

Library

THE DAILY STANDARD

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CONCORD, N. C. TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1895.

WHOLE NO. 1,493

INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION

President Eliot in a recent lecture before the Lowell Institute uttered these significant words: "Instruction to individuals instead of to classes is coming to the front. A single special faculty in a mind otherwise dull, detected and trained, may make all the difference between a useful and useless life, a happy and a miserable one."



How better can you detect the particular bent of your child's mind, the special channel in which his ability lies, than in securing for your home that greatest of all libraries, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, now for a short time placed within your easy reach.

With these noble books at hand your child will naturally select that line of reading which proves to be in the line of his natural bent, for the *BRITANNICA* represents every line of study.

President Eliot says further: "Individual instruction has been too costly—that is one reason why it has not been more

Universally Adopted
And President Eliot spoke the truth. But he stopped just a hair's breadth short of the whole truth, for he should have added: "Since the *ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA* has been brought within reach of any one who can save Ten Cents a day no one need be without individual instruction."

No one who has the new edition of the *ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA*, we say, need be without individual instruction. It is a complete education of itself, and can be obtained now, for a short time, at the unheard of rate of Ten Cents a day.

If you wish to obtain this great work at introductory rates write for an application blank and sample pages to

THE OBSERVER
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Looking 50 Per Cent Better.

The Standard failed to note the presence in the city, Monday, of one of its old citizens. We say "old," not with any allusion to the individual's age, but old as regards his citizenship in Concord compared to time spent elsewhere. Dr. Theo. Pharr, who has taken up his vine and fig tree and planted them out in No. 1 township, was here and the fact that he looks so much younger and fleshier brought forth numerous inquiries about the prescriptions and remedies that are working so admirably. The only excuse for all this change is that the Doctor sleeps now, whereas when in town he seldom ever retired. All is well that ends well.

SAVE 50%

IF YOU BUY A HIGH GRADE

Oxford Wheel

For men, women or boys at prices ranging from \$15 to \$30. We ship from factory subject to approval and are the only manufacturers selling direct to consumers. We have no agents. We offer greater value in our Oxford Gladiator wheels at \$60 to \$80 than other manufacturers with prices from \$100 to \$150. Every wheel fully warranted. Don't pay local dealers a profit of fifty per cent. Cut this out and write to-day for our handsome catalogue. Address, OXFORD MFG. CO., Bicycle Department 1110, 2433 Washburn Ave., CHICAGO

WRECK ON W. N. C. ROAD.

Engineer Bob Lee and His Fireman Both Killed—Lee From This County.

Facts concerning the wreck of last night (Monday) on the Western North Carolina Railroad, were very meagre and all that we could learn of the horrible catastrophe is to the effect that Engineer Bob Lee, a former resident of this county, was killed. The wreck occurred beyond Marion a few miles on the slope of the mountain. It was an extra freight train and was due in Salisbury about 4 o'clock this morning. But alas, the long train's destination was not reached. The engine jumped the track, pulling down a high embankment eight or more cars.

Bob Lee and his fireman were killed outright. Lee's body had not been found at day break, and was supposed to have been buried beneath the debris.

The wreck occurred about midnight, it is said, and it was some time before any connection could be made over the wires.

Lee was born and reared in this county on the old Dr. Mill's place, in the Poplar Tent neighborhood. We couldn't learn the name of the unfortunate fireman. No other lives were lost that is known at this time at this place.

The above is about all the particulars that could be learned.

Laid Three Eggs at One Time.

Speaking about hens and eggs Durham can come in and go you one. Chas. Hines, who presides over the Carolina barber shop, yesterday evening bought a hen of the Cochins-China species and took her home. This morning he found that she had made a nest during the night and had laid three egg. All of them were well developed of the usual size, excepting that one had a hard shell and the other two were soft-shells. When a Durham hen gets up such an enterprise as this, it is no wonder that we have cheap eggs.—Durham Sun.

[It wouldn't take Jim Robinson's latest hen discovery long to fill a threshing machine, such as he reported not long since. By the way, can't the Sun let up on the egg and chicken business long enough to find a remarkable cow or a nest of spring snakes?]

To Go to Albany.

Guilford will be represented at the Albany penitentiary in a week or two.

Alonzo Smith and a negro man, counterfeiters, were convicted in the Federal court Saturday and sentenced to twelve months each. Orlando Kirkman, implicated with them, was also convicted, but got off with six months in the jail.

They were engaged in making counterfeit nickles, the moulds being found in Smith's house. It was a plain case.—Greensboro Record.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having been duly qualified administrator of the estate of Mrs. M. J. Bangle, deceased, all persons holding claims against said deceased, are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned on or before the 9th day of April, 1895, for payment or this notice will be plead as a bar to their recovery. Also all persons owing said deceased are notified that prompt payment is expected.

G. W. PETREA, Administrator.
This 9th April, 1895.

KORNER WRITES.



I am really glad that Nature has again opened out her fascinating and enchanting stock of blossoms and flowers and verdant foliage in the soft, melting sunshine and balmy breezes of spring time. I am glad the long dreary winter is over, and I am glad that the North Carolina Fusion Legislature has, with it, died the death that has no awakening. Of its death I can truly say:

Not a tear was shed, not a funeral vote, As its course to a finish was hurried; Not a State guard discharged a farewell shot O'er the grave where the bum bum is buried.

The people will talk of this bum bum that's gone And o'er its cold ashes upbraid it; But it won't care a d—n "if they'll let it sleep on In the grave where its meanness has laid it.

I am glad the time has come when the devotee of Isaac Walton, with hook and line and a tin can of red worms can

On the neighboring creek bank set, While the noonday sun is warmly beaming, His nose and neck a turkey red And his eye, with radiant hope a gleaming.

But "Many a time when 'twas getting late, I've seen him sneak through the gate Throwing backward an anxious glance At a jagged tear in the back of his pants When he'd been fishin'."

Memory carries us backward to the springtimes of our boyhood when the cup of spicewood or sassafras teas, proverbial for their health-giving and spring debility destroying properties, graced each evening meal. Methinks the mesdames of old were right when they put their faith in these simple remedies of home manufacture, instead of the nowadays nostrums. North Carolina politically after a sixty days attack of Fusion fever, needs a prolonged dosing with good old time, common sense antiseptic remedies.

I have been trying to satisfy myself as to the cause of such rapid and sudden changes in the popular pulse of late years. Germany, France, Italy and our own country are the greatest protection countries and in them is the greatest discontent. In America we have protection preached to us from year to year, but our industries fluctuate still, go up and down, and the real laboring American citizen finds no relief. There may be protraction beneficial to the "infant industries" but to him there is no protection against the overwhelming hordes of foreign riffraff who compete with him for work at his very door. Did you ever notice that anarchism, socialism, fire bugism and all ideas antagonistic to our free institutions have their inception in this foreign element. Little by little these doctrines are being instilled and inculcated in the minds of our home people. Yankee ingenuity is dropping into line with foreign depravity—ambition for office and an insatiate desire for wealth brings to the surface the bold, selfish, unprincipled and incompetent. Populists, inflationists, Fusionists (two extremes) is the outcome. The laboring man sees fortunes made in a day, sees others of his own class rise to the millionaire notch and his restlessness and chafing increases. He forgets that these fellows who get rich "are the mean, low down, selfish chaps who never stands treat, go to a ball

match, or take a glass of beer." Just after the war every nigger thought he was entitled to "forty acres and a mule."—Now, every fellow, white and black, thinks he ought to be a Vanderbilt or an office holder and the cry of "the rich or richer and the poor poorer" is wafted on every passing breeze; at the same time every mother's son of them is trying to make something out of somebody else. The old time days wage plan has lost caste, competition is the watch word, contractors are getting "as thick as fiddlers in hades." Nine out of ten fail, and then legislation, the administration and government policy get a dose of spleen, vituperation and popular indignation. Political harpies and sharp-trickers take advantage of this discontent to foist themselves into office or fill their coffers. Where is the remedy? KORNER.

Considerable Cotton.

There was lots of cotton on the market today (Tuesday.) A big lot was sold by Mr. Frank Morrison, one of the best farmers of No. 2, and by Mrs. Frank Pethel. The prevailing price was six cents.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Curious Pocket Rule.

Bid you know that a silver quarter, half-dollar, or one dollar, each make a handy pocket rule? The silver quarter measures just three fourths of an inch in diameter. The silver half measures one inch in diameter. The silver dollar measures one and a half inches in diameter.—Salisbury Herald.

[Without questioning the Herald's accuracy, we intend to test this when the wherewithal is secured. Just now the test is impracticable.]

The South bound Vestibule was five hours late today.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St. San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at Fetzer's Drug Store, Regular size 50c and \$1.00.

Mansion House Laundry.

I am the Concord representative of the Mansion House Steam Laundry, of Greenville, S.C. If you think of wearing nicely done-up collars, cuffs and skirts, come see me and find out cost.

You will be paid for all articles torn or lost. You can leave your bundles at the Furniture Store, whether I am present or not. It will receive prompt attention.

I send basket off Tuesday and it returns Saturday morning. Come around and see me. J. N. BELL.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.

I have located in Concord for the practice of medicine and surgery, and respectfully ask the public for a share of their patronage—I may be found at my office at any hour of the day or at my residence at night when not out professionally, and will gladly respond to all calls promptly.

Office under that of Montgomery & Crowell. Respectfully,
J. E. SMOOT, M. D.

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ROCK

BOTTOM

PRICES

TO SUIT THE TIMES!

I am back at my old place of business,

ALLISON'S

corner, prepared to welcome my old friends and to make new ones. I keep a full line of DRY GOODS,

SHOES, HATS, GROCERIES, TCBACCO, &c.

always at the lowest prices consistent with honest business. Will meet cuts at all times. I can buy as cheap as anybody and will sell as close. Haying a stock suited to the farmers' wants, can use your produce. Will exchange goods for all kinds of country produce at cash prices. Call to see me.

JOHN P. ALLISON.

Election Notice.

At a meeting of Board Commissioners for town of Concord, N. C., held April 1st, 1895, an election was called and ordered to be held at the various voting places on the first Monday in May next for the purpose of electing a Mayor and two Town Commissioners from and by each ward and one Graded School Commissioner from and by each ward. Books open now. The following Registrars were appointed: Ward No. 1: John B. Caldwell, Ward No. 2: James N. Brown, Ward No. 3: P. A. Correll, Ward No. 4: George M. Lore.

By order of Board
J. L. HARTSELL, Clerk.

April 2, 1895,