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CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES

John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner.

VOLUME XVII.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1899.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

NUMBER 2.

THE TIMES 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. GOOD PRINTING ALWAYS PAYS

"Durability is Better Than Show." The wealth of the multimillionaires is not equal to good health. Riches without health are a curse, and yet the rich, the middle classes and the poor alike have, in Hood's Sarsaparilla, a valuable assistant in getting and maintaining perfect health. It never disappoints.

Scrofula—Three years ago our son, now eleven, had a serious case of scrofula and erysipelas with dreadful sores, discharging and itching constantly. He could not walk. Several physicians did not help for several months. Three months' treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla made him perfectly well. We are glad to tell others of it. Mrs. DAVID LAIRD, Ottawa, Kansas.

Nausea—vomiting, sickness, dizziness and prostration troubled me for years. Had neuralgia, zeev weak and could not sleep. My son was agitated, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him. My weight increased from 125 to 143 pounds. I am the mother of nine children. Never felt so well and strong since. I was married as follows: Mrs. M. A. WATERS, 1529 23d St., Washington, D. C.

Eczema—We had to tie the hands of our two year old son on account of eczema on face and limbs. No medicine even helped until we used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which soon cured. Mrs. A. VAN WYCK, 123 Montgomery Street, Paterson, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

BLOOD TELLS. Yes, it is the index to health. If you have bad blood you are likely to learn that you have rheumatism, one of the most horrible diseases to which mankind is heir. If this disease has been long at work, or if you have been afflicted for years, you should at once take the wonderful new cure.

RHEUMACIDE. Thousands have been cured. The summer season is the best time to take a rheumatic cure. Hood's Rheumacide is a permanent constitutional cure for all people with bad blood are subject to earache, indigestion, and many other diseases. To be healthy the blood must be pure. RHEUMACIDE is the Prince of blood purifiers.

Sold by Concord Druggists.

Price \$1.

Children are a source of comfort. They are a source of care also. If you care for your child's health, send for illustrated book on the disorders to which children are subject, and which Frey's Vermifuge has cured for 30 years.

THE Concord National Bank. With the latest approved form of books, and every facility for handling accounts.

OFFERS A FIRST CLASS SERVICE TO THE PUBLIC. Capital, \$50,000. Profit, \$2,000. Individual responsibility of Shareholders, 50,000.

KEEP YOUR ACCOUNT WITH US. Interest paid as agreed. Liberal accommodation to all our customers.

Southern Railway. THE STANDARD RAILWAY OF THE South. The Direct Line to All Points.

TEXAS, CALIFORNIA, FLORIDA, CUBA AND PORTO RICO.

Strictly FIRST-CLASS Equipment on all Through and Local Trains. Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars on all Night Trains. Fast and Safe Schedules.

TRAVEL BY THE SOUTHERN AND YOU ARE ASSURED A SAFE, COMFORTABLE AND EXPEDITIOUS JOURNEY.

APPLY TO TICKET AGENTS FOR TIME TABLES, RATES AND GENERAL INFORMATION, OR ADDRESS R. L. VERNON, F. R. DARBY, T. E. A., Charlotte, N. C., Asheville, N. C.

No Trouble to Answer Questions. FRANK S. GANNON, J. M. CULP, W. A. TURN, S. V. P. & G. M., Traf. Man. G. P. A. WASHINGTON, D. C.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Cures while all else fails. Guaranteed. Price 50 cents. Sold by Druggists.

HILL ARP'S LETTER.

Some notable person—I believe it was Lady Montague—said "there is no entertainment as cheap as reading and no pleasure as lasting." Especially is this true nowadays when there is so much to read that is cheap, instructive and interesting. In fact, reading is now the best part of a liberal education. A well read person is wiser, happier and better fitted for the duties and trials of life than the scholar who has graduated at the top in the arts and sciences. Of course I mean good reading—such as history, ancient and modern; biography; where we get I. O. H. example and precept; good story books and standard novels that teach good morals; good magazines and good newspapers; where good editors are conscientious and feel their responsibility. "As a man sows, so shall he reap," and we might as truly say that a child reads, so will his or her moral and emotional character be. As great a man as Aristotle only, but reading affects the heart, the emotions and passions and establishes the character of the young for good or for evil. Man has been defined to be a bundle of prejudices, and these prejudices most generally come from the books, magazines or newspapers which we read.

Little stories like "Androcles and the Lion" or "Damon and Pythias" have molded the character of thousands of children, and just so have "Robinson Crusoe," the "Young Marooners" and the "Swiss Family Robinson," established the characters of children of a larger growth. Whether a man despises or admires Napoleon depends on whether he has read Scott or Abbott. Whether a man was a Whig or a Democrat in the old times depended on the newspaper he took. As great a man as Dr. Miller, who was an Old Line Whig, had a contempt for Thomas Jefferson because he was per se the founder of the Democratic party. "Jefferson must have been a very great man," said I, "but his declaration of independence." "And what is that," said the doctor, "but a series of ungrammatical platitudes that any school boy might have written? The first sentence is ridiculous, for it says a decent respect for the opinions of mankind. A decent respect? Why didn't he say 'respect' for and leave out the decent?" and he scarified the whole document from a Whig standpoint.

Well, I was ruminating about this when I saw Percy Regg's high-toned but merciless criticism of Harriet Beecher-Stowe, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Gregg had sojourned in the south during slavery times and knew the book was a lie when it was written, and that it was written to inflame the northern mind and prejudice a collision. That Beecher family was smart, unprincipled and malignant. It was Henry Ward Beecher who incited old John Brown to his reckless deeds and daring and who declared from his pulpit that Sharp's rifles were better missionaries than Bibles and stood at a sterner bolder and mess him was a sin against heaven. It was that same Beecher who, while a preacher, seduced the wife of one of his members and broke up the family, and after weeks of a mock trial got a whitewashing verdict from a packed jury. But I was ruminating about the far-reaching influence and effect of that book and how it fired the northern heart and the English heart against us, and how it was a lie and wholly misrepresented our people, and how the Lord himself had been deceived by it because he made the people believe a lie, and now St. John said no one should enter heaven who loveth or maketh a lie, and so I was wondering where the Beechers are now.

But the trouble is they won't stop. Almost every mail brings me newspapers that are full of denunciations and threatenings as to this lynching business, and they all pity the fate of Sam Hose and weep over that incendiary scoundrel whom they call that good, inoffensive old preacher Lige Strickland. May the Lord have mercy upon us and keep the angels from descending in my prayer. My last comes from the Humane Society of New York, and says: "Three thousand demons turned loose upon a helpless prisoner. They cut off his ears and fingers and plucked out his eyes and plunged knives into his body. His liver and lungs were cut into small pieces and sold to the highest bidder. Not long before the mob took nine prisoners from the guard and shot them all to death save one. That one was Sam Hose, who escaped. Cranford was one of that mob, and Sam Hose was the only one who was not killed. His friends when he killed Cranford. After burning Sam Hose the mob found an old negro preacher named Strickland and lynched him." Then comes the usual anathemas, and the article winds up with the assertion that a race war is inevitable.

And now comes The Atlanta Age and Wesleyan, the mulatto editor, says, in answer to J. Pope Brown, "the negro is ready to go. There is not one negro in ten that will not gladly welcome an opportunity to go. The negro longs to get away from Pope Brown and his kind, and the angry Saxon race to buy a piece of ground from China or anywhere that will enable him to leave Pope Brown and others who have robbed him for years. We are anxious to go—we are ready. This crowd brought our mothers here and detained them and outraged them till we find 1,000,000 of mulattoes, kinsmen of this man Brown and his friends. Let us go as went the children of Israel from Egypt, and harden not your heart when we get ready to leave."

Then he copies Joseph Henderson's reply to Governor Northen, which is a tissue of lies to the square inch that anything I have yet seen. Henderson belongs to the Thomas Fortune-Ida Wells gang, who are making big money out of yankee hate and credulity. He made his speech in Boston and said he was a Georgian and his mother obeyed the slave master's whip and felt the blood of those yankees believe it. In all my experience I never knew a negro woman to run away, nor did I ever hear of a bloodhunting man or woman. Sometimes bad negro men ran away

SAM JONES ON LYNCHING AND WHISKY SELLING.

I am feeling better this week. Maybe a farmer's life is agreeing with me; yet I don't feel much like a farmer, for I don't feel down-trodden. I do not feel like growling, and I don't feel much like fighting trusts and combines. Really I am at peace all around. From the farmers' standpoint I was much pleased at the proceedings of Judge Jaynes's court in Cedarwater last week, in that the negro charged with the awful crime of rape, tried by a jury of white men, was acquitted. I know many guilty negroes have been mobbed, and from a human standpoint it looks like they ought to have been mobbed. A mob can execute; but they are in no condition of mind to try a criminal. A mob can play the sheriff and execute a fellow but it cannot justly play judge and jury and try him. It was a shame and a disgrace that a man should be mobbed and then lynched. The merchants of Cartersville should condemn the mob and the lynch party, and their condition was infinitely better than the poor of England or Germany or of the northern United States.

Pledgee Regg's Henderson's speech in large headlines and call it "Plain Talk to the People." The article is malignant, mendacious and incendiary, and this man Pledgee could not run his paper in Wilmington nor in any country town in Georgia. It is a weekly menace to the negroes in the land, and we would like the negroes to patronize negroes in all avocations. What a fool. Suppose the merchants of Cartersville should condemn to patronize white draymen and white carpenters and blacksmiths only, and would some of the negroes who now so faithfully serve us. What would become of Joe Brown and Tribble, our expert carriage makers whose deportment as citizens commands our respect and confidence? I tell you, my brethren, there are many good industrious negroes in the land, and we would have no trouble if it were not for some such politicians as Pledgee. I know lots of negroes that I can get along with, and so does every white man. But such as Pledgee are not going away unscathed. He is big money in a contract. He wants to be hired to drum recruits. Six millions of mulattoes? Good gracious! And he is one of them, and no doubt is proud of it. I never saw a mulatto who was not going away with a bag of money. They would have been black negroes if they could, and they wouldn't swap colors with them. They are the 400—the elite, the upper ten.

But enough of this. Tip has been to see us—the faithful Tip—and he was happy. Tip bought some land near a depot here. The tip calls my name the Michigan road had left for parts unknown. Tip found a mortgage on it for \$500 more, and will have it for pay. No body but a dirty yankee dog would have swindled Tip that way. Tip brought a lot of money with him, and he still has it. He bought a lot of wine made from his own grapes, and I reckon you had better not mention this, for it might be construed as subject my wife to a fine of \$50, and might be bad and bad, wouldn't it? Emerson is now our liquor depot. It is four miles away, but theread is good, and they say the travel over it is increasing. For some reason or other Mr. Thomas has recently built a new depot here. Nevertheless, the fight between the barons and King John of Kynnymede is going up, and another magna charta may be granted.

Dismal Swamp Sold.

NORFOLK, Va., July 6.—It is asserted to-night that the Camp Manufacturing Company, lumber manufacturers of Franklin, Va., have bought the famous Dismal Swamp. This great swamp lies half in North Carolina and half in Virginia. Through it a canal known as the Dismal Swamp Canal has been dug at enormous cost. One end of the canal is near Norfolk, and the other is on the North Carolina Sound. In the swamp are thousands of cedar trees, which have been submerged and preserved from decay. It is understood that the purpose of the Camps is to drain the swamp and secure this timber. Should they do so they will leave the Dismal Swamp Canal high and dry, eighteen feet above tide-water. The few who know of the reported purchase of the Swamp express great interest in the matter, and opinions differ as to whether the purchasers may legally drain the swamp and thus destroy the waters of the great swamp are thousands of cedar trees, which have been submerged and preserved from decay. It is understood that the purpose of the Camps is to drain the swamp and secure this timber. Should they do so they will leave the Dismal Swamp Canal high and dry, eighteen feet above tide-water. The few who know of the reported purchase of the Swamp express great interest in the matter, and opinions differ as to whether the purchasers may legally drain the swamp and thus destroy the waters of the great swamp are thousands of cedar trees, which have been submerged and preserved from decay.

The Future of the Negro.

President W. H. Council of an Alabama College for negroes discusses the future of his race in the last number of the Forum and reaches the conclusion that the negroes are destined to leave this country and build up a new civilization in Africa. This is the outlook, also, of Bishop Turner of the African Methodist Church. He, too, sees "no future for the negro" in this country. Neither of them, however, and more particularly the Alabama College President, expects that this negro exodus occur now or soon, but that it will come only in the course of "a few generations." "His own pride," says President Council, "the desire to redeem Africa from its darkness, and, last, the allurements of a thousand superior advantages for mental and material gain, to be obtained through hardship and adversity, will be irresistible. His theory is that the race prejudice against the negroes can never be overcome in this country, and that eventually they must go to Africa to develop by themselves and of themselves.

Fishes and Men.

Deacon Jackson (disgustedly)—Why is it that it is always de little, no-account fishes dat's mos' ready to tackle de hook? Deacon Johnson—'Wha', I says it's 'on da same principle dat it's always de little, no-account men dat's mos' ready to tackle big public questions.

Backen'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.

HOW UNCLE SAM DESTROYED HIS MILLIONS.

A million dollars a day. This is the amount that Uncle Sam makes away with every day of his life. It is a million dollars worth of money which becomes too dirty or too dilapidated for use may be presented to the United States Treasury for redemption. Each day there is sent from the different banks throughout the country fully a million dollars worth of soiled or torn paper. Every year the amount received is turned over to an expert, who, after carefully counting and inspecting the notes to see that no counterfeiters are among them, places them together in small packages, and marks each bundle. They are then passed under a machine which punches a hole in each corner of every package, and cuts into halves, lengthwise; one-half is sent to another division, and the remaining half to another, to be re-counted by two other people. All counts must tally with each other before the bills are ready for destruction. The next move is to transport the entire quantity to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where it is reduced to pulp by what is called macerators. An immense revolving cylinder containing several disintegrating chemicals, the bills are thrown. The pulp thus produced is pressed into sheets, which are then re-rolled into paper. The next substance, which is used for various purposes, such as news paper, writing paper, and so on, is sold by the government for about \$40 a ton, the money received paying the cost of the maceration.

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The Immortality of the Soul.

Charlotte Observer. In a very striking editorial in The New York Sun of a recent date is mentioned the fact that Prof. James H. Hyslop, of Columbia University, New York, is preparing to announce that he has obtained actual scientific evidence of life after death. As The Sun says, this has never yet been demonstrated. It is believed by millions of intelligent people, but believed as a matter of faith only; believed because the Bible teaches it. Spiritualism has sought—incidentally, it is true—to prove existence after death of the material body, but spiritualism has been so often exposed as a trick, a delusion, a fake, that its evidence is of no value in the eyes of intelligent men; but for years, it appears, a Society of Psychical Research in London has been prosecuting investigations, the results of which are intended to demonstrate scientifically the immortality of the soul, and it is from this that Prof. Hyslop has taken his cue and the method through which he has made his alleged discovery is a Mrs. Piper, of Boston, a woman who has so much astonished the experimenters of the Psychical Society that they have retained her in their service by a special contract for as many as a dozen years. His proof he expects to complete in the course of a year, and when he presents it is the confident that there will succeed "such a wave of excitement as the world has never seen before." The Sun says that "Prof. Hyslop suggests that his conclusions should be confirmed by a methodical investigation, conducted by a board of distinguished scientific men, and unquestionably such a confirmation will be awaited with serious interest, and no harm can come of his investigations. If he should indeed demonstrate scientifically, and beyond the question of a doubt, the immortality of the soul, he will have established the truth of so much of Bible teaching and strengthened by so much the Christian religion. If he fails, it can only be regarded upon in all cases, cold or hoarseness. Sold by M. L. Marsh & Co., Druggists.

Hot Test June on Record.

The month just passed has been the hottest June known here in the past thirty years, with one exception. June, 1890 the average temperature was exactly the same (77 degrees) that it has been in June, 1899. The next hottest June was in 1888 when the average temperature was 78. The highest temperature in June just passed was 98, on the 8th, and the lowest was 57 on the 19th. During the month there was a rainfall of 4.42 inches, there being 5 cloudy days, 13 partly cloudy and 12 clear. This is above the average rainfall for June, which the records show to be 4.33 inches. There were thunderstorms on the 1st, 8th, 9th, 10th, 21st, 13th, 21st, 25th and 30th. The prevailing direction of the wind was southwest.

Mrs. and Sam Jones Don't Speak.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., July 3.—W. J. Bryan passed through here to-day on his way to Barnesville, Ga., where he will make an address to-morrow. From the Rev. Sam Jones, the noted Georgia evangelist, occupied the car with Col. Bryan. Trainmen report that they did not speak, and sat in silence near each other all the way to Chattanooga. A little girl who lives in a suburb of the city, in a newspaper communication, ridiculed the free silver advocate and referred facetiously to the small amount of taxes paid by Col. Bryan. The latter made a spirited reply. This explains the cooing.

Little Girl whose Parents had Recently Moved from Country to Town.

A little girl whose parents had recently moved from country to town, and who is now enjoying her first experience in living in a street, thus described it in a letter to another child: "This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened to our house."

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"I hope you are not cutting a friend," said a neighbor to a farmer who was scratching the back of a pet pig with a stick. Bristling up with indignation, the farmer replied: "No, sir; I'm only scraping an acquaintance."

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Charlotte Observer. In a very striking editorial in The New York Sun of a recent date is mentioned the fact that Prof. James H. Hyslop, of Columbia University, New York, is preparing to announce that he has obtained actual scientific evidence of life after death. As The Sun says, this has never yet been demonstrated. It is believed by millions of intelligent people, but believed as a matter of faith only; believed because the Bible teaches it. Spiritualism has sought—incidentally, it is true—to prove existence after death of the material body, but spiritualism has been so often exposed as a trick, a delusion, a fake, that its evidence is of no value in the eyes of intelligent men; but for years, it appears, a Society of Psychical Research in London has been prosecuting investigations, the results of which are intended to demonstrate scientifically the immortality of the soul, and it is from this that Prof. Hyslop has taken his cue and the method through which he has made his alleged discovery is a Mrs. Piper, of Boston, a woman who has so much astonished the experimenters of the Psychical Society that they have retained her in their service by a special contract for as many as a dozen years. His proof he expects to complete in the course of a year, and when he presents it is the confident that there will succeed "such a wave of excitement as the world has never seen before." The Sun says that "Prof. Hyslop suggests that his conclusions should be confirmed by a methodical investigation, conducted by a board of distinguished scientific men, and unquestionably such a confirmation will be awaited with serious interest, and no harm can come of his investigations. If he should indeed demonstrate scientifically, and beyond the question of a doubt, the immortality of the soul, he will have established the truth of so much of Bible teaching and strengthened by so much the Christian religion. If he fails, it can only be regarded upon in all cases, cold or hoarseness. Sold by M. L. Marsh & Co., Druggists.

Hot Test June on Record.

The month just passed has been the hottest June known here in the past thirty years, with one exception. June, 1890 the average temperature was exactly the same (77 degrees) that it has been in June, 1899. The next hottest June was in 1888 when the average temperature was 78. The highest temperature in June just passed was 98, on the 8th, and the lowest was 57 on the 19th. During the month there was a rainfall of 4.42 inches, there being 5 cloudy days, 13 partly cloudy and 12 clear. This is above the average rainfall for June, which the records show to be 4.33 inches. There were thunderstorms on the 1st, 8th, 9th, 10th, 21st, 13th, 21st, 25th and 30th. The prevailing direction of the wind was southwest.

Mrs. and Sam Jones Don't Speak.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., July 3.—W. J. Bryan passed through here to-day on his way to Barnesville, Ga., where he will make an address to-morrow. From the Rev. Sam Jones, the noted Georgia evangelist, occupied the car with Col. Bryan. Trainmen report that they did not speak, and sat in silence near each other all the way to Chattanooga. A little girl who lives in a suburb of the city, in a newspaper communication, ridiculed the free silver advocate and referred facetiously to the small amount of taxes paid by Col. Bryan. The latter made a spirited reply. This explains the cooing.

Little Girl whose Parents had Recently Moved from Country to Town.

A little girl whose parents had recently moved from country to town, and who is now enjoying her first experience in living in a street, thus described it in a letter to another child: "This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened to our house."

Thought God Stopped the Ship, we must Pull the Rope.

"I hope you are not cutting a friend," said a neighbor to a farmer who was scratching the back of a pet pig with a stick. Bristling up with indignation, the farmer replied: "No, sir; I'm only scraping an acquaintance."

UNCLE SAM DESTROYED HIS MILLIONS.

A million dollars a day. This is the amount that Uncle Sam makes away with every day of his life. It is a million dollars worth of money which becomes too dirty or too dilapidated for use may be presented to the United States Treasury for redemption. Each day there is sent from the different banks throughout the country fully a million dollars worth of soiled or torn paper. Every year the amount received is turned over to an expert, who, after carefully counting and inspecting the notes to see that no counterfeiters are among them, places them together in small packages, and marks each bundle. They are then passed under a machine which punches a hole in each corner of every package, and cuts into halves, lengthwise; one-half is sent to another division, and the remaining half to another, to be re-counted by two other people. All counts must tally with each other before the bills are ready for destruction. The next move is to transport the entire quantity to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where it is reduced to pulp by what is called macerators. An immense revolving cylinder containing several disintegrating chemicals, the bills are thrown. The pulp thus produced is pressed into sheets, which are then re-rolled into paper. The next substance, which is used for various purposes, such as news paper, writing paper, and so on, is sold by the government for about \$40 a ton, the money received paying the cost of the maceration.

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