

THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES
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published in
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Rowan, Montgomery,
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St. Asaph, Anson and
Union Counties.
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THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

Volume XIV.

CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1896.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

Number 1.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING
—OF ALL KINDS—
Executed in the Best Style
AT LIVING PRICES.
Our Job Printing Department
with every necessary equipment,
is prepared to turn out every variety
of Printing in first-class
style. No job-work turned
out from this office. We duplicate
the prices of any legitimate
establishment.

Women

Who are nervous, weak, worn out
with all the troubles find pure blood,
nerve strength, and perfect health in
Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Nervous

force—those special physical trials we
delicately induce by merely using the
wonder—Milk, Mother, Matron.

Headaches

dizziness, heartburn and pains in my
back made me think I should never be
well again. A friend prevailed upon me
to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I soon began
to improve and in six months it restored
me to better health than for years.

My Sex

I am now strong and healthy and can do
a good day's work. I stand by Hood's
Sarsaparilla, for it cured me after other
medicines failed." Mrs. LUE DEAN,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It is the one true Blood Purifier. All druggists,
Sole Proprietors by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

One Bottle
50 Cents
Breaks the
Chill, Solves
the Cold.

CONCORD MARBLE WORKS

FRIEZE & UTLEY,
PROPRIETORS.

CEMETERY WORK

Work furnished in the best
grades of
Italian and Vermont Marble.

LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES

Latest in Style—Popular in Price.
They Lead the World for Speed,
Workmanship and Price.

ED. F. WHITE

Hand bicycles on sale at all times

VIRGINIA COLLEGE

FOR YOUNG LADIES, Roanoke, Va.

SAM JONES TALKS OF TRYING TIMES.

Atlanta Journal.
"These are times to try men's souls,"
to test their grit and to determine the
stuff they are made of. The man who
can call his soul his own now is too
reckless for a candidate—I mean a
"winning candidate."

The prohibition party has split on
the issues of the day, and the different
wings are to be known as the broad
gauge and the narrow gauge wings.
The general conference of the Metho-
dist Episcopal church is split up into
two factions on the woman question.
The Democratic party is split up into
goldbugs and "silver-loons," and will
no doubt do as the prohibition party
has already done—put two sets of can-
didates in the field.

The Republican party has some big
cracks in it; but the Republicans are
like the Baptists, they are hard to
split. They are counting more on
their candidates than on their platform.
They unite on sentiment and ignore
principles.

Not only is the political world all out
of whack, but nature seems to have
joined in the general melee. There
have been floods, cyclones, earthquakes,
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"A MILLION DOLLARS FOR MY SIGHT!"

Such is the offer made by Charles
Broadway Rous, the eccentric New
York millionaire, to any one who will
restore his eyesight, recently lost.

He has issued a statement which is
genuinely pathetic in its simplicity. It
reads as follows:
"\$1,000,000 REWARD.
To physicians, surgeons, scientists,
wise men and all others whom it may
concern; Be it known that I, Charles
Broadway Rous, who possess consid-
erable wealth, hereby agree to pay the
sum of one million dollars to any hu-
man being who restores to me my sight.
Euthetic? Indeed it is. Here is a
man possessed of millions, with the
power to enjoy life to the full and the
promise of a goodly number of years
before him, cut off from the light of
day, the world's brightness and beauty
sealed back to him, and he stretching
out his helpless hands with the almost
despairing cry:

"A million dollars for my sight."
Mr. Rous is peculiar. His eccentric-
ities have made him a reputation, and
his queer ways have often turned
the public eye upon him. But he had
these same queer ways before he was a
millionaire, and his oddities were not
born of the possession of wealth, but
have always characterized the man.

Naturally his offer has attracted re-
plies from hundreds and thousands of
cranks, who think that all they have to
do is to walk up, exploit their little
talents and carry away the million dol-
lars. Mr. Rous' offer has been over-
burdened with the work of attend-
ing to the correspondence relative to
the matter. Several secretaries had
spent days in selecting from the vast
piles of letters those containing the
smallest glimpse of sense or intelligence,
and these in themselves form a curious
collection.

A young man named Martin, who
was formerly employed by Mr. Rous,
is also blind, his trouble being the same
as that of his employer—paralysis of the
optic nerve. Since Martin's affliction,
Mr. Rous has taken great interest in
his case and has done everything in his
power to help him. In return for this,
Martin volunteered to take the vari-
ous kinds of treatment suggested by
Rous, in order to test their efficacy, and
at the same time save the million-
aire much time, anxiety and pain.

One of the first answers that Mr.
Rous was from a Chicago doctor. He
said:
"Unfortunately I am unable at present
to go to New York, but if you will
come to Chicago and remain under my
treatment for two weeks, I feel con-
fident that I will get the million dollars."

Mr. Rous' answer was as follows:
"My dear Sir, I need to make one mil-
lion dollars, much less to spend it."
A female physician called on the
blind man with a theory which he con-
sidered idiotic, but which Martin is hav-
ing tried on himself.

"Scientists have discovered," ex-
plained this person, "that paralysis of
the optic nerve is explained by the pres-
ence of a yellow fluid, which saturates
the nerve tissues. Now I have devised a
lense which is powerful enough to
draw out this fluid, if held before the
eyes in a strong glare of sunlight."

Mr. Rous said he would try it. It
consisted of an amber colored whisky
mask filled with water. It irritated the
different eyes very much, and he con-
cluded it to Martin. Martin has given up
hope.

Then a man came along who wanted
to puncture the blind man's eye, and
Martin tried him until his face was
like a sieve; then he stopped.

Another doctor did not consent to operate
without a deposit on account \$1,000.
He was persistent and Mr. Rous or-
dered an attendant to remove him.

"I don't want to bother with
quacks," said Rous, "but if there is
anybody in or out of the world, who has
a session with me, I want to find
him. I have a million dollars to hand
him the minute this work is done."
Can anybody do it?

The Good Old Times.
Youth's Companion.
It is quite natural for elderly people
to think that the times which are gone
by, and which they can never remember,
were more interesting and notable than
the times which are passing now. The
passage of years tends to efface from
the mind the merely commonplace oc-
currences of every day, and leave only
the salient ones; so that past years are
really the more remarkable in our mem-
ories. This is one reason why people
speak of severe weather as "old-fash-
ioned." On the whole, the weather does
not vary so much from one decade to
another; but people remember the
severe weather and forget the ordinary,
so that to the mind weather of the past
is extreme weather. But the valuation
placed on old things may be excessive.
For instance, in the case of a remark-
able old gentleman to his nephew.
"Twenty degrees below zero?"
he said. "What does that amount to?"
Why, I can remember a day when I
was twenty years that the mercury was
40 degrees below zero; and you must re-
member that one degree then was as
good as two now—days!"

The Merchants' Purchase Tax.
State Auditor Furman is sending
out a circular in regard to the mer-
chants' purchase tax. In it he writes:
"These taxes are collectable on the 13th
of March of each year, or at the time of
the beginning of the business, by the
sheriff, a full report thereof to be made
as above stated, said taxes to be ac-
counted for by said sheriff as other un-
collected taxes. There has been a con-
stant falling off of taxes in Schedule B
for several years. It is the special duty
of the sheriffs and tax collectors to look
after and collect these taxes, and I ask
their careful attention to this schedule: This
department is ready at all times to as-
sist the officers in the execution of the
revenue laws."

Condensed Testimony.
Chas. R. Hood, Broker and Manufac-
turer's Agent, Columbus, Ohio, certifies
that Dr. King's New Discovery has not
equalled a cough remedy. J. D. Brown,
Prop. St. James Hotel, Ft. Wayne, Ind.,
testifies that he was cured of a cough of
two years' standing, caused by La
Grippe, by Dr. King's New Discovery.
B. F. Merrill, Baldwinville, Mass.,
testifies that he has used and recommended
it and never knew it to fail, and would
rather have had it than any doctor,
because it is always on hand. Mrs. Henry
Keese, 212 E. 25th St., Chicago, always
keeps it at hand and has no fear of croup,
because it instantly relieves. Free trial
bottles at P. B. Feizer's Drug Store.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

"I guess I better plead guilty," said
the gentleman who was in jail on a
charge of stealing a bicycle.

"Not much you won't," said the law-
yer. "I've got two lively stable keepers
and a nervous, near-sighted man on the
jury."

Only the suturer knows the misery of
dyspepsia, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cures
the most stubborn cases of this disease.

HARD TIMES.

What has caused the "hard times"
through which we are passing? Al-
most every one has his theory about it.
One man says it is the danger of free
coinage; another that it is because tariff
duties are too high, another that it is
because the duties are so low as to flood
the country with foreign goods, and
these are only examples of the wide
diversity of opinion that exists.

Perhaps the strangest theory of all
which nevertheless seems to have many
adherents, is that the bicycle has caused
it. It is reasoned out thus: Hundreds
of thousands have been saving every
spare penny to buy a wheel, and have
thus killed other business. Men
went their old clothes, economize in
food and resort to other means of sav-
ing, and thus the business of the butch-
er, the baker and the candlestick maker
is seriously diminished.

Watches, pianos, jewelry, books and
other articles not necessary in the
strictest sense of the word used to be
the "favorite luxuries"; now all these
things are neglected for the bicycle.
The market for horses was greatly in-
jured by the substitution of electrically
driven power in moving street cars.
The trade certainly had another serious
blow when the bicycle became the popu-
lar mode of locomotion.

In all this there is an element of ex-
aggeration, but it cannot be denied
that there is a measure of truth in the
theory. That is, the demand for bicy-
cles has probably intensified the bad
times. But similar hard times now
good times are a result of one cause.
It is a mistake to fix upon one peculi-
arity of the situation and say, remove
that and all will be well. So far as the
bicycle is held responsible for the bad
times, it is a subject to point
to that, that the wheel once is quite
as prevalent in Europe as it is in this
country, and yet business abroad is in
an excellent condition.

Recognition of Southern Men.
Atlanta Journal.
No section of the country has received
higher consideration from President
Cleveland than the south. The Nash-
ville Banner calls attention to the fact
that two southern men now represent
our government in the most important
positions in our foreign service. Han-
nibal Taylor is at Madrid and Fitzhugh
Lee at Havana.

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MUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS.

He—So this is the end of our engage-
ment, is it?
She—Oh, no, not necessarily. I
shall be here again next summer.

Her Father—So you wish to marry
my daughter. What are your pros-
pects?
The Suitor—That rests with you,
sir.
Bingo—Do you do much talking at
the woman's guild you have joined?
Mrs. Bingo—(sighs) No; all the
women in the neighborhood belong to it.

Perdita—If you continue much longer
to play poker with my father, I won't
marry you. Jack Dashing—If your
father continues to play poker much
longer with me, I won't need to.

The Lady—Now, I hope you won't
spend this money for that vile liquor.
The Tramp—Well, mum, I'll do my
best; but I'm not a convulsor, an' I
generally have to drink it afore I can
tell whether it is good or bad.

"How did you get the reputation of
being such a great connoisseur of art?"
"Whenever I saw a picture that seemed
to me particularly ridiculous, I declared
that it was sublime."

"Mary," said the sick man to his
wife when the doctor pronounced it a
case of small pox, "if any of my credit-
ors call on me, tell them that I am in a
condition to give them something."

"But why did you not point a card
and deny the accusation?" inquired the
politician's wife. "Deny it? How could
the politician, 'and then have them
prove it? No, I will treat it with com-
tempt."

Willie—Pa, did Caesar practice poly-
gamy? Father—No, my boy. What
made you think so Willie—Because
my teacher said that Calpurnia was
Caesar's wife, and also that when he
got to the Rhine he proposed to Bridget.

He—I have figured out this problem
of girls and ice cream on a strictly
mathematical basis.
She—How did you get at the facts?
He—Why, the Arithmetic says that
one gal is equal to four quarts.

"So you are engaged to Mr. Atkin-
son, what you not? Now tell me, hon-
estly, what can you see in him that
distinguishes him from all the other
men in the world whom you have ever
met?"
"He asked me to be his wife."

Young Tutter (drawing closer)—
I hope, Miss Clara, that your father,
in the next room, can't hear what I am
saying. Miss Finkley (with dignity)—
I hope, Mr. Tutter, that you will say
nothing to me that you would not be
willing to say to papa.

"What's the matter now?" asked his
father.
"Teacher said I didn't pass my ex-
amination," wailed Charlie; "and I'd
just like to know how she could tell—
she only asked me the things I didn't
know!"

Jobs says Boston girl are too subtle
for him.
In what way?
Well, he wrote me a letter asking for
her photograph in such a way as to
break the ice for a proposal—
"Well, did she send her photograph?"
Yes—the negative.

Doctor: "I would advise you, dear
madam, to take frequent baths, plenty
of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns."
Husband (an hour later): "What did
the doctor say?" Wife: "He said I
ought to go to a watering place, and
afterward to the mountains, and to get
some new light gowns at once."

Mrs. Newrich—"Were any of your
ancestors men of note, Mr. Cynic?"
Mr. Cynic—Yes, madam, I should
say so. One of them was the most
famous admiral of his day, and com-
manded the allied forces of the world.
Mrs. N.—(With altered tone of deep
respect.) Was it possible, Mr. C.? and
what was his name?
Mr. C.—Noah, madam.

A country boy who was brought up
in a remote region of Scotland had oc-
casion to accompany his father to a
village near which a branch line of rail-
way passes. The morning after the week-
ly train sauntering in the garden
behind the house in which they were
staying, he beheld with wondering eyes
a train go by. For a moment he stood
staring at it with astonishment, and
then, running into the house, he said:
"Father, father, come out! There's
a smiddy run off with a row of houses,
and its awa' down by the back of the
town."

Housekeeping Hints.
If a bath tub is zinc lined, it can be
made to look like a silver tub, if rubbed
with glycerine and a cloth moistened by
vigorous rubbing. In fact, a housekeeper
would do well to see that such a tub gets
a weekly rub of this kind all through the
year. The distressing water mark which
occurs often in the tubs of the best regu-
lar families needs to be watched, and
removed as soon as it appears. It can
be surely be avoided by the mixture, and
has been discolored by drippings from
the faucet, scour it with pulverized
chalk, moistened with ammonia. An-
other good way to clean marble is to use
a strong solution of washing soda, into
which a little whitening has been dissolved.
Cover the marble with the mixture, and
let it remain on for about an hour,
then rub it off, and polish the marble
with alcohol.

Republicans Have Lost the Senate.
New York Journal.
When Congress reconvenes, next
December, the Senate will contain
thirty-nine Democrats, thirty-nine Re-
publicans and eleven Politicians and
unattached silver men. Any change
from these figures will be in the direc-
tion of a reduction of the Republican
and an increase in the silver strength,
for it is probable that those Senators
from the silver mining States who re-
fused to bolt yesterday, such as Brown,
Utah, and Carter and Mantle, of
Montana, will be forced by their con-
stituents to follow the lead of Teller.
Republican control of the Senate,
therefore, is already a thing of the
past. That is the first work of the St.
Louis convention.

Butler Says Silver is But a Trifle.
Charlotte Observer.
We have a copy of the Western
Watchman, of Eureka, Cal., containing
what purports to be an interview with
Senator Butler, of California, in which
he is quoted as saying: "Our party is
not here for this campaign alone or
this one issue. Silver is but a trifle and
if it were restored the great evils would
remain the same." If Senator Butler
did not say this he might have said it.
Col. Peck said it at one time when he
thought he was about to give what he
had been claiming for. The Progress-
ive Farmer and Our Home and other
papers of the grand circuit have said it
substantially very recently. If Senator
Butler didn't say it he will say it when
the trail gets a little hotter.

Senator Irby, of South Carolina,
announces that he will not be a candi-
date for re-election. Reason: He
knows Tillman beat him.

HE HAD NEVER TAKEN A BATH.

It is not always easy to draw the line
between luxury and necessity. Few in
the present day would feel inclined to
place it just where it was drawn by a
writer of 1664, who wrote of the luxury
of cleanliness which is beginning to
spread, and which consists in washing
one's hands every day, one's face almost
as often." Truly, our ancestors must
have been dirty when a daily hand-wash-
ing was a luxury, and the face received
a little less attention than the hands!

Another writer of the same century,
inculcating this principle of cleanliness,
says: "There is one particular most
necessary to the preservation of health,
and that is to keep one's person clean.
For this reason this chief thing must
not be forgotten—each person should
wash his hands frequently, and some-
times his face."