

# DAILY STANDARD

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Editors and Proprietors.

OFFICE - IN - BRICK - ROW.

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CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 14, 1898.

## TOO PANICKY.

A singular, half amusing, half serious incident occurred at the play in Cator's Hall Tuesday night showing how susceptible some temperaments are of becoming panic stricken. One of the performers threw an old garment a little too strongly and knocked one of the foot light lamps off the stage. The chimney was broken but the light did not quite become extinguished as it first appeared, though there was nothing to indicate an explosion, conflagration, cyclone, earthquake or anything of the kind, yet a number of persons sprang up and started for the exit in true panicky style.

The lamp was picked up and the light extinguished. Some cooler heads called to them to come back and quiet was restored. Had the lamp exploded the fewest number would have been in danger, and if the whole stage had taken fire the audience could have escaped in funeral tread. It is the disposition to look out for number one that causes great calamities on such occasions. When accidents occur, carrying danger with them there is safety only in coolheadedness.

## WHY WE DON'T LIKE HIM.

There is many a Southerner that knows that he does not like Gen. Nelson Miles but can't just tell why. Those acquainted with the facts do know why. In May, 1865, when Jefferson Davis was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe, O. A. Dana, then Assistant Secretary of War, issued an order allowing Gen. Miles to put shackles on President Davis and Clement O. Clay. He availed himself of the option and irons were put on the ankles of the proud, heroic Southern leader who had not a peer among his persecutors, and who could have been safely paroled. It is due to the better part of Secretary Stanton that his shackles were taken off. Yea, if Southern people knew him to be the same Miles now that he was then his name would yet be a stench in the nostrils of every died-in-the-wool Southerner. But who does not know that there was the fewest number that did not lose their heads in that terrible war? Many who were then filled with belligerency that was ready to crop out on every hand became quite gentle, genial and considerate after the war.

Of course harshness to one within your power is so ignoble and so unsoldierly as to sink very deeply in the mind as an unpardonable sin. Yet all weaknesses are capable of being overcome and the most warped personalities are susceptible of im-

provement. By the magnificent bearing of "Little Joe" at Santiago we are overlooking the outrages of Wheeler's Cavalry, and Gen. Miles has this to his credit, he kicked on bad beef to his men.

## A CREDITABLE ACT.

We have failed to note anything to detract from Admiral Sampson the full credit implied in his being assigned the very important command of the North Atlantic Squadron and his late utterances increase our admiration for him. Feeling that the promotions of others so richly deserved failed of confirmation by the Senate because his name was placed on the list by Secretary Long, he urges that those promotions, to which there are no objections, be renewed by the president. He is evidently not the man to wish no one else well because he is denied justice himself.

## Marvelous, Wonderful.

Extraordinary, wonderful, marvelous, etc., is the way they are talking of Lee's great performance last night at the Opera House, says the Salisbury Sun of January 18th.

Everybody was not there but the house was crowded and "standing room" was scarce.

The human bridge in which the entire company, five in number, stood on the body of a hypnotized man suspended by his head and heels from the backs of two chairs was the most wonderful thing ever seen here. The actions of the subjects kept the audience in an uproar for a long time.

## LADIES FREE.

Every paid ticket reserved at Gibson's drug store before 6 o'clock p. m., Thursday, will admit one lady free. Seats now selling. Lee's engagement of three nights is for the benefit of the Cornet Band.

## An Error That Must Be Corrected.

No doubt the passion of some of the High School boys was aroused yesterday afternoon when The Standard erroneously stated that the graded school boys beat them in a game of baseball in a score of 12 to 16. This was an error caused by the typo: The score was 13 and 15 in favor of the graded school.

In all stages of Nasal Catarrh there should be cleanliness. An experience proves Ely's Cream Balm is a cleanser, soother and healer of the diseased membrane. It is not drying or irritating, and does not produce sneezing. To test it a trial size is mailed for 10 cents or the large size for 50 cents by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York. Drug-gists keep it. Upon being placed into the nostrils it spreads over the membrane and relief is immediate. It is an agreeable cure.

## The Result of War.

"Remembering the Maine" we have licked Spain, and now we lick the revenue stamp. We lick and we lick it now and again, "Remembering Spain." She is having sweet revenge, as we lick away, by night and by day. Stamps cost money, like Cain; yet do not complain, but lick them again; and lick them till your tongue does pain; lick them in sunshine, lick them in rain; oh! lick and lick and lick again. Revenge is Spain—for licked we are "Remember Spain."—Kinston Free Press.

If troubled with rheumatism, give Chamberlain's Pain-Balm a trial. It will not cost you a cent if it does no good. One application will relieve the pain. Also cures sprains and bruises in one-third the time required by any other treatment. Cuts, burns, frostbites, sunburn, itching and sore and chest, glandular and other swellings are quickly cured by application. Every bottle warranted. Price, 25 and 50 cts.—M. L. Marsh & Co.

## THE UNIVERSAL SHOUT.

We're just like the rest of the country—

This winter has cut up such shines,

You can't tell the south from New England;

The blizzard kills sectional lines!

Here's snow whar they orter be lilies,

An' ice is all over the green',

Old Georgy shakes han's with the country;

Praise God, we air freezin' all roun'!

We're just like the rest of the country;

We need the blizzard's advice

To show, while we've millions of roses,

We also cut oceans of ice!

We haven't a hard word for weather—

Let the snow from the heavens come down!

We're all in the Union together:

Praise God, we are freezin' all roun'!

Reach over an' shake with New England—

Let Illinois plead not in vain;

From the red hills of Georgy to Texas

Let's toss off a bumper to Maine!

We're one in the wild o' the weather,

In the country an' blizzard-beat town;

We're all in the Union together:

Praise God, we are freezin' all roun'!

—F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

## Fighting Goes On.

Fighting continues in the Philippines. A sharp brush was made Tuesday when Gen. Wheaton pushed forward again, driving the enemy back. A dispatch says the enemy burned Pasig. Our loss is 1 killed, 2 fatally wounded and about 35 wounded with less severity.

## 1,000 PERSONS DEAD!

—IN LOVE WITH OUR—

## Laundry Work.

Is ours a pawn shop? That's no joke. For long we keep your clothes in "soak." And, too, are we prize-fighters then, because we collar and cuff the men? If thus our calling ye condemn, Bring in your men of hits and hurts, We'll take the starch right out of them And promptly put it in their shirts, Our Laundry strides at mighty pace, Because we treat each special case. Carr's clothes we dry upon a rail, And those for Gale out in a gale. 'Tis in a shed that Shedd's are dried; Miss Fields' are hung in meadows wide,

And Camp's we always dry in tents, And those for Post out on the fence. We dry Stone's clothes upon a wall, And Pond's will hardly dry at all. We flay with clappers those for Clapp, And doze and dream o'er those for Knapp.

We hustle some o'er those for Swift, But snow's, we simply let them drift. We iron with glass all those for Glazier, And Buck's we always do by measure. There's Day wants all his clothes tonight, And Knight wants all of his today, Today we'll send the clothes to Knight, Tonight we'll send the clothes to Day. There's Gray wants his clothes "done up brown,"

But Brown won't have his "done up gray," And as for Black, 'twould make him blue If black should speak his shirt from view, And Mr. Green—that ladies fellow, 'd make him white to find his yellow.

A spotter spotted his suit of gray, But quickly we took those spots away. Why don't the Turk cease crying "peace" And call on us to wipe out Grease? Here bushful youths, in love confess'd, Can have their Suits successfully pressed.

In Laundry Work we are experts. And hold our patrons by their shirts. Tell all "your uncles and your aunts," To send all their Shirts and Pants, And all their fabrics, coarse and fine, And we will surely make them shine.

CONCORD STEAM LAUNDRY AND DYE WORKS. SHIRTS REPAIRED FREE. Phone 2.

# The Racket Store.

You will save money by seeing our line of White Goods for the babies.

Our 16 and 18 cent Dimity sells for 25 cents.

One ladie told us she had just paid 25 cents for the India linen we offered her at 10 cents per yard.

## Our line of HAMBURG

is the nicest assortment we have ever shown.

New lot of Crokinole Boards at \$1.68.

We have decided to continue special prices on Box Papers and Tablets.

All Box Paper contains 24 sheets of paper and 24 envelopes.

50 Boxes worth 5 and 10c at 3c.  
100 Boxes at 5c, worth 10c.  
122 Boxes at 7c, worth 10 to 15c.  
160 Boxes at 10c, worth 15 to 25c.  
250 Boxes at 15c, worth 25 to 30c.  
95 Boxes at 25c, worth 35 to 50c.  
100 Pencil Tablets, regular 5c ones for 3c.  
432 Ink Tablets at 3c, worth 5c.  
125 Ink Tablets at 5c, worth 10c.  
436 Ink Tablets at 10c, worth 10 to 25c.

New lot of Belt, Sash and Neck Ribbon, Buckles and Clasps in today.

D. J. BOSTIAN.

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