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A Skin Disease In a Terrible Condition with Scrofula Sores

Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is Better than for 10 Years. "I had a skin disease which was very troublesome. I took a great deal of strong medicine which did not do me any good and I was at last obliged to give up. I was in a sort of stupor some of the time. Scrofula sores broke out and I could get nothing to do me any good. My daughter told me of a woman who was afflicted as I was and who found relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla. I concluded to try this medicine. At that time I was in a terrible condition with sores on my head and body. The first few doses of Hood's Sarsaparilla seemed to give me relief, and in a short time the sores began to heal. My appetite improved and I felt like a new man. I am now in better health than for 10 years." M. G. GIBSON, Winstonsboro, Fairfield Co., Little River, South Carolina.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the best in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per box.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 50c.

WOMEN'S FREY'S VERMIFUGE. Prepared especially for you, which will drive out the worms and other parasites from your system. It is a safe and reliable medicine for all ages.

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Africana cures Positively. Africana cures permanently. Africana cures perfectly. Africana cures quickly. Read what a prominent Africana Broker writes us: "I was attacked with Rheumatism in my feet and knee joints, was induced to try Africana, and after using five bottles prescribed and not using any other remedy or treatment during use of AFRICANA. I now regard myself as free from Rheumatism."

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THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES.

CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1898. Number 35. \$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

The Lone Inn

A STORY OF MYSTERY. BY FERDUS HUME. Copyrighted by the Author. CHAPTER XI. My interview with Olivia passed off better than I expected. If she had ordered me out of the house, I would only have looked on it as the just punishment for what must have appeared my impertinent interference in what did not concern me. The very fact that she listened so quietly proved that she suspected Felix was masquerading as her lover. She could only be assured of this by creating his interview with Rose Gernon and therefore accepted my invitation to go to the Jernyn street rooms. If their tenant was Francis, he would resent the intrusion of Rose, but if Felix the two confederates would doubtless talk of their guilty secret.

"You promised to give up Miss Bellin if I helped you to see your brother at the Fen inn," muttered Olivia, trembling violently. "I have changed my mind," retorted Felix in answer to the last remark of Rose. "That may be, but I have not, and that Rose would be in the rooms of Felix on this evening, and that Olivia would catch them in a trap. I was not pitiful for the guilty pair, but I was generally sorry for Olivia. She little knew the terms she was about to engage in, and did and almost regretted that I had interfered in the matter. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that it was better for her to suffer a few hours' pain than lifelong misery."

"I don't care," she said sullenly. "Anything would be better than the torture I am enduring at your hands." "And what will you tell the police?" asked Felix in an unattractive voice. "You know well enough. I shall tell them how you killed your brother." "It is false!" he said passionately. "Neither saw nor laid a finger on my brother." "Indeed! Then if you are innocent who is guilty?" "I don't know." "Did you not come to the Fen inn on that fatal night when Francis came?" "Yes, but I never saw him."

"It is a lie!" he said. "It was neither Felix nor Rose who spoke, but Olivia, who, in spite of all I could do, broke on the astonished pair. The man advanced toward her, but she waved him back. "I defend you, sir," she said proudly. "I know that this woman speaks falsely, but I have also to demand an explanation from you."

"Because I deny that Francis killed Felix?" questioned Olivia. "No, because you deny Felix killed Francis." "What do you mean, Miss Gernon?" I asked rapidly. "I mean that this man whom Miss Bellin thinks is her lover Francis is Felix Briarfield, and Felix Briarfield," she continued, "is my lover."

"No!" said Felix hurriedly. "It is not true." "I expected to see Olivia grow angry, but in place of this a bright smile irradiated her face as she looked at Felix. "There is the reason," I retorted meaningly, "and Miss Bellin!" "Miss Bellin will speak for herself," said Olivia in a peremptory tone. "Miss Bellin speaks of what she does not understand," interposed Rose venomously.

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"Do I?" she cried passionately. "Do you dare to say that to me after all your vows and protestations? Why did you tell me you loved me if it was but a lie?" "Yes, you did, Felix—you did! I remember the hour, the day, when you swore that you would make me your wife."

"Keep quiet," I muttered to Olivia, who made an involuntary movement. "I tell you, Rose, there is some mistake," said Felix angrily. "On mean spirited hound!" "You are a mean spirited hound," he answered wrathfully. "No one knows that better than I do."

"Some women," continued Rose, not heeding his interruption, "some women would have you killed. I am not a woman of that kind. I'll stay and marry you."

"I don't care," she said sullenly. "Anything would be better than the torture I am enduring at your hands." "And what will you tell the police?" asked Felix in an unattractive voice. "You know well enough. I shall tell them how you killed your brother."

"It is false!" he said passionately. "Neither saw nor laid a finger on my brother." "Indeed! Then if you are innocent who is guilty?" "I don't know." "Did you not come to the Fen inn on that fatal night when Francis came?" "Yes, but I never saw him."

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Olivia calmly. "Go on." "When his brother Francis came back this month, he thought all would be discovered, and a plan was devised to decoy his brother to the Fen inn on pretext of explanation. There he intended to kill him."

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Experience is a good schoolmaster. I was ruminating about the schemes and tricks of the politicians who hanker after office and my memory went back to the old know-nothing party during '50's, and how the politicians pulled the wool over my eyes and inveigled me in. I was young then and easily fooled. But I was dreadfully in earnest, for I really feared that foreigners were about to take the country and that Roman Catholics would soon get in power through the Irish vote and the Spanish intrigue would be revived and the devil be turned loose for 1,000 years.

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the knowledge and memory of these methods that provoked Colonel Candler's letter. He wrote just what we have all been feeling ever since General Evans's defeat. He expressed my sentiments and I like it better and better as each passing day shows. Now lay on MacDuff—nobody is hurt except some "ho-ho" quip my wife," which means "it is the hit dog who yelps," or words to that effect. It is no insult to those who accepted office under Atkinson, for he cannot own but an office.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS. The Republicans are saying that Governor Russell is a populist and does what Senator Butler wishes done as to financial matters. They say the Governor has left his party and that the latter has blacklisted him.

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NOTICE. Is hereby given that I purchased at Sheriff's sale for taxes on May 3, 1897, the Concord National Bank, consisting of 5 acres, near Concord, adjoining W. J. Montgomery and others, and if not redeemed at the expiration of the year, will be sold for the same.