

TOWN CHAT.

Our Reporter's Street Work and News of the County

Capt. Jonas Cook, of Mt. Pleasant, spent the day in town.

Chalmers Sims, the St. Cloud clerk, is quite sick with the grip.

Gowan Dusenbery is confined to his room with grip.

Mrs. Dr. Register has returned to Charlotte.

There will be a Masonic meeting tonight for work in the third degree.

Mrs. S H Weloch, of Dallas, is at the St. Cloud.

This paper is not partial to a wind support. Honor the fellow that wears out our bills by much use.

Rev. Peter Miller, of St. John's, this county, will move to Augusta county, Va., at an early date.

Mr. Jim Honeycutt will smoke a five-cent cigar on the 25th day of December, 1892. Remember the date.

The members of "Whatsoever Circle of King's Daughters" are requested to meet at L D Duval's residence tomorrow at 5 p m.

The Standard will have something to say, in a few days, about the Graded School that will be to some rather startling.

Mrs. H C Williams, of Salisbury, after spending a day with her sister, Mrs. Sykes, at the St. Cloud, has gone to Charlotte.

The ladies of the Confederate Memorial Association will please remember the meeting tonight at Rev. Campbell's residence.

Rev. J H Page, who is loved by all the good people of Concord, is down from Statesville on a several day's visit. The Standard gives him the keys of the town.

A bargain for housekeepers. The carpets of the Y M C A are for sale; also a large table that can, with little cost, be used for a dining table. Apply to A E Lentz.

Saturday's Standard will be a hummer. Ten or twelve gentlemen of the town will contribute articles. The editor will not write anything, worth reading, that day.

The drum corps, if it keeps on with the hideous noise, without variations, will become a corpse. With such stuff as that, the young men ought to get out of town.

Lawrence Klutz, of No. 6, was in town and reported that the ground was covered, Thursday night, with snow. It did nothing of the kind here.

Mrs. R E Wisman, of Va., who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W G Campbell, has gone to Charlotte to spend the winter with her brother, Rev. Dr. Bowman.

Rev. V R Stickl, formerly a member of the N. C. Lutheran Synod, but now of Buena Vista, Va., has received and accepted a call to the Enochville churches, formerly served by Rev. Lutz.

Spots on the sun, was the attraction. Our mailer, J L Boger, said "the big spot just looked like a hole had been punched through the sun with a crowbar, and the Standard knows it's so.

Rev. J K Efrid, of Lexington county, S. C., has resigned his pastoral work there, and will go to Washington State. Mr. Efrid was educated at Mt. Pleasant, and is a brother of the Efrids, rising young merchants of Winston, N. C.

Refused \$8,000.

Col. James Wilson (and not Wellington) Long came up to see us. He brought us some of the stuff he invented and manufactures for polishing silver, brass and eye-glasses. Col Long polished our brass watch, our brass tiger-eyed ring, our brass collar button and our specks, which are not brass. The Col. refused to tell us much about this preparation, but said: "I refused \$8,000 for the state right, when I was in the Legislature." Col. Long will call again.

Another Answer.

Little Margie Atkins, of Albemarle, writes the old man a letter about the cat question. The Standard publishes Margie's letter: Albemarle, N. C., Feb. 10th, '92

Mr. Jim Cook:—I see in the Standard a question for 10 year old girls, and I come in that number. I will answer the question—a cat in each corner and a cat in front of them all makes five.

Respectfully,
MARGIE ATKINS.

Margie is wrong, but not as badly so as one of the Standard's printers. Only four cats, Margie. Write us again from your town, which we have often wanted to see.

A Big Thing.

Our astronomical editor rushed in this morning and made this statement: The Sun, the center of the Solar System, has a diameter of 885,680 miles, and its bulk is 1,400,000 times greater than that of the Earth and 700 times greater than that of all the bodies revolving around it.

Col. Ball's Distinguished Visitor.

Col. M W Ball, one of the Graded School professors, had the pleasure of a distinguished and much concerned visitor, Thursday evening. A Standard reporter called on him. Space will not admit of the entire interview. The reporter went around to his cozy and elegant room, youthful in size, to learn something about Mr. Cain, who killed his brother in antediluvian days.

Col. Ball leaned back on his easy chair and threw his hand over the foot of his condensed bed and said: "I don't know much about Cain or his wife's maiden name; and what Adam's first name was has always been a mystery to me."

The reporter finding that Col. Ball knew as little about these characters as most people do, turned the tide to what is the best fuel, and just then Col. Ball, looking at his watch which always stands at 6, "remarked supper is my best fuel."

The Standard reporter vanished with the promise to call again.

Portrait of Professor Kerr.

The portrait of Prof. Kerr, formerly State Geologist, is now on exhibition today at Randall's studio.

Mr. W H Kerr, of Ilchester, Md, invites the friends of his father to go up and see it. He had two portraits painted, one for himself and the other for the State Library.

Mr. Kerr, in writing to Mr. Randall about the portrait sent to Maryland, says: "I think it simply wonderful how near you came to the truth of his expression and coloring. I owe you a debt of gratitude I would not take its weight in gold for the picture."—Raleigh News and Observer.

This is inventor Kerr that resided in Concord for a year or more.

LEAP YEAR ETHICS

SHOULD THE LADIES PROPOSE?

Essay Read Before the Lyceum by Mr. G. Ed. Kestler.

(Continued from yesterday.)

Woman is love's messenger, therefore let love's messenger propose by every mortal reason. Once more I submit the thought, that by the proposing of the ladies it would revolutionize the fields of singularity. There are too many bachelors and old maids in this country. Why they thrive to profusion here, in this city of brotherly love, is simply because of this question under discussion. You give the ladies the privilege—ah, what a precious gem—to propose, and in less than one year there will not be a bachelor far nor near; they will disappear like a sparkling dew drop before the noon-day sun. I tell you this is a grand and glorious proposition. Let them propose and old Cabarrus—the land of heroes—will return to her wonted patrimony. Cotton will advance fifty per cent and money will be as plentiful as the sands of the seashore. Again, it's an unfair position on man's part, for it makes him responsible for all the profits and losses of marriage. John proposes and is accepted. His wife says, well, John, you took the responsibility to marry me. You called me from my pleasant home, from friends and from a thousand sacred ties, so you are responsible for the whole affair. When she gets "wrathy" and makes John interest the beautiful songster, otherwise known as "baby, baby, sleep my darling baby," in the silent watches of a cold, dark night, as the roosters crow in all their majesty, she blames John as the "cause and effect" of the whole matter. Now let her propose, and John can dream, O, such sweet dreams, while she is musing upon the infelicities of marriage. C, yes, she ought to propose, and thereby be responsible as well as man—poor man!

Again, men may court some lady for ten long years, more or less, and never find out whether she loves him or not; but woman can slightly glance at man's personage and tell, at once, his origin, his mission, his destiny. Then say she shall not propose? What folly, what nonsense! Ye moralists, in search of the cause for the increase of divorces, linger a moment by this wayside fountain of truth and be edified, for here is a panacea for your trouble. Establish my theory and divorces are an unknown luxury, because women will not be defeated in anything they undertake when their love or pride is at stake, so says the treasurer of the Lyceum. Statistics show that there are a great many more ladies than gentlemen in this "vale of tears." This is because nature loves the sublime and beautiful more than the wise and otherwise. Now, I argue that the majority should rule in every matter, and she having the majority, has the legal right to propose. Why she don't arise like a mighty cohort of the Romans, and claim this her natural heritage is only a question of time. She being educated up to it. Again, I am right from a scriptural point of view, for did not Rebekah go far across the vine-clad hills of Gera to propose to Isaac? Eve proposed to Adam and paid for the license in stolen apples; and

some lady is bound to have first proposed to Cain, for there is no record of the existence of any woman excepting his mother until after Cain was married. How could he propose to a nonentity, and yet he was married. This shows that she proposed to him. A nonentity can propose to something, but something cannot propose to a nonentity. I shall now give a very scientific reason why ladies should propose: Charles Darwin, a deep thinker, a man of fame, tells us that woman is the descendant of an ape. I shall take his word for it and not argue the point farther. In some respects she does correspond to this noted child of the forest, for instance, they both have a natural tendency to dance and wear bangs. Every one, who is familiar with the nature of apes, knows that the lady ape always proposes ere the wedding bells peal across the wooded vales or down the shadowy dales. Now, does it not look reasonable that they should follow in the footsteps of their fore-fathers? Understand, this is Darwin's logic, not mine; he's responsible for the result, not me. All I know about the ladies is that they "live, move and have their being," and the time is coming when they shall propose, perhaps not to me, but to some one at least. Go to nature and my position is sustained. See you golden-winged, mocking bird as she "swings in the grape-vine swing" and pours forth a flood of melody sweet and alluring—he is only proposing to some lonely heart hear by. You go out in the wild wood in the hush of eventide, hear you gentle dove as she coos her lowly strains of sad melancholy and she is only proposing to her sweet heart in notes untuned to mortal ear. We, perhaps, may think that these birds sing for our consolation, not so—it's only their manner of proposing. Ladies, whenever you hear a beautiful bird of spring chanting its lovely lays, remember their meaning and you do likewise—propose. Therefore, woman should propose on natural principles. Were I a law maker I would enact a law making it a misdemeanor for the ladies not to propose. This is a matter of necessity, and one upon which the eternal destiny of the world rests, and she should be even compelled to obey this truth. That's what I said. If woman suffrage was universal I am sure I could go to Congress upon this one platform alone. It would heat the tariff, free trade, prohibition, or any other political racket. Suns may shine and suns may fade (not sons, if you please, their boots shine and not themselves.) Stars may twinkle and stars may wane. Moons may glitter and moons may die; but this proposing business "gets there just the same," never fades, never wanes, never dies. It is non-destructible, for it is woven into the very first issues of social economy, and we should, therefore, always speak the truth concerning it. Rome, the synonym for glory, rose and Rome fell. Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," was the bright star among the nations. Athens, famed for her arts and literature, was the queen city of her day; but where is Rome, where is Greece, where is Athens? They are gone and all that remains is the faint, sweet memory of their glory. Why did they fall? Simply because the Roman lassie and the Grecian maidens and the Athenian

damsels were not allowed to propose in this matter. Had this been true, Rome would today sit, not upon her seven hills, but upon a thousand. The moral is, the ladies should propose for here alone lies our only means of rational safety. Just because Chili did not propose to fight is no reason why the ladies should not propose to marry. Let's take an example. Here lives in Concord, say, a bonny blue-eyed lassie—a glow of love sparkling from her cheeks—a rose of beauty budding upon her ruby lips. I say, let this lady propose and what a scene! Hear ye artists, ye poets, ye orators, ye editors, what a scene is this! Listen, as the soft, sweet words echo far and near! Will you marry me darling? O, I love you better than words can tell! Life is a blank—a fleeting shadow without you, but your smile makes it a joyful reality. O, dearest, sweetest gem in friendship's casket—my own true love—the fairest of the fair—the sweetest of the sweet—will you marry me? And an echo answers, "yes," ah me, its worth ten thousand years of weeping and waiting to have this privilege and to say that she shall not propose—deny her this greatest of earthly pleasures—is the height of folly—than let her propose.

(Concluded tomorrow)

Two ladies were here canvassing for a Health Journal, that is being published at Kinston, N. C.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

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.

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,
2 wks. J P ALLISON.

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

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

The Concord Methodist (circuit) parsonage is for rent. It is a good house. Apply to Rev. L M Brower
4t.

Mr. H G Browne, tuner and salesman for E M Andrews & Bro., is now in the city. Mr. Browne is the regular tuner for Prof. McLean and Philharmonic Club of Charlotte, and the Neave school of music of Salisbury. Work guaranteed. If you wish your pianos looked at, please drop him a postal at St. Cloud Hotel.
3t

Try the Standard office for job printing.

DR. J. E. CARTLAND,
Surgeon Dentist.
Successor to Dr. H. C. Herring.
Feb. 9, d lmo

LADIES
I would be glad to have you call and see the new Ribbons, Face Veils, Chiffon Laces and Children's Caps, which have just been received. I think it will be well worth your time, as the spring styles are pretty and inexpensive.
Respectfully,
MISS NANNIE ALEXANDER.
Feb. 4 2w.