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VOL. III.

CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1885.

NO. 26.

North Carolina College,

Next session will begin the first Monday in August, and continue two weeks.

Terms: Tuition per term, in Col. Dep't. \$20.00
Board at college, \$4.40 per month. 15.00
Room rent, (College building,) 3.75
Contingent expenses, per term, 1.00
Board at hotels and private families per month, \$6 to \$10
Washing per month, 1.00
Fuel and lights per term about, 2.00
Total expenses, per term of twenty weeks, \$50 to \$75

Students can reduce expenses by observing the rules of economy, which they will be encouraged to do. The course of instruction is thorough and complete. No institution offers superior inducements to young men who desire to obtain a thorough education at a moderate cost.

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Executor's Notice.

Having qualified as executor of the last will and testament of W. W. P. Kimmons, dec'd, all persons holding claims against said deceased are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned for payment, duly authenticated, on or before the 15th day of November, 1886, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

J. A. KIMMONS, Exec'or.
Nov. 22, 85. 6w

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior court of Cabarrus county, in the case of E. M. Brown and others, ex parte, petition for sale of lands for partition I will sell by public auction on the premises of the late Samuel N. Pharr, on Monday, the 4th day of January, 1886, the land described in the petition in the said cause, adjoining the lands of M. A. Harris, E. C. Davis and others, containing fifty two and three fourths (52 3/4) acres, more or less. Terms, one half cash, balance on credit of twelve months with interest from date. Title retained until purchase money paid.

ROBT. H. PHARR,
Commissioner.
Dec 3, 1885. 4w

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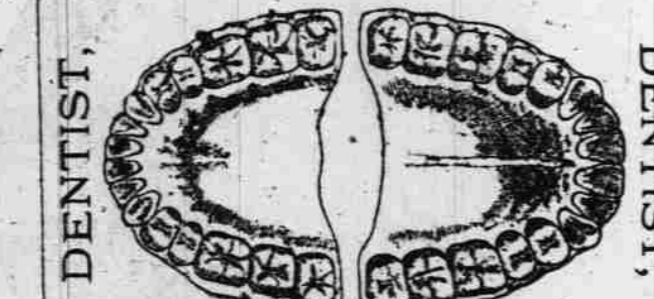
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YOU KISSED ME.

BY JOSEPHINE S. HUNT.

You kissed me! My head
Dropped low on your breast.
With a feeling of shelter
And infinite rest;
While the holy emotions
My tongue dare not speak
Flashed up in a flame
From my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast—
Oh, your arms were so bold—
Heart beat against heart
In your passionate fold.
Your glasses seemed drawing
My soul through my eyes.
As the sun draws the mist
From the seas to the skies;
Your lips clung to mine
Till I prayed in bliss
They might never unclasp
From that rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart
And my breath and my will
In delicious joy
For a moment stood still.
Life had for me then
No temptations no charms;
No visions of happiness
Outside of your arms;
And were I this instant
An angel, possessed
Of the peace and the joy
That are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes
Unrepentingly down.
I would tear from my forehead
Its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more
That that haven of rest
Your lips up to mine,
My head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul,
In bliss subdive,
Reeled like a drunken man,
F foolish with wine;
And I thought 'twere delicious
To die there in death
Would't but come while my lips
Were yet moist with your breath;
If my heart might grow cold
While your arms clasped me round
In their passionate fold.
And these are the questions
I ask day and night:
Must my lips taste no more
Such exquisite delight?
Would you care if my breast
Were my shelter, as then?
And if you were here,
Would you kiss me again?

MECKLENBURG RELICS.

Extracts from an Article in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly.

BY PROF. J. N. INGRAM.

North Carolina was the first of the thirteen American colonies to declare her independence of the British Crown. She puts forward in support of her claim the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence adopted at Charlotte May 20th, 1775.

Mecklenburg county was inhabited by a sturdy Presbyrite population of Scotch and Irish origin, descendants of men to whom drawing the sword against English power was instinctive.

The county committee, by its resolutions, organized a new local government, raised militia and provided for their equipment and maintenance. Like a Scotch clan, they were ready for the call to the field.

The convention met in a building in the centre of the little town of Charlotte, then a place of about twenty houses. The old courthouse was a log building about forty feet square. It was supported by heavy posts, the open place below being used as the village butcher shop and market. The court room was reached by steps leading up on the eastern side to a platform. The roof of this primitive temple of justice was formed of boards, held down by hickory poles. Driving in their wagons under the court room, the delegates ascended on the memorable 20th of May to declare their independence of the transatlantic ruler and his parliament.

Many relics of historic interest still remain in Mecklenburg county. A few yards east of Independence Square stands the headquarters of Lord Cornwallis during his occupation of Charlotte. In the old graveyard back of the First Presbyterian Church, Thomas Polk, reader of the Declaration of Independence; Nathaniel Alexander, early Governor of North Carolina; General George Graham, a Revolutionary patriot; and many other celebrated men of Mecklenburg, are interred. It is the oldest cemetery in Charlotte. The lettering of many headstones is eaten away by the teeth of time. Amongst some most illegible inscriptions are found epitaphs recorded in 1776. Near by is the old building at which the father of John C. Calhoun stepped on his way to the battle of Kings Mountain in October, 1780. The house is reckoned to be 120 years old.

North of Charlotte, at Sugar Creek church, Abraham Alexander, chairman of the convention, and Hezekiah Alexander—both signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration—were buried. Here was also interred the Rev. Alexander Craighead, the first minister between the Yadkin and the Catawba rivers. Two sassafras posts, used as headstones at his grave, took root and grew into trees. The grounds are shaded with a grove of mammoth

oaks, and the building—excepting one at Rocky River—is the largest country church in the State.

Two miles east of Sugar Creek an old stone house stands, the residence of Hezekiah Alexander and Waightstill Avery—both signers of the Declaration. This edifice is 115 years old, and of imperishable masonry. The structure is as solid to-day as in 1775. It was the sight of many strategic scenes during the Revolution. English prisoners were often confined within its stone fastnesses. The old spring is one of the finest in the State, and the yard trees are of vigorous beauty.

On Little Sugar Creek, South of Charlotte, sits the moldering old flour mill, from which Lord Cornwallis obtained his supplies. The stone work is still substantial, but the old house is falling into decay. The grove of oaks and elms along the creek, and the gurgling spring—gushing from a hillside—make the spot picturesque. A battle with the British was fought from the windows, and bloodstains remained on the mill floor for many years.

Near Pineville, eleven miles from Charlotte, is the birth place of President James K. Polk. At this house he lived for twelve years, and then removed with his father, in 1826, to Tennessee. The building is made of immense logs. It has three narrow doors, but no windows. It stood within two hundred yards of Little Sugar Creek, but has been removed into a lot near by, and used, until this spring, as a cow-house. In the neighborhood the writer called on a venerable lady—Mrs. Harrove—near ninety years old, who went to school with James K. Polk, and who slept in the old building during the Polk's residence in Mecklenburg.

Near the railroad in Charlotte remain the buildings of the old United States Navy Yard, founded here before the war. Many of the shops were destroyed by fire in 1865. On Tryon street grows the old elm tree under which Aaron Burr took dinner when passing through Charlotte under arrest, and en route for Richmond, Va., to be tried for treason.

On Trade street is found the Clialotte mint, established in 1835 during the golden era of North Carolina. West of Independence Square is seen the building in whose back room the Confederate Cabinet held its last meeting after the fall of Richmond. Close by is the edifice from whose steps Jefferson Davis delivered, in April, 1865, his last address to the Confederacy. When a fugitive thro' the State he had to lodge in railway cars and deserted houses. At Concord, Cabarrus county, he was hospitably entertained. On reaching Charlotte the doors of the "Hornet's Nest" were closed on him, and he obtained shelter from one who afterwards tendered disputed allegations against him.

A Quaker's Letter.

Greensboro Workman.

The following is a letter sent by J. G. Frazier, Bush Hill, N. C., to one of the watch-makers at Greensboro not long since:

"DEAR SIR:—I hereby send thee my pocket clock which standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time it was at thy friendly school it was in no way benefited or profited thereby, for I perceive by the index of its mind that it is a liar and the truth is not in it. Purge it, therefore, I beseech thee, and correct it from the error of its ways, and I show it the path wherein it should go. And when thou layest upon it thy correcting hand, see that it be without passion, least thou shouldest drive it to drive it to destruction. And when thou seest it conformable to the above mentioned rules, send it home to me with a just and true bill drawn out in the spirit of moderation, and I will remit it to thee in the root of all evil."

"For goodness sake, Mary," asked the young lady's mother at breakfast, "what was the matter with you and Harry in the parlor last night?" "Why, mamma, what?" inquired the daughter demurely. "Why, you jowered and quarreled for half an hour, like a pair of pickpockets." "Oh," she replied, remembering the circumstances, "Harry wanted me to take the big chair, and I wanted him to take it, because he was company, you know."

"How did you settle it?" "Well, mamma, we—we compromised, and both of us took it." "The mother had been a girl once herself. An editor having read in another paper that there is a tobacco, which, if a man smokes or chews it, "will make him forget that he owes a dollar in the world," innocently concludes that many of his subscribers have been furnished with the article

THE "THIRD PARTY."

What the Raleigh Christian Advocate Says About It.

A Prohibition Convention was held in Greensboro last week, at which we learn it was determined to form a distinct political party of prohibitionists in North Carolina and to nominate candidates for the various offices at our next elections. We have not seen the minute proceedings of the body, but the above statement has been published in several of the secular papers, and we presume it is true. We regret that this step was taken, because we sincerely believe it will do the cause of prohibition more harm than good. We want prohibition as much as anybody could want it; and we are ready to do anything that is wise and proper and right to get it, but we do not approve of forming a Third Party for the reason that the Third Party at the North has put in its platform a plank in favor of "Woman's Suffrage," and the third party in North Carolina will have to co-operate with them. And then the formation of a Third Party would involve us in a scramble for office, mix us up with politics, subject us to the tricks and traffic of designing office-seekers, and at the same time drive away from us a great many who would otherwise vote and work heartily for prohibition. Georgia is getting prohibition more rapidly than any other South State, and the local option law is the means by which it has been accomplished, regardless of politics. We will do well to learn a lesson from Georgia's success. We notice that most of the religious papers, both North and South, are declining to fall in with the Third Party movement. There is danger in that direction. Let us move cautiously.

The Elegant Mr. S. Jones.

In St. Louis, Monday night of last week, the Rev. Sam Jones, before an immense congregation, saw fit to refer to Gov. Marauduke as "an old swill tub," and the next day there was considerable indignation manifested in certain quarters over the epithet applied to the first citizen of the State. A St. Louis dispatch to the New York Times says: "Indeed, some persons are in favor of holding an indignation meeting for the purpose of hauling the Rev. Sam without gloves. His exact language was: 'How can you refer many a State in God Almighty's world with an old swill tub for Governor and two or three old mash-tubs for Supreme Court judges? A man who is privately corrupt can never be politically pure and the first thing we did when we wanted to reform Georgia was to put God-fearing men and good men in authority, and by the grace of God we have the best State in the United States of America. You run a freight train through Georgia on Sunday, and the conductor and the brakemen and the whole crew employed on the train will sleep in jail that night and you open a bar-room in our State on Sunday and you will sleep in jail that night. We have a God and an unday in Georgia, and they are as precious to us as our wives and our children.'"

This man Jones has developed into one of the largest backguards in this country.

Prohibition Sustained.

ATLANTA, GA., Dec. 17.—This morning in the United States Court Judge McKay decided the contested election case growing out of the recent prohibition election in this country. He had previously granted a temporary order restraining the ordinary form announcing the result of the election, which was for prohibition. The Judge refused to continue the injunction, deciding the case against the liquor men on every point. There is in the bill adopted a provision that Georgia wines may be sold, but as wines from other States were excluded, that portion of the bill Judge McKay decides to be unconstitutional, and no wines can be sold.

Superior Courts, Spring Term, '86.

EIGHTH DISTRICT—JUDGE MCRAE.

- Calabrus—January 25, one week;
April 26, one week.
Iredell—February 1, two weeks;
May 17, two weeks.
Rowan—February 15, two weeks;
May 3, two weeks.
Davids—March 1, two weeks;
May 31, one week.
Randolph—March 15, two weeks.
Montgomery—March 29, one week.
Stanly—April 5, one week.

A Texas gentleman discovered his servant helping himself to the former's cigars. "Sam, I am surprised," "So is I, boss. I lorded you had done gone out inter de country."

JOHN FLOUGHMAN'S TALK.

A Few Minutes Talk on Religious Grounds.

Spurgeon.
When a man has a particularly empty head, he generally sets up for a great judge, especially in religion. None so wise as the man who knows nothing. His ignorance is the mother of his impudence, and the source of his obstinacy, and though he does not know it from a bull's-foot, he settles matters as if all wisdom were at his fingers' end—the Pope himself is not more infallible. Hear him talk after he has been at a meeting and heard a sermon, and you will know how to wall a good man down if you never knew before. He sees faults where there are none, and if there be a few things amiss, he makes every misdeed into an elephant. Although you might put all his wit in an egg shell, he weighs the sermon in the balances of his own conceit, with all the aid of a born and bred S. J. man, and if it be up to his standard, he lays on his praise with a trowel; but if it be not to his taste, he grows and snips and barks at it like a dog at a hedgehog. Wise men in this world are like trees in a hedge, there is only one here and there, and when these wise men talk together on a discourse it is good for the ears to hear them. But the bragging wise ones I am speaking of are invariably puffed up by their fleshy minds, and their quibbling is as senseless as the cackle of geese on a common. Nothing comes out of a sack but what was in it, and as their bag is empty, they shake nothing, but wind out of it. It is very likely that neither ministers nor their sermons are perfect—the best garden may have a few weeds in it, the cleanest wheat may have some chaff—but chaffers cavil at anything or nothing and find fault for the sake of showing off their deep knowledge. Some men let their tongues have a holiday, they would complain that the grass is not a nice shade of blue, and say that the sky would have looked neater if it had been whitewashed. When young speakers get down-hearted because of bad critical remarks, I generally tell them of the old man and his boy and hisses, and what came of trying to please everybody. No piper ever suited a ferra. Where whims and fancies sit in the seat of judgement, a man's opinion is only so much wind, therefore take no more notice of it than the wind whistling through a key-hole. Everybody thinks himself a judge of a sermon, but nine out of ten might as well pretend to weigh the moon. I believe that at bottom most people think it an uncommonly easy thing to preach, and that they could do amazingly well themselves. Even a donkey thinks himself worthy to stand with the king's horses; every girl thinks she could keep house—better than her mother; but thoughtful men are not facts, for the great thought itself is a harrier, but the Christian knew better. I dare say those who can waste fancy that they can preach, but they preach more than whistling in a good paragon, and let me tell you that there is more in good preaching than taking a text and saying first, secondly, and thirdly. I try my hand at preaching myself, and in my poor way I do it no very easy thing to give the folks something worth hearing; and if the fine critics, who reckon us up on their thumb-nails, would but try their own hands at it, they might be a little more quiet. Dogs, however, always bark, and what is worse, some of them will bite too; but let decent people do all they can, it is not to muzzle them, yet to prevent their doing any great mischief. It is a dreadful thing to see a happy family of Christians broken up by talkative fault-finders, and all about nothing or less than nothing. Small is the edifice of the wedge, but when the devil hanches the beetle's churches are soon split to pieces, and men wonder why. The fact is, the worst wisest of the sect cracks most, and one fool makes many, and thus many a congregation is set at ears with a good and faithful minister, who would have been a lasting blessing to them if they had not chased away their best friend. There are who are at the bottom of the mischief have generally no part or lot in the matter of true godliness, but, like sparrows, fight over corn which is not their own, and, like pecked-up, pull o' pieces want they never helped to build. From mad dogs and grumbling professors may we all be delivered, and may we never take the complaint from either of them.

Prohibition Sustained.

ATLANTA, GA., Dec. 18.—Judge Mansfield Clark, of Faltou county Superior Court, has granted temporary injunction to restrain Ordinary Calhoun from announcing the result of the prohibition election. He will hear argument for permanent injunction next Monday morning.