

THE STANDARD.

State Library

Table with 2 columns: Rates of Advertising, and corresponding prices for various ad durations.

A Musical Critic's Report.

Some years ago a musical entertainment of some note was given in the city of Raleigh, N. C. The Biblical Recorder, then brilliantly edited by Brother John H. Mills, sharply criticized the performance.

Cotton.

Though known from prehistoric times, the use of cotton for cloth did not become general until after the first successful American cultivation of the fibre in 1790.

If a man is good for anything in this world he will be leaving a large share of his property and attempted work unfinished. Whether he dies early or late, it will make no difference at this point.

Spelling His Name.

Here is a story that makes one think of the old conundrum: "How do you pronounce b, a, c, k, a, c, h, e?"

Coffee Trees in South Carolina.

William H. Foster, of Spartanburg, S. C., has a pecan tree about ten years old that has a fair crop of nuts on it this year.

The workmen of Indianapolis recently resolved that they are "unalterably opposed to the election of Benjamin Harrison to the Presidency, because his life and official record fully demonstrate that he is blindly wedded to the corporate powers of the country, and has no proper regard for the interests of labor."

Col George L. Perkins, of Norwich, Conn.; rode on Fulton's first steamer on its first trip. He induced the people to build the Norwich and Worcester railroad. It was completed in 1838. He was then 50 years old and was made treasurer. He has held it ever since, is in active duties now at the remarkable age of 100 years.

Judge Frank T. Reed, a leading Republican and the Republican nominee for Governor of Tennessee four years ago, when the Republican ticket received the largest vote it ever received in Tennessee, has come out for Cleveland and tariff reform.

The Scriptures have just been published complete in Chinese characters by the American Bible Society—a work that has occupied several years.

services ended. When this was over, however, and he had returned from the vestry, having changed his sacerdotal robes, he found two old men had advanced toward the chancel rail and stood ready as spokesmen for the congregation. One of them respectfully addressed him in this wise:

"There's a great deal of truth in what you say, yer reverence; I'm not the man to gainsay that. Some of us are quarrelsome and noisy, and fighting and drink. There's a deal of truth in it all, as this congregation knows. But, yer reverence, there's one thing ye never saw an Irishman do—any ye never will see an Irishman do! Ye'll never see an Irishman trying to earn his livin' by ladin' round a monkey with a bit o' string! No, man will ever see that!"

A Woolen Manufacturer on Free Wool.

The Bridgeport Evening Farmer, of Connecticut, gives an interesting speech of Mr. E. G. Sanford, a manufacturer of woolen goods, on the Mills bill and the good it would do the industry he is engaged in.

Essays have been written by somnambulists. A young lady, troubled and anxious about a prize for which she was to compete, involving the writing of an essay, arose from her bed in sleep and wrote a paper upon a subject upon which she had not intended to write when awake; and this secured for her the prize.

Japanese Babies.

The babies in Japan have sparkling eyes and funny little tufts of hair; they look so quaint and old-fashioned, exactly like those doll babies that are sent over here to America. Now, in our country very young babies are apt to put everything in their mouths; a button or a pin, or anything, goes straight to their little rose, wide open mouth, and the nurse or mamma must always watch and take care that baby does not swallow something dangerous.

Getting Married.

Here is something delightful, sketchy and readable from Youth's Companion:

Evelina is engaged. Indeed, she is shortly to be married. Her "set," of whom she is the first to take this important step, are greatly flattered by the approaching event, and talk it over on every possible occasion.

One of them says it is dreadful for an unknown man to come from away out West and carry off one of the girls. They will never see her again—never! She will come home to visit, probably; but a girl who is married tells him everything, and has lost interest in people, and isn't the same at all, and they may as well make up their minds to lose her once for all.

Here there is a chorus of sighs and groans, and another nice girl says he isn't much to look at either; she has seen his photograph. He has pale eyes, and ridiculous little moustaches that she knows by his looks he is extremely proud of. Why Evelina wants him she can't imagine. He isn't handsome, or rich, or heroic, or anything else interesting. He is just a commonplace young man.

Some one here timidly ventures to remark that Evelina is nothing very remarkable herself, and, perhaps, a commonplace young man will exactly suit her.

Silent follows this observation, and the persons who at length breaks it directly selects another branch of the inexhaustible subject: Does anybody know anything about the trousseau? It appears that they all do, but the information possessed by one exactly agrees with that of no one else, and it is half an hour before they have sifted out the probable truth from a mass of conflicting accounts, all given at once and very loud.

When this most important point has been debated and settled they take another half hour to express their amusement at the idea of Evelina's actually keeping house; they say it is nearly as absurd as to call her Mrs.

They then discuss the coming ceremony and each gives at length a description of the manner in which her own wedding should be conducted—of her she to marry. Several of the girls say they should like to marry just to show their friends what a wedding ought to be.

One remarks that she, too, would like it, that she might demonstrate to everybody that a bride need not be pale, and can say "I will" loud enough to be heard beyond the first three rows, if she will only make up her mind before hand to do it.

Then Evelina's marriage really takes place, she is very pale, indeed, and too nervous to attend properly to her train.

But her friends forgave her these little errors of conduct, and admit that on the whole she did very well. One of them who steps down to the station, and stands behind a pillar to see her off with her husband for their new home, even says afterwards that she had almost forgiven her for choosing him.

He looked as commonplace as ever, she declares; only, when two people seem as happy as they did, somehow you have to forgive them everything; and she hopes the other girls will stay single for a long time to come; but as Mrs. Evelina, she wishes her good luck with all her heart.

This is about the way nice girls behave when one of their number makes a commonplace young man happy.

It is with men as with trees: If you top off their finest branches, into which they were pouring their young lifejuice, the wounds will be healed over by some rough boss, some old excrescence, and what might have been a grand tree expanding into liberal shade is but a whimsical misshapen trunk.

There are ninety thousand moth-ers in Tennessee who cannot read or write.

Life Recollections.

Who is there that does not regret many of the lost opportunities of life. We would fain bring them back again, but alas! we cannot do so. There are many who refer to the celebrated couplet of Shakespeare, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," without once thinking of the necessity of making any practical use of the suggested action. There was once a large manufacturing establishment, five or six stories in height, which employed a watchman at night to protect the building from fire. His duty was to take a covered lantern, and every half hour to visit the main room in every story to see if all was well. To guard against a sleepy sentinel and a sham service, there was a clock placed in each room, in the front of which projected a number of small wooden pegs, so arranged that one was to be punched in every half hour of the night. When the half hour had gone by the peg would not budge, and thus it notified the manager in the morning of the fact that during that particular interval of time the watchman had been missing from his post or failed of his duty.

A writer commenting on this incident, remarks: "We have often thought that, if, on the face of time's dial, each of us had our system of pegs, representing the service committed to our charge, the number at the close of each day of outstanding monuments of our failures would startle us, provided we gave any serious consideration to the subject. There is an intimate relation, which many seem not to realize, between duty and privilege, obligation and the reward that follows faithfulness. To not a few it seems as though the call of the hour may remain unanswered if indulgence suggests it, with out more than a passing injury to their own fortunes and even then only a delay in the seizure of some good that may be secured as well by a little extra diligence thereafter. But the machinery is inexorable as fate. No future propitious hour will give the golden opportunity to make amends for present neglect. Penitence after the hour has gone will not lock in the projecting peg nor has contrition, however much it may plead with its blinding tears, any power over the unfinished task. To superficial observers the hours are all alike. Sloth or self-indulgence pleads that the next half hour is precisely like this which is counting its pulse beats while the call to service is raining unanswered in the ear; and he fondly dreams that a duty neglected now may be taken up when the hands on the dial come round again with the same ease and promise of success. But lost opportunities never return. The sluggish, once aroused, may seize the present moment and give hostages for the future but, he cannot redeem the past, which has gone forever beyond the reach of his now eager hand.

This cannot be too vividly impressed on all who make anything out of life but a sad series of failures. Every moment has its golden chance of glorious service, with a promised meed that surely awaits the faithful. They seem to trivial to many, these little hints of the world's great need, that the call is wholly ignored. If the fate of a nation hung in the balance, or the welfare of a whole people depend on their faithfulness, oh then the occasion would be a blessed privilege, and it would be a blessed privilege, and it would be easy, they think, to practice any amount of self-denying vigilance for an object so vast and fraught with such mighty results. But merely to push in a peg, with no one to watch the act but a ticking clock, is not a sufficient incentive to exertion, and they prefer the inglorious ease; and thus the rushing tide goes by and there comes the ebbs and the shallows and miseries of the wasted years.

Even for mere temporal prosperity, if there were no hereafter as a season of mourning when the fitful fever is over, the rule is the same. It has been said that a really successful man makes occasions and creates opportunities. This is only in seeming to the dazed eyes of those who sit idly watching his ceaseless activity. No one can do more than to seize the chances as they come. But to the keen gaze of one in the thickest of the struggle there is a vouchsafed vision hid from eyes half closed in slumber; and a resolute purpose to do all that can be done in useful service, is rewarded with a mighty increase in the talents committed for the blessed usury.

There is, however no distinction in the times as to the result of noble living. The clock that marks off the hours of our watching here will carry the record of our faithfulness or neglect over into the eternal years. What we do or fail to accomplish becomes a part of our character, as imperishable as the immortal spirit within us. And all ought to remember the great law which has no exception in its application to human conduct. It is not at all the quantity, but the quality of the service that adorns the final record. Faithfulness in little things, if only these are given us to do, has just the same reward as that which greets the mightier tasks executed in the same self-sacrificing spirit. 'Well done' is all that can be said to any, and is the highest meed of praise that can ever fall to human ears.—Old Preacher in Macop Advocate.

Mexican Scorpions.

Among the most common pests in Mexico are the alcararas, or scorpions, for during certain seasons of the year they are as numerous as flies around a sugar-house. They are within the cracks of the wall, between the bricks or tiles of the floor, hiding inside your garments, darting everywhere with an inconceivable rapidity, their tails (the "business end") which holds the string ready to fly up with dangerous effect upon the slightest provocation. Turn up the corner of a rug or tablespread, and you disturb a colony of them; shake your shoes in the morning and out they flop; throw your bath-sponge into the water, and half a dozen of them dart out of its cool depths into which they had wriggled for a siesta. In short, every article you touch must be treated like a dose of medicine—"well shaken before used." The average scorpion is mahogany-hued, and about two inches long, but I have seen them as long as five inches. The small, yellowish variety are considered the most dangerous and their bite is most apprehended at midday. In Durango they are black, so alarmingly numerous—having been allowed to breed for centuries in the deserted mines—that the Government offers a reward per head (or rather, per tail) to whoever will kill them. Their sting is seldom fatal, but is more or less severe according to the state of the system. Victims have been known to remain for days in convulsions, foaming at the mouth, with stomachs swelled as in dropsy, while others do not suffer much more than from a bee-sting. The common remedies are brandy, taken in sufficient quantities to stupefy the patient, ammonia administered both externally and internally, boiled silk and guaiacum. It is also of use to press a large key or other tube on the wound to force out part of the poison. As most of my readers are aware, this species of insect—a genus of arachnida, of the order Pulmonaria—are distinguished from other spiders by having the abdomen articulated, with a sharp, curved spur at the extremity, beneath which are two pores from which the venom flows, supplied by two poisonlands at the base of the segment. The anterior pair of feet, or palpi, are modified into pinchers or claws, like those of the lobster, by which it seizes its prey, while the other feet resemble those of ordinary spiders. Naturalists divide the genus into subgenera according to the number of their eyes, whether six, eight or twelve. They eat the eggs of spiders, and also feed on beetles and other insects, piercing the prey again and again with their stingers before commencing the meal. When alarmed or irritated a scorpion "shows fight" immediately, running about and waving his sting in all directions, for attack or defense, evidently aware of its power. The young scorpions are produced at astonishingly frequent intervals, the mother displaying greater regard for their offspring than their vicious nature seems to justify. During their brief infancy she carries them about clinging in great numbers to her back, limbs, and tail, never leaving her retreat for a moment, unless, overburdened by their weight, her hold relaxes from the wall and down falls the whole happy family in a fall. The ungrateful children generally reward this maternal devotion by destroying the mother as soon as they are old enough, tearing her piecemeal with the greatest ferocity. Betsy and I amuse ourselves by studying their habits, and have become expert in catching them by the tail with lassos of thread, afterwards suspending them in bottles of alcohol to send to microscopically inclined friends.—Boston Transcript.

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And have it shipped to the Gwyn-Harkets, Wolen Mills—"the best mill in the State"—and have your Blankets, Cassimers, Jeans, Linseys and Knitting Yarns made. Comes first served first. BELL & SIMS, Agts, N. B.—Highest prices paid for wool

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

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

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Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified as administrator of Erwin Allman, deceased, all persons owing said estate are hereby notified that they must make immediate payment or suit will be brought. All persons having claims against said estate must present them to the undersigned, duly authenticated, on or before the 15th day of June, 1888, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. GEO. C. HEGLER, Adm'r. By W. M. SMITH, Atto. 122 1/2w

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Jas. S. Parker, dec'd, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make prompt payment; and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same for payment on or before the 1st day of May, 1889, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. JOSEPH YOUNG, Adm'r de bonis non. By W. G. MEANS, At May 4, 1888.

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 Alternative 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

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