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THE STANDARD.

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THE STANDARD.

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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.

NEW RACKET STORE IN CONCORD

A NEW FIRM! More than a Slaughter in PRICES!

Come and see our beautiful stock consisting of

Calicos, Dress Goods,

LACES and WHITE GOODS,

Fine Oriental Lace,

Full stock of Notions, Men's Furnishing Goods. A full line of Linen and a large lot of Jewelry. Also Tin Cups, Buckets and many other things.

Next door to Mrs. Cross' Millinery Store.

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.

MOOSE'S Blood Renovator,

This valuable Remedy is adapted to the following diseases arising from an impure blood. Eruptive and Cutaneous diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples, Tetter, Ringworm, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Mercurial, and all diseases of like character.

It is an Alterative or Restorative of Tone and Strength to the system, it affords great protection from attacks that originate in changes of climate and season. For sale at Fetzler's Drug Store

LADIES' PEERLESS EYES

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home. They will dye everything. They are sold every where. Price 10c, a package. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut; 40 colors. For sale by

For sale at [12] FETZLER'S DRUG STORE, AND 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 of J. S. Fisher, and you are hereby notified that petition of said Fisher will be heard at my office in Concord on Monday, 8th October, 1888.

J. F. WILLEFORD, J. P.

WALTER & SUTHERS, GROCERS,

Are fully alive to the people's interest, and are prepared to make things lively in the sale of heavy and fancy

GROCERIES,

By putting them down to bottom prices for

Cash or Barter.

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

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

WALTER & SUTHERS.

A Large Lot of

FRESH GARDEN SELD,

LANDRETH'S

Buist's and

Ferry's,

JUST ARRIVED AT

D. D. Johnson's

DRUG STORE

For Sale Cheap,

A SEOND HAND

OMNIBUS

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

REDUCE THE TAXES.

Principles of Taxation.

There is perhaps no one of the powers conferred on the Federal Government so liable to abuse as the taxing power. The most productive and convenient sources of revenue were necessarily given to it. That it might be able to perform the important duties imposed upon it; and the taxes which it lays upon commerce being concealed from the real payer in the price of the article, they do not so readily attract the attention of the people as smaller sums demanded from them directly by the tax-gatherer. But the tax imposed on goods enhanced by so much the price of the commodity to the consumer, and as many of these duties are imposed on articles of necessity which are daily used by the great body of the people, the money raised by these imports is drawn from their pockets. Congress has no right under the Constitution to take money from the people unless it be required to execute some one of the specific powers entrusted to the Government; and if they raise more than is necessary for such purpose it is an abuse of the power of taxation and unjust and oppressive. It may, indeed, happen that the revenue will some time exceed the amount anticipated when the taxes were laid. When, however, this is ascertained it is easy to reduce them; and in such a case it is unquestionably the duty of the Government to reduce them, for no circumstances can justify it in assuming a power not given to it by the Constitution, nor in taking away the money of the people when it is not needed for the legitimate wants of the Government. Plain as these principles appear to be, you will yet find that there is a constant effort to induce the general Government to go beyond the limits of its taxing power, and to impose unnecessary burdens upon the people. Many powerful interests are continually at work to procure heavy duties on commerce, and to swell the revenue beyond the real necessities of the public service; and the country has already felt the injurious effects of their combined influence. They succeeded in obtaining a tariff of duties bearing most oppressively on the agricultural and laboring classes of society, and producing a revenue that could not be usefully employed within the range of the powers conferred upon Congress; and in order to fasten upon the people this unjust and unequal system of taxation extravagant schemes of internal improvement were got up in various quarters, to squander the money and to purchase support. Do not allow yourselves, my fellow citizens, to be misled on this subject. The Federal Government cannot collect a surplus for such purposes without violating the principles of the Constitution and assuming powers which have not been granted. It is, moreover, a system of injustice, and if persisted it will inevitably lead to corruption, and must end in ruin. The surplus revenue will be drawn from the pockets of the people—from the farmer, the mechanic, and the laboring classes of society; but who will receive it when distributed among the States, where it is to be disposed of by the leading politicians who have friends to favor and political partisans to gratify? It will certainly not be returned to those who paid it and have most need of it, and are honestly entitled to it. There is but one safe rule, and that is to confine the General Government rapidly within the sphere of its appropriate duties. It has no power to raise a revenue or impose taxes except for the purposes enumerated in the Constitution; and if its income is found to exceed these wants it should be forthwith reduced, and the burdens of the people so far lightened.—From Jackson's Farewell Address.

Gen. Sam Houston's Magnetism.

No man, unless it was the great Napoleon, ever possessed more of what is known as "personal magnetism" than Sam Houston of Texas.

Often without any apparent effort, he converted the bitterest enemies into the warmest friends. One of his former opponents in Eastern Texas kept a standing advertisement in a local paper, the tenor of which was that any person having a quarrel with Gen. Houston could be accommodated with a fight by merely sending his address to the Advertiser. He was not only willing but particularly anxious to take Houston's personal difficulties off his hands.

On one occasion the question of removing the State capital from Austin to Washington, on the Brazos, excited a great deal of political and personal bitterness against Houston. Among his bitter opponents were Capt. S. and Squire W. of Austin. It was given out that Gen. Houston would visit Austin and deliver a speech on the political topics of the day. Some utterance of Capt. S. and Squire W. gave color to the idea that Gen. Houston might meet with rough treatment from his stalwart opposers. Their movements were watched closely with a view to prevent any unpleasant eventualities.

An eye witness gives the following description of Houston's speech: The day came. Gen. Houston was escorted to the "Old Capital," which occupied the site where the Austin market-house now stands. The capital was a frame building, with a hall running east and west, dividing it into two apartments; the southern end was the Hall of Representatives, the northern the Senate Chamber. Gen. Houston spoke from the east gallery, facing Congress Avenue. He had a large audience—members of the Legislature, and men who had faced every sort of danger incident to frontier life, and who had never quailed. He discussed various issues of the general character in his usually eloquent and happy style and manner. He carried his hearers with him.

He referred to his action concerning Austin; said some of his friends thought he had made a mistake. He called attention to improvements in the surroundings, the evidences of prosperity, and said: "If I did make a mistake it was a happy one. He then spoke of Texas—her future prospects, her many elements to achieve greatness. He stood gazing at the future, whose pages seemed to be unrolled before him to be read by the light of inspiration. His face glowed with an intelligence apparently supernatural. He stood there in the fancy of his audience an impersonation of the prophet of the olden times, glowing with the enthusiasm engendered by a sense of the revelations he was receiving from a divine source—an inspired being standing between God and man, proclaiming in advance the events of ages yet to come. It was truly a grand spectacle.

He then said his history, his interests were identified with those of Texas. "I have nothing to leave her but my children. I consign them to my country. I have no legacy for my children but my own good name. I can bequeath them that, unswayed by any stain, unspotted by inordinate ambition, and free from the sordid taint of selfishness." At this point the tears stole down the cheeks of the impassioned orator. Many a stern old frontiersman, who had defied death in all its forms, caught the infection and wept as a child. The chasm was filled; all antagonism was forgotten; all hostility buried. The noble old hero, the patriot, the statesman, had vindicated himself before an impartial jury of his countrymen. They carried their verdict to their homes written on their hearts.

Gen. Houston descended from the rostrum, and wended his way down the hill, supported on one side by Captain S., on the other side by Squire W.

This remarkable illustration of Gen. Houston's magnetism, of his power over an audience, occurred in November or December, 1853.

There will be sold at auction in Washington city at an early day, an interesting collection of captured and abandoned property, gathered, as alleged, from Federal and Confederate soldiers on the battlefield of the late war, and which have laid in the vaults of the Treasury department since 1868. In the collection are unclaimed gold and silver watches, finger rings, pins and other small articles. Two years ago Congress passed an act authorizing the delivery to the owners, or to the legal heirs, of all such articles, where the proof of ownership should prove satisfactory to the Secretary of the Treasury, and providing that everything remaining unclaimed at the expiration of two years should be sold as auction. Should the owners of any of these trinkets now endeavor to secure them they can only do so by purchasing them at the coming sale.

A dispatch from Vienna says the Galician regiments now quartered in Austria will soon be transferred to Galicia.

A CONFEDERATE'S LUCK.

During the few eventful days which immediately preceded the fall of Richmond, Abraham Lincoln tarried at City Point, Va., awaiting the news from Grant, Meade and Sheridan, who were pulverizing Lee's right wing while Sherman was hurrying his victorious column toward Savannah. Time hung heavily with the president, and as he walked through the hospitals or rode amid the tents, his rueful countenance bore sad evidence of the anxiety and anguish which possessed him. Presently, however, squads and then hundreds, and later thousands of prisoners, of high and low degree, came from the front, and we all began to realize from what we saw of their condition, and what the prisoners themselves told us, that the confederacy was crumbling to pieces.

Among the captured were Generals Ewell, Custis, Lee and Barringer, who became the guests of myself and wife, I being at the time commander of post, and right well did they enjoy the only good square meals that had gladdened their eyes and their plates for many a long day.

General Barringer, of North Carolina, was the first to arrive. He was a polished, scholarly and urbane gentleman, scrupulously regarding the parole I had exacted from him, and deeply sensible and appreciative of my poor efforts to make him comfortable.

Hearing that Mr. Lincoln was at City Point, the general one day begged me to give him an opportunity to see him as he walked or rode through the camp, and happening to spend that evening with the president in the tent of Colonel Bowers, Grant's adjutant-general who had remained behind to keep up communication with the armies operating across the James river, I incidentally referred to the request of General Barringer. Mr. Lincoln immediately asked me to present his compliments to the general, and to say he would like very much to see him, whispering to me to his quaint and jocular way.

"Do you know I have never seen a live rebel general in full uniform." At once communicating the president's wish to General Barringer, I found that officer much embarrassed. He feared I had overstepped the bounds of propriety in mentioning his curiosity to see the northern president, and that Mr. Lincoln would think him a very impertinent fellow, besides which he was muddy and tattered and torn and not at all presentable.

Reassuring him as best I could, he at last sought those embellishments which a whisk a blacking brush, and a comb provided and we walked over to headquarters, where we found the president in high feather, listening to the cheerful messages from Grant at the front.

I formally presented General Barringer, of North Carolina, to the president of the United States, and Mr. Lincoln extended his hand, warmly welcomed him and bade him be seated. There was however, only one chair vacant when the president arose, and this the southerner very politely declined to take.

This left the two men facing each other in the center of the tent, the tall form of Mr. Lincoln almost reaching the ridge pole as he slowly removed his eye-glasses, looked the general over from head to foot, and then in a slow meditative and puzzled manner, inquired:

"Barringer? Barringer? from North Carolina? Barringer, of North Carolina? were you ever in congress?"

"No Mr. Lincoln, I never was," replied the general.

"Well, I thought not; I thought my memory couldn't be so much at fault. But there was a Barringer in congress with me, and from your state, too!"

"That was my brother," said Barringer.

Up to this moment the hard face of the president had that thoughtful, troubled expression with which those of us who knew him well were only too familiar, but now the lines melted away, and the eyes and the tongue both laughed. I cannot describe the change, though I still see it and shall never forget it. It was like a great sudden burst of sunshine in a rain storm.

had been his chum and was a good fellow.

A couple more chairs by this time had been added to the scant furniture of the adjutant-general's tent, and the conversation drifted from Mr. Lincoln's anecdotes of the pleasant hours he and Barringer had spent together, to the war, thence to the merits of military and civil leaders, north and south, illustrated here and there by some appropriate story, entirely new, full of humor and sometimes of pathos.

Several times the general made a movement to depart, fearing he was availing himself too lavishly of Mr. Lincoln's affability, but each time was ordered to keep his seat, the president remarking that they both were prisoners, and he hoped the general would take some pity upon him and help him to talk about the times when they were both their own masters and hadn't everybody criticise and abusing them.

Finally, however, General Barringer arose, and was bowing himself out, when Mr. Lincoln once more took him by the hand, almost affectionately placed another hand upon his shoulder, and inquired quite seriously:

"Do you think I can be of any service to you?"

Not until we had all finished a hearty laugh at this quaint remark did the president realize the innocent simplicity of his inquiry, and when General Barringer was able to reply that "if anybody can be of service to a poor devil in my situation, I presume you are the man." Mr. Lincoln drew a blank card from his vest pocket, readjusted his glasses, turned up the wick of the lamp, and sat down at General Bower's desk with all the earnestness with which you would suppose he had attached his name to the emancipation proclamation.

This was, however, all assumed. He was equipping himself and preparing us for one of his little jokes. While writing he kept up a running conversation with General Barringer (who was still standing and wondering) to this effect:

"I suppose they will send you to Washington, and there I have no doubt they will put you in the Old Capital prison. I am told it isn't a nice sort of a place, and am afraid you won't find it a very comfortable tavern; but I have a powerful friend in Washington—he's the biggest man in the country—and I believe I have some influence with him when I don't ask too much. Now I want you to send this card of introduction to him, and if he takes the notion he may put you on your parole, or let up on you that way or some other way. Anyhow, it's worth while trying."

And then very deliberately drying the card with the blotter, he held it up to the light and read it to us in about the following words:

"This is General Barringer, of the southern army. He is the brother of a very dear friend of mine. Can you do anything to make his detention in Washington comfortable as possible under the circumstances?"

"A. LINCOLN.

"To Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, "Secretary of War," Barringer never uttered a word. I think he made an effort to say, "Thank you," or "God bless you," or something of that kind, but he was speechless. We both wheeled about and left the tent.

After walking a few yards, not hearing any footsteps near me, and fearing Barringer had lost his way, I turned back and found this gallant leader of brave men, who had won his stars in a score of battles, "like Niobe, all tears," audibly sobbing and terribly overcome.

He took my arm, and as we walked slowly home he gave voice to as hearty expressions of love for the great Lincoln as have been since uttered by his most devoted and life long friends.

A few years afterwards I met the general socially in Philadelphia, and we went over this episode in his life, as I have narrated it, and then, for a third time, his eyes filled as he told me how he had wept and wept, "the deep damnation of his taking off."

John Holland, one of the proprietors of the Four Mile House, Auburn, N. Y., was drowned in Owaseo Lake yesterday.

In a conflagration at Calbuzova, in Galicia, four hundred houses and the public buildings of the town have been burned.

Drink Water.

There are very few people that appreciate the importance of drinking water. Many persons merely drink water to satisfy thirst; they think that is all that is necessary, and as there are a large number of people who care very little for water they fail to make drinking-water a habit. One great trouble is people don't drink water enough to properly thin the blood—secretions and excretions—so that the system can be cleaned of its worn out matter speedily. I had a friend whose health failed; she consulted a physician; she began telling her symptoms—unpleasant feeling about the head, palpitation of the heart, numbness of the limbs and many other distressing feelings; when the doctor stopped her and said: "How much water do you drink during the day?" She replied that she seldom ever cared for water; sometimes she drank a glass at her dinner but not often. His prescription was to drink at least a half gallon of water during the day, until she found the action of her heart better, and other symptoms relieved, then she could decrease the quantity. But he said every one should drink over a quart of water daily, at different times. Another celebrated physician, when asked as to his opinion of the efficacy of some noted springs, said the only good derived from them, was the quantity of water people felt called on to drink when they went to such places. If they drink just as much at home they would never need go to springs for health. The human body needs washing out; as a health journal expresses it: "The long-continued retention of secretions that ought to be thrown off, is the cause of such diseases as rheumatism, catarrh, etc. They affect the heart by thickening the blood, making it harder work for the heart to do its work. Again, the use of water, in its full normal quantity, washed out the alimentary canal; keeps the stomach and bowels sweet and clean, and has the effect of an inside bath." So we see this habit of drinking water is a very good one; one that we should cultivate, and attach much more importance to than we do.

Guided by a Dog.

The friends and relatives of Hessie Stevens, the little two-year-old daughter of Mrs. Amanda Stevens, and grand daughter of A. J. Sapp, was very much alarmed recently upon discovering that little Hessie had wandered from her home. They tracked her about half a mile to a pond, and, failing to track her any further, concluded she must have waded into the pond and was drowned. After a thorough search in the waters, with no clue of the child, and while the mother's heart was breaking with the thoughts of her child freezing in the woods that night, attention of those in search of the lost child was attracted by the maneuvers of a dog that had accompanied the party, and as soon as the faithful animal found that he had gained the attention of Mr. Sapp he started at once through a piece of woods, and after leading them some half a mile, found the child lying under a treetop sound asleep. There was great rejoicing, and the family will from that day consider their dog as one of the family.—Americus (Ga) Recorder.

A City Hall official who has owned a bay horse for the last seven years has been talking of buying another to match him, and the other day some of the boys went up to the barn and brought his equine down and hitched him in front of the building, and then had the owner come out and look at him.

"That beast," he said, as he looked into his mouth, "is all of 20 years old. I also notice that he is spavined and weak in the back."

"Oh you are mistaken, sir," replied the seller. "I warrant him as sound as a dollar."

"Don't attempt to jockey me!" said the owner. "I wouldn't give you \$75 for him. Talk about a match!" Why, he's three shades lighter, 200 pounds heavier and looks like an old cow beside my horse. You'd better make a dicker with some expressman!"

When the truth came out, the bill for "setting 'em up" for the boys was over \$4.—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Move.

The House on Monday adopted a bill establishing a department of agriculture by a vote of 233 to 13. This overwhelming majority is significant. It shows that there is more disposition than heretofore to legislate in behalf of the long neglected, but largest class of our American citizens. The majority of our people are tillers of the soil. This majority owns the largest part of the wealth of the land. They have grievances that need redress. In order to ascertain the nature of these grievances and the remedy therefore, it is fitting that they should have a distinct department in the Cabinet at Washington, through which they can be fairly and fully heard.—Charlotte Chronicle.