

The Daily Standard

BY JAMES P. COOK.

OFFICE IN CASTOR BUILDING

The Standard is published every day (Sunday excepted) and delivered by carriers.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year.....	\$4 00
Six months.....	2 00
Three months.....	1 00
One month.....	35
Single copy.....	05

THE WEEKLY STANDARD

Is a four-page, eight-column paper. It has a larger circulation in Cabarrus than any other paper. Price \$1.00 per annum, in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Terms for regular advertisements made known on application.

Address all communications to THE STANDARD, Concord, N. C.

CONCORD, DEC. 10, 1895.

A CREDIT TO THE SOUTH.

The Cotton States and International Exposition is grand in its conception, a credit to the South and a pride to its management.

To everyone, whether from the South or the North, the East or the West, the Exposition is the most agreeable of surprises and a happy disappointment. But few have formed a just idea of its scope, extent and greatness. With this idea they go, only to have suddenly thrust upon them a reality far surpassing expectations—this is indeed pleasant.

What nature failed to do human skill and taste finished in making the grounds, 186 acres, beautiful and suitable for the great exposition.

Some twenty-five houses, substantially constructed and in modern architecture and a number of them larger than Mill No. 4, of the Odell Manufacturing Company, serves to house the thousands of exhibits, the work of Southern men and women and the work of the world not only of today but of ages past.

North Carolina has no building, but evidences of her existence and activity in all walks of life are to be seen. The Southern Railway Co., has done much for the Old North State. In the Southern Company's building there are many exhibits from North Carolina. In here Bill Nye's razor back hog is. Somehow or other, were the hog not labelled one would naturally think of the humorist, anyway. The Yadkin Falls has a splendid advertisement by a painting in this building; it is by Mrs. Jeanie Klutz, of Albemarle, and while not true to life it is so near like it and so well executed that one is naturally delighted to see it there on the walls.

We don't mean to write up the Exposition—we couldn't if we wanted to. Our space is too limited, the exhibits too grand and numerous, and our ability too limited for justice to be done.

We were peculiarly delighted to hear many complimentary expressions by Northern folks. They were surprised, delighted and expressed themselves glad that the South was a part of this grand Union. They said it was equal to Chicago World's Fair, not in size, of course, but in the variety of exhibits.

The Cotton States Exposition is the cabinet size portrait of the ex-

hibits, of which the Chicago World's Fair was the life size. That's it, exactly.

The building containing old relics was one full of interest. The tender feelings manifested by Southerners in looking upon the old Confederate relics, seemed to be shared by the Northern man standing by their sides—he smelt the smoke of the battle. He hung around the exhibits and looked with tender interest at the cradle in which Jeff Davis was rocked, his wife's wedding dress, the torn and burnt suit of gray as it lay silent but bringing to mind many, many startling events. Here, too, are shown the inventions of Southern women, when the men were away at war. But we hurry on.

Georgia and Florida were great rivals in the extent and arrangement of their exhibits. Machinery Hall was superb, as were all the other buildings and exhibits.

Don't say anything about Midway Heights! Don't tell what you saw or heard! Let all that be an untold story. The Phoenix Wheel caught the nery—the rest preferred to look on and not go in.

The man that touches the button, and sees that the button is alright to the great system of 200,000 electric lights on the grounds, is none other than our own Billy Caldwell. That the management is well satisfied with the lighting of the grounds and buildings, is enough to tell how Mr. Caldwell is filling his important position.

A large lake is in the centre of the grounds and if nature didn't make this lake, on whose bosom boats are continuously playing, human hands rivalled the works of nature.

The negro building is not less interesting than any other. Its exhibits are a splendid commentary upon the progress the colored people are making. It is gratifying and encouraging not only to the colored people but to their white neighbors.

This is no attempt at a write-up, it is only a feeble recognition of the Great Exposition, which is doing immense things for the South in the eyes of others and making Southern people themselves know more of each other and see themselves as others see them.

That's a pretty picture. The North and the South side by side in person, in feelings, in peace, in exhibits, in good wishes. May the picture come out brighter and brighter as the days pass.

As a side line, we wish to say that the jail on exhibit there is all o. k. Atlanta needs it for its Will Myers; Cabarrus needs it for its Dr. Whites and its imaginary mobs. It keeps them in and it keeps them out. A splendid idea.

While the Exposition is a grand success, equal to the expectation of its fondest friends, much is due to the liberality and promptness of the railroads. The Southern railway has acquitted itself nobly. It is equal to the emergency. It handles with great ease and comfort and promptness the thousands that are entering and leaving Atlanta, daily. All this is as much an advertisement for the Southern railway as for Atlanta. The company, in touch with the progress and material growth of the country, made rates and joined in the movement calculated to develop, at even a greater speed, the resources of this country. So much pleasure, profit and comfort cannot be had elsewhere for the same small amount, as a trip to the

Exposition via the Southern Railway. This reminds us—you can live and fare as comfortably in Atlanta on the same amount as you can in Salisbury or Charlotte. Prices are reasonable—even low. We happened to fall into unusually good hands. The Talmadge House, 37 and 39 Walton street, in its cleanliness, apartments, attention, fare, etc., reminds one of the house our own Mrs. Dusenbury keeps. This is sufficient. Mrs. Talmadge and her obliging and courteous associate, Mr. Ed Calloway, for a long time of the Kimball, make their house a home, pleasant and delightful. It's not an Exposition hotel, but one of permanent existence.

The Exposition has deserved its existence—it has done a great work, and well may the South and Atlanta feel proud forever.

While in Atlanta recently and in the company of Governor Atkinson, of Georgia, himself, we believe, a great admirer of the white metal, we felt grieved that the Governor failed to ask about Dr. Joe Goodman, late of Georgia. We had a special commission to remember him (Dr. Goodman) to the Governor, if he asked about the late Georgia silverite; but the Governor declined to ask. Too bad, our trip to the Capitol all for nothing, or less.

From many appearances, it looks like Hon. R B Glenn will turn evangelist. He has some qualifications; he's seen sin and the devil, having canvassed the State with Marion Butler. But it would be too bad to spoil a first-class, honorable lawyer to make a second rate evangelist.

A shrewd Yankee is doing a profitable business by selling a special edition of the Bible to colored people in the South. It takes because he has supplied it liberally with colored angels. He sells the book for \$3 on the installment plan, requiring a cash payment of \$2.50. As the book cost him \$1.50 he is doing a pretty safe and profitable business.

In a recent issue of the Hoxie Kan., Democrat the editor said: "Last Saturday night at 10 o'clock was another anniversary for us, as it made 1095 days since we stepped out of the back door of our office and broke our beloved whiskey bottle, pledging never to use the vile stuff again. To our certain knowledge we have kept the faith."

The man who thinks about marrying usually remains a bachelor. It's the fellows who don't stop to think who get married.

If that report, elsewhere printed, about Judge Robinson is true, then Judge Robinson is pretty much of a jackass; if it is untrue, then the fellow that started the report is pretty much of a brute.

The man who knows a little is a bore, but the man who knows it all can't be borne.

The days are growing shorter, and so are Christmas shoppers.

The dentist's best friend is the confectioner.

Electric Bitters.
Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any reason, but perhaps more generally needed, when the languid exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle at Fetzner's drug store.

1,000

TABLETS AT 50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR

We have just cleaned out a large Manufacturer of all their broken lots of samples 5c tablets we will sell at 3c, 10c tablets for 5c, 15 to 20c tablets for 10c.

WE ALSO BOUGHT

200

POUNDS OF FINE NOTE PAPER

Well worth 10c per quire which we will sell at 18c per pound. This paper is in perfect condition.

THE RACKET,

D. J. BOSTIAN, Proprietor.