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GREAT VICTORY OVER HIGH PRICES!

THE FIRST BIG DEAL OF THE
SPRING SEASON

The undersigned once more comes to the front and avows his determination to lead all competitors in the good work of saving the people money and supplying them with a superior quality of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

We are "loaded to the muzzle," and if our stock is not speedily reduced there is danger of an explosion when we fire off our big gun. Everybody must "stand from under," for the bottom has dropped out of LOW PRICES, and if anybody gets caught when it falls, somebody is sure to get hurt. Now open your eyes, bargain hunters, and if you are close calculators and know a good thing when you see it, come and see me if you want to save money by buying right.

Dry Goods, Hats, Boot and Shoes,

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

R. A. BROWN.

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

NEW
MILLINERY STORE.

I would inform the ladies of Concord and surrounding country that I have opened a new

Millinery Store

At ALLISON'S CORNER, where they will find a well selected stock of

Hats and Bonnets

Ribbons, Collars, Corsets, Bustles, Ruching, Vellings, &c., which will be sold cheap for CASH.

Give me a call.
Respectfully,
63m MRS. MOLLIE ELLIOT.

FURNITURE

CHEAP FOR CASH AT

M. E. CASTOR'S
FURNITURE STORE.

Room Suites, Bureaus,
Burial Cases, Caskets, &c.

HOMADE COFFINS, ALL KINDS
A SPECIALTY.

I do not sell for cost, but for a small profit. Come and examine my line of goods.
Old furniture repaired.
12 M. E. CASTOR.

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, 1889, or this notice will be placed in bar of their recovery.

GEO. C. HEGLER, Adm'r.
By W. M. SMITH, Atto. 122 5w

CHAMPION
MOWER: REPAIRS.

I still keep on hand a stock of Champion Mower Repairs. My old customers will find me at the old stand, Allison's corner.
C. R. WHITE.

WHERE ARE THE GIRLS?
Follies of the Day as Illustrated by Conduct in Public.

In a Pullman sleeper the other night I watched an affecting parting between a young woman and her sweetheart. She was a bouncing maiden of the Daisy Miller type—he an insignificant looking young dude with caterpillar colored fuzz on his upper lip and a hat two or three sizes too small for his small head. The agony of parting almost overcame them. Their sweet sorrow was long drawn out. Their lips clung together in many long kisses, while he whispered airy nothings in her ear and embraced her repeatedly and she wept and sobbed into her freshly ironed handkerchief. The eyes of every one in the car were upon them and cynical and scoffing remarks were plenty. At last they tore themselves apart.

The eastern bound express rolled out of the depot, the passengers settled themselves for the journey and the young Pullman conductor made his first appearance with great brilliancy and éclat. How it happened I cannot tell, for my thoughts were busy elsewhere, but after a little I raised my eyes and lo! "Cholly" was forgotten. Daisy's tears were dried and she was conducting, according to the best knowledge and most authentic rules of the game—a successful flirtation with the young conductor. She giggled, she made eyes, she frowned prettily, she was so charmingly helpless about the window, she must have water and oranges, and the dickens knows what, and the railway fiddling was at her beck and call. Next morning the flirtation made perceptible progress. Daisy went to breakfast with gilt buttons and blue clothes, and what there was inside of them. She donned her ulster and the big flaring Gainsborough and went out and rode upon the platform "to look at the scenery," which consisted mainly of flat meadows, freshly plowed, and was accordingly of surpassing beauty. She talked at the top of her lungs, and informed the other passengers that now she guessed she'd better wash her hands, and anon she guessed she'd have a pillow. This being brought, she made great use of it for the further subjugation of the unhappy conductor, for taking it, she posed upon it such effective attitudes as to win glances of approval and speeches of admiration from the infatuated, hopelessly besotted youth. In fact, several hundred miles Daisy formed the staple amusements for a car full of passengers.

Being delayed for several hours in an out-of-the-way town on the following day, I watched the gradual unfolding of another sudden attachment. Daisy the second was also traveling alone. She was a pretty girl, but had a look of brazen, full bloom coquetry in her eyes. A man who certainly looked old enough to know better, a man with wrinkled face and blase eyes, made her acquaintance. He was devoted to himself. He sat by her and stared into her pretty, peachy face with a vicious gaze, and complimented her in the most bold and florid fashion, and when I left them in the soft, mellow twilight she was cuddled up under his protection like a fascinated bird under the coil of a serpent.

A gentleman, who has a daughter 18 years old, said: "Well, if I thought my daughter would act like that I should want to shoot myself." Both these girls were well dressed and looked as if they might be the children of well-to-do parents. What are the girls doing?

The streets in all our great cities are filled with girls from 12 to 18 who are ready and willing to flirt and make the acquaintance of any tolerably good looking and well dressed stranger. So anywhere, in street cars, on trains and steamers, in parks and avenues, in New York or Chicago, you can witness any number of such scenes as I have described. At the hours when shops close and business men are walking to their homes this parade is most noticeable. I have a friend, a young man who walks every night from his office to his room, a distance of many blocks. He tells me that every night pretty, well dressed girls, not disreputable women, but daughters of eminently respectable people, through this great thoroughfare to make a "dash," that they often accost him—even young girls with short skirts and hair hanging in braids, and by look and word invite his society. Nor is this an exceptional case. I often hear of and I am witness to these remarkable exhibitions. This is what the girls are doing. Now what are the mothers doing? Well, many of them are absorbed in their houses, looking after this, arguing about the width of a pillow case, or whether hot or cold starch will produce the most resplendent results. Some of them are wrapped up in church work, attending church lectures or making flannel shirts for the heathen, or looking after the church sociable, or carpeting the minister's

study, or teaching Sunday school, or oh mockery, leading a "mothers" meeting. The mothers are lost in theories, while the daughters are learning frivolity or something worse.

To the girls who do this sort of thing, pick up a chance acquaintance here and there, listen to the cheap compliments of fellow travelers, railway conductors and all the other spiders that are on the watch for foolish flies, I will simply say: "You are running a tremendous hazard. You are but the idle amusement of an idle hour for these men. Don't flatter yourselves that you will find a respectable sweetheart or a living husband among these men, who will approach you in this bold way. Men do not care to be sought they prefer to seek. Your name will be bandied about from traveling man to traveling man, from one railway conductor to another. In their vocabulary you will simply be 'my last mash,' an offensive description of yourself, garished with winks and innuendoes, will pass from mouth to mouth, and while at heart you may be perfectly innocent, none of these men will believe you to be."

To the mothers I would say pretty sharply, "Why in the name of common sense don't you let your temperance lectures and your table cloths, your jelly and your heathen's flannel shirt, your covenant meetings and the flies go, and look after your daughter a little better? Why do you allow them to travel alone to make a State street promenade a daily habit? And these Sunday afternoon strolls in the parks. Do you realize what they mean?"—Edith Sessions Tupper in Chicago Herald.

THE MILLS BILL.

The North State intimates that the principle of the Mills bill is un-American; that it is in the interest of other countries. Well now, who is the greatest man, North State or President Grant? The principle of the Mills bill that is so objectionable to the North State, we suppose, is taking the tax off of raw material. This, we take it, is what makes our contemporary denounce it as being in the interest of foreign manufacturers. Now, President Grant discussed that matter in his message of 1875. He was talking about free raw materials when he said:

"I would mention those articles which enter into manufactures of all sorts. All duty paid on such articles goes direct to the cost of the article when manufactured here, and must be paid for by the consumer. These duties not only come from the consumers at home, but act as a protection to foreign manufacturers in our own and distant markets."

Gen. Grant was not much of a politician; but he was taught in the best school in the world and he reasoned with great accuracy. In studying this question he reached the truth and he stated it plainly, like the blunt, honest soldier states the honest truth.

These taxes on raw material, he said, truly act as a protection to foreign manufacturers in our own and distant markets. That is a plain, practical, sensible way of stating the fact. It is a true statement: a tax on raw material is protection to the foreign manufacturer competing with the American manufacturer. It is therefore against American interests. Will our contemporary discuss for the benefit of its readers this plan proposition laid down by the great Republican President, who whatever his fault may have been, has never been assailed as wanting sense or as being antagonistic to the prosperity and glory of our country. —News and Observer.

The following sketch of E. P. Roe, the novelist, whose death has been announced, is here given: He was born at New Windsor, N. Y., March 7, 1838, and was educated at Williams College and Auburn Theological School, and entered the Presbyterian ministry. During the war he was chaplain of the Harris Light Cavalry, and at the close of hostilities became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Highland Falls, Orange county. The success of his first novel, "Barriers Burned Away," decided him in retiring from the ministry to devote himself to literary work. The idea of writing that book was suggested to him by a visit to the ruins of the great Chicago fire. His income was much larger than most men, from the same source, in America. Among his best known works were "Barriers Burned Away," "Opening a Chestnut Burr," and "He Fell in Love with His Wife." The early part of the day he spent in writing, and after that time was taken up with his garden. Midnight work he never did. He had just finished a new book,

CRUSHED BY BOSTON.

Sad Fate of a St. Louis Youth Who Didn't Know Beans.

"Mr. Cahokia," said the young lady from Boston, softly, as she drew her skirts carefully away from the sides of the boat and gazed with a dreamy, Emersonian air at the stalwart youth who was handling the oars, "have you never felt that aching void, that irrepressible longing, that imperious inward cry that will not be silenced when the soul realizes its own isolation and knows that somewhere in the trackless depths of space its kindred soul is flying on restless wing, mayhap at a remote distance, peradventure almost within its grasp?"

"Why—of course, Miss Howjames," replied the St. Louis young man, rather vaguely, as he changed the course of the boat to relieve his eyes from the sun's dazzling glare reflected from the spectacles in front of him, and noted with some uneasiness that he was several hundred yards from shore and a mile from any other boat, "I have sometimes felt, as you say, that sort of—er—gone-ness—er—in the early spring, you know—nothing but ham and eggs, you know, at the restaurant."

"O, Mr. Cahokia!" broke forth the young lady, impulsively, "I am sure you have often wished, with the poet, for some little isle with wings, and that you and your son's mate within its fairy bowers were wafted off to seas unknown, where not a pulse should beat but ours, and we might live, love—but what am I saying?"

"I think," said Mr. Cahokia, looking despairingly up and down the stream and wiping his brow nervously with his handkerchief, "you were saying something about islands and seas. When it comes to geography, Miss Howjames, I don't know beans."

"You don't know what, Mr. Cahokia?"

"Beans."

"Do you dislike beans, sir?"

"Can't go 'em at all, Miss Howjames?"

"Mr. Cahokia," said the Boston young lady, with chilling haughtiness, "I think we will go ashore, if you please."—Chicago Tribune.

THE FRENCHMAN'S THREAT.

An old man in New Hampshire was one day driving along the road an old nag which, owing to his skin and bone condition, he had facetiously reylet Bonaparte. It was about the time when party feeling in Massachusetts ran high against a certain politician's occupancy of the gubernatorial chair.

The old man kept on hitting his nag occasionally with his reins with the accompanying "Git up, Bonaparte; git up old fellow."

Presently he met on the road a travelling showman with a performing bear; who was making his way to the next village. The owner of the bear was a Frenchman, and hearing the countryman accost his forlorn nag as Bonaparte inquired what he meant.

"Don't ye see what I mean? Look at his bones, will ye?" queried Jonathan.

"But don't ze known ze Bonaparte he vas von grat sheneral?" demanded the Frenchman.

"I don't care a darned mite what he was," answered the Yankee. "That name suits this boss. Bonaparte is his name. Now, what air ye goin' to do 'bout it?"

"I will tell you vot I do," cried the Frenchman excitedly. "You see this bar? He is my property; I make my money out of him. Vell I haf ze say. You call zat horse Bonaparte again and I put von finger in ze bar's eye and I mark him and call him Ben Butler."

"All persons willing to vote for the election of men who will secure total prohibition, &c.," will hold a convention in Beaufort county Aug. 3rd, to nominate a ticket. The call is decidedly rich—"who will secure total prohibition," is good. Every man who knows anything knows that these good gentlemen will secure nothing except the votes of a few superconscientious Don Quixote white men, and possibly the defeat of the Democratic county ticket. It is sad to see men, who are in many ways excellent citizens, frittering away their influence in such useless and impossible schemes for making the world moral by legislation.

Seeds Worth \$100 an Ounce.

Few persons have any notion of the fact that 99 per cent. of all the flower seeds sold in this country come from abroad. More than half of these are grown in Germany where vast tracts are devoted solely to this purpose. Travelers say that these huge farms, with acres upon acres of asters, chrysanthemums, mignonettes, sweet peas and so on, all in bloom, are an astonishing sight. Imagine a whole district, many square miles in extent, all one continuous garden. The gathering of the seeds on these plantations is a labor requiring infinite skill and patience. Each blossom must individually receive the most careful attention. Take, for instance, the pansy. On each little plant no more than two or three flowers must be always kept in process of going to seed, which is to be removed from the bush when it is ripe and before it has an opportunity to scatter itself. Manure water must be constantly applied, to make the little "johnny jump ups" grow bigger—for that is the way, you know, in which the monstrous pansies one sees in hot houses are produced—and great pains must be taken with the crossing of breeds, so as to obtain the best possible results. So it is also with other flowers. The seeds, once harvested, are bought up by contractors and forwarded in bulk to the wholesale dealers of Europe, who send them by the ounce or pound to this country. The merchants here do them up in small packages, marked with their own stamps, and in this manner they reach the public on this side of the water. Some of them are enormously expensive. The writer bought, last season, a microscope quantity of some pansy seed which cost at the rate of \$75.00 per ounce. But they were well worth the money. The flowers which sprang from them were vegetable butterflies, counterfeiting those gorgeous insects not only in the brilliancy of their varied colors, but even in the shape and peculiar markings of their wing like petals. Fuchsia seeds of the finest quality bring \$100.00 an ounce, and others—such as those of the gloriovia, clunieraria, coleus and cheveria—fetch yet higher prices, equal to many times their weight in gold. A few are so valuable that they have actually been counted out at so much apiece.

There is a small number of gardeners in the United States who make a business of growing select strains of certain rare plants for the market; but the supply derived from these sources is not considerable. —Chicago Tribune.

A Clever Painter.

Some painters were relating their experiences the other day, when one said:

"I took a contract to paint a wagon for a fruit dealer. The dealer was very particular and insisted that the vehicle should be painted the exact color of an orange. What was I to do? I did not have the necessary colors to make that tint, and that was not the worst of it, I did not have the money to buy them. But I painted the wagon. I called the dealer to look at it. 'That is not what I ordered; that is not an orange color. I will send you an orange so that you can match the exact shade I want.'"

"The orange came, and I confests there was considerable difference. After contrasting the orange with the wagon and the wagon with the orange, I came to the conclusion that it would be easier to paint the orange than the cart, and I had just about paint enough left to do that. In a few days I sent word that the job was finished. The dealer said: 'That is not right. You don't call that orange?'"

"That is about as clear as I can get it," I replied, and held up the orange. He looked at the orange and then at the wagon. They were identical; the same paint covered both. I had painted the orange to match the wagon.

"Well, I must be getting color blind," he said, as he reluctantly paid for the job."

The encampment of the State Guard at Wrightsville Sound was a great and glorious success. Over 1,200 of the gallant soldiers boys from every part of our grand old State were there, and all North Carolina wishes that they enjoyed their experience of military discipline, as well as the hospitality of Wilmington and the pleasure of sojourn by the sea.

Woman's Physical Superiority.

True she cannot sharpen a pencil; and, outside of commercial circles; she can't tie a package to make it look like anything save a crooked cross section of chaos; but land of miracles! see what she can do with a pin! I believe there are some women who could pin a glass knob to a door. She cannot walk so many miles around a billiard table with nothing to eat, and nothing to speak of to drink, but she can walk the floor all night with a fretful baby, without going sound asleep the first half hour. She can ride 500 miles without going into the smoking car to rest and get away from the children. She can go to town and do a wearisome day's shopping, and have a good time with three or four friends, without drinking a keg of beer. She can enjoy an evening visit without smoking half a dozen cigars. She can endure the torturing distraction of a house full of children all day, while her husband cuffs them all howling to bed before he has been at home an hour. Every day she endures a dress that would make an athlete swoon. She will not, and possibly cannot, walk 500 miles around a tank track in six days for \$5,000, but she can walk 200 miles in ten hours, up and down the crowded aisles of a dry good store when there is a reduction sale on. She hath no skill at fence, and knoweth not how to spar; but when she javelins a man in the ribs, in a Christmas crowd, with her elbow—that man's whole family howles. She is afraid of a mouse, and runs from a cow, but a book agent can't scare her. She is the salt of the church, the pepper of the choir, the life of the sewing society, and about all there is of a young ladies' school of nunnery. A boy with a sister is fortunate, a fellow with a cousin is to be envied, a young man with a sweetheart is happy, and a man with a wife is thrice blessed more than they all.

Brigham Young's Ready Wit.

It is believed that the following anecdote of Brigham Young has never before been published. The high priest of the Mormons often had to exert the whole of his wonderful quick wit in order to preserve the faith that his followers had in him, but he was generally equal to the occasion. A certain elder, while chopping wood, had cut his leg so badly that it had to be amputated. As soon as he was able he came to Young and stated his case to him somewhat as follows: "I have always been a good Mormon; I have several wives and a good many children, and in my present maimed condition I do not know how I am to provide for them. I believe that truly you are Christ's representative on earth, and that you have all the power that he had. If you like you can work miracles; if you like you can give me a new leg, and now I ask you to do it."

Young assented to all the flattering proposition as they were laid down, and when the elder had finished speaking he said: "I can give you a new leg, and I will, but I want you to think about it a little at first. When the day of judgement comes, wherever you are buried, your old leg will find you out and join itself to you, but if I give you a new one that will rise with you too, and the question is whether you would rather suffer the inconvenience of getting along with one for a few years here or go through all eternity with three legs."

The choice was quickly made, and Brigham Young's reputation as a miracle worker was saved.—New York Tribune.

The biggest steamboat in the world was launched Wednesday at Roach's ship yard, Cesta, Pa. Her name is the Puritan, she is to run on the Old Colony Line from Fall River to New York and will have cost, when she makes her maiden trip on the Sound, \$1,500,000. She is to be the most magnificent vessel in the world. She is 420 feet long over all, is to have engines of 7,000 horse power and is expected to develop a speed of 21 miles an hour. Her hull is of steel, her main deck is also of steel, and by means of water tight bulkheads and compartments she is to be unsinkable. Fire-proof her steel equipment makes her and her saloons and staterooms are, of course, to be superbly finished and upholstered. She is a sister ship to the famous Pilgrim.

A barber of Newburg, has invented a chair which registers the number of persons who sit in it during the day.