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THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance
Volume XV. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1898. Number 34.

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CONSUMPTION

The Lone Inn

A STORY OF MYSTERY.

BY FERGUS HUME.

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CHAPTER X.

When I told Dr. Merrick of my good fortune in finding Rose Strent, or, to use her stage name, Rose Gernon, he was considerably astonished. The case had taken hold of him so completely that he could think of nothing else. He had a large practice and attended fairly well to his patients, but informed me that he did so in a mechanical fashion, more or less, as his brain was busy with the Fen inn mystery. We were now wonderfully familiar, considering the short period of our acquaintance, but this was doubtless due to the interest we both took in the case. "Upon my word, Denham," said Merrick, rubbing his head irritably, "I wish you had not come near me with your hallucinations. Instead of attending to my business, I think of nothing but your mysteries. The sooner we unravel this riddle the better will it be for me. You are an idle bachelor, so it does not matter much to you, but I am a busy medical man, and this infernal business worries me greatly. At this moment I ought to be attending to a patient, instead of which I am wasting my time with you."

"Shall I go away?"

"No, confound you! I wish to see the end of this affair, or I'll get no peace of mind. It is too late to remedy the matter, so I must have my curiosity allayed by learning all the ins and outs of this enigma. Come, let us begin. You have found Rose Strent?"

"Yes. She is a burlesque actress and plays at the Frivolity theater. Her name in the programme is set down as Rose Gernon, but this is doubtless her stage name. Rose Strent is her real one."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Merrick sharply. "If she went into that Fen inn business with her eyes open, she doubtless took a false name, so as to baffle inquiry."

"Then what about the landlord, who called himself Edward Strent?"

"Oh, we must find out all about him also. No doubt his name is false also. Did he look like her father?"

"Well, I can't say that there was much likeness between them. He looked to me like a valet."

"A valet," muttered Merrick reflectively. "Queer! I wonder if he really was a valet—valet to Felix."

"In that case he'll be with him now."

"It is not impossible. He has Felix in his power and can stay on just as he likes. It's my opinion he'll stay till he's pensioned off. Case of blackmail, I fancy."

"I think Rose Gernon is blackmailing Felix also."

"Quite so. What else can he expect? Or else," added Merrick, looking straight at me, "it's a case of love and marriage."

"What! Do you think Felix promised to marry Rose if she helped him to get rid of his brother?"

"I think he might lead her to believe he would do so."

"This is absurd, Merrick," said I sharply. "Felix is in love with Olivia. The motive of the crime was to gain possession of Olivia's hand. Rose would not help Felix if she knew that."

"Precisely. If she knew it. But it's my opinion that she does not know it. I believe Felix gulled her into belief that he would marry her if she gave her assistance, but he has not the slightest intention of keeping his promise."

"And what excuse could he make for wishing to murder his brother?"

"Ah, there you have me! I don't know that. Of course you and I are aware of the real motive of the crime, but Rose is ignorant of it. She thinks she knows, no doubt, but I'm certain she been put off with a lie."

"But he can't keep the information from her for ever. Even if he keeps quiet, some one is bound to tell her that Felix is engaged to Miss Bellin."

"There you are wrong," said Merrick, with grim jocularity. "Every one thinks Francis is engaged to Miss Bellin."

"Yes, but Rose Gernon knows well enough that Francis is dead, and that the engaged man must be Felix posing as Francis."

"There's some truth in that," admitted the doctor, looking puzzled. "I suppose he must have kept that fact from her so far, as I don't see what possible explanation he could give her."

"Always assuming she is in love with him," said I musingly.

"Oh, as to that, I am certain it is so. A woman like Rose Gernon drawing a good salary would not mix herself up in such a dangerous business merely for money. There is a stronger motive, and that is love. I'll lay anything," continued Merrick, in sporting phrase, "I'll lay anything that she is madly in love with the fellow."

"Well, and Olivia, thinking Felix is Francis, loves him madly also. If these two women come together, there will be trouble for Felix."

"Eureka!" cried the doctor, jumping up excitedly, "the very thing. When thieves fall out—you know the adage. Let us bring the two women together and see the upshot."

"There will simply be a row," said I. "What is the use of that?"

"This," retorted Merrick sharply—"that when Rose finds she has been betrayed she will reveal all the mystery out of revenge and assure Olivia that Felix is not Francis."

"That's not a bad idea, Merrick; also it might occur that Olivia reveals something in her turn."

"Impossible. She can't possibly know the man's villainy, else she would not think of marrying him."

"I suppose not, and yet," I added reflectively, "I wouldn't be surprised if she were cognizant of Felix's movements on the 10th and 11th. She certainly stuck up for him in the most amazing manner at the first interview."

"Of course she did, because she believes he is Francis. Depend upon it, doctor, she knows nothing, and if we bring her and Rose together there will be a revolution and a revelation."

"It's worth trying at all events. But how can it be managed?"

"By working on the natural jealousy of the sex. Tell Olivia that Felix receives a woman in his rooms every evening."

"Oh, hang it, Merrick," said I, reddening, "it wouldn't be delicate even to a married woman, let alone a girl."

"Of course I don't mean you to put it to her in that barefaced manner," said Merrick hastily, "but handle the matter delicately. Wrap it up in sugar. I leave it to your own judgment. In any case you must rouse the jealousy of Miss Olivia Bellin and induce her to come with you to the chambers of Felix when he is interviewing Rose."

"She wouldn't come without her mother."

"Then bring her mother along with you. This is a serious matter, and it doesn't do to be squeamish."

"Then do it yourself," said I angrily.

"I!" said he, taken aback. "No. I don't know Miss Bellin. You are the proper person. Besides it's better that she should know the truth, even at the cost of a shock to her delicacy, than be tied to a brute like Felix, as she certainly will be."

"Not if Rose can help it."

"She can't help it if she doesn't know. And the only way to spoil the game of Felix is to bring the two women face to face. Their mutual jealousy will do the rest, and instead of going to the altar Felix Briarfield will find himself bound for the scaffold."

"True enough. Well, I'll try, Merrick, but it's a job I don't like."

He laughed at my scruples and tried to show me that I was really doing Olivia a service in being so plain spoken, but in spite of all his arguments I departed from his house in low spirits. I did not relish the idea of interviewing Olivia on so delicate a subject, yet I saw it was imperative and therefore made up my mind to carry through the business at whatever cost of personal inconvenience to myself. That is the worst of being an amateur detective. One's feelings are not under sufficient control.

The next day I called at Swansea square and sent up my card to Olivia. As it so happened, her mother had gone down to Hurlingham with Felix, and she remained at home on the plea of a headache. She sent down a message to the effect that she was unwell and asked me to excuse her, but I scribbled a few lines on my card asking particularly to see her. This time the servant returned with the information that Miss Bellin would see me for a few minutes, and I was shown into the drawing room. I felt nervous, but, determined to go through with the matter, managed to screw up my courage. It was a most unpleasant task, but very necessary if I wanted to attain my object.

When Miss Bellin entered, I could not suppress a start, so changed was she in outward appearance. As I said before, she was a tall, well developed and very beautiful woman, but now she had grown thin, and her face wore an anxious expression. I could not help thinking that she knew something about the tragedy at the lone inn, as I could conjecture no other reason for her ill health and manifest discomposure. She came forward, with a nervous smile, and greeted me in a low voice.

"My mother and Mr. Briarfield have gone to Hurlingham," she said, sitting down on a lounge near which my chair was placed.

"I am not sorry for that," I answered gravely, "as I wish to see you alone."

"What is the matter, Mr. Denham? Have you anything very terrible to tell me?"

"I think it is terrible."

"About Francis?" she demanded anxiously.

"Yes. About Francis."

"Surely you are not going to begin again about that foolish matter you spoke of at Marshminster."

"No. It is not about that."

Olivia passed her handkerchief across her lips and gave a sigh of relief. The expression of her face was so strange that I was more than ever convinced she suspected the truth.

"I am glad you have given over that mad idea about Francis being Felix," she said at length. "I cannot conceive what made you take up so strange a belief. Felix is in Paris."

"I know that, Miss Bellin. I saw him there."

This I said in the hope of startling her, but she did not move a muscle of her face. Either she was keeping well in hand or was cognizant of the fact that Felix had gone to Paris for the purpose of deceiving me. If so, she must have known he was not Francis, and also that my story of the lone inn tragedy was true. It was on my tongue to ask her if she was aware of the terrible truth, but on reflection I judged it best to let events evolve themselves. Fate could manage these things better than a mere mortal.

"I knew you would see him there," she said coldly, "but I cannot conceive why you should desire to convince yourself that I spoke truly."

"Because, Miss Bellin, I believe that the man who calls himself Francis is really Felix."

"The same old story," she said impatiently. "You are mad. If you saw Felix in Paris, you must be convinced that you are making a mistake."

"Well, Miss Bellin, we will waive that point for the present. I will call the man to whom you are engaged Francis."

"As he is," she interpolated imperiously. I let the remark pass and went on with my speech. "You will no doubt think me highly impertinent, but I wish to warn you against the so called Francis Briarfield."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Simply this: While at the Fen inn I was waited on by a woman who called herself Rose Strent. That woman is now in town acting at the Frivolity theater under the name of Rose Gernon."

"And what have I to do with such a creature?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"Nothing, but your lover has everything to do with her."

"Mr. Denham!"

We were both on our feet by this time, and she was looking at me with wrathful eyes. The crisis I so dreaded had come, but it was now too late to retreat, and there was no help for it but to go on.

"Be angry with me if you like, Miss Bellin," I said as soon as I was able, "but it is in your own interest I speak."

"My own interest!"

"Yes. This woman Rose Gernon is in love with Francis B"——

"No, no!" she murmured, her face growing white. "You are making a mistake!"

"It is true," I said doggedly, "she was with him at his chambers yesterday evening at 8 o'clock. She will be there tomorrow evening at the same time. I learned that fact today."

"Did you come here to insult me, sir?" asked Olivia in a voice tremulous with rage.

"I came here to do you a service, but if you look upon it in the light of an insult I may as well take my leave."

"Stop, sir!" she said, placing herself before me. "You shall not leave the room till I am convinced of the truth of your statement. Why should Francis meet Rose Gernon?"

"Why should Rose Gernon play the part of a waiting maid at the Fen inn?" I retorted.

"How can I tell?"

"To further the schemes of the man who is to marry you, Miss Bellin. She loves him, and he loves her."

"No! I tell you it is impossible. I trust him. I love him. He could not be such a mean villain."

"I can prove to you that what I say is true."

"Do so, and I will believe it. If it is true," she muttered, clinching her fist, "if it is true, I shall bitterly punish him for the deception."

"Come with me tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock to Briarfield's rooms in Jermyn street, and I'll engage you shall see them together."

"If I thought so—but, no," she said, breaking off impetuously. "I cannot come. How can I—how can I?"

"Ask Mrs. Bellin to come with you," I suggested.

"I cannot do that."

She looked at me strangely for a moment, then walked to the other end of the room. When she returned, her face was flushed with anger.

"Why do you come here with these infamous tales, sir?" she cried excitedly. "I do not believe you."

"Put me to the proof. Come tomorrow evening, and you shall see for yourself."

"You are the enemy of the man I love."

"I am the bitter enemy of the man who pretends to love you because I believe he killed his brother."

"Mr. Denham, I could tell—but, no, no! I must be silent."

"What do you mean?" asked I eagerly, thinking she was about to reveal her suspicions. Olivia thought for a few moments, then put her hand suddenly into mine. "I will be with you at a quarter to 8 tomorrow, and if it is true what you say—oh, if it is true!"

"Here is my card," said I, forcing it into her hand. "Wear a veil and

"I will be with you at a quarter to 8 tomorrow."

come to my rooms in Duke street. I will await you at the door, and we will go to the chambers of this villain."

"He is no villain."

"I say he is, Miss Bellin, and I'll prove him to be so tomorrow."

"Do it," she said, fixing me with a glance, "and you shall see how bitterly I shall punish his treachery. Now go, Mr. Denham, and meet me tomorrow evening as you have arranged."

I bowed and left the room in silence. As I passed through the door I looked back and saw she had thrown herself on the couch, crying bitterly. The sight perplexed me.

"Does she know anything," I thought, "or does she believe Felix is really Francis? Well, when she and Rose Gernon come face to face, the truth will be revealed."

The truth was stranger than even I suspected.

(To be continued in our next.)

This Is About Time.

Charlotte Observer.

Before the Mormon missionaries all get out of the State and the excitement which has attended their invasion entirely subsides, we want to submit a held-over paragraph from an editorial about them which appeared in the Monroe Journal three or four weeks ago:

"A man who can be upset in his faith by Mormons will sooner or later be upset by something else. It's hardly worth while trying to keep him in line. As soon as he gets straightened in on one side he is sure to kick out on the other and it's only a question of time till he is out of harness anyway."

Come to think about it rightly isn't there really a good deal in this view of the matter?

Decency and Baseball.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

If the respectable, intelligent sentiment of the public is ignored, if the games are so conducted that men and women who will not tolerate vulgarity, fraud, or hoodlumism in any sport for which their patronage is solicited, cannot consistently attend them, then the game is sure to degenerate.

Quite a hubbub was created in Washington recently by the adoption of an ordinance forbidding bicyclers to use drop handle bars in the streets. The ordinance provides that "no cycle shall be ridden in the streets with the lower end of the handle bars on a plane lower than four inches below the top of the saddle at its center, and the rider shall at all times keep his head in such a position as to command a view of not less than 200 feet ahead."

No odds how little a man does he likes to tell how he used to work.

SAM JONES WRITES ON "LESSONS IN LIFE."

A man who is simply posted on current events, to say nothing of moral training and religious influences, who deliberately makes up his mind to do a wrong thing is about as much fool as he is knave. While all nature declares that there is a God, every wrecked life and prison wall and court of justice and hangman's rope tell us in louder tones than God has spoken it that it does not pay to do wrong.

Poor Saunders, the alleged Southern Express company robber, with a conscience that made him surrender and somebody else disgorge thirty-seven hundred dollars of the money, with wrecked life and ruined hopes, could preach a sermon today to the young men of America that would cause them to halt and think and reform while the sermons of thousands of preachers would fall dead upon their ears. But what a mighty sermon is preached every morning in our daily papers! This one gone wrong; that one gone wrong; a suicide here; a murdered man there; a wrecked home yonder and a blasted character here, et cetera. The man who does not believe that the way of the transgressor is hard does not believe anything. He has doubted until he now doubts whether he doubts or not. The sooner young men learn the lesson thoroughly that it is not only right to do right and wrong to do wrong but that they cannot afford to do wrong and that they cannot afford not to do right, the better it will be for them, and then they have learned the lesson that forms the very basis of all usefulness here and all hopes of good hereafter.

"By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." Some men say, Is God's curse pronounced upon men? It is God's wise direction to a child. Employment is the very safeguard of character; industry is the very basis of manhood. There is more in labor than the dollars and cents which labor brings. Employment is worth more than emoluments to any man. A man who does good work on half pay is getting along better than the fellow who does sorry work and gets double pay. Fidelity to the task undertaken! Desirous first to do well the thing you are doing, and making all other considerations secondary, is the very ground work of patience and when a man loses patience and gets in a hurry to be rich, then comes the dangerous period. Human weakness coupled with temptation brings about the condition of things which would wreck the world. I had rather follow a plow for a dollar a week than to follow Leiter, the Chicago wheat dealer, at a million dollars a year. A man can plow his way to manhood but he can only speculate himself to hell.

"All's well that ends well, gentleman; and the end is coming. Some men's sins go before them to judgment; others follow on. This is true every day and everywhere. I have seen it in the court house in my own county, where men's sins went before them to judgment—sins that wrecked their character, destroyed the confidence of the people of the community in their integrity and convicted them at the bar of public opinion before they were arraigned at the bar of justice in the courthouse. Their sins went before them and condemned them before the day of judgment. I have known others whose sins follow them and overtook them at the courthouse, when one witness after another brought up a chain of evidence that came at last with its accumulated force and crush them under the wheels of justice. With the big dogs of this country who are speculating and carousing and gambling, their sins are following after them. They don't seem to be ahead like the locusts of Egypt eating up the country before they come on; but the hounds of hell are after them on their heels. They will overtake them. The valuable lessons of life are never learned by some until they are too old to be benefited much by them. If a young man at 16 to 18 or 20 years of age could have the knowledge of things which the experiences of 20 years of future life would give him, he could emter the battlefield thoroughly equipped for the fight. These little dressing, drinking, billard-playing, club lounging dudes and boys of rich parents and prospective sons-in-law of rich men, if they could but see themselves as they really are they would ran from themselves like a nigger runs from a ghost.

Whenever the roads fork I stop right still and read the signboards on each side of the post. When I read "This is the right way," I am going that way whether the mule I am riding goes or not. It I can't ride him that way, I'll take it afoot. When there are no signboards up at the fork of the road, I am going to be anxiously inquiring whether I am going right or not until I find out. The big sensation Atlanta has had over the woman who went in the barrooms of Atlanta and got drunk is a fraud on creation. I said once that I could prove that no gentleman that God ever made would go into a saloon, and some fellow hollered out; "Prove it," I said: "Will any lady go into one?" He hollered out "No." "Then," said I, "if a lady can't, will a gentleman?"

Ah, gentlemen, there is the rub. You not only want a double standard bimetallism, 16 to 1 in dollars and cents, but you want a double standard for man and woman—one standard erected to the skies for women and another one on a level with the mud holes for men. There is not a lady in Atlanta who hasn't as much right to get drunk and swear and gamble as any man in Atlanta, God being the judge. There isn't a preacher in Atlanta who hasn't as good right to rent property to saloons and bawdy houses or to belong to the Capital City club or to go into a saloon and drink liquor as any man in Atlanta, God being the judge. This world has lifted certain standards for certain classes, but God lifts the same standard for all.

I am sure that if I were to go into a saloon and take a drink the next time I visit Atlanta it would be telegraphed out of Atlanta by the Associated Press that Sam Jones was in Atlanta drinking liquor to-day, but there are thousands of so-called gentlemen who go in and drink every day and there is nothing said it. Nobody notices them. I tell you, my neighbors, there is a tremendous difference between a gentleman and a vagabond, and I thank God for the difference. If I were to stand on the streets of Atlanta and swear an oath it would be heralded all over this country that Sam Jones was in Atlanta cussing; but thousands of so-called gentlemen stand on her streets and curse every day and are no more noticed than a dog barking. A blind man can see the difference between a vagabond and a gentleman. The world will make him see.

If I was that drunken woman I would stand on my rights and fight the universe and show them that woman has some rights as well as some wrongs.

I see with pleasure that the tabernacle meetings every Sunday afternoon in Atlanta held by the pastors are a success. Go it pastors! God bless you in the work! And I would persuade the people of Atlanta to attend these meetings. Throw your weight and influence with them and before the ides of April you will see results that will not only quicken your faith, but go far beyond your present expectations. Atlanta is a godly city in many ways. She has many noble citizens and more good women than any town almost that I know of her size, but the devil has a mighty force in Atlanta working for him day and night and that force must be counteracted. Overcome evil with good. Yours, truly,

SAM P. JONES.

The Vance Monument.

Baltimore Sun.

The contractor for the monument to be erected at Asheville, N. C., to the memory of her distinguished son, Zebulon Baird Vance, has informed the committee in charge that the monument will be ready for unveiling any time after the first of May next. A committee has been appointed to receive suggestions from the public and formulate a plan for the unveiling ceremonies and make report to a future called meeting of the central committee. This committee, the Asheville Citizen announces, will be glad to receive suggestions from persons in any part of North Carolina concerning the way in which the unveiling of the monument shall be celebrated. Whether it shall be strictly a state affair, or whether admirers of the great North Carolinian in other States shall be invited. Whether the speakers for the occasion shall all be from North Carolina or otherwise. Suggestions as to who would be the most suitable person or persons to deliver orations will also be gladly received.

Two shares of stock in the North Carolina Railroad, worth $100 face value each, recently sold at public auction for $125 each. These shares once sold for $17 each. The lease now makes that stock worth seven times as much, and the State owns $3,000,000 of this stock and private citizens of the State, widows, orphans, and others own about $800,000 of the remaining $1,000,000. The Governor wants to break up this lease, thereby destroying this value. "The private stockholders be ——," says our Governor. The State's interest will go the same way he is willing the private stockholders go, when the lease is broken.—Raleigh Post.

The Aberdeen Telegram advocates early county conventions this year. It says the Democratic party has an abundance of material and "our batteries ought to be opened on the enemy as soon as possible. Let's drive them from their breastworks into the open field and then give them grape and canister."

From everywhere come words of praise for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. "Allow me to congratulate you on the merits of your Remedy. It cured me of chronic bronchitis when the doctor could do nothing for me."—CHAS. F. HEMEL, Toledo, O. For sale by M. L. Marsh, and Co.

When a tramp reaches Salisbury the Mayor assumes that he is hunting for work, and straightway directs him to the street department. The people of Salisbury were always noted for their kindness.—Raleigh Post.

It many times falls out that we deem ourselves much deceived in others, because we first deceive ourselves.

STATISTICS OF THE CHURCHES.

The Independent has for several years past published carefully compiled statistics of the various Christian denominations in the United States. The tables for 1897 have just been given to the public, and from it we clip the following summary of ministers and members:

DENOMINATIONS.	MIN.	MEMBERS.	GN. MEM.
Adventists, 6 bodies	1,401	81,945	44,652
Baptists, 13 bodies	32,112	4,157,300	4,071
Brethren (River) 3 bodies	179	4,739	1,312
Brethren (Plymouth), 4 bodies		6,661	
Catholics, 7 bodies	11,109	8,347,218	174,516
Catholic, Apostolic	95	1,491	
Chinese Temples			
Christadelphians		1,277	
Christians, 2 bodies	1,500	121,500	1,500
Christian Catholic, Dowie	7	5,000	5,000
Christian Missionary Association	10	754	
Christian Scientists	3,500	40,000	15,000
Christian Union	183	18,214	
Church of God	460	38,000	2,000
Church Triumphant		384	
Church of the New Jerusalem	139	7,647	147
Communistic Societies, 6 bodies		3,930	
Congregationalists	5,465	630,000	14,805
Disciples of Christ	5,780	1,051,079	47,407
Dunkards, 4 bodies	2,720	101,194	17,719
Evangelical, 2 bodies	1,421	151,770	2,987
Friends, 4 bodies	1,462	11,476	485
Friends of the Temple	4	340	
German Evangelical Protessant	45	30,500	
German Evangelical Synod	878	194,618	8,618
Jews, 2 bodies	301	143,000	3,500
Latter-Day Saints, 2 bodies	2,600	297,370	63,370
Lutherans, 21 bodies	6,625	1,507,466	69,555
Waldenstromians	140	20,000	
Mennonites, 12 bodies	1,021	54,554	1,600
Methodists, 17 bodies	35,232	5,735,898	77,616
Moravians	120	14,220	606
Presbyterians, 12 bodies	11,324	1,490,162	29,816
Protestant Episcopal, 2 bodies	4,745	667,503	21,837
Reformed, 3 bodies	1,754	357,221	8,750
Salvationists, 2 bodies	3,094	47,000	7,000
Schwenkfeldians	3	306	
Social Brethren	17	913	
Society of Ethical Culture		1,064	
Spiritualists		45,030	
Theosophical Society		3,000	
United Brethren, 2 bodies	2,424	280,117	9,082
Unitarians	535	70,000	
Universalists	773	51,025	2,000
Independent congregations	54	14,126	
Total in the United States	139,232	25,919,027	630,951

—*Wesleyan Christian Advocate.*

Bryan Spurns a Gold Mine.

LINCOLN, NEB., Feb. 11.—William Jennings Bryan has demonstrated again his fealty to the cause of silver. From the proceeds of his lectures of last year Mr. Bryan purchased a fine tract of suburban property. For some time his tenant has been trying to have him dig a well, and last week work was begun. This morning the well expert was at the Bryan residence bright and early. In his coat pocket he had a double handful of fine black sand. This he excitedly showed to Mr. Bryan and began to dilate upon the value of his find.

"But what is it?" asked Mr. Bryan.

"Don't you know? Why, that is gold bearing sand. See the——"

But Mr. Bryan's hand had gone up in protest. "Not that, my friend; not that. Never mind the sand; go on with the well. I don't want to know that I have become a gold mine owner."

Similar finds of low-grade ore have been frequent in the vicinity, and twelve miles away the sand is being worked with profit.

The Supreme Issue.

Windsor Ledger.

Decent, respectable and honest government is the issue in North Carolina, until Russell and Butler and that class of reformers are ousted. These statesmen are playing a desperate game. They are standing under the noose of public opinion. The rope is tightening daily. They will soon be dangling—unholly, unclean, bodies—and despised. They seek to escape under a false cry. There is no escape for them. The people of North Carolina cannot be fooled by any such means. The sun is rising, and thank God for it.

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 25 cents a box. For sale by P. B. Fetzer.

The Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition is to be opened at Omaha on the first of June next, and will continue five months. The chief purpose is to make a display of the agricultural, mineral and industrial resources of that great group of states situated west of the Mississippi, whose marvellous development during the last half century has added so much to the wealth and prosperity of the nation.

The Song of the Cradle.

Bye, bye! Hope rises high;
There's a sweet little cradle hung up in the sky;
A dear little life that is coming to bless;
Two soft chubby hands that will pat and caress;
A pure little soul winging down from above;
A darling to care for, a baby to love.

In the days when Eve sinned it was written that motherhood should hereafter be accompanied with pain and sorrow; but this curse upon our forefathers has been lightened more and more as mankind have learned to rise superior to many of their sins and mistakes.

One of the grandest agencies which enlightened Science has discovered to relieve motherhood from excessive suffering is the "Favorite Prescription" devised by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. This wonderful "Prescription" imbues the entire nervous system with natural, healthy vitality; gives elastic vigor to the delicate organism specially concerned in motherhood; renders the prospective mother strong and cheerful and makes the coming of baby entirely free from danger and almost free from pain. The delighted gratitude of Mrs. Pearl Walton, of Alvo, Cass Co., Neb., will find an echo in the heart of every expectant mother:

"Previous to the birth of my child," writes Mrs. Walton, "I had no appetite, was sick at my stomach, had headache, could not rest at night, was completely worn out in every way. I commenced to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and began to improve right away. I used two bottles of this great medicine and felt like a new person. At the time of confinement I was in labor but a little while and I owe it all to that great remedy—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. H. LILLY, M. D. L. MONTGOMERY, M. D
DRS. LILLY & MONTGOMERY,
offer their professional services to the citizens of Concord and vicinity. All calls promptly attended day or night. Office and residence on East Depot reet, opposite Presbyterian church.

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Surgeon Dentist,
CONCORD, N. C.
Is prepared to do all kinds of Denta work in the most approved manner. Office over Johnson's Drug Store.

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MONTGOMERY & CROWELL,
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law
CONCORD, N. C.
As partners, will practice law in Cabarrus, Stanly and adjoining counties, the Superior and Supreme Courts of the State and in the Federal Courts. Office on Depot Street.
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 o charge to the depositor.
We make thorough examination of title to lands offered as security for loans.
Mortgages foreclosed without expense to owners of same.

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DRS. CALDWELL & STEVENS,
Office in former Postoffice Building on Main Street.
Telephone No. 37.

DR. H. C. HERRING, DENTIST,
is again at his old place over Yorke's Jewelry Store,
CONCORD N. C

L. T. HARTSELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA
Prompt attention given to all business. Office in Morris building opposite courthouse.

THE
Concord National Bank.
With the latest approved form of books, and every facilily for handling accounts, offers a
FIRST * CLASS * SERVICE
to the public.
Capital, - - - $50,000
Profit, - - - 22,000
Individual responsibility of shareholders, 50,000
Keep your account with us. Interest paid as agreed. Liberal accommodation to all our customers.
J. M. ODELL, President,
D. B. COLTRANE, Cashier
May 27, '97.

BLUME & BRO.,
Machine Works,
CONCORD, N. C.
General Machinists
and Machine Dealers.
We do heavy machine work; also engine and boiler work especially. Pipe cutting and threading done to 10 inches inclusive. All orders have our prompt and careful attention, and prices as low as consistent with first-class workmanship and materials. When in need of anything in our line give us a call.
Office and works, Corbin St.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Concord. Monthly $65,00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept, R Chicago.

Wood Notice.
On and after February 1st, 1898, the price of wood will be $1.50 per cord, payable as usual.
Jan. 20 —4w. ODELL MFG. CO.

SAVE MONEY and TIME
Sell or Exchange Your Wood
and Buy Smith Coal from
K. L. Craven, Concord, N. C.
Jan. 27—3m

3 FAVORITE AND MOST POPULAR
FLOWERS
PANSIES, NASTURTIUMS
SWEET PEAS, one Pkt. of each variety for only 6 cts.
and the Address of Ten Friends
Including free copy of 1898 Catalogue and Floral Culture.
ROSE C. E. SIPPINCOTT, 319 Sixth Street So., Minneapolis, Minn.

WANTED—Trustworthy and active gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Cabarrus county. Monthly $65 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Co., Dept. W., Chicago. Nov18—8w.