

DAILY STANDARD

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Editors and Proprietors.

OFFICE - IN - BRICK - ROW.

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CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 3, 1899.

HISTORY OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

We have read with much interest the history of St. John's church by her present pastor, Rev. S. D. Steffey. It is a pamphlet of 69 pages printed at the office of the Concord Times. The mechanical work is entirely creditable and the matter is a running historical sketch as comprehensive as we could conceive of. The author states facts without spinning them out with efforts at rhetorical or romantic embellishment, but in that simple style that makes verbal narration doubly interesting. It is not best to write a sketch in stiff chronological order and the author bears this well in mind, linking up connections for the reader.

This accounts for a few repetitions which do no harm but materially aid the reader to retain the thread of the relative events.

The story is recapitulated still more succinctly at its close, which renders the salient points of this interesting history capable of easy grasp and permanent retention by the most ordinary reader.

Rev. Steffey has rendered a very great service to his congregation and all those who feel an ancestral interest in this venerable cluster of believers whose history began close up to the departing footsteps of the Red Man.

This booklet should find its way into the homes of the offspring of those heroic pioneers of Dutch Buffalo creek and be filed away after the reading among the things not to be destroyed.

TO THE REPORTER'S RESCUE.

There are times when the still quietness of a town and the apparent conspiracy of people and things make the path of the newspaper reporter thorny with sheer dryness. If such was the condition in South Greensboro last Thursday an "auntie" relieved the situation, for about noon the air was suddenly pierced with yells that suggested the smallness of a murder or the commonplaceness of conflagrations, cyclones, earthquakes, etc. Men's hair stood on ends, dinners were instantly suspended as was digestion, and the bravest with loaded pistols proceeded to the source from which the vociferous convulsions seemed to come. On arriving at the center of those sound waves which would have annihilated Prof. Wood's sound wave camera it was learned that she had struck her vaccinated arm against a piece of wood.

The Goldsboro Argus says the freshets in the Neuse river have made a harvest for the fishermen. A dozen white shad to the hour has been reported since the waters have fallen. But that's fishy.

SOME GOOD COUNSEL.

The Danville Farrago gets off the following that is too good to let die in the exchange heaps:

"There is not much use, in this world of woe, to sweat and worry, and stew and fuss about what people say concerning you. In the first place you should ask yourself the question: 'Is my bill of health clean?' If you are all right, and your conscience tells you so—go on the way you are going. If you can, by the reason God gave you, justify your actions and your deeds, care not what any one says concerning you. In all homes and in society there are grinning skeletons in some closet, and their bones will rattle at times. The man never yet lived, who was of earth, who had not some fault—viewed through some other man's glasses. Do the best you can; try to be decent; be of good cheer—put your faith in God and in yourself and you'll be winner every time. If you falter, if you sit down to view the troops of jealousy and envy and hatred which may pass before you—you are wasting time—you are allowing the devil to tempt you.

SHOULD BE UNIVERSAL.

The cigarette is having a hard road to travel. In Arkansas the Legislature has made the purchase, sale or donation of cigarettes a crime. In this State Bakersville, Mitchell county, comes to the front with the strictest ordinance on record. That town has a law fining any boy under seventeen years of age who smokes cigarettes. The mayor had a sixteen-year-old chap before him last week for this offense and fined him \$2.95. *Charlotte News.*

We should have the Bakersville law all over the land. It would be to the physical and moral saving of the boys and a relief to the parents who are almost powerless to counteract the fad.

Fifteen prominent business men of Lake City, S. C., are to be tried in the United States circuit court at Charleston soon for the destruction of the postoffice at Lake City, and the murder of the negro postmaster, Baker, and his child, more than a year ago. It seems two of the party turned State's evidence. It was a deplorable and outrageous crime and is as indefensible as the crime of the president in ever making the negro a postmaster so regardless of the wishes, the spirit and the temper of a people who have the race problem to solve. Whatever be the outcome of the trial it is easy to see where the initiatory step was taken. The president can hardly wash this bloody stain off his own hands.

The latest sensation on the political surface is a threat that the Republicans will attempt, by injunction, to prevent the election next year in North Carolina for the ratification of the amendments and also carry into the United States courts an effort to annul the Louisiana and other Southern States' laws restricting the undesirable vote. There will have to be some fine lines drawn to prevent the restriction of the ballot in the South and not in the North. As it is more necessary, too, in the South than in the North it will display a deeper state of partisan depravity on the part of those who attempt it in the South.

If the experience Sunday night with the electric lights were oft repeated we should certainly have to return to the reliable old kerosene lamp. The necessity is all the more patent when it breaks into a most impressive discourse and besides suspending the devotion is attended with the revoltingly bad taste of indulgence in giggling.

THE STOPPING OF THE CLOCK.

Surprising falls the instantaneous calm,

The sudden silence in my chamber small;
I, starting, lift my head in half alarm—
The clock has stopped—that's all.

The clock has stopped! Yet why have I so found

An instant feeling, almost like dismay?

Why note its silence sooner than its sound?

For it has ticked all day.

So many a life beside my own go on,

And such companionship unheeded keep;

Companionship scarce recognized till gone,

And lost in sudden sleep.

And so the blessings heaven daily grants

Are in their very commonness forgot;

We little heed what answereth our wants—

Until it answers not.

A strangeness falleth on familiar ways

As if some pulse were gone beyond recall—

Something unthought of, linked with all our days—

Some clock has stopped—that's all.

—Geo. H. Coomer.

Greensboro is figuring on getting a carpet factory. Now if she goes to making carpet Concord will put her foot on it.

The Simoan troubles are about to be patched up by an arbitration. This is better than fighting about the patch of earth that seems to have too many owners and guardians.

Mr. Charles C. Adams of the First National Bank of Charlotte, has invented and patented a machine for counting interest. It is said to be incapable of confusion like a fellow's cranial machinery. It is adjustable to different rates, and tackles all amounts from \$1 to \$10,000. Anon the question, can he count interest, will not mean, Has he ability, but has he a machine?

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement. "It is a positive cure for catarh if used as directed." —Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Presbyterian Church, Helena, Mont.

After using Ely's Cream Balm six weeks I believe myself cured of catarh.—Joseph Stewart, Grand Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

A 10c. trial size of Ely's Cream Balm will be mailed. Kept by druggists. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Killed the Wrong Man.

A man, Ozouf, by name, believed to be crazed by his loss in the Panama canal scheme, with which the French president's name has been attached, killed M. Tourrett on last Friday, mistaking him for President Loubet.

Spring flowers—spring Salad—and sometimes even spring poets are good in their way, but a *spring tonic* is necessary for good health, and Hall's Sarsaparilla is the "best of all" spring medicines, it makes good rich red blood which gives the ruddy glow of health and beauty to the maiden's cheeks, the elastic spring and strong arm to the manly form, and makes life a joy to the end. Try it! For sale at Fetzer's drug store.

SPECIAL!

Monday, April the 3rd.

THE RACKET STORE

will celebrate its 12th anniversary.

As an appreciation of the faithful patronage you have given The Racket we will have a - - -

Special Sale,

giving you a cash discount of 10 per cent. on all purchases made on Monday, April the 3rd.

This means \$10 worth for \$9 or 10 cents worth for 9 cents.

EVERYBOBY INVITED

Very Respectfully,

D. J. BOSTIAN.

R U A

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A Home Paper Containing Home and Other News That Is of Interest to Our Readers.

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