

THE STANDARD

CONCORD, GABARRUS COUNTY, N. C.

Jno. D. Barrier & Son,
Editors and Proprietors.

THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1890.

We will be glad to furnish our readers any of the following periodicals in connection with THE STANDARD at the following prices:
Frank Leslie's Weekly, price \$4; with THE STANDARD \$3.00.
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NOT BAD AT ALL.

The Morning Star (Wilmington) of the 13th says:
"A wave of special gratification pervaded the association when President Dowd announced that Mr. Sol Bear, of Wilmington, had through Secretary Sherrill sent a case of claret wine. The hearty thanks of the association were voted Mr. Bear for his inspiring gift."

There is something erroneous about this and inasmuch as THE STANDARD contained the clipping on the 14th and, inasmuch too, as it has passed beyond the point of a joke with some, it may be well enough for us to make a statement, not that we have too much of the joke or that we had too much of the claret. Among the announcements made, President Dowd announced the tender of the claret. Mr. Dowd made some remarks accompanied with the act of taking up a glass of water before him and drinking of it that showed that he did not propose to sip the claret, but he very properly did not withhold the tender from the body, so that those who wished could enjoy it. The claret was made the occasion of some pleasantry and a little clashing of wits but there was no vote of thanks by the body and no motion to that effect. The Star has made the correction. It was simply announced, joke over and dropped as a subject, probably no one dropped the wine for fear over took it up. The whole matter was treated as a joke and the writer saw nothing of the claret save once when a few, including himself, and all who wished to, went into the little side room and partook of it. We did not find it a tempting drink and the greatest indifference was manifested toward it. We learned that it was a drag and certainly beyond the joking about it the convention treated the matter with practical discourtesy; nor was there a sign visible to the writer of any effects of aught but good eating, seabreezes and a good natured set.

At the New Hanover club reception Wednesday night a drink was served that was about as good and appeared as free from intoxicants as lemonade or soda water. We learned that it was claret punch. It seemed to the writer a very acceptable drink but decidedly "thin."

We are proud of the association of newspaper men in its freedom from every semblance of revelry and in the manifest dignity that characterized the body.

THE SEASON DEPRESSING.

We are in the midst of a season of parching heat and withering drought. The rains are coming in spots and localities it seems, but in many sections come reports that crops will be cut very short if rain does not come soon. While all should bow in humble submission and the faithful know that somehow it is for the best, there is unavoidably a feeling of depression at the certain privations that must ensue.

It means cherished hopes blighted and fond expectations unrealized. Lots that have been hard won doubtless be harder, and many imaginary evils may become only too real, yet ours is a land in which real calamities are few and extreme suffering for want of subsistence is rarely met.

The cry of distress is quickly heard and there is charity to meet every case of real destitution. If it is ever tardy it is from impositions upon it and not from a lack of broad philanthropy.

Spartanburg, says the Anderson Intelligence, is about to have her 21th cotton mill.

WE DON'T SEE THE DANGER.

There is going the rounds from the Houston, Texas, Post, a cry of warning against the round cotton bale as the movement is manipulated by a grand corporation. It is calculated to set one's hair on ends to follow the alarming predictions of the great trust evil that is wrapped up in the round bale.

We have always felt hospitable to the round bale, believing that it would prove a benefit to our cotton growers, but as a matter of course our people are not going to throw away their old methods and adopt the new till they see the advantages in it. Nor can we see what on earth there is to prevent the re-adopting of the square bale if the monopoly becomes so exacting as to make terms disadvantageous to their patrons. We confess to some fear that the round bale process is going to be worked for all there is in it, which all patentees or purchasers of them try to do, and that the cotton raisers will not soon reap the benefits of the process, but it is easily seen that our people can go on in the good old way till a better is offered. The round bale trust can't buy our manufacturers and these will buy the cotton and will be glad for it. What there is to be alarmed about we can't see.

At Libertyville, Ill., says a dispatch of the 16th, Mrs. George Troelder, in a family quarrel, got wrought up to the act of shooting her mother dead. Her husband hastened to disarm her and received three shots, when he fled. She then turned the weapon on herself, firing two shots, ending her maniacal career. Her husband is expected to recover. How terrible to lose mental balance.

That bachelor, Col. John P. Dameron, of Missouri, who had \$20,000 worth of property to dispose of at his death, came near invalidating his will probably by providing that each woman and child who could establish the claim of being his'n should be given twenty-five dollars. It will be interesting to note the successful ones.

The Asheville Citizen says Western North Carolina has lost more money raising tobacco than it has made. Any country that raises tobacco to the exclusion of other crops is likely to lose money.—Salisbury Sun.

[Then why raise the stuff, on which to lose money, and we fear vital force for the race?]

Smokeless powder is a great improvement over the old kind in that it does not disturb the vision of those who are burning it, but it has ceased to be invisible. It is found that through a field glass of violet color the vapor rising from it is discernible. Thus new strides in science are paralleled.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, has advised his fellow Democrats to drop Bryan and free coinage. It was a daring deed and may cost him his seat in the Senate. It takes a bold man to even intimate that Bryan, free silver and Democracy are not inseparably and indissolubly one.

One Mr. Jno. Davis and his wife have started from New York to make the trip to San Francisco in an automobile. If successful it will stand head as a long journey by the new way of going without hoofs or rails. The automobile is coming.

Happily the yellow fever scourge in Santiago seems subsiding. One death and one new case is the last daily report. It could hardly be expected that the situation in Cuba could be better in the short time of American occupancy.

It is estimated that \$18,000,000 worth of gold will be coming out of Klondike this summer. But if gold is a cross on which we common folks are to be crucified this is not the best of news.

Remedy for Hydrophobia.

An article was tendered us recently containing the following very interesting matter if it were vouched for by the medical fraternity that would be sure to have it read and avail themselves of it as reliable as it would seem. It was given us for what it is worth and we pass it along the same way. It is not hard to believe that there are antidotal powers in the prescription but we are of that persuasion that believes that all valuable remedies known at all are known by the medical men and are prescribed by them.

The article was furnished by R. L. Shoemaker and published in 1879 in The Christian at Work. It claims to be a preventive for hydrophobia for man and beast. He says that it has proved infallible and cites some instances where persons had been bitten by dogs unquestionably rabid and all escaped. An instance is given in which a number of cows were bitten and the remedy was tried as an experiment. Half the number of cows were treated and all were saved. The others were not treated and all died of hydrophobia. It has been practiced about Philadelphia for more than 40 years, the writer says.

The treatment is as follows: Take 14 ounces of elecampane root, bruise and boil in a pint of sweet milk till reduced to the quantity. In the morning and eat very light diet if anything at all for the day. Use two ounces of the root in the same way on the third day and two ounces on the fifth day in the same way, when it is claimed that all danger will be averted.

The treatment is to be applied at any stage before symptoms of hydrophobia appear, which is never earlier than nine days. For horses and cows the dose should be made four times as large as for a person.

A Verbal Melée.
Going up on a Cedar avenue car the other night the passengers were much entertained by a verbal spat between a small citizen of German parentage and a tall native. The trouble all originated from the fact that the car was very much crowded, so crowded that the two disputants were brought face to face in such close proximity that they could not make a gesture.

"Push up a little, cant you?" inquired the tall man in an irritable tone. Several people were pushing him, and his irritability was quite excusable.

"Well, no, I can't," replied the little man, "and vat is more, I don't had to."

"You're not much of a gentleman," said the tall man.

"Oh, I don't know," said the little man airily. "Ven I vant an opinion on chentlemen, I go to some fellow vat has got a leetle knowledge of der subject."

"You're a very funny boy," said the tall man in a tone of deep sarcasm.

"Well," said the little man, "I may have some sense of humor, but I'm not so hard hearted as to laugh at der foolishness of one idiot."

MR. MARTIN CLINE DEAD.

Typhoid Fever Takes an Unexpected Turn—Leaves Wife and Three Children.
The very sad news comes that Mr. Martin L. Cline, of near St. John's church, died at an early hour on this (Wednesday) morning.

He had been sick for about two weeks of a mild case of typhoid fever and was not thought to be dangerous, but shortly before he died that dread of the malady, intestinal ulceration and rupture, occurred and death resulted quickly.

Mr. Cline was 40 years of age. From youth up he was more than ordinarily noble and exemplary in character. He was a deacon in his church and a pillar of strength to his pastor.

He married Miss Victoria J. Fisher, whom he leaves with three children deprived of a husband and father who was noted for his tenderness and affection for his family, for whom he was doing well in providing all that industry and frugality secure.

The funeral services will be conducted at 10:30 o'clock Thursday at St. John's church by his pastor, Rev. S. D. Steffy.

Our deepest sympathy and condolence are tendered the most excellent wife and the dear children, together with his aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cline and sisters and brothers, one of whom is our townsman, Mr. J. Ed. Cline.

None but the Omnipotent can see wisdom and goodness in the death of one with so much power for good in life whose allotted years he has but half attained.

Clear Selling Being Tested.
For some time past the question of whether or not apricot and other cliders are intoxicating has been agitated and discussed by some of our citizens, and on Tuesday night merchants John A. Cline and D. C. Furr, both of Forest Hill, were before Mayor Means, and were given a hearing in the matter. Mr. Cline was bound over till court for selling the stuff. Mr. Furr was put under a \$50 bond for his appearance on Friday next. In the meantime the technicalities of the law will be looked up.

Will Get Consolation Here.
Poor Statesville! It is really too bad that this distinguished and excellent ball team should meet defeat by that team at Mountain Island, and in the city of Charlotte, at that. Our boys are in sympathy with the Statesville boys and will endeavor to impart to them some consolation on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week when they will meet on the Concord diamond.

Statesville was defeated by Mountain Island in Tuesday's game by a score of 9 to 2.

Sailed a Pretty Sult.
Mr. Hastings, a drummer, was so thoughtless as to lean against one of the freshly painted lamp posts at the station and soil a real pretty light suit of clothes. The posts had just received a coat of paint and the people walking along in front of the waiting room were warned not to touch or contact with them. Mr. Hastings, however, did not heed.

PROSPERITY BASED ON ROCK.

Interesting Items From Roman—The "Purr" That Made Pickleers Die On Lemonade.
Written for The Standard.

Organ Church, July 17.—The Ladies Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Organ church will hold their annual convention on the fifth Sunday inst. The program will be very interesting.

Mr. P. E. Monroe, a student of the Chicago Theological Seminary, will deliver the Missionary address in the forenoon. The afternoon service will consist of recitations, music, etc. Everybody is invited to come and bring a basket.

Mr. Martin Shive made a flying trip home Thursday night. The object of his visit seems doubtful (?) to the most of us.

Miss Dora Bost, also Mr. Vance, member of Organ Church, are visiting friends in China Grove.

Miss Hattie Goodman, of Saunders, is teaching school at the Park school house.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Barger spent Saturday in Faith. It is supposed that Mr. Barger expects to purchase a lot at that place with the intention of building and moving his family soon. The community will regret very much to lose Mr. Barger.

Every day we see Mr. Jerry Basinger passing to and from his granite quarry, where he is working a full force of hands. This quarry is supplying Concord, Salisbury, Mooresville, Albemarle and other places with immense quantities of granite. Mr. Basinger has contracts that will take him more than a month to fill.

We are very much in need of rain. Vegetables are most articles of the past and unless we have rain soon the gathering of cotton and corn will not be a burden. Wheat is turning out very well; though money and meat may be scarce, we will have bread in abundance. Apples too, are scarce, and consequently the distilleries will have a short life this season.

Quite a number of young people of Organ Church attended a picnic on Phillip's mountain last Saturday. With baskets filled with provisions and bottles of lemonade, the party spent a pleasant day roaming over the mountain. Their childhood days seemed to return with the old well-known games of "tag," "hide-and-seek" and other childish amusements. The day passed uninterupted when it was learned that the supposed innocent purr ran across the mountain to the lunch basket and made itself a filled and welcome visitor instead of an intruder. Nothing more was heard of the "purr" until its owner appeared on the scene to accuse the party of intruding upon his premises, when in reality the "purr" was the intruder. Through the hospitality of the people of Faith, the party retired to the home of Mr. John Barger, where they enjoyed a few hours at a lemonade party.

The Pile Driver at Work.
A large force of hands are at work putting in piles at the Morrison wharf on the Southern railway about four miles south of the city. The massive pile driver and trucks are brought to the station here every afternoon. This fill was washed away about one year ago and the temporary bed is now making way for one more substantial.

VISITORS DEFEATED.

Concord Again Victorious in a Score of 12 to 4—A Good Game, But Not Without Errors—Features.
The game between Kings Mountain and the home team Tuesday afternoon was a walk-over for our boys from the start, having scored five runs in the first inning—on errors. That was unfortunate, of course, for the visitors, but they bore up under it well, and held our boys a tight game until the ninth, when they tallied 1, 2, 3, 4.

Davis, Kings Mountain's pitcher, had good speed, but the cleverness of our boys soon found him, and during the game landed fifteen hits, while Weddington of the home team let them pelt him for five hits.

The game was won on fumbles and errors, together with the persuasion of the immense audience in the grandstand and the bleachers. The visitors were apparently timid at the beginning but soon gungered up to good playing pitch. Kings Mountain had 6 errors to her credit while Concord made 4.

Weddington struck out only 4 men, while Davis, his opponent, saw him and raised him out, having seated 5. The score by innings was:
Concord: 5 0 1 0 1 0 4—12
Kings Mt.: 0 0 2 0 0 1 0—4

Johnny Ferguson, the finest man on the visiting team, was the only one to make a home run, having landed the ball over the fence in the third inning. Two men scored.

Billy LeGrand played a beautiful game of ball on second and simply carried the grandstand with his every movement.

Caldwell made the only double play and of course the spectators cheered.

Carpat Patterson's Pond.
Deputy Sheriff Townsend is enthusiastic over the big fish catch at the Balla cotton mill last Monday afternoon, when the pond was drained. A body of men, known in fishing circles as the Blackwelder crowd, secured 125 pounds of the carp specie of the finny tribe. Mr. John R. Benfield captured one fish that weighed 114 pounds.

Two Hundred Dollars Reward for a Lost Man.
Dr. Samuel C. Benedict, of Athens, Ga., offers \$200 for the person of his brother, John A. Benedict, who disappeared on May 22nd. The reward will be paid on recovery of body if dead. This sad case is before the public and with the least hope of being able to help in his recovery that humanity which swells the bosom of all sympathetic beings will propose a ready response from 500 newspapers that he requests to place the following description within their columns:

"He was dressed in a blue serge coat, with name of E. H. & W. F. Dorsey on collar and a blue striped negligee shirt, striped trousers of black and white, black shoes and a straw hat with name of E. H. & W. F. Dorsey, Athens, Ga., within. He carried an open faced gold watch, Elgin movement, and in case his wife's picture, the watch chain was small and round like cable and of silver and gold threads, and upon chain some rings. He wore a blood stone seal ring with "B" cut in it to the white. He was 6 ft. tall, well proportioned, weighing 175 pounds, and was 41 years old. He was clean shaven, except a light moustache of brown color, had brown eyes and parted his hair accurately in the middle. He had a large scar at corner of left eye and a small rounded raised one between chin and lower lip, and a deep cleft in chin. His teeth were perfect, regular and well cared for. Upon left forearm was a tattooed blue star.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.
"A fellow's mother, said Fred the wise,
With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt,
By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.
"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Eags and buttons, and lots of things;
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top.
"She does not care (not much, I mean),
If a fellow's face is not always clean,
And if your trousers are torn at the knee,
She can put in a patch that you'd never see.
"A fellow's mother is never mad,
But only sorry if you are bad,
And I tell you this, if you're only true,
She'll always forgive whatever you do.
"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise,
With a manly look in his laughing eyes,
"I'll mind my mother, quick, every day—
A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

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A FLEEING CONVICT SHOT.

Eleven Squirrel Shot in His Body—Put There By a Guard.
Aaron Bell, a negro convict who was recently sentenced to 30 days on the chain gang for violating the law prohibiting the beating of railway trains, was brought to jail Tuesday afternoon in the county ambulance with a load of squirrel shot in his back.

About 3:30 o'clock the man attempted to escape by making a dash into the bushes. He was headed off, however, by Superintendent Benfield. Guard Frank Smith was on the watch and when the negro reappeared, Smith called to him to halt. The negro faced about and told the guard to step to—"over the river," and started on his way to liberty, whereupon Smith leveled his gun and then pulled the trigger; shang-bang went the gun, and down came a nigger, the barrel emptied carrying a load of eleven shot into his body. The negro fell upon his face, but soon rallied. Dr. Young relieved the body of one shot only, but the fellow is now doing very well, and it is thought he will survive.

Welcome to the Front Again.
Since the Charlotte Observer announced the decision of the school commissioners of that city, not that they were the first to adopt Webster's spelling, but that the Observer was first to mention it, the "old blue back" seems wafled on angel's wings over the land.

Here's the way the Scotland Neck sings it: "The 'blue back' again! Welcome, dear old friend of our childhood days! The tears all most start at the pleasant recollections of thy familiar pages and long columns of euphonious words arranged so beautifully that they have been a picture in our memory for all these years. Happy the sturdy manhood and womanhood a score of years hence in the new century when they shall remember with joy, as we do now, the beauty and rhythm of the 'blue back' which they are now to study. Pity, too, upon the thousands of lads and lassies now nearing the threshold of manhood and womanhood, who have never had acquaintance with the 'blue back,' and who must forever be ignorant of the pleasures of perusing its pages and learning its 'hardest words.' Will they ever understand the boys and girls up in a long row during the last half hour in the afternoon and give out the 'heart lesson' from the dear old 'blue back?' Welcome the prospects and blessed be the day when this shall be seen again in the old-field school house."

A story comes from St. Louis which illustrates the power of imagination. It relates that as a result of reading a sensational article in a newspaper about cerebro-spinal meningitis, Bertha Schriber, seventeen years old, is dying of that disease. Hers is what is known in the medical world as a case of sympathetic contagion. Hypnotism was tried to cure her, but it failed, as have other remedies used. Physicians say it is unusually rare.—Daily Record.

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A Narrow Escape.
Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D.: "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at P. B. Fuzer's drug store. Regular size 50c and \$1. Guaranteed or price refunded.

Special Rates.
For the seasons mentioned below the Southern will sell tickets at the following reduced rates:
On account Gula Week, Greensboro, N. C. Tickets on sale July 31 to August 2; limited August 2. Fare for round trip \$2.25. Also August 3 and 4 (special days) limited August 5 at rate \$1.70 round trip.
On account District Conference and Sunday School Convention of A. M. E. church, Raleigh, N. C. Tickets on sale July 18-19, limited July 24th. Round trip \$1.65.
On account Grand Encampment of I. O. O. F., Charlotte, N. C. Tickets on sale Aug 1, 7, 8, 9; limited August 14. Round trip \$1.05.
On account Summer School of A. M. College (colored), Greensboro, N. C. Tickets on sale July 17 to 20; limited August 12. Round trip \$2.00.
On account Annual Convention Thurman W. C. T. U., Henderson, N. C. Tickets on sale July 20, 27 and 28; limited August 2. Round trip \$7.30.

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