & Co's bookkeeper, is in town today.

Joe Goodman, the Fetzer drug clerk, is in town.

Jesse Hamilton, Dr. Johnson's drug clerk, is in town today.

Johnnie Blackwelder, the clerk to the Sec'y of the Cannon Mfg. Co., is in town today.

Lester Coltrane, a Notary Public of the town, is in town today.

Theo. Gowan, of the depot, is in town today.

A few others are in town, but their names can not be secured in time for this issue.

The evening train is due here at 9:02, instead of 10:14. This is according to the weekly change, that governs the R & D.

Eli Cress and Caleb Bost are citizens of Montgomery county, Illinois. They are natives of Cabarrus and have spent a month here among their relatives and friends. They leave tonight for their far off western home and the Standard wishes them a safe and pleasant journey.

Wiley Walker, of No. 4, is a bird hunter. Each year he brings more dead birds to the Concord market than any one man. Saturday he told a Standard reporter that he had disposed of just 500 partridges here since the shooting season had opened. Wiley says he has had glory enough and will stop till next winter.

E. P. Faggart, of No. 21, has a fine dog. This animal found a large black snake last week. This circumstance is nothing except to show what a glorious climate we have. Here where the sun shines in glorious warmth, where snow and ice seldom form, where cotton sells for 6 cents and but few monuments are built, and where not much guano will hereafter be used—why, this is the climate that produces snakes, large and black ones in January. Mr. Faggart ought to hang that snake on the fence—to produce rain.

"I AM A DEMOCRAT."

A Granville County Baby is Named For Senator Hill.

Below we print a copy of a letter which was mailed to Senator David B. Hill by an Oxford physician yesterday:

"There came into the world yesterday at the home of S. H. Moss, of this county, a bouncing boy. This young hopeful was not so attractive perhaps as Little Ruth, whom we all love and whom it is said you have kissed; but as the son of one of our best citizens who is a stalwart Democrat and an Allencemman, he is nevertheless entitled to all the privileges of an American citizen becoming his age.

"The first words uttered by the new comer were: 'I am a Democrat.' Such at least was the interpretation put upon his remarks by the bystanders; and certain it is that he announced his convictions in no uncertain terms. It is hardly necessary to state that the young gentleman was at once christened 'David Bennett Hill.'

"I now have to ask you not to let this matter reach the ears of Senator Vance; for in spite of his alliance predilections he is a perfect monopolist in the matter of having babies named for him. Indeed it is said that the 'Zeb's' in Buncombe county alone will soon hold the balance of power in all matters of public policy."—Oxford Day.

The Mr. Pleasant mail got in.

Mrs. Nathaniel Johnston, we learn, is quite sick.

What will be the verdict at the trial Tuesday evening?

Miss Maggie Johnston will teach the public school at the Pitts school house.

The membership of the New South Club is increasing rapidly. Seven applications are being voted on now.

Jno. Wadsworth and F. L. Smith took a delightful horseback ride this beautiful evening.

Durham has paid nearly four million dollars for revenue stamps on tobacco in four years.

Tomorrow, the 19th, is the anniversary of the birth of the chivalrous Gen. R. E. Lee.

Rev. Geo. Oglesby, P. E., of the Wilson district, preached in the Central M. E. Church, Sunday morning and evening.

There will be a called meeting of the Hospital Board of Managers at the residence of Mr. D. B. Coltrane Tuesday, Jan 19th, 3 o'clock, p. m. Business of importance. Full attendance earnestly requested.

Mrs. Joe W. Foil, of No. 6, leads the county in new Irish potatoes. She had a "mess" last week. They grew in the cellar, however. They say that the school teacher of that district, who boards at Mr. Foil's, made a lecture to his pupils on the subject of "New Irish potatoes and this Climate."

Farmer J. C. Lewis and his humorous Yankee Comedy Company are close at hand, appearing in "Si Plunkard," in the Opera House Saturday night. They have been exceedingly successful en route, and the show is spoken of as a distinct novelty. They carry with them a capital brass band of eighteen solo musicians who are costumed as farmers. A threshing machine in full working order is seen in the piece.

All Big Then.



"Now my little man, describe your symptoms." "I haven't got any symptoms. I do a pain."—Harper's Bazar.

Railroad Official?

Mr. Editor:—To be a gentleman in any and all places of public trust, is a true indication of a good heart and a sound mind. To be the reverse in most cases shows a base heart.

I have been led to these conclusions from observations taken along the line of travel during the last year and a half. It is astonishing how soon a position on a line of railroad, and a little brief authority can frizzle out all elements of humanity from the soul (?) of the beardless, brainless boy of this generation.

A large number of the boys of today, who manage the depots and telegraphic lines along the roads, left their homes too soon when they should have been developing their minds in some good school, and they imagine (not all of them) that a position in a depot, as agent or operator, places them so far above the balance of mankind that to speak civilly to a stranger would be a condescension upon their part. Some of these "young bloods" left the parental roof because they could not stand parental restraints. They left, too, destitute of common sense, and to date they have held their own remarkably well.

"One cold night some weeks since I entered a depot with an old minister and several strangers, to await the arrival of a delayed train. There was a good fire in the grate, and the old man, half frozen, attempted to step forward to warm himself. A lad of probably 16 summers, who was sitting in a warm corner with a little girl on his lap, very pompously ordered him out of the room, stating that there were other fire places where he could warm if he was cold. I watched the poor old man as he walked out, and heaving a deep sigh, he placed himself in a corner of the building outside to be shielded from the cold wind. I confess to you that, minister as I am, I felt grateful that I was not the man ordered out. Such a temptation and from such a source, would have excited my Saxon Scottish blood, and the insulting chap would have been taught a lesson that his parents failed to teach him.

Railroad men should see that they put on of common sense in their depots and be sure they are gentlemen.

R. L. ABERNETHY.

Use "Esbright" shoe dressing, absolutely waterproof, only 14c at the Racket.

Lucas' Transparent Glycerine Soap. Best, Purest, Cheapest and most exquisite of all English complexion soaps. Recommended by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., F. S. A. & C. Regular 25c soap, only 10c at the Racket.

The very best Norway Sperm Oil for sewing machine, worth 20c, only 5c at the Racket.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

House For Rent.

The large house on Spring street opposite Graded School building, is for rent. It is known as the Thornwell house. Call on, J. P. ALLISON.

Insurance.

I am prepared to furnish Insurance in the United States Mutual accident association of New York City, the largest and best.

J. L. BOGER, agent.

A silver pocket flask was lost between town and the Jack Ury place, on Friday evening. The finder will return to this office and be rewarded.

Seed Wheat For Sale.

Call at Cline & Correll's, in the Allison building, for seed wheat. Come early, as the supply is limited. They have any Fulcaster, Bulz and White wheat for sale.

JNO. P. ALLISON.

For Sale.

For cash or on time, one Jersey bull, three work oxen, ten beef cattle, three mules, one improved mowing machine and one improved wheat drill. Call on, W. C. COLEMAN.

WANTED—Four thousand cords

of four foot pine and oak wood delivered at Odell Manufacturing Co.'s cotton mills.

Piano for Sale.

An excellent piano, comparatively new, for sale. Apply to W. M. SMITH.

Storehouse for

I will be glad to have offers for the storehouse and lot now occupied by Dr. Johnson.

W. M. SMITH.

CONCORD MARKETS.

COTTON MARKET.

Corrected daily by Cannons & Fetzer.
Low middling..... 6 1/2 @ 7
Middling..... 7 1/2 @ 8
Good middling..... 8 1/2 @ 9
Stains..... 5 @ 6

PRODUCE MARKET.

(Corrected daily by W. J. Swink.)
Bacon..... 8 1/2 @ 9
Sugar-cured ham..... 10 @ 11
Bull in ats, sides..... 8 1/2 @ 10
Beeswax..... @ 18
Butter..... 15 @ 16
Chickens..... 10 @ 15
Corn..... 50 @ 55
Eggs..... 15 @ 16
Lard..... 8 @ 10
Flour (North Carolina) 2 30 @ 24
Meal..... 60 @ 65
Oats..... 40 @ 45
Tallow..... 4 @ 5
Salt..... 70 @ 80

LAND SALE.

By virtue of a mortgage or trust deed executed to Asa Bost, dec'd by Wilson Icard and wife, Mary Jane Icard, on the 3rd day of Nov. 1882, 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 court house door in 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 Tournament Place St., said lot being Lot No. 20, on said street, and fully described in book 31, page 29 in office of Register of Deeds for Cabarrus county.

J. F. BOST, Adm'r. of Asa Bost, the trustee.

Jan 11 6tds

Capt. J. M. Alexander, TAILOR,

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