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THE STANDARD

UNTIL JANUARY 1, 1889, 75 CENTS.

THE STANDARD

VOLUME I.

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 11, 1888.

NUMBER 18.

THE STANDARD

UNTIL JANUARY 1, 1889, 75 CENTS.

GREAT VICTORY OVER HIGH PRICES!

THE FIRST BIG DEAL OF THE SPRING SEASON!

The undersigned once more comes to the front and avows his determination to lead all competitors in the good work of saving the people money and supplying them with a superior quality of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

We are 'loaded to the muzzle,' and if our stock is not speedily reduced, there is danger of an explosion when we fire off our big gun. Everybody must 'stand from under,' for the bottom has dropped out of LOW PRICES, and if anybody gets caught when it falls, somebody is sure to get hurt. Now open your eyes, bargain hunters, and if you are close calculators and know a good thing when you see it, come and see me if you want to save money by buying your

Dry Goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes.

Groceries, provisions and other articles of home use. A specialty on flour which cannot be purchased elsewhere of the same grade as cheap as I will sell it. Don't sell your country produce before calling on

R. A. BROWN.

P. S. Thanking you for past favors, I hope by fair dealing and reasonable prices to merit a continuance of the same.

1888. SPRING, 1888.

WALTER & SUTHERS,

NEW SPRING MILLINERY.

With every changing season comes a change in styles of Millinery, and already in these early Spring-like days Mrs. J. M. Cross will be found with the first invoice of goods of the very latest fashion, ready for both old and new customers. Jaunty Hats, lovely Bonnets, Corsets, Bustles, of the latest styles, just received, Ribbons, Gollars, Laces, &c.

Don't forget to see my large assortment of charming Face Veiling, the prettiest lot ever shown in Concord.

I also have the prettiest line of SCARFS in town, from 75c. to \$5.

With many thanks to the Ladies of Concord, Cabarrus and surrounding counties for their former liberal favors, let me assure you that, as in the past, you will find me at the HEADQUARTERS FOR MILLINERY GOODS, every ready to please, with the latest, best and most

Stylish Millinery.

In the market. "The best is the cheapest," and taking into consideration the quality, my prices will be below competition.

Very respectfully, Mrs. J. M. CROSS.

P. S.—Owing to the difficulty in making collections—and entire failure in a great many instances—I am compelled to adopt strictly a CASH system.

The Weekly News-Observer

The Weekly News and Observer is a long ways the best paper ever published in North Carolina. It is a credit to the people and to the State. The people should take a pride in it. It should be in every family. It is an eight page paper, chock full of the best sort of reading matter, news, market reports, and all that. You cannot afford to be without it. Price \$1.25 a year. We will furnish the Weekly News and Observer until January 1st, 1889, for \$1. Send for sample copy Address, NEWS AND OBSERVER Co., Raleigh, N. C.

GROCERS,

GROCERIES,

GROCERIES,

Cash or Barter.

Their stock during 1888 will be of the very choicest and freshest, and if bought to please.

Don't forget the place, one door below Cannon's & Fetzer.

WALTER & SUTHERS.

A Large Lot of FRESH GARDEL SEED,

LANDRETH'S

Buist's and

Ferry's,

JUST ARRIVED AT

D. D. Johnson's

DRUG STORE

To Creditors of J. S. Fisher.

Notice is hereby given that a petition has been filed before me by E. W. G. Fisher, guardian of J. S. Fisher, asking for the attachment of the homestead and personal property exemption to J. S. Fisher, and you are hereby notified that petition of said Fisher's will be heard at my office in Concord on Monday, 8th October, 1888.

For Sale Cheap,

OMNIBUS,

with a capacity for twelve passengers in good running order. Call at this office.

NOT AS I WILL.

Blindfolded and alone I stand, With unknown thresholds on each hand, The darkness deepens as I grope, Afraid to fear, afraid to hope; Yet this one thing I learn to know Each day more surely as I go, That days are opened, ways are made, Burdens are lifted or are laid, By some great law unseen and still, Unfathomed purpose to fulfill, "Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait; Loss seems too bitter, gain too late; Too heavy burdens in the load, And too few helpers on the road; And joy is weak and grief is strong, And years and days so long, so long! Yet this one thing I learn to know Each day more surely as I go, That I am glad the good and ill By changeless law are ordered still—"Not as I will."

"Not as I will"—the sound grows sweet Each time my lips the words repeat. "Not as I will!" The darkness feels More safe than light when this thought steals Like whispered voice to calm and bless All unrest and all loneliness. "Not as I will," because the One Who loved us first and best has gone Before us on the road, and still For us must all his love fulfill, "Not as I will."

A MOTHER'S VANITY.

My brother Solomon's wife is a fool! There! I've thought so ever since he married her, twenty years or more ago, but I've never said so till now. Now Harry's wife is different. But there! There's no need of my troubling you with all this. I'll tell you the story and then you can see yourself.

But what under the sun Solomon Pinfeather ever saw in Jennie Senkins, I've failed to find out! But there I go again. But she is a fool, it's past denying, and if I hadn't said it after what's happened I think I should have burst. But I feel better now, and I guess I can tell the story pretty straight.

About a month ago I got a letter from Jane, Solomon's wife, telling me that Penelope (that's my namesake) was going to be married, and would I come up and stay with 'em and help 'em get ready for the wedding. Now, I don't love Jane but I do love little Penelope, and as there was a nice little note from the blessed child, as a kind, dear Aunt Pen, if she wouldn't come, and as she asked it very prettily, I determined to go and help the dear child have a pleasant send-off.

Well, after a ride of fifty miles in the cars and two in Solomon's carriage for the train, I took an express and I didn't stop at the village, I found myself at the old homestead. I hadn't been there in ten years, but I was prepared for all the changes by the letters little Penelope used to write to me every two weeks, but what I wasn't prepared for was the change in Penelope since I had had a visit from her at my own house six months before. She looked about as little like a prospective bride as anything I ever saw, and yet I knew the man she was to marry was well worthy of my Penelope, and that is saying a great deal. I was struck so with that girl's appearance I was dumb.

Pale and thin and hollow-eyed, with great deep circles under her eyes, she just looked tired nearly to death.

"That girl's going to be sick," I said to myself; "I guess I've come to her funeral instead of her wedding."

"For the land's sake, Jane, what- ever ails Penelope?" I exclaimed as soon as I had her alone.

"Why?" "Why?" "Don't you see how she looks?"

"O, I see she looks kind of pale, but then she's in love, you know, and girls always get pale then," and she laughed her easy laugh, that I hate so; yes, under some circumstances I fairly hate that laugh of hers, and this was one of those circumstances. It showed so plainly how blind she was.

So I didn't say anything more. I saw it wasn't any use. But I made up my mind that I'd find out what was the matter with Penelope and mend it, if an 'old maid aunt,' who isn't supposed to know anything about affairs of the heart, could be of any use.

"Well, Penelope," said I, the next day, right after breakfast, "now I'm all ready—thimble, scissors, needle and everything—to help in making those wedding clothes."

You see I knew that Jane was full of all sorts of nonsensical vanity, and I felt sure of wedding finery and piquery there would be enough and to spare.

"Oh, she's all done," said Jane, "she's been done two months or more. She hurried up so as to have plenty of time to make her veil. You ought to see her things. Pen, show your Aunt Penelope your things," she said, pride in every tone of her voice. "She's got six white wrappers," telling them off on her fingers, "one dozen white skirts," etc.

(I shan't tell you all she had; you'd get as tired of listening as I did;) ending triumphantly: "And, Penelope, her wedding clothes cost a hundred dollars more than Col. Thompson's daughter's did, and he's the richest man in town. And she was married in a plain veil, too. Just wait till you see Penelope's."

She turned to go to the kitchen, while Pen led the way up stairs, very wearily, I thought.

However, we went through the ceremony of examining the things, and I praised all the pretty robes about me.

"I know just what you think, Aunt Pen, and I don't blame you a bit."

"What do I think, little Pen?" "You think there is a great deal too much."

"Yes, I do."

"So do I. I didn't want all these things, and it was dreadful to sit here stitching, stitching all these long, hot days just for the sake of saying I had the most things. But mother gave them all to me, and she seemed to have the matter so much at heart it seemed ungrateful in me to make any objection. And she seemed so set on it. She said she only had one daughter, and there would only be one wedding in the family, and seemed to take it so much to heart that I couldn't resist. You know what mother is."

"Yes, I know what your mother is," I answered, grimly; while I said to myself, "She's a fool, that's what your mother is."

"Well, now, Pen, dear, you have a month to rest. We'll have some long talks and long walks, and just get ready quietly for the finale."

"O, indeed. I haven't time for anything of that kind, Aunt Pen."

"Why not? What is there left to do? I thought everything was done."

"So everything is done but my veil."

"Well, child, who ever heard of it taking a month to make a wedding veil?"

"Well, I've been at mine every spare minute for two months, and it isn't nearly finished yet. I'm almost afraid that another month won't finish it unless I work at nights, and it tries my eyes. Besides, James comes in the evenings, and I'm not going to put him aside for all the finery in the world."

"Let me see this veil," I said solemnly; so we went into the next room, and there in a frame was the lovely, filmy lace thing on which this dear girl had been expending her time, nay, her life, for the past two months.

"Is this some of your mother's work?"

"No," she answered, innocently, "it is every stitch mine, but mother insisted on it. She said I knew how to make such lovely lace things, and that now was the time, and she seemed so set on the lace veil as a part of the 'show,' that I have done it. It is lovely—isn't it?"

The child had not understood my question, but she had answered me. I said nothing aloud, but I groaned inwardly. Here was all I wanted to know. I made up my mind I would not say one word then. The whole thing seemed too preposterous for words. But I likewise made up my mind that the first chance I got I'd take an old maid's privilege of telling Solomon a thing or two, and I'd likewise say a thing in season to my prospective nephew. I'd have the thing stopped if I had to go to the city and buy my namesake a lace veil to gratify her mother's vanity.

However, Penelope took matters in her own hands and finished the business by fainting dead away. The doctor was sent for, and the case proved to be typhoid fever. As soon as James found out what it was he insisted on being married at once and sharing in our work.

Jane was so worked up, for she really loves Penelope (but I think she loves finery and displays more), that she consented before she knew it, and for the past month all four of us, beside the doctor, good old soul, have been fighting with death for that precious girl. She was pronounced out of danger last night, and so I came home today.

When I came away Jane threw her arms around me, and cried: "Oh, Pen," she sobbed, "I don't know how I can ever thank you for all you have done."

"I don't want any thanks, Jane," I said.

"Suppose we had lost her, Penelope—suppose the dear child had died?"

"Oh, well, if she had died, Jane," I said, "you'd have had the lace veil. It was nearly finished."

Jane gave me one awful look and turned on her heel. She'll hate me now till her dying day. It was the only thing I said about that veil, but it was an awful mean one, I'll allow.

If Penelope had died I suppose the town would have called it "a dispensation of Providence," and the funeral notice would have read:

"Penelope, daughter of Solomon and Jane Pinfeather, of typhoid fever."

But it should have read: "Penelope, daughter of Solomon and Jane Pinfeather, of her mother's vanity."

The Wealth of Song.

It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhere. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead, and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel in cutting out your name on the tombstone, your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which this afternoon you sing to your knee.

Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener would the little one be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus. We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment your child steps into the street he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul-mouthed children who would like to befool your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house to make them house plants; they must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influence of the streets! We know of no counteracting influence but the power of christian culture and example.

Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus; let that name be the word that shall exercise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music, morning, noon and night; let it be Jesus, the cradle song.

This is important if your children grow up; but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot tell. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave, a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it. The Heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful, but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? We never read anything more beautiful about a child's departure: "She folded her hands, kissed her mother good-bye, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer, and then died."

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temple, or pour out the soothing anodyne, or utter one cheerful word—yet, songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold and swelter in the summer's heat, and munch the hard crust that bleeds the sore gums, and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched, and tremble because rent day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk.

Christ in the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throats sometimes get weary, and many who sing very sweetly do not sing now, and we hope by the grace of God we will, after a while go up and sing his praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know that there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven, all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony above where all is peace and all is love.—Western Mirror.

Where Bald Men Succeed. "Oh, Fergy, you are getting bald," remarked Mrs. Montgomery last night in her sweet, impulsive way, as she ran her hands through her husband's hair.

"Ugh, I know it," granted Mr. Montgomery. "Been married some time you know," he added with a feeble grin.

Mrs. Montgomery eyed him for a minute suspiciously. Then her expression changed to one of sweet child-like innocence.

"But never mind, dear. I noticed that bald-headed men are usually successful."

"You have, eh?"

"Yes, they always get to the front—when there is a ballet in the play."

Then Mr. Montgomery made a mild search through his pockets to see if a note he had received last week was missing.

An Afflicted Man—"Y'da look hard today, Bingley."

"I feel hard. Didn't get a wink of sleep all night."

"How was that?"

"Had the toothache."

"It was awake all night, too. A fellow in the next room was playing a tawsharp."

"Great Scott! I imagined that I suffered."—Nebraska State Journal.

Wanted a Thumper.

A farmer about fifty years old stopped a number of people on Monroe avenue to inquire his way to a gymnasium, and he was finally asked if he was going to take lessons in boxing.

"No, not exactly," he replied, "but I want to see a thumper."

He was directed to the right place and after looking the establishment over he said to the proprietor: "I've got a hired man who has got so sassy that I can hardly live with him. He's got too big to lick up to a peak. I want to take a lesson with the gloves, and when I go home I'll astonish John Henry with a bit of science."

One of the boxers about the place said he'd give a lesson for a dollar, and the old man peeled down to his undershirt and put on the glove. He was shown how to pose and how to hold his guard, and then warned to look out for himself.

"You play you are John Henry," the hired man, he said.

"All right."

"You've been fooling your time away and I've called you a lazy coyote."

"Exactly."

"You have sassied me back and I go for you like this and this!"

And the old man struck right and left and ran the boxer around the ring. He was doing noble work when something shot over his guard and hit his chin, and he went over like a log and laid there until they threw water on him. Then he sat up looking about in a dazed way, and feebly inquired:

"What was it?"

John Henry hit you.

He did eh! Then that settles it! Here's your dollar, young man, and here's the gloves. If I'm liable to get such a lick as that I'm going home to tell the hired man he can boss the whole ranch and be hanged to him!—Free Press.

Salt For Cattle.

This is a rule that is generally observed, but the reason for it is not so well understood, except that it makes stock healthy, writes Mr. C. F. Clarkson. But why does it make them healthy? Rich food, especially that of a succulent character, when taken in large or small quantities, by the warmth of the stomach is frequently caused to ferment before digestion takes place. This fermentation causes derangements, sours the food, generates gas, bloats sores, etc. A proper amount of salt prevents the food from fermenting, and acting with the saliva or pepsin, aids in rapid digestion.

While too much salt acts as a poison and inflames the stomach and bowels, especially if free access to water is not allowed, a proper amount given frequently checks a tendency to acidity and fermentation in the stomach, and allows the digestive organs full, free, and early action. Salt also divests the animals of worms, and the infinitesimal animalcule which scientists now claim to be the cause of nearly all diseases. Salt should be provided for all classes of domestic animals, where they can get at it any time, and the demands of nature will safely teach them not to eat too little or too much.

The Moon and the Weather.—Superstitions concerning the effect of the moon on the earth are very common, but are wholly without foundation in reality. The relation of the moon to the earth is, simply that of a satellite, whose attraction has an important influence on the motion in its orbit, and on the shifting level of its oceans causing the tides. It might be supposed that if the moon can attract the water on the surface of the earth she can also attract its atmosphere, and thus, through movement of the air currents, have a perceptible influence upon the weather.

But investigation shows that as the aerial mass is in no way confined in estuaries or gulfs, its tide by external attractions must be slight. So far as can be indicated by the barometer it is too small to be worth reckoning, being .001 of an inch.

The Ninth Commandment.—"What is the ninth commandment?" said a teacher to a boy in a Sunday-school.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"What is 'bearing false witness against thy neighbor?'"

"It is telling falsehoods."

"That is partly true; and yet it is not exactly the right answer—because you may tell a falsehood about yourself."

A very little girl then said: "It is when nobody did anything and somebody went and told of it."

"That will do," said the teacher, with a smile.

The little girl had given a curious answer, but underneath her odd language there was a pretty clear perception of the true meaning.

The first case of Evesdropping that we can call to mind at the moment was when Eve was dropped from the list of animals in the garden.—Epoch.

Uncontrollable Forces.

Every now and then we get a reminder of the existence of uncontrollable elements before which man is helpless and against which no invention can ever secure safety.

We have disastrous tempests on the high seas.

We have destructive blizzards like those in Dakota.

We have occasional warnings of danger from the slumbering earthquake.

We have extraordinary snow storms which stop the wheels of traffic and interrupt our industries.

We have the lightning that threatens.

We have the times of baleful weather, and solar flares that are almost consuming!

We are as helpless in the presence of these elemental forces as were the men who lived in first the human race took up its parable.

And the men who live in the last days of the earth will be just as helpless.

But this fact need not prevent us from enjoying the halcyon years, with their varying seasons during the whole course of which mankind have felt reasonably secure against the menacing agencies which they cannot control.—New York Sun.

A Venerable Pair of Pistols.

Mr. D. T. Sheriff of Prince George's county, Maryland, has sent to the Baltimore American office an interesting pair of flint-lock pistols manufactured by Moore of London about 1769. They are perfectly preserved. They were formerly the property of Baltimore county and were used by some of his ancestors in the revolutionary war. They are about six inches long with brass breeches. In order to fire them a duplex slide on top is pulled back, releasing the pan cover and allowing room to cock the hammer, the cocking of which discovers the trigger, which lies concealed until prepared to fire. When the trigger is pulled, the hammer holding a piece of flint stone about one half of an inch square and one eighth thick; tapered to a wedge shaped point, comes in contact with the perpendicular portion of the pan cover, throws it forward and the sparks are directed by the impetus of the hammer into the powder pan below and ignites the charge.

SHOT EACH OTHER DEAD.—Jackson, Miss., May 2.—Gen. Wirt Adams and John W. Martin, prominent citizens of this city, met on the street yesterday and shot each other dead. This is the result of a quarrel over politics and prohibition, directly and indirectly, over the Gambrill Hamilton shooting, which occurred some time ago. A witness to yesterday's tragedy, who was with Gen. Adams at the time, says: "Gen. Adams accosted Martin saying: 'You rascal, I have stoob enough from you' Martin replied: 'If you don't like it—' and simultaneously with the remark he drew a pistol, fired and got behind a tree half a foot in diameter. General Adams also fired about the same time." But though not certain he thinks that Martin shot first. Martin was editor of the New Mississippian, and was a brilliant and promising young man. Gen. Adams was 69 years old and postmaster of Jackson. He was a prominent officer in the confederate army.

A Favorite Flower.

The verbena is one of the oldest and dearest favorites of the lovers of flowers. As a matter of course, all gardens should, and most do have them. Their profuse blooming qualities, bright and many hues coupled with their long and tireless blooming, covering the greater part of summer and fall make them a beauty spot in any garden.

By pinching them back once or twice they spread wonderfully, covering a circle three feet in diameter, and where thickly studded with large clusters of bloom they are without a rival. For years past they have been favorites, but not until the last few years has there been any great advances or improvement in the character of the flowers—Forest, Field and Stockman.

A little six-year old girl in Cincinnati named Emma Byers has a pair of eyes that are the wonder of all the people of that city, if the Enquirer is to be believed. That paper says: "In her right eye is a perfect form of a doll baby, handsomely dressed and with beautiful features. In her left eye is a miniature crescent. In spite of this her sight is excellent. The child is altogether very pretty and the parents expect, in time, to make a fortune by exhibiting her. A well known Cincinnati oculist says the figurers in little Emma's eyes are simply due to an error in the development of the iris."

Past Mending.

Bjones—That fellow Galey tried to borrow five hundred dollars of me this morning.

Smythe—Five hundred. He must be cracked!

Bjones—No, he's not cracked. He's broke.—Life.