

Daily Concord Standard.

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A MODEL LOVE LETTER.

A Pleasing Combination of Beauty, Humor and Pathos.

Dear Annie: Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher, sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats over a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of tow linen trousers; as a gosling swimmeth in a mud puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than the hairs of a blacking brush, and brighter than the hues of a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers, and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out and grasp it like a pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfections, I was bewildered and my brains whirled around like a bumble bee under a glass tumbler, my eyes stood open like a cellar door in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accent of your voice. My tongue refused to wag and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swallows a tumbler of hot lemonade. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my suspenders to the top of the church steeple and pull the bell-rope for Sunday School. Day and night you are in my thoughts; when Aurora, blushing like a bride, raises from her saffron clouds; when the jay bird pipes its tuneful lay in the apple trees by the spring house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakening pig ariseth from his bed and grunteth, and goeth forth for his refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wields his droning flight at sultry noon-tide; and when the lowing herd comes home at milking time, I think of thee, and like a piece of gum elastic, my heart seems stretched clear across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of my sorrel horse powdered with gold, and the brass pins skewered through your back hair fill me with unutterable awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat. Your eyes are glorious to contemplate; in their liquid depths I behold legions of little cupids bathing like a court of ants in an old army cracker. When your head lays pressed against my manly breast, the fire of your eyes penetrates my whole anatomy as a load of bird shot goes through an old rotten apple. Your nose is as perfect as if carved from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw, and myraids of unfledged kisses are there, ready to fly out and light somewhere, like blue-birds out of their parent's nests. Your laugh rings in my ears like harp strings, or the bleat of a stray lamb on the bleak hillside. The dimples on your cheek are like bowers in a bed of roses, or hollows in cakes of home-made su-

(Continued on fourth page.)

HE IS FREE.

Mr. W. D. Rhinehardt Receives a Commutation On Account of His Good Conduct While Serving His Sentence Here.

At the Federal court last June Mr. W D Rhinehart, of No. 9 township, on account of the violation of the revenue laws, was sentenced to four months in prison here and fined one hundred dollars. His sentence would not end until the 21st day of October but Thursday night was his last night spent in our county jail. He is now a free man again and it was a happy surprise to him when Deputy Marshal Hampton came over from Charlotte and had him released. He will also, on account of his poverty, be exempt from the one hundred dollars fine. Mr. Rhinehardt, while serving his time here, has scarcely been looked upon by Mr. Townsend as an inmate as Mr. Rhinehardt always took pleasure in doing anything needful and one of Mr. Townsend's children became especially devoted to him, and many times would he take it and care for it during the day. His cell was not locked during the day and most of his time he spent downstairs with the family. Even though he has served a sentence for violation of the United States law, Mr. Rhinehardt is a man who has many friends.

The Little Girl Was Lest.

On Thursday afternoon when Mr. Will Misenheimer was coming to town he found a little girl out on the Beatty's ford road near where the chaingang is working. It didn't know where it lived and seemed not to know in which direction was its home. Mr. Misenheimer brought the child down street but soon after getting here the child's father came after it. It was the daughter of a man named Earnhardt, who has recently moved to Forest Hill.

Jack Has Tough Luck.

Little Jack Wadsworth, son of Mr. Jno. C Wadsworth, seems to be the most unfortunate baby of the bunch. Only a few months ago he fell on some glass and came near cutting his nose off and Thursday he had more troubles. In the closet he found what he thought was candy, but it proved to be concentrated lye. Fortunately he didn't swallow any, and he suffered only a little bit with a sore lip. Jack is having his troubles while he's young.

Played To a Large Audience.

The Barlow minstrels had the best crowd in the hall Thursday night that has attended anything for a long while. The patrons returned to their homes splendidly pleased with the minstrels. The music was good and with but a few exceptions their jokes were clever ones and were calculated to make one shake with laughter. The solos, especial the bass solo, was very fine, as was also the quartette.

—Mr. Barney Douglass, of Winston, spent last night here.

The Climax Reached Today.

Today was the biggest day in the cotton line we have had this season. At one time during the day the wagons were in line awaiting their turn at the scales, the rear of the line being about the mayor's office. The open price paid was 7.57. At 2 o'clock 141 bales had been weighed which beats all days yet this season.

There were no New York quotations on cotton today. The exchange is closed for today and tomorrow on account of the big celebration.

Made Twelve Dollars.

A Mr. Oehler, of Mecklenburg county, brought 12 bales of cotton to this market on Friday. He lives near Charlotte. He said he made twelve dollars by coming to this market, and he thought that was a pretty good day's work.

Mr Oehler thinks Charlotte has too many frills and ruffles on her cotton buyers' drawers. Lost motion!

Forty-Three Passed.

Of the sixty-one persons who stood examination before the Supreme court for license to practice law, forty-three of them passed. Of the number that passed were Mr. Jake Newell, of this county; Mr. Bachman Miller, of Rowan county; Mr. Walter Woodson, of Salisbury, and Mr. J D Bivins, of Stanly county.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

- Mr. M J Freeman returned home last night.
- Rev. C B Miller is spending today in Charlotte.
- Mr. Horace Freeman, of Lexington, is here today.
- Baxter Gillon, of China Grove, spent last night here.
- Mr. R H Merritt, of the Standard Oil Co., is here today.
- Mrs. Capt. Mary Smith is registered at the St. Cloud hotel today.
- Messrs. Lewis Brown and Tom White went over to Charlotte this morning.
- Mrs. Jas. W Cannon and Miss Margaret Cannon returned home last evening from Charlotte.
- Mr. Jas. C Gibson returned home this morning from Albemarle where he went to assist in starting the new bank.
- Miss Bessie Campbell will leave tonight for Washington and from there she will return to her home in Virginia.

A Fresh Line

— OF —

FANCY CAKES

— AT —

S. J. Erwin's.

10c. SOX.	10c. SOCKS.	
10c.	<p>10 Cent</p> <p>Hose Sale.</p> <p>50 dozen men's black socks thrown to the breeze at a great sacrifice. How we come by them is too long to tell, they come to you about at half price and that should be interesting. Not a pair that's not worth 15 and 20 cents. You get them at 10c a pair or \$1.10 dozen. They are fine gauge, full fashioned feet, spliced heels and guaranteed fast black. They are equal to any thing ever thrown on a counter at 15c and many worth 20c. A hosiery chance that don't come every day.</p> <p>Bargains.</p> <p>True Bargains for the economical buyer.</p> <p>H. L. Parks & Comp'y.</p>	10c.
10c.	10c.	
10c. HOSE	10c. SOX.	

Humping!

With a car of TRUNKS.
Car load of STOVES.
Car load of CHAIRS.
and the Third Car of SPRINGS
in the last four months, all in this week

Is it any wonder we had to figure in the "Mayor's Corte" for blockading the town. Our trade makes it necessary. Give us your trade; that's what we want. We need new streets and straighten old ones—it takes money to get them and we are willing to contribute—just keep us busy and we won't kick—is we haven't time.

We are expecting a Car of Furniture today.

BELL, HARRIS & CO.

P. S.—Something new in town. Ye weary ones lie down on a Combination Spring Mattress. The Best in town. **Bell, Harris & Co.**