

TOWN CHAT.

Our Reporter's Street Work and News of the County

It is reported that Miss Esther Ervin is quite sick with pneumonia.

Our farmers, who watch, say these cold snaps insure a good fruit year.

The housewife is now very busy with the setting hens.

The present enrollment at Honor School, of Oxford, is 134.

The jugs that go to Charlotte now are labelled fictitiously.

Evangelist Fife passed Concord on Wednesday.

Old Fellows meet to night. Work in the first degree.

Mrs. G W Sanderlin, wife of the State Auditor, is improving.

The Standard has a communication from a gentleman of Florida. We will publish it soon.

Hopkins, the carpenter, is putting the finishing touches on the New South Club rooms. Let him finish.

Joe Cruse is having some improvements made on his dwelling on Corbin street.

The remains of a lady were removed from another point to the Concord cemetery.

Rev. Charles Spurgeon, Jr., succeeds his father as pastor of the great London Tabernacle.

One of the depot boys has gone to wearing two neckties—a blue and red one.

A rabbit ran across the railroad track below the depot. This, we hope, is not an evil omen for the R. & D. railroad.

The Wilson Advance came out last week in a 12 page edition of 5,000 copies. It was very creditable and Mr. Wilson is in it.

A load of poles went through the town. They looked like a load of wood the Standard tried to burn last winter.

W G Barringer, of Mt. Pleasant, is in town pruning grape vines for Mrs. Foil, P B Fetzer, W J Hill and others. Mr. B is "science" on grape.

There has been 70 000 business failures in the United States in the last six years, and yet we are a prosperous people.

T L Martin, of Harrisburg, came in and showed us a copy of the Ulster County Gazette, published Saturday, Jan. 4, 1800. We hope to make some extracts from it soon.

Al White, a former Concord boy, and a son of C R White, has just fallen heir to something like \$20,000 in Columbia, S C. Mr. White married the daughter of a quite wealthy lady, who recently died.

The Oxford Day closed last week with a big Pi. The pressman pried the first and fourth pages of the little sheet, and telegrams went out that editor Kronheimer was threatening suicide.

A prominent business man remarked, "At Xmas I found for the first time in my life that I owed every one in America, except two, and they were tanyard men." He's lucky, for had he owed them he might have lost his hide.

You is the way the Fetzer Drug Store addresses you. The announcement talks about lamps that will be nearly given away. It is the most awful and bloody slaughter the doctor has ever made. Read the announcement and govern yourself accordingly.

A Rare Treat.

The entertainment for Friday evening, to commence at eight sharp, promises to be one of unusual interest.

Miss Jenkins, the talented vocalist, recently from the Cincinnati Conservatory of music and Mr. Dan Summey who for the past year has devoted much time to the cultivation of his already fine voice, have kindly consented to sing. This feature together with our home talent and a number of tableaux in connection with the music, will make it one of the most enjoyable affairs ever given in Concord.

A Letter From Prof. Mangum.

"Dear Cook:—return my until Ball Col. from poetry more so publish and, return my for wait to Lyceum, the Tell have to not ought and work my with do to nothing have You footprints your know I'll—yourself room my of out stay and; mine of couch easy that molest not does Honeycutt Jimmie that See."

Prof. Mangum may think this French (and it is) but the Standard can read any French the professor can write.

Entertaining Daily.

Friend Cook, editor of the Concord Standard, dropped in on The News about press hour yesterday, but in time to give us a couple of good news items. Mr. Cook is giving the people of Concord a most entertaining little daily. The people over there would not know how to get along without it.—Charlotte News.

Could you see us bow, Wade Harris, you would feel well repaid for the kind expression.

Death of Mr. James M. Hodgin.

Mr. James Hodgin, of Winston, whose dangerous illness was noted a few days ago, died at 7:30 o'clock Tuesday night at the home of his father-in-law, Mr. P P Meroney. Mr. Hodgin has suffered severely during the past few weeks with an abscess on his liver, caused partly by an attack of the grip. Monday a painful operation was performed by Dr. Whitehead, in which a quart or more of pus was drawn. Mr. Hodgin was a most resigned sufferer—never complaining. His father and mother have been with him the past few days. His body was taken to Winston this morning for burial. Mr. Hodgin leaves a wife and child to mourn his loss. The Herald extends sympathy to them in their bereavement.—Salisbury Herald.

A Prominent Manufacturer.

Mr. J B Morgan, of the Morgan & Hamilton Co., of Nashville, Tenn., who has been representing his firm here in the big deal with the Kerr Bag Mfg. Co., is yet quite a young man. The Standard man had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Morgan. He has risen from the ground and become a man of great force in the manufacturing arena. His mills now manufacture 28,000 bags per day, but with the eight machines purchased from the Kerr Company there will be no end to the bags manufactured.

Mr. Morgan is well pleased with Concord.

New Weekly Subscribers

J M Swaringen, D R Furr, D F Fisher, J F Hendzrlite, Jno. Stanly, L C Ritchie, J R L Hill, W G Garrison.—8.

We Are Even.

A certain well known citizen of Concord, was in our city one day last week and by chance, passed by the Mount Vernon hotel, where he saw the word "Bar" printed in large letters. Green as a gourd in July, he walked in and called for Mr. Bar, feigning business with the gentleman. On being informed that no person by that name resided in Salisbury he inquired "what in the thunder did you put up his name for then," pointing to the sign outside of the saloon. He was told that it meant that there was whiskey kept for sale here. The Concord man walked out muttering to himself, "That's dog gone funny; they call them things grog shops in my town.—Salisbury Herald.

Clint Brown, you are a—mistaken man. There are no "grog shops" nor "bars" here. We have been mum on one of your citizens, but it must come, now. He came in town, one night, on the mid-night train riding to the hotel on the street car (something Salisbury hasn't—not even a bus or hack to carry passengers up town) he became furious when the car reached the Lutheran church from where he could see the electric lights shining with great brilliancy. He threw up his hands and shouted: "Oh, my lord, the world's coming to an end—see those stars falling (pointing at the electric lights)—Oh, lord save us."

The two colored porters held him to keep him from injuring himself, and when he was carried into the hotel a physician attended to him. When reason returned, he swore he had never seen such "tricks" before.

Arranging for Big Fairs.

Mr. John C Wadsworth, of Concord, was in the city yesterday and in a conversation with a reporter he said that Cabarrus would probably have the biggest fair this year that she has ever had. The fair at Concord last year was the best they ever had, and the only one that the association ever made any money on. The preparations are being made already, and the fair will be on a larger scale in every way. Negotiations between Concord, Morganton and Newton are in progress to form a circuit of spring races. All of these places have splendid race-tracks, and the races will be in May if the pending arrangements are effected.—Charlotte Chronicle.

[Men like John Wadsworth put life in fairs. And let us raise up more of them.]

Waxing Warm.

It's a wonder the town authorities don't stop their subscription to the Salisbury Herald. For the last month about one and one-half columns cover the criticisms of that august body. You know some nut-ton-heads, when their sense is not weighty enough to make the n dis creet, fly off and "stop the paper." But the Salisbury authorities are not only not nutton-heads, but they possess a lot of milk of human kindness or they would thrash Clint Brown and Lynch Tadie Wichard, the editor in chief.

It was once said in this county, by a majority of the people, that if the strick law went into effect there would be no cows, and therefore no milk or butter. Then butter, the indispensable article at each meal, brought 35 cents per pound. Now it rarely gets over 20 cents and the strick law is in full force and effect.

MRS. BLAINE FREE.

End of a Romance That Began With a Seashore Flirtation About Six Years Ago.

Sioux Falls, S. D., Feb. 17.—James G Blaine, Jr., has allowed his divorce case to go by default, and his young wife will be granted a legal separation in all probability on Wednesday. This will close the long and interesting fight that Mrs. Blaine has made for absolute freedom from her husband.

Apparently young Blaine will not be sorry at the outcome of the proceedings except in the particulars. He and his father's family were exceedingly anxious to have custody of the child, James G Blaine the third, and the husband has kicked vigorously against paying his divorced wife alimony and fees for her counsel. In both these respects he is likely to be vastly disappointed, for the mother will doubtless keep her little boy and get considerable alimony.

Yesterday Mrs. Blaine's attorneys notified her husband's attorneys that Judge Thomas had issued an order asking the latter to show cause why Blaine's answer in the case should not be stricken out. His lawyers will put in no answer to the order. That will settle the matter, and the Court will take it for granted that Blaine does not deny his wife's allegations, and will grant her the divorce she has so long sought.

THEY WERE SEASHORE LOVERS.

In the summer of 1886, Miss Mary Nevins, one of the handsomest girls of Pittsburg, Pa., went to Bar Harbor, Me., for the season. The Blaines have a cottage at that resort and young James was soon a slave to Miss Nevins' charms. After a brief courtship, the sea-shore lovers were married in New York city in September, 1886.

It was generally known that Secretary of State James G Blaine and Mrs. Blaine were much opposed to their son's marriage. However, the newly-made husband took his bride to Pittsburg, and with his salary as a reporter, and an allowance from his father, he managed to keep up a comfortable home. The young man is possessed of a roving disposition and he soon took his wife to New York-city. He was a reporter there, but his father stopped his allowance. Then he went into a broker's office, and shortly afterwards his parents got control of him.

INDUCED TO LEAVE HIS WIFE.

In 1888 the couple separated, and Mrs. James G Blaine, Jr., charged her husband's family with having induced him to desert her. He had gone to Augusta, Me., and for a while lived at home. The wife followed and says she tried to induce him to return to her, but to no purpose. The Blaines were eager to get hold of the child, but they failed to do so. Young Blaine said his people would willingly care for it.

Then the wife began her divorce proceedings. The first step was to ask for \$500 alimony and \$300 counsel fees. For a long time the husband pleaded poverty and said he was unable to pay the money. At last a check was sent to her, it is said by Secretary Blaine himself.

The wife having had no means of support, as she claims, prepared to go on the stage. She studied for some time and then was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism which checked her theatrical career for a while. She afterwards appeared before the footlights, but with no great success.

A Kind Question.

The State Chronicle comes nearer being perfect in appropriating the gist of news from other papers without giving credit than any other sheet, with special wire and paster and cutter. Joe Danils, how did you get the account of the Big Deal by the Kerr Bag Mfg. Co.? Answer, and be a little man. May be it was a dispatch?

Dave Corzine said the Standard afforded him the pleasure of seeing "snitz" in print for the first time. The Standard's editor was raised in the land of "snitz" and consequently is familiar with the fascinating word.

At a Catholic Convent in Fort Berthold, N D., all the sisters, including the Mother Superior, are Indians, and the spiritual director is a priest of Mohawk descent.

Willie Barringer and Crump A Misenheimer, of Mt. Pleasant, have gone to Little Rock, Ark. These young men have gone to seek their fortunes.

Geo. Blackwelder, son of the late Ally Blackwelder, and who holds a job on some Virginia railroad, is visiting relatives here.

H M Goodman plows, but he has purchased a sulky plow. You ride when you plow with one of these things.

There were 3,761 deaths in London during the week ended Jan. 23, and only 2,623 births.

Montana Charley (Dr. J B Ayer, who figured here) has accepted a challenge for a shooting match.

Prof. E P Mangum left Wednesday evening for Asheville. He will be back by Monday morning.

R L McConnell is the clerk at the St. Cloud hotel. He succeeds Chalmers Sims, who has been quite sick.

The report comes that we will have snow or rain tomorrow. Let the elements have full sway.

Go to the entertainment Friday night; it will do you good.

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.

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.

FOR RENT.

The W. C. Boyd house with five rooms, well garden and stable. For information, call on
W. C. BOYD.

DR. J. E. CARTLAND,
Surgeon Dentist.
Successor to Dr. H. C. Herring.
Feb. 9, d 1mo

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.