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THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.
Volume XIII. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1896. Number 28.

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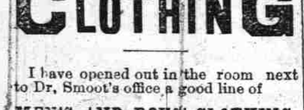
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THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Captain Harry Beaufort was a tall, handsome, middle aged man, who traveled for a leading Chicago firm. In response to a request for a story to while away the time as we traveled from Vincennes to Cincinnati, he said: "As I'm going to stop off at my home this trip, I believe I'll tell you about my little Yankee prisoner. Let me see"—retrospectively—"it was in November, 1863, when our brigade—the old Stonewall brigade—was lying below Winchester, Va., momentarily expecting an attack from the Federals. We were a ragged set of devils, I tell you. Half of the brigade was coatless and hundreds were shoeless, and all of us were hungry. One night I was put on guard in a little hollow facing the Yankee front. The glade was surrounded on three sides by low hills covered with underbrush, with an opening directly at my front of several hundred yards. Immediately surrounding my position there was a growth of low bushes, so thick that it seemed almost impossible for a man to penetrate it. In my rear all was clear of growth of any sort, so you can see that I was not likely to be surrounded and captured if I kept my eyes open. Well, I had been standing there perhaps an hour when I heard a thrashing and crashing in the bushes at my left. It seemed to me so much like the sort of a racket that an old cow, tangled in the brush would make, that I paid but little attention to it until a heavier crash than common followed, by 'Durn the brush!' in accents of annoyance attracted my attention to a point about thirty feet away, and while looking, expecting to see the draggled gray make-believe uniform of one of my regiment, I was astonished to see the blue uniform of a Yankee emerging from the brush.'

"The fellow, who had not yet seen me, was little more than a boy (I was only eighteen years old myself at the time), and a pale-faced, fair-haired boy at that. 'Halt! Drop that gun and stand where you are, Yank!' I ordered. I needn't have told him to drop his gun, for he was so much astonished that he did it involuntarily. 'Well, I'll be darned! You're a Johnny Reb, aint you? What are you doing here?' were a few of the questions he rattled off in his surprise. 'Yes, I'm a Johnny Reb, Yank, and I'm on guard here,' said I, as I advanced and picked up his gun. 'And you're my prisoner,' I added.

"'That's just my luck,' said he. 'I might have known I would get lost in these blamed Virginia hills. I wouldn't give a ten-acre farm on an Indiana prairie for ten miles square of this wooden country.'

"'Ought to have stayed there,' said I. 'But you won't get back soon, Yank, for you're bound for Libby Prison in short metre.'

"'Libby Prison! Holy Moses, I hope not. But I say, Johnny, got any grub? I'm blamed near starved. I've wandered about trying to confiscate something to eat ever since 3 o'clock, and to tell you the truth I'm too hungry and tired to talk.'

"'That's nothing,' said I. 'I've gone three days without anything to eat except green corn, and that on the ear. But I'll tell you what I'll do; I've got a husk of corn bread in my grub bag over there under that little tree. You can have half of that.'

"'Thanks, Johnny; I'll do the same for you some day,' cooly said the little Yank, and without any more ado off he hustled and got the grub.

"The fellow was hungry, and no mistake. He lit into the chunk of corn bread like a hungry wolf, and while I stood looking at him and laughing at his efforts to get a four-inch section of corn pone into a two-inch mouth, I'll be blamed if he didn't gobble down the whole mess, crumbs and all. I saw it going, but I couldn't stop it to save me, and I don't really believe I would have done it if I could, hungry as I myself was.

"But you should have seen that Yank's face after he had got away with my rations. 'Darn my riggin',' said he, 'if I haven't gone and swallowed the whole of it. I'm mighty sorry, Johnny, but——'

"'Oh, never mind,' said I, for it was plain that the half-starved fellow had not been really conscious of his abuse of my hospitality, and although I was glad enough to give him a good licking my sense of the ridiculous preponderated, and I couldn't help laughing to save my life. The whole affair had been so confoundedly ridiculous that I laid down my gun and actually rolled over and over until my sides fairly ached.

"The little Yankee looked at me a minute or two, and then the comical side of the affair suddenly struck him, too, and the next minute both of us were laughing like schoolboys.

"When both of us had laughed until we were completely exhausted we sat down together under the little tree and had a long talk. He belonged to an Indiana regiment and had been in the service about six months. He said his parents were living near Brownfield, Ind., on a prairie farm, and spoke of his father and mother in terms of the greatest affection. He had a little sister—Jeannie—two years old, whom I saw that the boy fairly worshiped. There had been three other children. But they were all dead.

"Before the war I had a number of friends in Indiana, and I spoke of them, one or two of whom I found were known to my prisoner. Of course I told my story—of how, with thirty-five other schools I had left school before I was seventeen and had joined the Confederate army, and of the many battles we had been in. There were at that time but seven of the thirty-five left alive.

"Well, to make a long story short, we had not talked an hour before we felt that we had known each other a life time. It saddened me to think of that jolly, fun-loving face in Libby or some other of our prisons, with their necessarily short fare and miserable quarters. Somehow I thought I could see that boy's mother appealing to me with her eyes to save her boy from prison.

"It may have been some hynoptic or clairvoyant force or some psychic power unknown to me, but, however that may be, I determined to do the best I could to get my little Yankee out of trouble. I had scarcely come to this determination when the relief guard came up. The officer merely asked me where I got my prisoner, and when I told him he ordered me to take him to camp and turn him over. Our fellows were allowed considerable license, and I took advantage of the fact by going back with my prisoner without any other escort. It was very dark in camp, and I had no trouble in escaping observation with my companion and getting into my tent.

"'I suppose I'm a goner, Johnny,' said my little Yank, after we stretched out on a blanket.

"'We'll see,' said I. 'Stay right here and don't move till I get back.' And then I slipped out of the tent and managed to hook several pieces of corn bread, one of which I ate in short order. Then we lay down again and talked in a low tone of voice until I thought it might be about 2 o'clock in the morning. Then I again stole out and after a little scrutiny managed to get possession of an old gray hat and jacket. Those I ordered my little Yank to don, leaving his blue cap and blouse on the ground. Then when all was quiet I led him out, and by a dark glen, which ran close up to camp I got him safely down into the brush-covered glade where I had captured him. An hour later by creeping and crawling we had dodged the pickets and were out of reach.

"'Now, Yank,' said I, 'we part here. There, a little to your right, is your picket line. Be careful that they don't shoot you for a rebel. Good-by!' And back I went, getting safely into camp before day.

"The next morning we went into the fight and my Yankee prisoner was forgotten by the other guardsmen.

"This was the last I saw or heard of my little Yankee prisoner during the war. Twenty years after, or in 1883, I was traveling then, as now, out of Chicago, in Illinois and Indiana, and one summer evening I was sitting in a store in one of the small country villages in Indiana, in company with perhaps fifteen or twenty others, most of whom had been in the army. Stories and jokes were told over our cider and pipes, and we were all in good cheer. When it came my turn I thought of my little Yankee and told the story just as I have given it to you. One of the listeners, a tall, broad shouldered, sandy-haired giant, listened so intently that I saw that at least one of my hearers was interested, and when I concluded the big fellow arose and took Watson aside. Watson was the store keeper. They talked excitedly for perhaps a quarter of an hour before they came back, when Watson said: 'Captain, I've been thinking about that order. I don't need the goods now, but I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll stop, say, within sixty days, and give me a day or two's notice, I'll give you a good big order. What do you say?'

"Consulting my book I found that six weeks from that time I would be in ——, and would have three or four days' time with nothing special to do. I told Watson that I could not reach him sixty days hence, but would be able to do so just six weeks from that day.

"'That will do nicely, Captain; don't forget the date.'

"On the day agreed upon I drove up to Watson's store, which I found full of people, among whom were many men who looked as if they might have been seasoned veterans at one time. I had shaken hands with Watson and one or two of his friends whom I recognized, when I heard some one say:

"'Here he is now.' Not thinking the remark had any reference to myself, I paid no attention until, 'Give us your paw, comrade,' sounded in my ear.

"Turning I stood face to face with the big bearded giant who had listened so intently to my story on that night six weeks before. By his side stood a fair-faced, fair-haired, blue-eyed man of thirty-five or thirty-seven years. The young man looked me over from head to foot, then back to my face again, as if looking for some point of identification, until his intent began to annoy me, but a minute later his eyes brightened, and his face lit up with a smile of pleasure.

"'Don't know me, do you?' said he.

"'No, I don't believe I ever saw you before, yet,' as a smile lit up his face, 'yet there's something about you seems familiar.'

"'Didn't think you'd forget your Yankee prisoner—the one who eat up your grub near Winchester in '63!'

"'What!' I ejaculated, and then it all became clear. There was the same sunny smile, the same laughing eyes, but the man before me was almost middle aged, bearded and stalwart, whereas my prisoner had been but a stripling of a boy. I forgot the years which had elapsed, but that all came to me in a flash, and there before, twenty years after it occurred, stood my quandam Yankee prisoner.

"Two hours later we were trotting up a long avenue of cottonwoods towards a beautiful white mansion, embowered in vines. As we rode up to the broad veranda which faced the avenue the hall door opened and a sweet-faced, motherly old lady, accompanied by a beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed young woman stepped out. The elder lady stood at the head of the steps, and as I advanced she placed her hands upon my shoulders, and bending forward kissed me on the forehead.

"'God bless you, my son!' said she, while the tears streamed down her cheeks. 'I have prayed to see this day.' The younger woman pressed my hand gratefully, but my eyes were moist and I could scarcely see her.

"I remained that night, and it was difficult to get away even the next day, but business demanded my attention. I promised to visit my friends frequently, and did so every time I could get a day off. But here's my stopping place, and there's my wife and mother-in-law and the babies. Yes, that fair-haired, blue eyed woman is my wife.

"You have guessed it. She was Jennie Northup, and that sweet-faced old lady is our mother."

The body must be well nourished now, to prevent sickness. If your appetite is poor take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

I have great admiration and even reverence for old England. In the first place the English are our ancestors, and the solidity and stability of their from of government sometimes makes me doubt whether there is any better. We had a little rupture in the family 100 years ago, and King George IV. played the fool, but the Chathams and many other noble men were our friends. From England we have inherited the highest type of art and literature, and England is today the foremost nation in the spread of Christianity and Christian civilization in heathen countries.

Progressive as we are in art and culture, we have not yet produced such men as Milton and Bacon and Shakespeare and Johnson and Cowper and Gray and Byron and Charles Lamb and a host of others. Then there was Newton and Sir Christopher Wienn and Reynolds and Garrick and Mrs. Hemans and Hannah Moore. A man who would make wanton sport of England is an unread idiot—why, if I was an English subject I would stand up to my country and my Queen out of love and reverence for her if nothing else. I remember well when the crown was placed upon her head in 1837, and when she was married in 1840, and all these long years she has been an example of love and virtue and toleration to her people.

An Englishman who says he has been living in our country for many years writes to me and complains that I have written hard and insulting about England. He says that "a nation should not be stamped as ignorant if nineteen out of twenty had never heard of Atlanta. The British empire is peopled by every race, speaking every tongue, professing every religion, and ought to be excused if they do not know the location of American towns from which your protective tariff excludes our goods." He says, "I have never seen in an American paper a frank, manly word of commendation for England or anything English, and am sorry that you of all men should join the crowd of howlers. Would it not be well for some of you to come over and rediscover Great Britain and cease teaching your children those bloody shirt tales of the revolution. I was ignorant of the real history of Bunker's Hill until I went and saw the play of 'The Patriots.' I had always read that the British technically won that battle, but when at the theater I saw six British soldiers overcome by the entire corps de ballet, I understood why they put a monument on the hill. I have always supposed that all mulattoes were thirty years old, dating their birth from Sherman's march through Georgia, but I am not sure that I am right about that. Let us all mutually correct our errors."

Well, that is funny—funny to Americans. I never intended anything but a good joke on Englishmen when I wrote about their ignorance about Atlanta and Grady and the Liberty Bell and Booker Washington, all of which was taken from the London Daily Views, but it seems that Prof. Boyesen was right when he said in the last North American Review that an Englisman can't take a joke. He says that they are the most serious people in the world, and that Americans are the most jocular; that no American humorisis are appreciated over there at all except Bret Harte, and that it even strains an Englishman to understand Mark Twain's jokes. He asked one of their best read men if he did not like Mark Twain's story of the jumping frogs and he said: "Well, no; I don't see anything funny in it, and if I did the pain given to the poor frog by loading him up with shot would paralyze all the humor that was in it." This reminds me of Chauncey Depew, who, while crossing the Atlantic with an Englishman, told him all sorts of funny stories, and not being able to provoke a smile, said: "Well, I don't believe you could see a joke unless it was shot into you with a gun." The Englishman still looked serious, and said: "Can you shoot jokes out of a gun?"

We had one over here two years ago who did not believe it possible for a negro to steal. In course of time his man servant stole his pants and shirt and some socks, and was arrested and the things restored. Even then he thought there was a mistake about it, and that some white man stole them. I wanted to take him out and kick him for his unbelief. He was determined to defend the darkey.

A year ago the London Globe had an article about Buffallo Bill which ran as follows: "The cablegrams announce that Col. Cody, who will be remembered in London, has been returned as Mayor of Nebraska. No better selection could have been made. Col. Cody was the friend of a man named Boone, who discovered Kentucky. He married the granddaughter of Sitting Bull-frog. He was twice the Governor of Chicago, and at one time was mayor of Arkansaw. He served in the Confederate army under Gen. Butler who so gallantly defended New Orleans against Gen. Longstreet. He introduced a bill in congress for the relief of the citizens of Buffalo, and thereby got his name of Buffalo Bill. He has a ranch in St. Louis, and finds time to write for the Atlantic Monthly, which is edited by Mark Twain and Uncle Tom's Cabin, a gentleman made famous by his negro dialect sketches."

Well, now, we Americans would believe that was a good joke if we did not know that the English papers never joke. The Times thunders, but never jokes. The caricatures of the London Punch are very good, but the wit that seeks to explain them is horrid. Tom Hood had the best of wit and humor, but his magazine soon failed for lack of patronage. He said that he was sent to a semi-nary and therefore received only half an education, but the English never saw the point of the pun until the magazine was dead.

Prof. Boyesen says that climate has something to do with humor. The fogs of London befog and dampen the disposition to joke and be funny. There is cloud over the intellect that keeps it from sparkling. But here in America everybody tries to joke. He requested a number of his pupils to write brief biographies of themselves and all but three were jocular. One said: "My father is a drunkard 'my mother is a widow with nine little orphan children and I and their only support.'" Now a sober, solid Englishman would read that three or four times and then say, "I don't see how that can be," but an American would smile at the boy's poor wit. My little grandchild kicked her mother while in the bed and after repeated requests to stop her mother said, "Katherine, if you kick me again I will spank you." She kicked again, and after the spank laugh immoderately. "What are you laughing about?" said her mother. "Coss you panked the wrong leg,' said she. That is a fair example of American humor, indigenous, native born. An Irish child might have had it, but an English one never.

My English friend says: "If the Americans are as great and as brave and as good as they are always saying they are, and if they have the greatest country and the greatest liberty as they say they have, they certainly can afford to show more generosity when speaking or writing of their most intimate neighbors."

That is so—exactly so—I don't like our jingoism, our braggarts, our chips on the hat. I don't like bullies nor bull-dosers—and I don't like England.

English friend will quiet down and be at peace. He has been living with us long enough to take our jokes. It is perfectly natural that the English maps should not have Atlanta on them, especially as it is so far from Canada and Venezuela. Our people know more about England than the English do about us. Our people visit Scotland and England in great numbers every year, and our young folks have to study English history and are well posted, better than the average English youth. Mr. Depew says he visited Stratford and asked a native what Shakespeare did that made so many people come there. And he said he wrote something. "What did he write?" "I think," said he, "it was the Bible." But, nevertheless, I believe most of the English people know that Shakespeare didn't write the Bible, but that it was King James of blessed memory.

But I shall not joke my unknown friend any more. Let us have peace.

BILL ARP.

Dr. R. L. Payne's Farewell.

Correspondence of the Observer.

LEXINGTON, Dec. 30.—A large number of the admiring friends of Dr. R. L. Payne went to the depot to-day through a drenching rain to see him and family take their final departure to their home in Norfolk, Va. Many of those were farmers from the country, who rode many miles through mud and rain to bid him a last farewell. Many were the expressions of regret at his final leaving. Sorrow was depleted upon the faces of all, and grown men and women wept like children. All the waiting rooms and the coverings around the ticket office were packed and some stood out in the rain under umbrellas for hours waiting for the train. His friends fairly lifted him and family and baggage on the train. These marks of esteem are but partial tokens of love and admiration in which he is held by the good people of his native county.

In his departure the town, county, State, church and society lose a polished, cultured gentleman, an erudite scholar and eminent physician. As proof of these facts the medical profession of the State has elevated him to the highest position within its gift, by unanimously electing him president of the State Medical Society, a position he now so ably fills and which was once or twice filled by his distinguished father. This loss to the county is a greater loss than it has ever sustained, except by the death of his lamented father, Dr. R. L. Payne, Sr. As a physician he is the equal of any—as a surgeon he has no equal in the State.

Dr. Payne is truly a remarkable man. As a student at our State University one of his class, now a physician, says he had no equal in college. As a student at Jefferson Medical College, Dr. DaCosta, then professor in that College said to one of our prominent citizens that "Dr. R. L. Payne has a brilliant future before him. He was one of the brightest students that ever graduated at Jefferson College." A prominent physician of Virginia told the writer that he had met Dr. Payne at one of the medical conventions and he regarded him as one of the brightest young physicians he had ever met.

But he has gone, and with him went the last one of the old distinguished Payne family.

P.

Here are some interesting facts about the Bible that we find going the rounds: The Bible contains 66 books, 1,189 chapters, 31,173 verses, 773, 692 words, and 3,586,489 letters. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times; the word "Lord," 1,855 times; "reverend" but once; "girl," but once, in the 3d chapter, 3d verse of Joel; the words "everlasting punishment," but once, and "everlasting fire," but twice. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter "J." The finest chapter to read is the 26th of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of II Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John, viz.: "Jesus wept." The 8th, 15th, 51st, and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. There are no words of more than six syllables.

In The Beginning

Of a new year, when the winter season of close confinement is only half gone, many find that their health begins to break down, that the last exposure threatens sickness. It is then as well as at all other times, and with people even in good health, that the following facts should be remembered, namely: that Hood's Sarsaparilla leads everything in the way of medicines; that it accomplishes the greatest cures in the world; has the largest sale in the world devoted exclusively to the preparation of the proprietery medicine. Does not this conclusively prove, if you are sick, that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you to take?

THE "NEW WOMAN'S" VIEW OF THE BIBLE.

The so-called "Woman's Bible," the preliminary announcements of which have been a subject of press comments for months, is not a revision or retranslation of the Bible in whole or in part. Advance sheets of the first part show that it is merely a commentary or critical review and analysis, from the point of view of the editors, of those passages in the Bible which relate to woman and her status. The criticisms are written from the Agnostic or Freethinkers' point of view. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the chief editor, and most of her associates are unbelievers, and they deny the divine authority of the Scriptures. They treat the Bible throughout as the production of men liable to error, prejudice, and bias, and express the opinion that true emancipation is impossible for woman as long as she accepts the position assigned her in the Bible or in any other religious source. In the introduction, Mrs. Stanton says:

"Why is it more ridiculous for women to protest against her present status in the Old and New Testaments, in the ordiances and discipline of the church, than in the statutes and constitution of the state? Why is it more ridiculous to arraign ecclesiastics for their false teaching and acts of injustice to women than members of Congress and the House of Commons? Why is it more audacious to review Moses than Backstone, the Jewish code of laws than the English system of jurisprudence?

"Bible historians claim special inspiration for the Old and New Testiments, containing most contradictory records of the same events, of miracles opposed to all known laws, of customs that degrade the female sex of all human and animal life, stated in the most questionable language that could not be read in a promiscuous assembly, and call all this the 'Word of God.'

"I do not believe that any man ever saw or talked with God; I do not believe that God inspired the Mosaic code, or told the historians what they say He did about woman, for all the religions on the face of the earth degrade her."

In the comments on Genesis, the claim is made that the Trinity is really composed of a Heavenly Father, Mother, and Son. As a sample page, we quote the argument by which this theory is supposed:

"26. And God said; Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

"27. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

"28. And God blessed them, and God said unto them: Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

Concerning this, Mrs. Stanton says: 'Here is the sacred historian's first account of the advent of woman; a simultaneous creation of both sexes in the image of God. It is evident from the language that there was consultation in the Godhead, and that the masculine and feminine elements were equally represented.

"The first step in the elevation of woman to her true position, as an equal factor in human progress, is the cultivation of the religious sentiment in regard to her dignity and equality, the recognition by the rising generation of an ideal heavenly Mother, to whom their prayers should be addressed as well as to a Father. "'If language has any meaning we have in these texts a plain declaration of the existence of the feminine element in the Godhead, equal in power and glory with the masculine—the heavenly Mother and Father.'"

A number of religious women prominent in the reform movement have repudiated this "Woman's Bible" as preposterous and mischievous. The press discusses the probable effects of this production on the suffrage movement and woman's progress generally.

A Deal With the Mormons.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—While there has been some attempt to give the inside history of the remarkable transactions by which the new State of Utah is to send two Republicans to the United States Senate, it is doubtful whether the complete "fine inwardness" of the story will ever come to light. As a Territory, Utah had been almost without intermission reliably Democratic. When the "Edmunds" bill, which was a Republican measure, and, by the way, an eminently just one, passed, the antagonism of the Mormons to the Republican party was apparently much intensified.

In all the preliminary stages for the admission of Utah to the Union political calculations invariably gave her two Senators to the Democrats. All of a sudden the situation changed, the Democrats lost their foothold, and when the election came around they were knocked into smithereens. The whole influence of the Mormon Church was thrown on the side of the Republicans, and they carried everything. Here is another Republican bargain, some of the details of which must come out sooner or later, but in all likelihood others will remain covered up. There are rumors that there is to be a "let up" on Mormon politics, but, whether so or not, it is evident the Mormons had the promise of something substantial for what they have done.

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed, when the languid, exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of the medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal billious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50c. and $1 bottle at P. B. Fetzer's Drug Store.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A HOPEFUL AND INTERESTING NEW YEAR.

Review of Reviews.

The new year dawns upon a world that finds itself more thoroughly awake and more actively interested in itself as a whole than it has ever been before. At least there has never been a time of such adventurous interest and enthusiasm since the great period of voyaging and discovery that followed the finding of America by Columbus. The year 1896 is to decide whether Spain must give up Cuba, the first gained and the last retained of her American possession. This year is destined to settle at least for some time to come the fate of much or all of the Turkish Empire.

China, which had until these latter days seemed so unshakable in her inertia, is fated this year to add some strange and sensational chapters to her own history, while influencing profoundly the history of Europe. Japan, having given an amazing illustration of her ability to play a great part in war and to assert herself in diplomacy, is now entering upon a still more marvelous chapter of industrial history. The new year is to see much of novelty and change in the drifts and tides of international commerce, particularly as regards the position of Asiatic countries. The opening up of Africa goes on at an astounding rate, and the year 1896 will probably add a large number of fresh pages to the marvelous story of European enterprise in the African continent than any previous year has contributed. The Russians are pushing the Trans-Siberian railway across the black steppes of northern Asia, through winter snows, with feverish haste. Vast numbers of workmen are grading the road and laying the rails, and the work goes on at night by electric illumination. Almost unexampled progress will be made on the Asiatic railroad system in the year 1896. We shall soon, therefore, see a road completed across northern China to the Yellow Sea at Port Arthur. Two Pacific cables, one under American and the other under British auspices, are planned for construction this year. Meanwhile the Japanese, with the largest cotton factories in the world, are carrying their capital and skill into China, where they propose to build still larger cotton factories, and will employ skilled Chinese labor at eight or ten cents a day. Some of these new Chinese factories will be in operation in the present year. Manchester, Fall River and Lowell will have to take account of these new facts. It is expected that horseless carriages will begin to come into practical use during this interesting year; that electricity will replace steam on some important lines of main railway; that trolley lines will be greatly extended; that the use of bicycles will continue to multiply. Men expect to know more about the Arctic and Antarctic regions, as the result of plans set on foot for exploration this year, than they have ever learned before. Medical and sanitary science seems on the eve of several important discoveries, and was never so active as now. All sorts of political and social problems are pressing themselves upon the attention of the nations, and the outlook for improvement in the general condition of mankind is at least bright enough to encourage every earnest and hopeful effort. Upon the whole, then, we may look forward to a twelve-month of many striking and intensely absorbing events in the drama of the world's progress.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the the Baptist church at Rives Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of chughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottelt free at P. B. Fetzer's Drug Store.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and effectively, on the liver and bowels. 25 cents.

GOOD FOR EVERYBODY
and everyone needs it at all times of the year. Malaria is always about, and the only preventive and relief is to keep the Liver active. You must help the Liver a bit, and the best helper is the Old Friend, SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, the RED Z.
Mr. C. Himrod, of Lancaster, Ohio, says: "SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR broke a case of Malarial Fever of three years' standing for me, and less than one bottle did the business. I shall use it when in need, and recommend it."
Be sure that you get it. Always look for the RED Z on the package. And don't forget the word REGULATOR. It is SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, and there is only one, and every one who takes it is sure to be benefited. THE BENEFIT IS ALL IN THE REMEDY. Take it also for Biliousness and Sick Headache; both are caused by a sluggish Liver.
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Parties desiring to lend money can leave it with us or place it in Concord National Bank for us, and we will lend it on good real estate security free of charge to the depositor.
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MORRISON H. CALDWELL,
Attorney at Law,
CONCORD, N. C.
Office in Morris building, opposite court house. July 4—tf

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Office Hours, 7 to 8 a. m., 1 to 2, and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone call, No. 67.
Sept. 20, '94.—1y.

C. H. BARNHARDT, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MT. PLEASANT, N. C.
Calls received and promptly attended at all hours. Office at my home, late residence of Dr. J. W. Moose.
Dec. 26—6m.

DR. M. HOLDEN.
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,
CONCORD, N. C.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Concord, and vicinity in the treatment of acute and chronic diseases. Office over Yorke's jewelry store on Main street, where he can be found at all hours day or night, when not professionally engaged. Feb. 21.—3m.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, Knives and Forks, Tea and Table Spoons, Plated Silverware, Plated Novelties, Sterling Novelties, at A. J. & J. F. Yorke's.

WANTED,
Several trustworthy gentlemen or ladies to travel in North Carolina for established, reliable house. Salary $780 and expenses. Steady position. Enclose reference and self addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Third Floor, Omaha Bldg., Chicago, Ill.