

Arrival of Trains.
The following change of schedule took effect Dec. 4, 1898, 12 o'clock.

NORTHBOUND.

No. 8	arrives at 5:52 a. m.
" 36	" " 10:09 a. m.
" 12	" " 7:00 p. m.
" 38	" " 8:53 p. m.
" 62	" " 10:40 p. m. (freight)

SOUTHBOUND.

No. 37	arrives at 8:49 a. m.
" 11	" " 11:23 a. m.
" 7	" " 8:53 p. m.
" 35	" " 9:20 p. m.
" 61	" " 6:30 a. m. (freight)

No. 36, and 38 stop only at Charlotte, Concord, Salisbury, Greensboro and Danville. Passengers for local points between these stations will have to use the other trains.

WADE BARRIER, City Editor.
TELEPHONE NO. 71.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

STIEFF PIANOS

"SING THEIR OWN PRAISE."

56 years before the American people
56 years of Honest dealing.
56 years used by the World's greatest musicians.

CHAS. M. STIEFF,
Piano Manufacturer,
Charlotte Branch Ware room, 213 N. Tryon Street.
C. H. WILMOTH, Manager.

SHORT LOCALS.

Cabinet photos, 98 cts. per dozen at Cook & Stone's gallery. d23

Mr. Geo. W Means is in Charlotte attending the Federal court this week.

FOR SALE—House and lot in good locality. Call at this office. d23.

A cold wave is coming, says the forecast, together with fair weather tonight and tomorrow.

FOR SALE—A good buggy—very cheap. Call on E F Rolf.

Misses Julia Stirewalt and Bessie Wharey, both of Mooresville, are visiting at Mr. P B Fetzer's.

Marriage license has been issued to Mr. Jno. Eaves, of Cleveland county, and Miss Dora Hough, of No. 10 township.

Miss Daisy Sumerow, who has been here for some weeks as stenographer for Mr. W M Smith, has returned to her home at New London.

FOR SALE—Fifty acres of land, more or less, at \$40 per acre. Good dwellings and well. Valuable land. Call on W. L. Misenheimer. d15.

Gen. Lee and his staff, together with the engineering corps left Savannah Sunday. Among this number was Lieutenant Joe Goodman and Mr. Quint Smith, of Concord.

LOST—Ring mounting, containing largetiger eye set. Reward will be given. d14. David Honeycutt.

Mr. Frank Rogers has returned home from Chapel Hill to spend Christmas. The other Concord boys at school there will be home the first of next week.

At a public sale at the court house Monday, our townsman. Mr. Lacy Dick bought a tract of land down below Georgeville. The property formerly belonged to Mr. S J Lowe.

Dr. Wakefield, of Charlotte, will make his last visit to Concord on Friday, Dec. 23rd. After January 1st, the Doctor will not visit other towns, but will remain in Charlotte. His practice is limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Mr. S J Durham, of Bessemer, is quite sick. It is feared that he has typhoid fever.

Mrs. W H Watkins has returned to her home at Rameur, after visiting at Mr. W R Harris'.

All persons indebted to Dr Arcey by account will please settle same at once. W G Means.

See notice of the sale on next Saturday at the parsonage of Epworth Methodist church at Cannonville.

Having failed to get the room in the Litaker building, the Episcopians will not have their bazaar this week.

From the Charlotte Observer we see that the wife of Mr. H E Pope died Monday, being about 24 years of age. Mr. Pope lives in the Southern part of Cabarrus near Clear Creek postoffice.

Another firm in today's issue comes forward with an interesting advertisement for The Standard's readers. This time it is Dr. J P Gibson, and his ad. appears on the local page under Mr. W C Correll's.

On Monday afternoon, the horse, while hitched to the laundry wagon, became excited and took a notion to test his rate of speed. Before he had turned the corner of Church and Corbin streets the wagon was torn to peices.

Moose's car has now been moved near the Cannon mills, and I will make you six nice protographs for 25 cents. Mr. L H Fesperman, of Charlotte, is now in my employ. All work guaranteed first-class. W J Moose.

He Goes Through Tonight.
President McKinley will pass through Concord tonight about midnight, but of course can't be seen. The train is said to be the finest ever seen in the South.

CHRISTMAS Almost Here.

In our Stock of foreign and domestic Groceries will be found everything to make your Christmas Dinner complete. - -

Will have Celery, Cranberries, Mince Meat and large tender oysters for every one. For fancy Malaga Grapes, Apples, Bananas and Orange we are the people.

'Phone 21.
Dove & Bost.

EVERYBODY READ!

You will find now on hand a Fresh Stock of

GROCERIES!

Consisting of—
Raisins, nuts, citron,
Currants, cranberries,
Mince meat, pickles,
Sausage, catsup, kraut,
Plum pudding, olives,
Jellies, apple butter,
Canned goods of all kinds, cheese, Bologna sausage, baked beans, and many other articles that we can't mention, also a

General Line of Toys!

These goods are all nice and fresh and will be sold on as small profit as can be done at any other reliable house. Give me a portion of your trade.
Prompt delivery of all purchases.
Yours to Please,

A. L. Sappenfield.

WANTED—Fifty carloads of cotton seed. Will pay highest market price.
Jno. K Patterson.

Anything in JEWELRY or SILVER WARE that is desirable may be found here. We give a list of a few things and from time to time will give others.

Plain Gold Rings from 50c. to \$8.00. A large variety of Set Rings Emerald, Amethyst, Pearl, Opal and Diamonds, ranging in price from 75c. to \$35.00.

All goods sold by us will be engraved free of charge.

CORRELL, THE JEWELER.

Don't fail to stop and look at our window. It will interest you.

Santa Claus' Headquarters.

GENTLE READER :

This is not an advertisement, advertisements exaggerate. This is a plain statement of facts that any one can verify by walking through my two stores, filled to the ceiling with CHRISTMAS Goods. French Perfumery from 5c. to \$5.00 per bottle. Baskets from 5c. to \$2.00. Musical Instruments of every description from a 5c. Harp to a \$15.00 Guitar or a \$25.00 Regina Music Box. Pictures, Frames and Medallions at prices to suit everybody. Vases from 5c. to \$2.00 \$2,000 worth of China. Toys by the dozen for every man, woman and child in the county. Fireworks, \$200 worth Dolls by the thousand from 1c. to \$5.00. Toilet Articles. Albums from 50c. to \$6.00, etc. In short, any one can get an elegant Christmas Present for the most fastidious young lady or the swellest young gallant in this community, at prices that defy competition. No one will or can undersell me. I have the goods and I intend to sell them at some price. Don't buy one single item for Christmas till you have seen my entire stock or you will be sorry for it. Santa Claus sends me the following letter from a lady in this town, dictated by her little boy, seven years old:

DEAR SANTA CLAUS: Buddy and I treated you mighty badly last Christmas eve. You see, it was all in fun. We knew you would fill our stockings, but that wouldn't satisfy us. They wouldn't hold half enough. So we just put a cap on our toy pistol and tied one end of a string to the trigger and the other to the mantel-piece. You would have to push against the string before you could fill our stockings--the pistol would fire and wake us up and you would be so badly scared that you would take to your heels and forget all about the sled full of toys on the roof. Well, as you know, the pistol fired and Buddy and I (we had gone to bed with our clothes on) darted out of the house expecting to find the sled and reindeers on the roof, but alas and alas! they had gotten clear away and we had our labor for our pains. Now, dear Santa Claus, forgive us. We meant no harm and are sorry we scared you so badly. We have reformed and hope you will not forget us this Christmas.

Your true friends,
WILLIE AND BUDDIE.

Before closing I will give the boys and girls a real live bear story, as it was told to me by a lovely old lady in Virginia:

"Braddock's Defeat" occurred on the 9th of July, 1755, just outside of Fort Duquesne, the site of the city Pittsburg. The shattered remnant of his army, under Col. George Washington, of cherry tree fame, fell back to Fort Cumberland. On the evening of its arrival, about an hour before sunset, Lieutenant Fitzroy, of Virginia, was standing bare-headed in Col. Washington's quarters and was thus addressed by him: "Lieutenant, I send you tonight on a dangerous mission. For the past three nights the sentry at outpost No. 4 has been tomahawked and scalped by an Indian. There was no outcry, no noise, but the sentinel has been found dead each morning. Bring me the body of this wily savage, dead or alive, and you will render this community a good service. Au revoir! "Bon voyage." An hour later the Lieutenant was alone in the primeval forest, a quarter of a mile from the fort, at Post No. 4. He had brought with him the uniform and gun of one of the dead men, and sticking the gun, by its bayonet, in the ground, after stuffing the uniform with leaves, he fastened the dummy figure to it (the

gun) and on top he placed the soldier's cap. He then retired a few paces to a large oak tree and sat down to await events. He fully realized his situation and although hope had not altogether left him, he was fully persuaded that death lurked near at hand and his five senses were keenly alert to every sight and sound in his vicinity. The rustling of a leaf, the crackling of a twig, the nooting of an owl, the piercing cry of the night-hawk, the growling of a bear, the chattering of a squirrel, the sighing of the wind through the branches of the trees overhead, would cause him to start forward and peer into the darkness and make cold drops of sweat bead his brow. But a succession of false alarms soon bred indifference and anon his thoughts turned to the loved ones at home. What were they all doing, what was SHE doing? How thankful he felt that they were all unconscious of his present awful plight! Would he ever see them again? Beguiling the tedious hours with such thoughts, the time flew rapidly by and the night was far spent; He was beginning to look for the first gray streaks of dawn, and withal, hope had taken complete possession of his soul. The Indians had left the neighborhood, perhaps, or the arch-fiend of a savage was afraid to tempt fate a fourth night in succession. Our hero was fast becoming jubilant. He had been assigned to the post of honor, his promotion was assured and his bosom swelled with pride.

Horror of horrors! What sound is that? Springing to his feet, cocking his gun and assuring himself that the handle of his hunting-knife was within his reach, he stood at bay, ready for the death-struggle. It was only a bear passing near-by on her way through the forest. It was a false alarm. The bear after coming within fifty yards bent her course to the left and was soon lost in the depths of the woods. His thoughts soon resumed their roseate hue. Daylight was near at hand. His weary vigil was almost at an end. Suddenly he hears sounds in the distance, faint at first, but gradually growing more distinct. Straining his eyes to the utmost he finds out that it is only the bear returning. Wild animals, in a state of nature, even lions and tigers, are perfectly harmless unless they are very hungry or have been attacked. So, Lieutenant Fitzroy paid very little attention to Sir Bruin. The latter came along slowly, leisurely, now and then giving a grunt of satisfaction when he found an acorn or something else to eat, gradually, however, inclining his course in the direction of our hero. Keeping his eye upon him, but still not dreaming of danger, imagine his amazement and then his horror, when at the distance of fifty feet he saw the bear suddenly raise himself upon his hind legs and, in the twinkling of an eye, the bear-skin was thrown to the ground and a stalwart Indian bounded forward, swift as an arrow and struck the cap of the dummy soldier a terrific blow with his hatchet. The sharp blade encountered the steel butt of the musket and a shower of sparks flew in every direction. Aha, thought our lieutenant, my turn now! Vengeance for my dead comrades! He pulls the trigger, there is a flash of light, but no report, the gun misses fire, and before he can raise his gun from his shoulder, a gleaming tomahawk, raised high in the air, is descending upon his head.

Call at Gibson's Drug Store on Saturday, the day before Christmas, and you can learn the sequel to this tale of Colonial times.
J. P. GIBSON.



Choosing Christmas Presents

From our complete stock of FURNITURE will be easy, as there are so many Novelties in handsome Rockers, Combination Book Cases, Ladies' Writing Desks, Sideboards, Lamps and Chamber Sets that will make suitable offerings, and articles that the housewife loves to beautify her home with, and there is no need of seeking further.

Prices marked down within reach of all.

CRAVEN BROTH'S,
Furniture Dealers
AND
Funeral Directors.

Just stop and take a look at our CHRISTMAS

CARDS, BOOKS,
TOYS and
CHINA WARE.

It don't cost anything to come in but very certain to cost you something to get out.

Swink & White
Phone 6.

The annual Stockholders' Meeting of the G. W. Patterson Manufacturing Company will be held at Kindley, N. C., in No. 2 township, on Tuesday, the 10th of January, 1899, at 11 o'clock a. m.

G. W. PATTERSON,
Treasurer.

An Enterprising Druggist.

There are few men more wide awake and enterprising than P B Fetzer, who spares no pains to secure the best of everything in his line for his many customers. They now have the valuable agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures. It absolutely cures Asthma, Bronchitis, hoarseness and all affections of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Call at above drug store and get a trial bottle free or a regular size for 50 cents and \$1. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

STATE OF OHIO.

CITY OF TOLEDO, ss
LUCAS COUNTY, ss

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F J Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, the 26th day of December, A.D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS FOR CHRISTMAS OYSTERS TO THE

City Restaurant

QUAIL ON TOAST IS A SPECIALTY WITH US.

When you ask for De Witt's Hazel Salve don't accept a counterfeit or imitation. There are more cases of Piles being cured by this than all others combined.—J F Gibson.