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THE CONCORD TIMES.
"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."
CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1902.
VOLUME XX. NUMBER 5.
\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.
ESTABLISHED IN 1878.
 If you have anything to sell, let
 the people know it.

AN OLD FAVORITE
HOME, SWEET HOME
 By John Howard Payne

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, author and actor, was born in New York city June 9, 1792, and died in Tunica, Miss., in April, 1852. He made his first stage appearance in New York at the age of sixteen and went to France, and retired from the stage in 1822. From 1822 to 1845 he was in the United States consul at Home, Sicily. His most popular songs are "Home, Sweet Home," "The Maid of Milan," "Clari; or, The Slave of the Island."

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
 A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!
 An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain—
 Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call—
 Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!

BILL AWP'S LETTER.
 Atlanta Constitution.
 "I still live." It was rumormongering about the last words of great men, and Daniel Webster always impressed me with peculiar force. On the very confines of eternity, on the brink of the everlasting change that he knew was at hand, his great mind seemed to be studying and waiting for the moment of his departure—waiting and watching the separation of the soul from the body, and wondering how he would pass the crisis. There was no fear, no dread, as he calmly whispered, "I still live," and immediately died. His body died, and what was the next vision of his great soul the world would like to know, but it is forbidden. I thought of all this not long ago as I seemed to be drawing near the end and approached the confines of that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. I was serious and solemn with expectation, but was not alarmed, for my faith in that Maker will take care of me and all others who walk about the garden and carry the little grandchild in my arms and give him flowers on his smiles and caresses.

Well, that is enough on that line. You readers can find sermons and other things on the subject of death and death on another paper. "Carpe diem." Let us enjoy the day and be thankful that we still live. But to drop reverently from the sublime to the ridiculous, I recall that when I was young a number of us were quoting the last words of great men and women. One said: "Calvin and Luther and one said: "Well, you know what Daniel Webster said?" No, we did not remember, and he replied: "Why, he opened his great big eyes and looked at his friends who were weeping around him and whispered, 'Boys, don't cry; I am now dead yet.'"

Marion Butler Getting Rich.
 Raleigh Cor. Atlanta Constitution.
 Ex-United States Senator Marion Butler, one of the great chiefs of the Populist party, has his home and his law office in this city, but is here hardly half his time. He is in large business ventures, in the far west and in Alaska. He is a large owner of stock in the company which makes liquid air. It is said he is making a great deal of money since he left politics.

The populists, once a terror to democrats in this state, are now rarely mentioned. As a party they are utterly ignored in the new election law. They then got as low as \$3,000, but they kept their prestige even then, as they and the republicans were in power, by securing the insertion of a provision that party casting 80,000 of votes should have representation on all election boards. Thus did the populist tail wag the republican dog. The populists really have strength in only two counties, Sampson and Chatham. In the former they hold all the offices. That is the county Senator Butler came from. No one man has ever controlled a party in North Carolina as he controlled the populists.

Republicans here, who ought to know, declare most positively that there is no foundation for the rumor that Senator Pritchard is to be that party's nominee for chief justice. There are some republicans who profess to believe that by some strange turn of events Pritchard will be re-elected. Never was there anything more absurd. The democrats are fairly solid for whoever their party puts up; the republicans, having lost the negro vote, or at least 75 per cent of it, cut but little figure, and so it is.

Small Earthquake Ends in Big One.
 SAN LUIS OBISPO, Jan., July 31.—A strip of country fifteen miles long by four miles wide, rent with gaping fissures and dotted hills and knolls that sprung up during the night as if by magic, a village in ruins and hundreds of people fleeing for their lives are the results of last night's seismic disturbance in the valley of Los Animas, a northern part of San Benito county. For the last few days that section of the country has been shaken by a series of earthquakes that is without precedent in the history of the Pacific coast and the continuance of the disturbances and the increasing severity of the shocks have so terrified the inhabitants that they are leaving for other parts as rapidly as possible and even now the village is almost entirely deserted.

A pretty good example of supererogation is teaching a girl baby to talk.

CHILD-LIFE IN VIRGINIA SIXTY YEARS AGO.
 Marion Harland in Youth's Companion.
 The little Virginia girl who came into this bright and beautiful world in 1842 had English calicoes for everyday wear, but finer and fadless French prints, was also world have said, "for nice." The English prints and from twenty-five to thirty-seven and one-half cents a yard, and the French seldom less than fifty; so that her attire was not as cheap as it would seem to readers used to nine penny calicoes and shilling gingham. Moreover, money then was worth more than half as much again as now.

For holidays and holidays our little maid had white and figured muslins and lawns in Summer. In winter her best frocks were of merino, her second best of "circassian," a coarser wooling fabric.

Her stout shoes were made by the plantation or village shoemaker. He had a "last" for each member of the family, the lesser family members being discarded by the larger. They succeeded to outgrown frocks, jackets and trousers. If, under this law of succession, the shoes were not always an exact fit, the fault was not on the side of smallness. Toes and ankles were never cramped.

The fashion of her best bonnets changed twice a year. If the newest bonnet were too young to be left at home while the mother made her annual pilgrimage to town for the season's millinery an obliging neighbor who could go was intrusted with the family memorandum, or the country merchant nearest the homestead undertook to fill an order for three, four or six bonnets of assorted sizes and prices. Only boys wore "tops."

If our maiden's last season's headgear was hopelessly shabby, there was always a spinster or widow in the neighborhood who eked out a living, or perhaps made her "church money," by bleaching, blocking and making over "straw" caps, and lighting up a more plebeian leghorn were much worn. A good leghorn was expensive, but it went down through several generations of wearers, coming out as good as new every six months. The rural modiste bleached bonnets by hanging them in a basket over a fire, and lighting up a more plebeian leghorn were much worn. A good leghorn was expensive, but it went down through several generations of wearers, coming out as good as new every six months. The rural modiste bleached bonnets by hanging them in a basket over a fire, and lighting up a more plebeian leghorn were much worn. A good leghorn was expensive, but it went down through several generations of wearers, coming out as good as new every six months. 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