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An Old Face in a New Place.

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modious building lately
occupied by W. C. J.
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CHAS. A. COOK

is now prepared to furnish

GROCERIES

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

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WILL FIND IT TO THEIR
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I have a beautiful and endless variety of
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LADIES, MISSES & CHILDREN.

Also a most handsome line of

Flowers, Tips, Ribbons,

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I STRIVE TO PLEASE ALL, AND
ONLY ASK A FAIR TRIAL.I also have a beautiful assort-
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NETS FOR CHILDREN.Respectfully,
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ton, D. C.

POETRY.

Her Laugh-In Four Bits.
Washington Post.]
At 10 a blithesome little maid,
Restrained by nought but nature's law,
Went roaming over the glassy glade
And laughed a merryHaw Haw.
At 20 she was bright and fair;
But now, restrained by fair mamma,
She only tossed her golden hair,
And laughed a ripplingHa Ha.
At 30 she was more sedate,
And, still from wedded bondage free,
She said her time was growing late,
And laughed a yearningHe He.
At 40 she despaired of joy,
For none had come her heart to woo.
She sighed for either man or boy,
And laughed a dolefulWho Who.
She tried to scream.TERRIBLE MENTAL TORTURE OF A
YOUNG WOMAN ABOUT TO BE
BURIED ALIVE.

Courier Journal.]

St. Louis, May 3.—An afternoon
paper prints a sensational story of a
remarkable case of cataplexis report-
ed from South St. Louis, the name
being suppressed for the alleged
reason that the victim is so weak that
the excitement certain to be aroused
by a knowledge of her identity, and
consequent calls by curious neigh-
bors, would be fatal. The story is to
the effect that a married woman,
twenty-five years of age, was in her
cabin, and about to be taken out for
burial, when her husband saw her
move ordered her taken out of the
cabin at once and called two physi-
cians, who, after an examination,
pronounced life not extinct, and be-
gan a process of resuscitation. Their
efforts were successful and the woman
was in a short time brought back to
consciousness. This story was ob-
tained from her sister, a young mar-
ried woman, who lives at 721 South
Fourth street.The sister related the following
facts in connection with the strange
case: "Last Monday my sister, who
had been sick for but a few days,
died, as far as we could see, and the
attending physician pronounced her
dead, and her husband proceeded to
make arrangements for the funeral.
A coffin was secured, and when the
supposed corpse was dressed it was
laid in the coffin. The intention was
to have the funeral Tuesday after-
noon. Friends of the family visited
the house, and mourned over the
body from which the spirit had
been believed, departed. On Tuesday
afternoon, a short time before the
closing of the coffin was to have
taken place, my brother-in-law was
standing beside the bier looking on
the face of his wife, when his little
boy came into the room and said: 'I
want to look at mamma.' Just then
the arm of my sister moved. The
husband saw it and was naturally
very much startled. He informed
those in the room in an excited
manner of what he had seen, and
my sister was at once taken from the
coffin and placed on a bed and two
physicians summoned.They placed a glass in front of
her face, and all could at once per-
ceive the signs of breath upon it.
They began to work with her, and
after a short while more positive
signs of life began to appear. She
got better all the time until finally
she became conscious. The most
terrible feature about it all is that
she knew perfectly everything. When
she was being dressed for burial,
she realized what was being done and
tried her best to show signs of life,
but could not do so. When she was
placed in the coffin, an awful feeling
of what was to be her doom came
over her, she says, and she tried to
scream, and thought that she suc-
ceeded, but, of course, she did not.
When she came to and related to us
an account of the mental torture she
had experienced during the time her
trance lasted, she said: "Where
were you when I screamed?"
We told her she did not scream,
or we should have heard her. "Well,"
she said, "I tried to scream often,
and thought that once I succeeded
in emitting a shriek."When she was lying in the coffin
she tried to move, until her little
child came running into the room
and asked to look at her. Then her
arm cramped and her husband, who
was standing by the coffin, fortun-
ately happened to see it. Had he not
she would certainly have been bur-
ied alive.The story was further corroborated
by A. Hartwig, a grocer, who said
he saw the girl who told the story,
dressed in black and crying, going
by his store Monday, and when his
wife asked her what the matter was
she said her sister was dead, and she
was going to the funeral. She after-
wards told them the story of her
sister brought back to life. All efforts
to ascertain the name of the woman
who came so near being buried alive,
or the names of the physicians in
attendance, have thus far failed.An amusing misadventure hap-
pened the other day to a well known
artist in Paris. He had purchased
an old helmet in a bric-a-brac shop,
and when he got home the idea oc-
curred to try it on. It went on easily
enough, but when he wanted to take
it off he found it impossible to do so.
Finally he was forced to go to a
neighboring gunsmith's to have it
removed. His appearance on the street
wearing this medieval relic
produced a decided sensation.

A Crank in Charge.

THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF
WAR TAKEN POSSESSION OF BY
A LUNATIC.

Louisville Courier-Journal.]

Washington May 1.—Special.—A
nervous-looking man walked into
the office of the Secretary of War
this morning, and approaching the
big desk, said to Mr. Hannan who
was standing by: "Is this the Sec-
retary of War's desk?"
"It is, and this is the acting Sec-
retary of War," replied Mr. Hannan,
pointing to Gen. Benet."Well, I guess not," replied the
stranger. "I have a commission
from Grover Cleveland as Secretary
of War, and I am here to take my
office."Gen. Benet and Mr. Hannan ex-
changed glances, and then rapidly
sized up their visitor.
"Ah, indeed," said Gen. Benet,
"you are our new Secretary. Well,
Mr. Hannan, suppose you show the
Secretary over the building?""Not much," I don't want to see
the building. Have not got time.
Must go to work."Then Chief Clerk Tweedle was
asked if he would step in from the
next room and be introduced to the
"Secretary.""Have you a commission?" asked
the Chief Clerk."No, it was verbal from Grover
Cleveland.""Well, there is a cabinet meeting
over at the White House," said Mr.
Tweedle, and pulling out his watch,
"it's time you were over there now.""Well, I'm not going. They can
just come over here if they want to
see me," emphatically announced
Mr. Secretary.By the way, Tweedle, you have
been Chief Clerk here several years?""Yes,"
"Well, I wish you would have my
mail sent up right away and always
see that I get it promptly.""The mail is a little late to-day,
but will be along after awhile.""Who is your appointment Clerk
Mr. Tweedle?" asked the "Secretary.""We have none."
"You will appoint Mr. Washing-
ton Tappen Appointment Clerk at
once; and here, appoint these clerks,
too," and he pulled out a long list
of names and handed it to Mr.
Tweedle. Several ineffectual at-
tempts were made to induce the in-
truder to retire, but they were all in-
effective until the arrival of Sergeant
Trunnell, of the police force, and a
file of men, who had been telephoned
for."Stand back," cried the Secretary,
as he saw the officers approach, and
he added: "Put that man under
arrest," [pointing to the Chief Clerk].
After some parleying he was
induced to go with the Sergeant,
and was led away to the station-house.He was identified as a crazy man
named Baker, who had taken charge
of the police headquarters a few days
ago in a similar informal way.

Sea Birds Still the Troubled Seas.

New York Tribune.]

"Oil on troubled waters" has pro-
ved to be so efficacious in smoothing
rough seas, that mariners have begun
to provide their ships with cans of
fish oil and oiled bags to be used in
times of great storms against the
battering of the waves. Science
might have learned lessons from
Dame Nature centuries ago, and uti-
lized oil for the safety of all men
who "go down to the sea in ships."
Lieut. Gibbons, of the navy, referring
to the use of oil at sea, said a few
days ago: "To close observers of sea
birds in their own element during
bad weather it must have been shown
that however rough the ocean may
be where there are birds resting on
the sea there is scarcely a ripple to
disturb them. All fish-eating birds,
caper-pigeons, petrels, etc., eject oil
from the mouth when captured; and
doubtless they adopt a similar expe-
dient to aid them in stilling the
waves when searching for food in the
sea. In the South Atlantic and the
South Pacific oceans I have frequen-
tly witnessed sea-birds floating in
spaces of seemingly quiet waters,
when the sea around was rough.
The unusual smoothness in the water
where the birds floated was evidently
induced by the quantities of oil de-
posited by them upon the water,
either voluntarily or involuntarily."

A Painter's Let Go.

Every sailor has his story of the
mistakes which "landlubbers" make
over the names of things at sea,
which always seem to be exactly the
opposite of what they are on land.
A sheet, for instance, instead of be-
ing something broad like a sheet of
cloth or a sheet of water, is nothing
but a rope.A new boy had come on board a
West India ship, upon which a paint-
er had also been employed to paint
the ship's side.The painter was at work upon a
stage suspended under the ship's
stern. The captain, who had just got
into a boat alongside, called out to
the new boy who stood leaning over
the rail:

"Let go the painter!"

Everybody should know that a
boat's painter is the rope which
makes it fast, but this boy did not
know it. He ran aft and let go the
ropes by which the painter's stage
was held.Meantime the captain, weary with
waiting to be cast off."You rascal!" he called, "why don't
you let go the painter?""He's gone, sir," said the boy, brisk-
ly; "he's gone—pots, brushes and all."

Thomas Seay.

Hon. Thomas Seay, the present
incumbent of the gubernatorial chair
of Alabama, who was recently unan-
imously re-elected, first saw the light
of day on the 20th of November,
1846, in Green county, Alabama, and
is consequently just forty-two years
old. He obtained his primary edu-
cation in the schools of his native
county, and after serving as a private
in the Confederate army, completed
his studies at the Southern Univer-
sity at Greensboro, Ala., from which
institution he was graduated in the
class of 1867. Subsequently he com-
menced the study of law, and beingadmitted to the bar by the Supreme
Court of the State in the year 1869,
he pursued his profession with suc-
cess. In 1874, at a time when the
Thirty-second Senatorial district of
Alabama was overwhelmingly Repub-
lican, he was nominated by the
Democrats to lead a forlorn hope
against their triumphant opponents.
He was defeated in the contest, but
increased the Democratic vote con-
siderably. Two years later, in 1876,
he was again nominated by the De-
mocratic party, and was elected by a
large majority. Since then he has
continually served the State as a
Senator without opposition until
1880, when he was elected Governor
of Alabama.Mr. Seay was a member of the
National Democratic Convention at
Cincinnati in 1880, which nominated
General Hancock, and has been
prominent in the party conventions
of the State. In 1885 he was, by the
appointment of Gov. Edward A.
O'Neal, called to the bench of the
Supreme Court, which, as consti-
tuted, was incompetent to try—a dis-
tinction which his learning and his
extensive practice justified before
the profession. In 1886 he was nomi-
nated for governor, and in 1888 he
was unanimously nominated for the
same office on the Democratic ticket.
His nominations were equivalent to
election, as there was no opposition
at the polls.

Plants.

Plants have no nerves. The notion
that they can be stimulated as men
and animals can does not apply.
They can only feed, and this probably
exclusively through roots imbedded
in the soil. So what is meant by a
stimulating manure is one where
plant food is made soluble and easily
taken up by the roots of plants.
But there is something that looks
like stimulation in the application
of quick-acting manures in contact
with the seed. This gives the young
plant receiving such a benefit at
start that enables it to push its roots
beyond what it would otherwise do.
If the fertilizer attachment to one
tube of the drill becomes clogged, as
it sometimes will, the grain sown in
this row not only looks poorer, but is
poorer than the soil should naturally
of itself produce. The stronger
grain has invaded the domain of the
weaker and robbed it of the little it
had, besides occupying the ground to
the exclusion of the space its roots
should have filled.

Rained by a Parrot.

Our Little Boys and Girls.]

Mr. Brown had a "bird dog"—a
very handsome young hunter—and
I must tell you how he was spoiled
from hunting. It was so funny a
circumstance that his master always
laughed when he told the story, al-
though he was much vexed to lose
so good a game dog. His house-
keeper had a parrot given to her, and
the first time the dog came into the
room where the bird was he stopped
and "pointed." The parrot slowly
crossed the room and came up in
front of the dog and looked him
square in the eye, and then, after a
moment, said: "You're a rascal!"
The dog was so much astonished to
hear a bird speak that he dropped
his tail between his legs, wheeled
about and ran away, and from that
day to this he has never been known
to "point" at a bird.

More Land, Less Note.

Wilmington Star.]

A friend overheard the following
conversation between two dandies on
their way from the Sound. One was
an old fellow, the other a young,
half inclined exonerator:"Uncle Jim, let's go ter dat new
Lokohomer country, whay de gub-
ment gibs yer er hundred and six-
teen acres o' lan' fer nothin'."

"How many miles does dey say?"

"Don't say nothin' 'bout miles."

"Aint gwine. Dey owes me forty
acres an' er yaller mule now, an' I
need dat mule, too.""But dis is diffrent. Dey aint
nuthin' sed 'bout 't all, an' hits
mo'n er hundred acres o' lan', an'
you talkin' bout forty!""Same 't'ing, I tell yer, boy. Mo'
lan' less mule. I aint gwine, I tell
you."

The Duke's Dog.

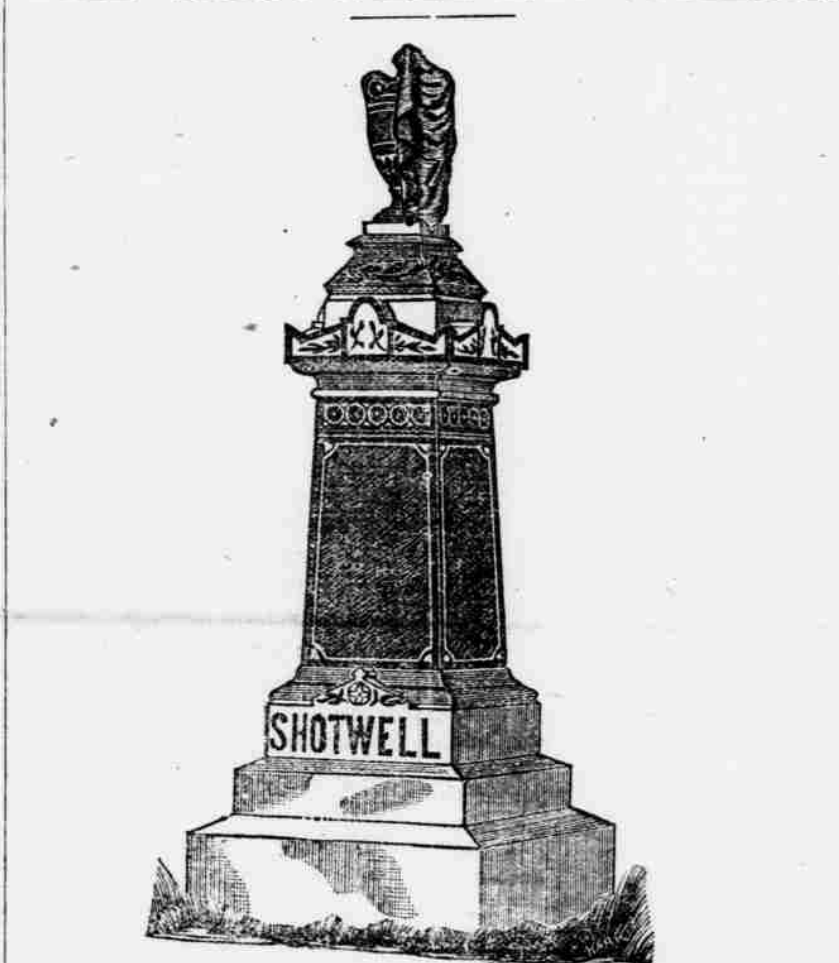
All the Year Round.]

The Duc d'Enghien had a spaniel
which passionately lamented over
his death, and we wonder if Napo-
leon suffered any qualm of remorse
when he read of it fiercely bemoan-
ing its master's untimely fate in the
most at Vincennes. At the first halt
the Duc d'Enghien's abductors made,
their prisoner requested them to
send back to Eitenheim for his "dog
and his clothes." He did well to
ask for his dog, for at Strasburg, Na-
poleon had ordered that his friends
and servants were to leave him. His
dog, however, since it lacked "the
divine power to speak words," was
not included in the order. In the
brief days of life which remained to
him, this speechless friend was his
only companion, went with him a
prisoner to Paris, and entered Vin-
cennes at his heels. On his arrival
where he was depressed, and his dog
sided up to him, and Lamiartine says:
"The spaniel which he had kept at
his side the whole route, rested his
head on his master's knee."The dog beguiled him out of dark
thoughts of his doleful prospects,
his spirits rose, and he left the win-
dow, out of which he had been
disconsolately staring and called his
dog to share his supper with him.
The faithful creature was on guard
beside him, when, one midnight, he
was aroused from his sleep to appear
before his judges. The duke, sure
of innocence, went to the mockery
of a trial, with sanguine hopes of
his speedy release. He did not know
that during his trial his grave was
being dug. After leaving the judg-
mental hall the prisoner, still unsus-
picious of the haste to fulfill the
sentence from which he expected a
pardon, was talking to Lieutenant
Noiret, a soldier who had known his
grandfather, the Prince of Conde.
A historian says "he played with his
dog" while chatting gaily to the
soldier.The poor beast had been ill at
ease, for some subtle instinct warned
it that there was danger afoot. His
dull spirits were raised by his master's
assurance; but it was short-lived
contentment, for the duke and his
dumb friend were soon parted by
death. The prisoner was ordered to
follow the commander down a dark-
some stairway, which led into the
moat. The duke hesitated; but the
dog, as usual, followed without
question at his master's heels. The
duke, when he reached the trench,
realized the truth. He cut a lock
of his hair gave it and a ring to
Noiret, to send to his betrothed,
Princess Charlotte de Rohan. As 3
o'clock struck, the soldiers fired, and
Napoleon's young victim fell.The spaniel, in the dim light—for
it was a gloomy March morning, and
the moat was lit by a solitary lan-
tern—did not see its master's face,
and was unaware of his evil fate till
it saw him dead. In vain it fawned
upon him, who, but a few minutes
previously, had stroked and com-
mended his pleased favorite. It was
with difficulty that the poor animal
could be torn from the spot and
given to one of the Prince's servants
who took him to the Princess Char-
lotte.

Confederate Veterans Association.

At the reunion of the Confederate
Veterans October 10th, 1889, at the
Fair Grounds, near Concord, Col.
Paul B. Means explained the object
of the meeting—viz: That of per-
petuating the Confederate Veteran
Association of Cabarrus county.
The association was permanently
organized with George E. Ritchie,
president, and J. F. Willeford, sec-
retary and treasurer.Gen. Rufus Barringer was uni-
mously elected an honorary member
of the association.The following resolutions were
then adopted:Resolved, 1st. That the president has
full power to call the association together
when necessary.2d. That the secretary be requested to
collect and enroll the names of all vet-
erans in Cabarrus not yet enrolled and en-
roll them according to regiment and company
and publish said enrollment.3d. That all soldiers resident of other
counties who apply for membership be
enrolled on a separate roll by the secre-
tary.4th. That this association meet yearly,
and the time of meeting to be the first
Tuesday in September, 1890.5th. That the thanks of this association
be tendered B. F. Rogers for his splendid
welcome address.6th. That Gen. Rufus Barringer has the
thanks of this body for his address, and
for the lively interest he has taken in
this organization.7th. That each company here rep-
resented form themselves into a company
organization, and that the secretary of
each report the full enrollment to the
secretary of the county association.8th. That thanks be tendered to the
ladies who have so willingly and liberally
aided in making this, our first reunion,
a day long to be remembered.9th. That the contributions to this as-
sociation be made a permanent fund for
its perpetuation.10th. That each company organization
be urged to secure for the permanent
fund all the contributions possible, and
turn them over to the treasurer of this
association to be accounted for at each
yearly meeting.11th. That the Committee on Consti-
tution and Bylaws be continued and re-
port at the next yearly meeting.On motion the association ad-
vised to meet on the first Tuesday
in September, 1890.WILLIAM E. RITCHIE, President.
J. F. WILLEFORD, Sec'y and Treas.

THE SHOTWELL MONUMENT.

We present to our readers a cut of the beautiful monument erected by
the people of North Carolina in memory of the late RANDOLPH A.
SHOTWELL, so well known as the editor of the Farmer and Mechanic, after-
wards the State Chronicle. This monument is the workmanship of Mr.
Charles A. Goodwin, of Raleigh, N. C., and marks the last resting-place
of the brave patriot and soldier in the cemetery at Raleigh. We are indebted
to Mr. Joseph Daniels, of the State Chronicle, for his kindness in lending
us the cut.

An Historic Incident Repeated.

The Southern troops were in a
high state of pleasure this morning
over the march of yesterday, and
the way they were received. They
felt very proud and grateful for the
enthusiasm over them. The South
Carolina regiment in particular was
wild with joy. They were still
laughing over an incident in the
parade. As they were passing up
Fifth avenue with the Governor of
the State at the head, fifteen men
standing along the curb raised mugs
of beer in their hands. One of them
said, "What did the Governor of
North Carolina say to the Governor
of South Carolina?" All then so-
lemnly drank the beer. The crowd
cheered and every body laughed.

Labor Lost.

Detroit Free Press.]

Old farmer (sauntering into a large
dry goods store bearing a well-filled
two-bushel bag on his shoulder)—
"Say, young feller, is this whar they
buy cat's tails?"
Clerk—"Cat's tails?"
"Yes, cat's tails.""Great Scott, man, what do you
mean?"
"Mean? Why, I mean jest what I
say. Doy'er buy 'em?""Certainly not. I never heard of
anybody buying such things.""Never, eh?"
"Of course not.""Wal, thar's somethin' quare
about it then. Why, er leetle while
back ther ole 'oman read in er paper
whar it wuz writ down thar cat tails
wuz in big deman 'an' that city folks
paid fer 'em fur ornamentin' poppo-
ses. Then I fell ter thinkin' on it, an'
it come ter me thet es ther wuz
er power o' cats around, I could
jest es easy turn er few honest dimes
es not, an' ercodin' I went ter work
an' gathered up thar air bag full o'
'em, an' they're monstrous fine 'uns,
too. Yer shore they don't buy 'em
air yer?""Yes. But I think I understand
where you missed it. The cat tails
referred to by the papers are a spe-
cies of slough grass.""Hey? An' it didn't mean rale
shore 'nuff cat tails er tall?"
"No.""Wal, ef that don't jest nashly
stump my taters. Why, say, I've
put in er whole month gittin' them
air, an' I've cut ther tail off every
cat fer ten mile eround. Say, I bet
yer never seed sich er lot o' bobtail
cats sence you war born es thar is up
whar I live."

Chunks of Wisdom.

New York Press.]

The journalist prepares a leader;
the newspaper man writes an edi-
torial.The journalist has the most dig-
nity; the newspaper man has the
most gall. One aspires to advise
statesmen, enlighten cabinets and
instruct Senates, whereas the other
aims to print the news, draw little
moral and make some money.The journalist has a great head
on him, but the newspaper man has
got a bushel or horse sense.The journalist is half a philoso-
pher and half a bore, but the news-
paper man is half an adventurer and
half a patriot, who knows a good
thing when he sees it and wants the
exclusive right to publish it in one
regular and four extra editions.The journalist hates slang, and
the newspaper man thanks God and
the gamins when he gets into a new
phase.The journalist understands the
situation in Europe, but the news-
paper man knows lots about the Uni-
ted States and how New York is
going to go next election.The journalist has a classical edu-
cation, but the newspaper man can
write a four-line head in four
minutes and make the lines fit the
type.