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John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner.

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STEAM BOOK AND JOB OFFICE

We keep on hand a full stock of LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS, STATEMENTS, BILL HEADS, ENVELOPES, TAGS, VISITING CARDS, WEDDING INVITATIONS, ETC., ETC.

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Case of Poisoning

Hood's Sarsaparilla Drives the Poisons from the System, Quiets the Nerves, Relieves Dyspepsia and Catarrh.

While in the army I was poisoned inwardly with poison oak, and I did not get well for 15 years. My blood became so affected that I was taken with a hacking cough, and I was thought to be going into consumption. I took many different medicines without avail, and finally resolved to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had finished taking the first bottle the pimples began to disappear from my body, and after I had taken three bottles I was well. I have also suffered with catarrh in the head and have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for this trouble, and it helps me. In fact I take it for all ailments, and believe it has no equal.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. At six for 35.

Hood's Pills cure Liver ills, easy to take, easy to purgative. 20c.

MOTHERS We have a book prepared especially for you. It contains all the latest information on child care, health, and education. Price 25c.

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STANDARD RAILWAY OF THE SOUTH

TEXAS, CALIFORNIA, FLORIDA, CUBA and PORTO RICO.

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OFFERS A FIRST CLASS SERVICE TO THE PUBLIC.

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Take Your Watch to W.C. Correll, Jeweler.

Take your watch to W.C. Correll, Jeweler. We repair all watches, and guarantee our work. We also have a large stock of jewelry and watches for sale.

THE HUSBAND'S LETTER.

Folks hung up the mistletoe—I wuz standing by. An' Mary lookin' at me with a twinkle in her eye. An' when she stood right under it I felt my heart's stir; But when it comes ter mistletoe I dunno what it's fer!

"Come, John—come John! If you wait you'll miss her; Mary's at the mistletoe; And some one else'll kiss her!"

"That's the way they hollered—for all o' them, That I'd been lovin' Mary half a year afore it snowed; That I'd been lovin' Mary in letters in an album-book fer her; But when it comes ter mistletoe I dunno what it's fer!"

"Come, John—come, John! If you wait you'll miss her; Mary's at the mistletoe; An' some one else'll kiss her!"

"That's the way they hollered, an' a feller from the crowd; Just the invitation an' smacked her lips so loud; That I started to get a futter—but I tuzuz far away from her; Fer when it comes ter mistletoe I dunno what it's fer!"

"Shame, John! Shame, John! Hold on that you'll miss her; Mary's at the mistletoe; An' John'll never kiss her!"

PROGNOSTICATING THE WEATHER.

Some Curious Facts from an Old Almanac. A curious old almanac, published in 1700, gives the following rules for prognosticating the weather:

If the sky be red in the morning it is a sure token of winds or rain, or both, because those vapors which cause the redness will presently be resolved.

If the sun or moon looks pale, then look for rain; if fair and bright, expect fair weather; if red, winds will come.

If a dark cloud be at sunrise, the sun is soon after hidden, it will dissolve, and rain will follow.

If there appeareth a cloud and after vapors seem to ascend upon it, that portendeth rain.

If the sun appear greater in the east than common it is a sign of rain.

If in the west about sunsetting there appears a black cloud, it will rain that night or the day following because that cloud will heat west to dispose it.

It mists come down from the hills or descend from heavens in the valleys, it portendeth fair hot weather.

Mists in the evening show a hot day on the morrow. The like when white mists arise from the waters in the evening.

BILL AXP'S LETTER.

1899. I was ruminating about this riddle of the 9's. 1 and 8 are 9, and that makes three in a row. 18 are 9's, and that makes four 9's in a row. The three 9's make 27, and the 2 and 7 make 9. The four 9's make 36, and the 3 and 6 make 9. Maybe this year of the 9's is to be a mascot, and we will have peace and prosperity in the land. Maybe the lion will lay down with the lamb, and the nations shall beat their swords into plowshares and not learn war any more.

Maybe, I say. But there are some signs of peace on this side of the water, peace between the north and the South. McKinley has made a break of it, and if he can control his party, congress will fix up our confederate graveyards. Then the next thing will be to pension our confederate veterans and widows just like they do theirs, and last of all, to apologize. I never will be satisfied unless they apologize and beg our pardon. Any gentleman will do that and feel better for having done it, for they know by this time that they were in the wrong though it has taken a long time for them to find it out and repent. Surely we are the most forgiving people in the world, and we would not be so hard on our confederate veterans and widows, and so over the offer to fix up our graveyards, for the truth is, our women have already fixed them up and our dead are comfortable under their care. But it is a sign of good will and freshadove an apology in the near future. Tom Reed wants to get ahead of McKinley, the South, and I expect will introduce a bill of apology at the next session. Pensions and apologies will be his slogan. It won't take a great deal of money for our veterans and widows, for there are not many left, but it will cause those who are left to live longer, for

"Time cuts down all, Both great and small. He do not die, He do not die, He do not die."

An old friend told me that the alienation between the north and south was owing more to diet and climate than it was to slavery or negroes. Said he, they live on cold bread and cold coffee, and drink lead tea, while we live on ham and eggs and hot rolls and beat biscuit and drink coffee. Their diet is as cold and shivering as their climate, while ours is rich and warm and stimulating like our sunshine. Hence, they are inclined to colds and colds and colds. We feasted McKinley down here on southern food, and warmed him to the heart and made him feel generous and kind, and so he made that confederate speech and wore that veteran's badge because he felt good inside. If he had stayed down here a few weeks longer he would have spoken for pensions and apologized.

Maybe there is something in that, for I have observed that northern people who domicile with us for any length of time take to our food and our climate. But my candid opinion is that the classes at the north who are most in the way of peace are editors and preachers. The editors want some scandal to feed their readers on and the abuse of the south is like regular fare in their trade, and it is always in demand. It is a good cement for the party and keeps it solid, for if their readers drift for some politics they can always harmonize by abusing us. The leading New York republican paper is the best example of this. It is full of the most malicious and untrue stories about the south, and it is always in demand.

As for the preachers, my candid opinion is the majority of them have no more real religion than did Henry Ward Beecher. Like the editors, they rely on sensation to fill their pews and their pockets. With a few exceptions, their Thanksgiving sermons had neither love to God nor charity to man, and they went out of the text to give the South a slam or a stab. I give to the Ward Beecher, and to every minister of the gospel, I really believed they were all ordained of God for the sacred calling, but in my later years that reverence has weakened and it seems to me now that most of them are only a shadow of men. The pulpit, with both north and south, has been degraded and has lost its high standard. Hardly a week passes but some preacher has committed some crime and created a sensation. Churches are torn asunder and the people divided into bitter factions. Sensational preaching is the order of the day, and every now and then a scandal with a woman in the case occurs. Undignified and bitter controversies in the newspapers feed the public mind and delight those who are outside of the pale of the church. I was called on yesterday for charity for a poor, unfortunate family that lives in the order of the day, and was informed that the only daughter, a girl of seventeen, who could help the aged couple at all, had married an old Baptist preacher of sixty, and after a few weeks he abandoned her and left for parts unknown. The story is pathetic and he ought to be caught and sent to Indiana and lynched. This lowering of the standard of morality and good old-fashioned Christian pastoral preaching is especially noticeable in the great leading denominations of the south. I am gratified to say that the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches have not yet shocked the public with any ministerial scandal, though their preachers are as a class inferior in pulpit eloquence to those of half a century ago. No minister of the olden times would have carried his sectarianism so far as to seek to expunge from the Presbyterian hymn book that beautiful hymn:

"There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains."

This hymn was composed by William Cowper, the poet, and is embalmed in the sweetest memories of our childhood. But this preacher wishes to have it expunged because he says the third line is a mark of baptism by immersion. Oh, my country! And some of our Atlanta and Nashville preachers are ventilating their political opinions about the war and the Philippines in their pulpits, to the disgust of every hearer who ditters with them. They forget that the pulpit is not theirs, and the call was to preach the gospel—not politics.

Well, I suppose that some of our southern boys of the late war will soon be on the pension rolls. I see that seventy-two of an Ohio regiment have already applied. Ohio beats the world on pensions, and has learned the tricks of the business. One man up there was recently detected in carrying down three pensions for the past five years. During the war he was transferred three times, and so he made three different applications in different counties, and his sore leg went through all right, and he now tells that his lawyer put him up to it, and he gave the lawyer one pension and he kept two. The general opinion at Washington is that at least one-half the pensions granted are frauds. But pension money circulates freely, and that is a good thing, and when it gets to circulating down here among our boys of the late war it is a good thing. Well, we had a good old-fashioned Christmas at our house, and were thankful that no affliction or calamity had befallen us during the past year. We had sixteen of the posterity at the festive board, and they did eat turkey and oysters and mince pie. Next morning our golden wedding, and then all the distant boys and their wives and children are to gather at the family mansion, and my wife and I will be calm and serene. I read in a life insurance paper that only one married couple in 1,000 live together fifty years. And so the event ought to be celebrated.

GOOD ADVICE FROM BISHOP HOOD.

Atlanta Constitution. By far the best advice which has yet been given the colored race comes from Bishop J. W. Hood, of the African Methodist church.

Bishop Hood's views are especially to be commended because he lives in North Carolina, in the storm-center of the present agitation, and he is thus enabled to speak advisedly. The occasion upon which he spoke was the annual conference at Carthage. "I am astonished," said he, "at how little I have been discouraged or disturbed by the events which have brought sadness, gloom and sorrow to so many hearts."

Looking for a cause of the friction between the races, he pointed to the ignorance of his own people, in their weakness in accepting the leadership of bad men, and in the fact that they so easily allow themselves to be led into opposition to their white neighbors, who are, after all, their best friends.

"Well, I said in a tone of strong disapproval, 'do you intend to marry a man like that?'"

"I ain't safe to marry any other—not for her, me neither, even if I wanted to, which I don't. Jim's plenty suitable for me."

"Does your mother approve of your marrying him?" I asked, hoping somebody might be found who would come to the rescue.

"No," she responded easily, "unaw of it, kaze some of dese New Year's books comes out."

Folks dat's always lookin' fer a bushel or happiness never stops ter think dey mout or been happy wid a pint measure. De world is gittin' better; but human nature is still wid us, en hit won't pay de gas bill 'till de last day or grace."

Dis order be de best financial year in de history er dis country. Lots en crowd er mens is got dey legs shot off en draws 'n big pensions.

How a Town is Populated. Every town has a liar or two; a smart aleck; some pretty girls; more loafers than it needs; a woman or two that tattles; an old foggy that the town would be better off without; men who stand on the street corners and make remarks about the women; a man who laughs an idiotic laugh every time he says anything; and more.

Not a Matter of Health. Patient—You are worried about my case, but I can see it in your face. Doctor—No; not exactly. Patient—Tell me the truth, doctor. I want to know just what you think. Doctor—Well to be quite candid with you, I haven't paid me a cent in two years.

Defending His Profession. "Now," said the attorney for the defense, "let us take up the bill presented by the plaintiff in this case for alleged services rendered to my client. I say alleged services, gentlemen, because these figures show every indication of having been doctored."

North Carolina Crops. The North Carolina farm commissioner has prepared a statement showing the average yield per acre of seventeen of the principal crops grown in the State. The figures are: Cotton \$5.92, wheat \$1.97, corn \$3.58, tobacco \$20.97, sweet potatoes \$29.56, Irish potatoes \$28.37, peanuts \$23.23, sorghum \$19.85, hay \$14.98, rice \$12.25, beans \$9.80, barley \$9.64, peas \$5.97, broom corn \$9.60, flax \$3.15, rye \$2.38, oats \$2.51.

Faith in the Doctor. An exchange quotes a story said to have been told at a "charity dinner." A man was brought into the accident hospital who was thought to be dead. His wife was with him. One of the doctors said, "He is dead," but the man raised his head and said, "No, I'm not dead yet," whereupon his wife admonished him, saying, "Be quiet, the doctor ought to know best."

Best Saver in the World. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll says that Captain Philip, of the Texas, should have thanked his men and not God, for the victory; whereupon The Advance says: "Captain Philip knew what was due to God better than Ingersoll did, for he was nearer the guns and nearer God."

If you are going to get married, don't forget that THE TIMES can furnish you with wedding cards in the very latest style, and on the shortest possible notice. Strict secrecy guaranteed.

A CONSIDERATE MOTHER.

Washington Star. I had taken a very toothsome but not highly finished dinner at the mountain farmhouse, and when I started on my way at 1 o'clock in the afternoon the daughter, who had looked after me while I was at the table, informed me that I had had no objections she would "ride a piece" with me. As she was a good-looking, ruddy mountain maid, unlike the majority of her kind, I gave an immediate and unanimous consent, and we were presently jogging along toward the Cumberland River, which we could see lying like a silver thread across the green valley far below us.

"I presume," I said, bowing with much gallantry as the circumstances would permit, "that if any of your beaux should see us riding together my wails at the table, informed me that I had had no objections she would 'ride a piece' with me. As she was a good-looking, ruddy mountain maid, unlike the majority of her kind, I gave an immediate and unanimous consent, and we were presently jogging along toward the Cumberland River, which we could see lying like a silver thread across the green valley far below us."

"Oh, I reckon 'tain't no bad's that, all to once," she laughed in response.

"I'm sure they are not so indifferent as you would lead me to think. Pretty girls are not so plenty in the mountains," she smiled, and she blushed.

"Well, I s'pose of Jim wuz here," she hesitated, "it mightn't be sich a picnic as it looks, for Jim's mighty bad about pe. That's why he ain't here now."

"Why?" I asked with considerably more interest and not nearly so much bow and palaver.

"He shot a hole through the last feller I rid with; and had to take to the woods till he gits well."

This was not altogether as pleasing as it might have been, but I could not run away from the lady, so I inquired, "Well, I said in a tone of strong disapproval, 'do you intend to marry a man like that?'"

"I ain't safe to marry any other—not for her, me neither, even if I wanted to, which I don't. Jim's plenty suitable for me."

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HOW HE KNEW HE WASN'T DEAD.

Topeka Journal. Thomas H. Grisham, President of the Board of managers of the Dodge City Soldiers' Home, told a Journal reporter last week a story about an old soldier named John Clark, who came near being buried alive. He had been ill a long time with typhoid fever, and at last lapsed into a comatose state and was pronounced dead. Burial robes were placed upon him and he was gently placed in a casket to await interment, on the following day. During the night Clark regained his senses and rose up in his narrow prison. He upset the coffin and he was sent sprawling on the floor. In consternation one attendant rushed into the room and retreated, declaring he had seen a ghost. Then other attendants came. Stimulants were quickly applied, the limbs and body of Clark rubbed with alcohol. He soon opened his eyes. After careful attention and nursing he recovered entirely. "How did you feel when you saw of his narrow escape from being buried alive?"

Mr. Grisham has talked with Clark about this strange experience.

"Tell me," said Grisham to Clark, "how did you feel when you saw of his narrow escape from being buried alive?"

"When I appeared to myself," said Clark, "to be dying, the experience was a very pleasant one. I seemed to be entirely free from trouble and to be passing into a new realm. When I began to recover consciousness I found myself in what seemed to be a coffin, but I at once knew that I was not dead because my feet were cold and I was hungry."

"I don't understand what you mean," said Grisham.

"I knew," replied Clark, "that if I were in heaven I would not be hungry, and if I were in hell my feet would not be cold."

Unfounded Fears of Appendicitis. Dr. H. R. Lemen, of Alton, Ill., says: "I often meet people who have such a wholesome fear of appendicitis that they do not eat grapes, tomatoes, figs or fruit containing little seeds, because of a fear that these seeds will lodge in the appendix and cause appendicitis. Whenever I hear a person say he denies himself fruit because of this fear I take occasion to assure him that it is useless to take any such precautions. If you like fruit, eat it, for appendicitis, seven in ten instances, is due to the wrong kind of seeds. Little particles of food of any kind can lodge in the appendix and produce appendicitis, even a crumb being capable of it. In addition, a great many cases are caused by something entirely outside the appendix, coming from the stomach. To all I will say: 'Go ahead and eat anything you like, for all precautions you may take are not going to save you from appendicitis if you are going to have it.' The inexplicable thing to which the majority of cases are attributable cannot be guarded against, and it is useless to fight the minority."

Revised Geography. A correspondent reports an occurrence which took place at night school. "Williams," asked the instructor, "which is the largest island in the world?" "It's either Asia or Africa, a kind of young man to whom the question was addressed.

"I'm speaking of islands, Williams. Those are continents."

"I think not, sir," drawled Williams. "When the Suez Canal was cut, it made islands of both of 'em, sir. Come to think of it, sir, the largest is Asia and Europe. It's all one piece of ground."

Saved His Time. "I've come to see your husband in the interest of the Knights of Labor, Mrs. Keagan," said a bland, elderly man, as the mistress of the Reagan household answered his ring.

"He ain't home," said Mrs. Reagan, with arms akimbo; "but I can promise you one thing, sorr, and that is, you'll get never a night o' labor out of us 'till Reagan, and it's no use tryin'! Sure and he'd knock off work in the daytime, if it was'n for me keepin' at him till I'm that wore out there's no stren'th left in me!"

When death has laid its cold and relentless hand upon a man, a kind and loving husband, wife cannot be blamed for asking questions of his friends if all years of devotion and work come to a sudden end. It is not worth the while, when it comes so soon to this tragic end, if men would only take the most common sense precautions against the encroachments of ill health, there would be fewer houses of mourning, and fewer women left alone almost helpless before the cruel and sudden visitation of liver and stomach are twin machines that work together, either to make or unmake. If they work wrong, they create and impoverish blood, make sickness and death. If they work right, they purify and enrich the blood. A man whose blood is thick and pure, and whose liver is active cannot well be unhealthy. Headaches, indigestion and constipation, which men generally disregard, are Nature's warnings that the twin machines of the stomach and liver, is working against, instead of for him. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine to use under these circumstances. It creates appetite, corrects all disorders of the digestion, invigorates the organs, fills the arteries with rich, red, healthy blood. As an invigorating, restorative tonic, it is far superior to all the other tonics. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It does not build sickly, flabby fat as cod liver oil does, but the firm, muscular tissues of health. "For the last nine years," writes William Miller, Esq., of 66 Mulberry street, Reading, Pa. "I have been very poor in health. I suffered with a running sore leg. I tried many kinds of different medicines, and doctors without relief. Then I used three bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and my leg healed entirely cured. I can now do as good a day's work as the next man."

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Safeguards the food against alum

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W. J. MONTGOMERY & J. LEE CROWL, MONTGOMERY & CROWELL, Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law, CONCORD, N. C. As partners, will practice law in Cabarrus, Stanly and adjoining counties, in the Superior and Supreme Courts of the State and in the Federal Courts. Office over Marsh's drug store. Parties desiring to lend money can leave it with us or place it in Concord National Bank for us, and we will take care of it. We make security free of charge to the depositor. We make thorough examination of title and lands offered as security for loans. Mortgages foreclosed without expense to owners of same.

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