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North Carolina and Her Colonial Statesmen.

(CONTINUED FROM SATURDAY.)

Wm. R. Davie was the orator, statesman and diplomatist of the Revolution. Nat Macon, an influential leader, a man noted for his will-power and tenacity of purpose.

Alexander Martin, Wm. Blount, Hugh Williamson, Willie Jones and Richard Dobbs Spaight were all heroes of the Revolution.

Many a gallant deed and noble instance of devoted patriotism has been lost, yet as far as the records show, North Carolina has given us some of the greatest men in the world's history—descendants of the old Huguenot line—men who derived their fighting blood from Cain, their sagacious blood from Esau, their military blood and wise strategy from Joshua and their wisdom from Solomon. Besides her Colonial records, North Carolina has other history of which she may be justly proud. Virginia Dare, the first child of English parents in America, was born in North Carolina. The first print of English footsteps was made in North Carolina in 1584. The first prayer ever uttered by English lips in America was offered on Roanoke Island in Dare county, N. C. The first sermon ever preached in America in a native tongue was at Newton, N. C., in 1646. The first Legislative Assembly in America called by the authority of the people met at New Bern, N. C., in August, 1774. The first blood shed by the people of America in resistance of the oppression of Great Britain was North Carolina blood at Alamance, May 16th, 1771. The first open Declaration of Independence of Great Britain made in America was made by the people of Mecklenburg county, at Charlotte, May 20th, 1775. The first purchase of Indian lands in America was made in Perquimans county in 1663, nearly fifty years before the purchase by William Penn. of the Pennsylvania Indians. After these distinguished first historical events, is it not a just claim of North Carolina that she is "the rightful mother of the States."

Sir Walter Raleigh stands sentinel at the gate-way of her history and following him she has an illustrious lineage. North Carolina also has the honor of furnishing three presidents to the United States. Andrew Jackson was born in Union county, James K. Polk in Mecklenburg county and Andrew Johnson in Raleigh, Wake county, N. C. It is melancholy to think of the inaccuracies, the omissions of history. North Carolina has been a great sufferer in that way, probably the greatest of all the original thirteen. Richmond has been our principal history factory and with a swollen head and a morbid State pride that caused Virginia to think that history and its heroes belonged

to them, North Carolina, being their next door neighbor, was absorbed, and all its historic laurels torn from her modest brow and wreathed around Virginia's avaricious crown.

Time bringeth all things right but often wears leaden shoes and is rather tardy in putting in its work. North Carolina has made enough history to fill a large sized library. It has furnished enough orators to fill all the mausoleums of history. Wm. R. Davie was the Patrick Henry of North Carolina. Why was not Henry the Wm. R. Davie, of Virginia. Davie was a courtly gentleman of the old school, a good lawyer, an able debater, a representative of our government at the polished court of France. Henry was a barkeeper, a hook-and-line fisherman, a fox hunter and associated with rowdies in intimate companionship. Why then is it that Henry rides down the lines of history as the "Silver-Tongued Orator" and Davie is hardly known to our school children. All along the line from Davie down, orators have been indigenous to North Carolina soil and at every period of her history. Why do we not know that history by heart. Simply because our pens have been silent amid the clash of arms and the progress of great events. This is all wrong—if North Carolina has made history then it is right and just that the laurels of history should be twined around her brow. How can the wrong be righted? Let North Carolina Day be set apart in all our schools in the State as sacred to our history. Let each pupil select some event in our annals and write a historical essay upon it. Let the teacher select the best essay and preserve it and the next generation of North Carolina's sons and daughters will know more and be prouder of the grand old State of their birth and its achievements in the role of history.

"Carolina, Carolina, heaven's blessing attend her,
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.
Though the scorners may sneer and wailings defame her,
Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her."

Boy in Deep Water.

A mere boy, the son of Mr. George Hip, got into deep water at the Cress Ford on Buffalo creek Sunday morning on the way home from Concord. He was in a buggy and all were swept down the swift stream about a quarter of a mile where the boy succeeded in getting out on one side of the stream and the horse on the other. The horse, however, got among bushes and had to be helped out by friends who cut away the bushes. The buggy floated down and lodged on the dam of the Foil mill.

The boy was only 12 or 15 years old and it was an impressive experience. He was deceived in the foard.

Quite a Merchantile Expansion.

Since writing about the enlargement of the Cannon & Fetzer Company's plant, we learn that they have secured the Patterson property in rear, so that they own from Union to Church street. The Bell & Harris Furniture store will be torn entirely away and built up with the present store building. The wall by the alley will contain large openings and the wall dividing the store at present with its stair way will be removed. When complete there will be two large rooms occupying 100x110 feet on the ground floor beside the up stair space. Double sided pedestal shelving of convenient height will contain the shelf goods.

On the back lot will, at some time not far distant, be a fine large ware-room sufficient for their needs.

The stock of goods will be more extensive in quantity and variety.

Their Little Girl Sleeps.

The three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Watt Barringer died Sunday night of grippe with complications. It was buried at Poplar Tent church this (Monday) evening. We tender sincere sympathy to the bereaved parents.

Hondo Mine Explosion.

San Antonio, Tex., Feb. 2.—The last information from the Hondo, Mex., mine explosion, shows it to have been fully, as serious as at first reported. There were 110 miners at work in the mine when the explosion occurred and all of them are supposed to be dead.

The majority of the victims are Mexicans and Chinamen, very few Americans being at work in the mine. Every mule in the mine was killed, three dead ones being taken from the debris today. The work of clearing away the wreck in order to get the bodies is being done as rapidly as possible, but there is no hope that any of the 110 men will be rescued alive.

The Biddles Both Dead.

The Pittsburg jail delivery is more than a local sensation and is a tragedy of unusual magnitude. Both the Biddles are dead and the erring Mrs. Soffel may not survive. The Biddles died at Butler, Pa., Saturday. John at 7:30 p. m., and Ed at 11 o'clock p. m.

John died of wounds by the officers, but Ed Biddle died of a pistol wound from his own hand.

An inquest was held over them in the jail and the officers were exonerated from all blame and commended for their courage and promptness.

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will be moved sure enough. If you have any desire to buy goods from them at the old stand do so at once. Elevator is now being placed and before many moons they will be playing Humpty Dump in Caton's Hall. We have studied your interest—we have everything convenient. Not a wish we can't gratify. Come in and be happy. If we don't give you more for your money than you have ever realized out of Caton's Hall we will quit the show business. Come and see.

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