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THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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July 2—3m.

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Aug. 6—1m

North Carolina, Cabarrus County,
SUPERIOR COURT.

L. M. Morrison, administrator of Dr. Solomon Furr, deceased, plaintiff,
vs
F. H. Furr, J. P. Furr, Martha J. Bost and her husband S. C. Bost, Defendants.

On reading and filing the affidavit and petition of L. M. Morrison, administrators of Dr. Sol Furr, dec'd, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court therefrom and from the return of the Sheriff of Cabarrus county, that F. H. Furr and J. P. Furr are non-residents of the State of North Carolina and cannot after due diligence be found in this State; and it further appearing that a cause of action exists against the said defendants, and that they are proper and necessary parties to an action relating to real property in the state which said petition and action is for the purpose of selling the real estate of said Dr. Solomon Furr, deceased, mentioned in said petition for assets to pay the debts and charges of administration against the estate of the said Dr. Solomon Furr, deceased.

It is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed that service of summons on said defendants be made by publication in The Times, a weekly newspaper published in the town of Concord, county and State aforesaid, once a week for six consecutive weeks, requiring the said defendants named as aforesaid to be and appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court for said county and state on or before Monday, the 12th day of October, 1896, and plead, answer, or demur to the complaint of the plaintiff which will be filed in this action on the 13th day of September, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

This 25th day of August, 1896.
JAS. C. GIBSON.
Clerk Superior Court.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists.

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Earrings.

Earrings have always been among the most favorite ornaments of nearly all the nations of the world, certainly with those which are called civilized. Indeed among the Persians, Babylonians and Carthaginians they were worn by men as well as women. They were always worn by Greek women from Hera, in the "Iliad" down to the Venus de Medici, whose ears are pierced for the reception of earrings. Pliny tells us that there was no part of dress upon which greater expense was lavished among the Romans. Many Egyptian earrings of very beautiful design have been preserved, and these antique designs have been imitated in modern times. All jewels are, no doubt, of barbaric origin, and earrings among the rest, so why discard them on that ground? We preserve what we admire, even if it comes to us through this source. And if piercing the ears is barbarous what can we say of shaving, which is done simply for fashion, and causes much more uneasiness to the flesh than simply piercing the ears once and for all?

Few would venture to advocate the abolition of shaving. Why, then, protest against earrings on this ground? Care should, of course, be exercised that ears are carefully pierced and allowed to heal properly before ornamental earrings are worn, but when once this is done they cause no further trouble. They are now fashionable, and this with the large majority of people is enough to say for them, but some venture to think, as they are essentially a womanly ornament and add grace and charm to a true womanly face, they should be preserved.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Puritanical Sunday.

From early childhood we were perplexed with doubts about the things which might or might not be lawfully done on a Sunday, and were hemmed in by rules of the "touch-not-taste-not-handle-not" order, at variance with many healthy instincts, quite unconnected with any morality except that of implicit obedience, and not commanding rational assent.

When I speak of a Puritanical Sunday, I am not using the term as one of disparagement, but simply as presenting a historical fact. I recognize the Puritan creed as one that has influenced many powerful and noble minds and has contributed most valuable elements to our composite English character. Even the Puritan Sunday, mistaken though I think it, and of a strictness too narrow and exaggerated for ordinary human nature to bear, has so excellent a side to it, and has been so closely bound up with customs and habits of great social value, with definite times for general rest and definite times for general worship, that I always think and speak with great respect of its supporters. I only blame those of them—now I think few in number—who load with epithets intended to excite odium, other men who are striving to make the use of Sunday more beneficial and more adapted to varieties of human character and conditions.—Westminster Review.

The Russian's Easy Existence.

Joined to exceedingly high living, late hours and all sorts of enchanting but enervating dissipations, the Russian system of easy existence absolutely refuses to admit of the necessity of bodily exercise. It is no exaggeration to say that the well to do Russian never, to use a homely but expressive phrase, walks a yard. His person, moreover, is nearly always loaded and incumbered with furs, even in summer time, and as he heats his house and restaurants to a positively preposterous extent, the bad effects on his health of the combination of these evils may be easily imagined if less readily described. The common people, on the other hand, lead a comparatively healthy existence, because from sheer poverty, and not by any means from choice, they are forced to be abstemious. Though they heat their houses to as high a temperature as their social superiors, yet they are of necessity more in the open air than these last. Their staple food, moreover, the nutritious and easily digested black bread of the country, is an excellent means of preserving their health under the very severe social and sanitary conditions under which they live, and of building up, as it were, muscle and bone.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Russian Methods.

Georg Brandes, the Danish critic, relates an amusing incident of his recent travels through Russia in his "Indtryk Fra Polen" ("Impressions In Poland"), published at Copenhagen. Passing the German frontier, he relates, the first thing which attracted the attention of the Muscovite custom house officer was two numbers of the Paris Nouvelle Revue. "What is this?" asked the official in German. "A French monthly." "What are its contents?" "It's impossible to give them in a minute." "Very well, then, it will go to the censor general at Warsaw." "Is this review prohibited?" "Prohibited is everything that I do not understand," replied the Russian, and all Danish books of Herr Brandes, even his Chinese-French dictionary, were consequently confiscated.

Success.

"We are apt, many of us, to think," said Mr. Gratebar, "that we could do better if we had a better chance or could get started in some new field; but the fact is that the man who is likely to succeed at all is pretty sure to succeed wherever he may be. Success is a crop that depends for its return less upon the soil that is cultivated than upon the manner of cultivation."—New York Sun.

The Nautilus.

The idea of airtight compartments in ships was suggested by the peculiar construction of the nautilus. The shell of this animal has 40 or 50 compartments, into which air or water may be admitted, to allow the occupant to sink or float, as it pleases.

That was a triumphant appeal of an Irish lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of the old architecture over the new, said: "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

Pale yellow twilight, extending high up indicates threatening weather.

The South African Labor Market.

I believe, as with fighting peoples of India, so with the Zulu and the Matabele, military service will eventually prove an excellent means of eliciting the loyalty and utilizing the pugnacity of the nation. All over South Africa the great social and economical difficulty of the day is the state of the labor market. Inefficient, according to our standard, though Kaffir labor may be for the purposes of mining as well as farming, it is absolutely indispensable. White men may be overseers and managers, but the pick and shovel work is, and must be for some time, in the hands of natives. Whatever may be the case in America, it is certain that in South Africa black and white would not come together in a single shift or a single gang on the same level. Whether in the future employers will not be forced to import hands, not exactly of the class called "mean white," but from the same countries as now supply the American mines with labor, remains to be seen.

The scarcity of Kaffirs is a serious fact in the industrial world of Afrikanderdom. It does not spring, as I have stated, from any shrinkage of population, for, on the contrary, there is an increase, but it is to be accounted for by the ingrained distaste for manual exertion which makes the male Kaffir in his own kraal send his women to work in the fields while he sits in his glory at his hut's door. Everywhere they have made money and bought cattle, and, according to Kaffir custom, each son of the house has the right to put his spoon into the common bowl and the common stew, so that the young "bucks" are not forced to work from any fear of starving.—Fortnightly Review.

Paul Potter.

These boys who draw on slates and whose time and thoughts are constantly running to pictures sometimes turn out to be great artists and leave splendid names behind them. In the great picture gallery at The Hague, which is at once the pride and joy of all true Dutchmen, hangs, among other masterpieces, the most famous animal picture in all the world. It is called "The Bull." It was painted by a very young man, whose name was Paul Potter, and who was only 22 when he signed this canvas. There are few paintings better known, and it is acknowledged by art critics to be the most complete work that any cattle painter has ever done.

Though this Dutchman died at the age of 29, he left behind him 140 pictures that were all out of the ordinary, while some of them were painted before he was 16. He made, when he was 18, a wonderful etching that attracted attention in the old town of Delft, and an artist in those days had to do excellent work to secure notice at all. Potter's works are greatly prized and are found in the principal galleries of the world. You may see them in the National gallery in London; the Berlin, Dresden and Vienna museums; the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, the Louvre in Paris, and all the art institutions of the artist's native land.—Arthur Hoeber in St. Nicholas.

Where the Beaver Dived.

Forest and Stream prints from a photograph a wood scene that should bring a faraway look into the beaver trapper's eyes the moment he sees it. There are fallen logs, in a tangle of brush trees denuded of leaves mostly, and down a slight incline, surrounded by the brush, is a pool. Ripples of water are waggling the shadows of the trees, which were caused by a beaver that had just dived, alarmed by the approach of E. Hofer, who took the photograph.

No picture is so suggestive to a sportsman as one which shows where game has been. Sportsmen's papers print photographs of the tracks of deers, bears and other game, and these are more suggestive than a view of the game itself. A fox's track, leading away across the snow covered fields, or the ripple where a fish has slapped the water's surface are full of life to a sportsman. There is a chance with such evidence before him of exercising his craft and skill.

It is related of an amateur photographer of field scenes that one day he tried to catch a running gray squirrel with his little camera. When the negative was developed, he found that he had a picture of the animal's tail alone, but because of the very incompleteness of the scene he values that picture above any six in his collection.

A Grave Blunder.

A German gentleman one day received a telegram from the proprietor of a hotel in the south of France informing him of the death of his aunt, and asking for particulars as to the disposal of the body. The gentleman begged that the body might be sent to Cologne, and, after telegraphing to the deceased's relations to assemble in that city, traveled thither himself. In due time the coffin arrived. On being opened it was found to contain the body, not of an aunt, but of a Russian general in full uniform. Further telegrams elicited the information that the coffin containing the body of the deceased lady had been forwarded in error to the relatives of the Russian general at St. Petersburg. Urgent telegrams were dispatched to St. Petersburg, and after three days of anxious waiting this answer was received: "Your aunt has been interred with full military honors."—London Tit-Bits.

Incapacitated.

"Heavens!" shrieked he, "what in my anger have I done?"

He reeled.

"I have been tearing my hair," he gasped.

One glance into the mirror was enough to tell him that he could no longer be considered a piano virtuoso of the first class.—Pick Me-Up.

Unappreciative.

Tommy—Paw, what is a designing villain?

Mr. Figg—Oh, the description would apply to one of these poster artists about as well as anything.—Indianapolis Journal.

Personal.

FREE—64-page medical reference book to any person afflicted with any special, chronic or delicate disease peculiar to their sex. Address the leading physicians and surgeons of the United States, Dr. Hathaway & Co., 22½ South Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Lilith, Adam's First Wife.

The old Talmudists had a queer legend concerning the first pair created by the Almighty. According to the story, Lilith was Adam's original "helpmeet," and Eve was the after consideration. The Talmud says that Lilith was created just as Adam was—out of the dust of the earth. Soon after the breath of life had been breathed into her ears (you will remember that the Bible says "nostrils" in Adam's case) her entire nature changed to such an extent that she became a veritable demon. About this time the devil came along, and, recognizing in Adam's wife all that was necessary to make a first class governess of the infernal regions, persuaded her to quit the first man and go with him into the "upper regions of the air." To us this seems like a queer place for the location of hell, but that is the direction the pair are said to have taken when they left Adam as the sole occupant of the garden. At home with the king of the sulphurous domain, she became the mother of devils, and then deserted Pluto and became a "specter of darkness."

After this transformation her sole delight appears to have been in the destruction of innocent babes. It is even said that our word "lullaby" is a corruption of an oriental term, "lilla abi," which means "Avaunt," or "Begone, Lilith." The ignorant and superstitious Jews of the far east still tie amulets or charms around the necks, waists, wrists or ankles of their babes in order to preserve them from Lilith's evil intentions. —St. Louis Republic.

Why England Stays In Egypt.

But though much has been done, much still remains to be done, and even if it did not, the necessity for our continuance in Egypt depends on something more than the completion of a programme. When we have exhausted the list of improvements of which the country is capable, our mission will be only half fulfilled. The pashas and the whole tribe of fatteners on a corrupt system are still on the spot, only watching for a favorable opportunity to inaugurate a counter revolution and repossess themselves of their lost fleshpots. The people have not yet learned to rely on any protection against their former oppressers, except what is afforded by the English.

Take away this support and the whole machine of progress would run down hill again, and the great work of the last ten years be completely undone. The old corrupt system would at once reassert itself, and the second state of Egypt would be worse than the first. The appetite of the bloodsuckers only whetted by their enforced abstinence, and the hapless fellaheen, instead of feeling, as they feel today, deeply grateful for the intervention of England, would only curse the hour when they first listened to her counsels.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Immense Fortunes In Trees.

The timber wealth of the United States gives a yearly product of over a billion dollars, or twice the value of the entire output of all the mines put together—gold, silver, coal, iron, copper, zinc and the rest. This is a resource worth keeping, and yet we are cutting into our capital at the fearful rate of 75 per cent each year, as only about 25 per cent of the timber market is represented by new growth. As for losses from the fires that are started by locomotives, cattlemen, berry pickers, hunters and incendiaries, it gives a sufficient idea of what they cost us, to be told by the forestry commissioner of Pennsylvania that his state alone probably suffers to the extent of $30,000,000 annually from this one cause. Not only the trees are lost in these mighty conflagrations, the vegetable mold which would supply fertility to the soil for future agricultural purposes, or food for the roots of a second growth of forest, is burned, and the first step is taken on that easy descent to a landslide or flood-bed.—Scribner's.

In Sargent's Studio.

Sargent's studio is always a sociable place. Unlike many artists, the presence of visitors or companions does not disturb him when he is painting. He seems to work without obvious exertion even in his intensest activity. "When his models are resting, he fills up the gap by strumming on the piano or guitar," says one of his friends. "His manner while at work is that of a man of consummate address and does not show physical or mental effort." He knows thoroughly well what he is about and what his capabilities are, so that while he searches the truth in his pictorial rendering of what is before him, and often repaints a part of his picture entirely in the effort to make it as perfect as possible, he works with confidence. He has never been allied with any revolutionary movements in art, and, while novelty appeals to him in things seen, he shuns all passing crazes or new doctrines.—William A. Coffin in Century.

Touching Consistency.

Prison Visitor—Ah! Here is a cell that is so tidily kept that it reveals evidences of refinement. And that beautifully worked motto of "Home, Sweet Home," on the farther wall—is it possible that that is the handiwork of the occupant of this cell?

Warden—It is, sir.

Prison Visitor—Wonderful! And for what offense against the law can such a man be confined?

Warden—Just wife beating; that's all.—Boston Courier.

His Rash Innovation.

"Dabber's poster didn't win a prize?"

"No; he forgot to paint in the customary girl and the judges had nothing to divert them from criticising his work."—Chicago Record.

A British patentee has the same exclusive rights to his invention or discovery as a patentee in the United States, and no person in any part of the kingdom can make, sell or use the invention without the consent of the patentee.

An eminent spirit merchant in Dublin announced in one of the Irish papers that he had still a small puantity of the whisky on sale which was drunk by his late majesty while in Dublin.

The man who makes his own god always has a little one.

A Famous Book Is "Ossian."

In his book on "The Study of Celtic Literature," Arnold showed that one of the qualities which the English people admire most in some of their great poets is the very quality which above all others is the distinguishing characteristic of the Celtic bards, and that Ossian in particular is saturated and pervaded with the quintessence of this trait. To denote the characteristic trait of Celtic poetry Arnold used the word Titanism. No one has defined Titanism, but it has been caricatured in the saying, "The Celtic mind seems always sailing nowhere under full sail."

Those who wished to know the full meaning of the word were recommended to discover it by devout study of Byron and Keats. "And where did they get it?" asks Arnold. "The Celts," he answers, "are the prime authors of this vein of piercing regret and passion, of this Titanism in poetry. A famous book, Macpherson's 'Ossian,' carried in the last century this vein like a flood of lava through Europe. * * * Make the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious, in the book as large as you like, there will still be left a residue of the very soul of the Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of the Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody Morven and echoing Lora and Selma with its silent halls, we all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the muse forget us."—Macmillan's Magazine.

Kant's Windlasses.

Kant, the German metaphysician, was a singular being. The English writer Thomas De Quincey made close observation of Kant's personal peculiarities, and frequently dwelt upon one of them with intense amusement.

Kant, among other studies in the art of taking care of himself, avoided ordinary garters. He permitted no ligature to be placed on any part of his body, fearing to hinder in the slightest degree the circulation of the blood.

He found it necessary at the same time to keep up his stockings. Accordingly he had loops attached to them, and outside each hip he wore a contrivance which may be called a box windlass. These affairs somewhat resembled an angler's reel, with a spring which secured the line at any given point.

Behold Kant then expounding his philosophy to a select circle of disciples. Like the famous counsel who could not state his arguments without twisting a bit of twine, Kant worked the windlasses as he talked.

The idea of this grotesque fancy so tickled De Quincey that he often lingered on the odd sight it must have been to observe the master "paying out the cable" or hauling in "the slack" by aid of this curious machinery!—Youth's Companion.

Sebastian Cabot.

Sebastian Cabot retired from public affairs in 1557, and died shortly after, leaving a high reputation as a scientific and practical mariner, much of which the author of this book considers—and, it must be admitted, has cogently proved —to be undeserved. Our own verdict would be that he was guilty of much falsehood and intrigue, that he was not as expert a seaman as he claimed to be and that in the leadership of men he exhibited neither justice, mercy nor even ordinary discretion. But let us temper justice with mercy, and in judging of the worthies of past ages bring to light some extenuating circumstances.

He was of the Italian race, a people who for at least a century had borne an unenviable character for slyness and underhand proceedings; he lived in an age when mercenary service was in vogue, and strict fidelity to engagements was not to be expected; the languages of all the Latin races are prone to vagueness and exaggeration, and thus often deviated, and even unintentionally, from veracity, and he had to deal with Spaniards, who deemed his foreign birth a sufficient reason for disobeying his orders. Perhaps his character may be justly comprehended if we apply to him the common phrase "too clever by half."—London Spectator.

Luxury.

They tell a story of a man of luxurious habits who volunteered as a private soldier in a cavalry regiment during the late war. By what is popularly known as the "irony of fate," he had to perform his services in the roughest possible places and in the roughest possible way.

Sometimes "luck" was so contrary that the only meal he had was a few grains of corn that he stole from the ears provided for his horse.

One of his companions, who was talking about this, was asked if these hardships and privations cured the volunteer of his luxurious habits. He answered that they did not; that when they were fortunate enough to find a few planks to lie down on at night, the luxury lover searched among them to see whether he could not get one of soft wood.—Philadelphia Times.

One Dodge Abolished.

"This new light they have discovered that enables one to take a photograph of a man's bones without skinning him will be a terrible factor in the wars of the future," said the philosopher. "Take a bearer of a message, for instance; he is captured, and, after the old fashioned methods, swallows the paper; out comes the photographer, takes his internal picture, reproduces the swallowed message, and there's all the poor messenger's devotion gone for nothing." —London Tit-Bits.

The bishop of Meath takes precedent of all Irish bishops, and is followed by other bishops according to the seniority of their consecration.

There is a certain farmer so suspicious that before buying a sheep he examines him closely to make sure that he has no cotton in him.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands. Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c. a box. For sale by P. B. Fetzer.

She Considered the Lily.

At a teachers' convention in Detroit, a lady, speaking about the influence of beautiful objects upon the character and conduct of young pupils, told a pretty story received by her from an eyewitness:

"Into a school made up chiefly of children from the slums the teacher one day carried a beautiful calla lily. Of course the children gathered about the pure, waxy blossom in great delight.

"One of them was a little girl, a waif of the streets, who had no care bestowed upon her, as was evinced by the dirty, ragged condition she was always in. Not only was her clothing dreadfully soiled, but her face and hands seemed totally unacquainted with soap and water.

"As this little one drew near the lovely flower, she suddenly turned and ran away down stairs and out of the building. In a few minutes she returned with her hands washed perfectly clean, and pushed her way up to the flower, where she stood and admired it with intense satisfaction.

"It would seem," continued Miss Coffin, "that when the child saw the lily in its white purity, she suddenly realized that she was not fit to come into its atmosphere, and the little thing fled away to make herself suitable for such companionship. Did not this have an elevating, refining effect on the child? Let us gather all the beauty we can into the schoolroom."—New York Tribune.

Some People.

I don't wonder that the carriages of the rich and noble so inflamed the passions of the peasantry that the result was the French revolution.

I am not a peasant, and I hire a cab whenever I want one, but I must say that my gorge rises at the sight of some of our fashionable equipages and their occupants.

It's a case of nose in the air all through.

The horses have their noses in the air because they are "checked up" for the purpose, while the coachman and footman are obliged to keep their proboscises "tip tilted" or they'd be discharged, but why need the haughty riders do the same?

They seem to be saying very often:

"Dear me! What can those creatures be who are actually walking? Don't run over them, James, for I'm afraid it will spoil the looks of the turnout."

Some people affect me just the same way when they enter a private box.

They come in noisily, and turn around half a dozen times ere they can find a resting place, like a dog before the fire, and then they survey the rest of the audience with such a patronizing air of proprietorship that I almost hope they will fall out of the box or be dragged out by the irate populace.—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

Mark Your Wheel.

John D. Carroll, chief detective of a wheelman's insurance company, said recently: "Every owner should have a private mark upon his or her wheel. By this I don't mean a simple mark upon the saddle post or on the saddle itself, as those are the very places where a thief will look for such a mark, and should they be there both saddle and post will be removed. If you want to make the private mark on any part of your frame, say on the underside of the top tube, turn your wheel upside down and remove a portion of the enamel, say 1 inch by 1 inch, and clean well till the metal is freed from any part of the enamel. Then cover the space so cleaned with a greasy material—candle grease, for instance—then take a pointed instrument of some kind and wet the point with carbolic acid. Proceed to write your initials or private mark on the tubing, being sure that you have sufficient acid on the pointed pen' before you begin. After allowing the acid to leave its trace on the tubing, you can rub off the grease, and one application of enamel will cover all trace of the mark you have made."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Long Felt Want.

Agent (to superintendent of laundry) —I have come, sir, to ascertain if you would like to purchase one of my new machines—

Superintendent—No, we don't want any of your machines; we have all the machinery we can use.

"But, my dear sir, no laundry is complete without one of my machines."

"What is it; a mangler?"

"No, sir; your manglers and ironers are not in it when my machine gets to work."

"What is your machine for?"

"It's a machine made expressly to take buttons off garments. When it strikes a button, it removes the same in a twinkling, and rips the garment from end to end."

"Young man, you have a brilliant future before you. You may send half a dozen of your machines to the laundry at once."—Pearson's Weekly.

Sensations.

"How glorious to be rocked in the cradle of the deep! Don't you think so, Mr. Duzenberry?"

"Um—well, I don't know. It would be all right if the deep wasn't inclined to be too ambitious in the matter of rocking the cradle."

"Ah, but think of the sensations."

"That's just what I am thinking of." —Chicago Post.

Most Valuable Stamp.

The most valuable stamp in the world (says a philatelist) is the 1 cent magenta stamp of British Guiana, dated 1856. There is only one copy in existence, and it will cost you $5,000 if you are demented enough to desire to purchase it.

The swiftest bird is the kestril, or English sparrowhawk. It has been known to achieve a speed of 150 miles an hour.

I will not be concerned at men's not knowing me; I will be concerned at my own want of ability.—Confucius.

A platform fell down with a candidate recently and broke his leg. Always look for the Bryan platform—the one made at Chicago. It insures against all accidents. See that "Bryan and Sewall" is on each plank. Take no other!

A blur of haziness about the sun indicates a storm.

A New Antiseptic.

We are willing to admit that the Japanese can give us points on various industries and mechanical arts, but we have scarcely been prepared for the announcement that they are ahead of us in certain points in surgery. Antiseptic dressings are among the absolutely necessary surgical appliances. There is more or less difficulty in preparing them, and they are for the most part expensive, and many of them are not at all satisfactory. During the war Japanese surgeons used the ashes of rice-straw as a dressing for wounds, and met with most remarkable success. The wound was cleaned, the ashes applied freely, then sublimate gauze or linen was used as a wrapping. These ashes are said to be a perfect antiseptic, and owe these qualities to the presence of potassium carbonate. English and American surgeons are trying this dressing, and if it is as successful in their hands as in the Japanese, it certainly is a wonderful stride in antiseptic surgery, and is unquestionably the cheapest dressing that has ever been prepared.—New York Ledger.

Not Quite Yet.

"Still putting up high buildings, I see," said the stranger.

"Oh, yes," replied the native carelessly.

"How do you do it now?" asked the stranger.

"How? I don't believe I understand you," answered the native.

"Why, I have heard so many remarkable things about your methods of construction and the improvements that have been made in them," said the stranger, "that I didn't know—I wasn't quite sure that—that"—

"Well? That what?"

"That you hadn't reached a point where you begin at a cloud and build down."

"No-o. Not yet," returned the native thoughtfully. "But we're getting there."—Chicago Post.

Sour Grapes.

The fox had jumped and jumped and jumped. He sat down with his tongue hanging out and eyed the unattainable grapes with a well assumed air of indifference.

"Dear me!" he remarked airily. "How careless of me not to notice that they were not edible grapes, but good only to make into table d'hote wine." —Indianapolis Journal.

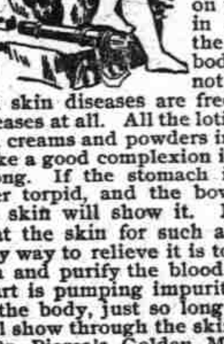
Cure for Headache.

As remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Fifty cents and $1.00 at Fetzer's Drug Store.

How He Rebuked an Officer For His Ungentlemanly Conduct.

One of Messrs. Cassell's publications says that the late Charles Bradlaugh, when in the British army, was orderly room clerk, and a newly arrived officer once entered the room where he was sitting at work and—addressed to him some discourteous order. Private Bradlaugh took no notice. The order was repeated with an oath. Still no movement. Then it came again, with some foul words added. The young soldier rose, drew himself to his full height, and, walking up to the officer, bade him leave the room or he would throw him out. He went accordingly, but in a few moments the grounding of muskets was heard outside, the door opened, and the colonel walked in, accompanied by the officer.

It was clear that the private soldier had committed an act for which he might be court martialed, and as he said once, "I felt myself in a tight place." The officer made his accusation, and Private Bradlaugh was bidden to explain. He asked that the officer should state the exact words in which he had addressed him, and the other, who had, after all, a touch of honor in him, gave the offensive sentence word for word. Then Private Bradlaugh said, addressing the colonel, that the officer's memory must surely be at fault in the whole matter, as he could not have used language so unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman. The colonel turned to the officer with the dry remark: "I think Private Bradlaugh is right. There must be some mistake," and he left the room.



Cupid breaks his bow at the sight of a face full of pimples and blotches. Hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, and a sallow complexion will defy his best intentions. Beauty is more than skin deep. The skin is merely the surface on which is written in plain characters the condition of the body. The skin is not a thing by itself, and skin diseases are frequently not skin diseases at all. All the lotions and bleaches and creams and powders in the world won't make a good complexion if the digestion is wrong. If the stomach is sour, and the liver torpid, and the bowels constipated, the skin will show it. No use trying to treat the skin for such a condition. The only way to relieve it is to cleanse the system and purify the blood. As long as the heart is pumping impurities to every part of the body, just so long these impurities will show through the skin.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is good for the complexion because it makes the whole body healthy—because it clears and purifies the blood, makes the digestion strong and clears out impurities of all kinds. By increasing the ability to assimilate nutritious food, and by the infusion of its own ingredients, it enriches the blood and so makes *solid, healthy* flesh. It fills out the hollows, rubs out wrinkles and substitutes for sallowness a rosy, healthy glow. There is no mystery about it. It isn't a miracle. It is merely the result of a combination of rational, natural common sense with expert medical knowledge. It cures diseases of the lungs, liver, stomach, bowels, skin and scalp, simply because all these diseases spring from the same cause—a disordered digestion and consequent impure blood. Don't let prejudice and scepticism cheat you out of your health. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will positively cure you, if suffering from diseases named above.

If you want to know hundreds of great medical truths, send 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing *only*, and we will send you FREE a copy of Dr. Pierce's 1008 page book, "Common Sense Medical Adviser." Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Office Hours, 7:30 to 8:30 a. m., 1:30 to 2:30, 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. H. C. HERRING, DENTIST,
is again at his old place over Yorke's Jewelry Store,
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When in need of Fire Insurance, call and see us, or write. We represent only first-class Home and Foreign Companies.
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Jan 1—1y.

Sewing Machine Repairing.
I am now living on Church street, in rear of the Methodist church, and am ready at all times to do any kind of sewing machine repairing. I will attend any call in 50 miles of Concord.
Read the following testimonial:
CONCORD, N. C., Dec. 30, 1885.
This is to certify that Mr. D. W. Snider has done considerable sewing machine work for us and all of it was done in first-class workmonlike manner and satisfactory to us.
YORKE, WADSWORTH & Co.
Look for my sign. Respectfully
Jan. 9—tf D. W. SNIDER