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THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES
Leading Paper in This Section.
LARGE AND ESTABLISHED CIRCULATION
ESTABLISHED IN 1878.
If you have anything to sell, let the people know it.

Stomachs on Stilts.

The man who puts on stilts does not increase his actual stature by the breadth of a hair. He feels taller while he's on the stilts, and when he's off them he feels shorter than he ever felt. Stimulants are the stilts of the stomach. They make a man feel better for the time being, but he feels a great deal worse for them afterward.

The need of the man whose stomach is "weak" is not stimulation but strength. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery perfectly answers that need. It cures the diseases of the digestive and nutritive system which make the stomach "weak." It enables the digestion and assimilation of food, so that the body receives the nutrition on which depends its strength.

"I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for stomach trouble," writes Clarence Carnes, Esq., Taylorstown, Loudoun Co., Va. "It did me so much good that I didn't take any more. I can eat most anything now. I am so well pleased with it I hardly know how to thank you for your kind information. I tried a whole lot of things before I wrote to you. A gentleman told me of your medicine and how it cured his wife. Thought I would try a bottle of it. Am now glad that I did, for I do not know what I should have done had it not been for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains; You lose. Therefore accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

The sluggish liver is made active by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. H. C. HERRING, DENTIST,
Is now on the ground floor of the Litaker Building.
CONCORD, N. C.

DR. W. C. HOUSTON
Surgeon Dentist,
CONCORD, N. C.
Is prepared to do all kinds of dental work in the most approved manner.
Office over Johnson's Drug Store.
Residence 'Phone 11. Office 'Phone 42.

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Attorney-at-Law,
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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, in the Superior and Supreme Courts of the State and in the Federal Courts. Office in court house.
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 of 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.

BRICK! BRICK! BRICK!

A brick is a brick; yes, but what a difference in them. Good brick, good machinery, up-to-date methods, in fact, a thousand details, are a necessity to produce the best brick. We have our plant fully equipped for a capacity of 45,000,000—not only that, but have a body of the finest river clay ever located in this country. Our plant is on the Catawba river near Fort Mill, S. C., and shipping station, Grattan, S. C.

"A man is a man for a' that," but what a difference in 'em. You require the best lumber for your house; the best coal for your engine; the best flour for your table. One does not buy a common horse when he can get a much better one for near the same price. This is true about everything one needs.

In a building nothing is more essential than good material. It adds to the safety and wear, besides 'twill sell for more. Who would not pay more for a building put up out of first quality material than for one thrown together out of common ordinary brick.

Let Us Correspond With You.
Prompt Service in Shipments

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Machinery for Sale.
One pair Platform Scales.
One 20 horse power Boiler.
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MRS. M. L. GOODMAN,
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25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

KITTY WELLS.

You ask what makes this darky weep,
Why he like others am not gay;
What makes the tear flow down his cheek
From early morn till close of day?
My story, darkies, you shall hear,
For in my memory fresh it dwells,
'Twill cause you all to drop a tear
On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

CHORUS.

While the birds were singing in the morning,
And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,
And the sun on the hill was a-dawning,
It was then we laid her in the tomb.

I never shall forget the day
That we together roamed the dells,
I kissed her cheek and named the day
That I should marry Kitty Wells;
But death came in my cabin door,
And took from me my joy and pride;
And when I found she was no more,
Then I laid my banjo down and cried.

I often wish that I was dead
And laid beside her in the tomb;
The sorrow that bows down my head
Is silent in the midnight gloom;
The spring time has no charms for me,
Though flowers are blooming in the dells,
For that bright form I do not see,
'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

"Timeo Danaos dora ferentes." That's what the Romans said when the Grecians brought them presents. "Beware of the Greeks when they come with gifts." I suspected Mark Hanna when he introduced that bill. He is a Greek and he is from Ohio. Beware! But he made a bad break. He was trying to get ahead of Teddy, but failed. Bring in another horse, Mark. We were willing for your folks to pension our old darkies, but you would have salivated half the population, and included the 30,000 you stole from us before the war. Our old negroes are the best we have got. They are still humble and trusty. My wife bought three shuck foot mats from one yesterday and got another to put a split bottom in a chair. We would rejoice to see these old negroes handle some pension money. An old woman got $24 yesterday for her husband's service, and I asked her what he done, and she said he kept the officers of his company in chickens all the way from Chattanooga to Savannah. Our old cook, Aunt Ann, said the colored people were powerful fond of chicken, too, and if her old man could not get a chicken any other way, he would go to town and buy one.

But it looks now like Teddy's hand has busted on the race problem. He can't solve it. The north is worse puzzled over it than ever, and Secretary Root has spoken out in meeting and says that social equality and officeholding has to be abandoned. Bishop Turner declares that the whole problem is in a more unsettled condition that it has been in thirty years, and they must be sent back to Africa. That is all right, but we want those who brought them here to be made to take them back. Confiscate Faneuil Hall and sell it out for enough money to build one ship, and name it the "Jolly Bachelor," which was the first slave ship that brought them here. Load it down with a cargo of bucks and buckesses under thirty years of age. When Turner begins to ship 'em from this part of the country we want to pick 'em. There are about fifty trifling vagabonds hanging around this town and we can't kill 'em off with smallpox or anything else. Two of our doctors went to the nigger school to vaccinate 'em and took the police and locked the doors, but the coons all jumped out of the windows and some ran under the house and some hid in a hollow log or behind the fences and the doctors did not get more than half of them. But we are getting along fairly well with our negroes, our household servants, the cook and the washer woman and their children. They were all brought up here and vaccinated. Negroes in daily contact with their white employees give no trouble. They are respectful and industrious. They do not want to go to Africa and they are not going. It is this restless floating population that we want to get rid of. There are young white men not much better, and the Philippines just suits them exactly.

But I am easy now, getting better—except on rainy days when the east wind prevails—the same old east wind that one of Job's friends complained about when he said, "Should a wise man fill his belly with the east wind." I am getting stronger in my underpins. Not long ago they were swollen so badly that away in the dead hours of the night, while I was nodding in my chair I got up to see what time it was, I lost my perpendicular and my legs gave way and I fell in the fire with the chair on top of me. My wife heard the racket and jumped from the bed and pulled me out. I did not get burned, but bruised up my shoulder where I struck the grate. And last night while I was suffering in the abdominal regions she got a hot water bag and placed it where it could do most good and I went off to sleep and slept the sleep of the just until breakfast time, when all of a sudden the bag burst and the hot water scalded me amazing before I could wake up. I halloed for help and broke up the breakfast, for they all came running and had to strip off my garments and change the sheets and everything, and had liked to have skinned me as clean as a hog, for the water was still as hot as fire. And so between fire and hot water I consider my self an injured person, but my wife thinks the scalding did me good and increased the alacrity of my movements.

But I am still calm and serene again, and enjoying the good reading sent me by my good friends, Mr. J. Wm. Jones and T. K. Oglesby. Both books are masterly vindications of the south and between these two men I feel like I am poised between the pillars of Hercules. Every truth is double plated and every rivet clinched. Then there is my good old friend Dr. Ward, of Winona, Miss., who stands in the breach and defends us from all assaults. We have not had since the war so much good southern literature as we have now. There are George G. Smith and Dr. Massey and Jim Calloway and Wallace Putnam Reed, who are full of memories of the good old times and the good old people. How sweetly did Dr. Massey's sketch of William C. Dawson carry me back to my college days when his boys, Oscar and Edgar, were my college mates and the good old men used to come to Athens to see them and fondle over them and used to talk to us in our Phi Kappa Society and gave us effectionate counsel. These biographical sketches of our noble men are most delightful reading, especially to those who like myself were the contemporaries of many of them.

But I must stop now and rest. It will not do for an old man to strain his mind. Every little while my wife says "Now, get up and walk about some," and I do it. She wants me to dance the Elephantiosis or the Buzzard Lope, and says I am getting better and better every day. But some of these old poems keep running in my mind:

"When he was in his prime
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down.
Not a better man was found
By the watchman on his round
Through the town.

But now his nose is thin
And is pointing to his chin
Like a staff.
And a crook is in his back
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh."

BILL ARP.

P. S.—I wish my good friends would write to Mr. C. P. Byrd for my book and not to me.

North Carolina Blankets.

Textile Excelsior.

Mr. Hiram P. Foard, of the Leaksvillle, N. C., Woolen Mills, was in Charlotte last week. Mr. Foard is a manufacturer of woolen blankets. He gives a very encouraging report of the woolen goods industry and says the Leaksville plant is running to its full capacity and finding a ready market for every pound of goods that it can turn out. The Leaksville mill is practically engaged the year round in the manufacture of woolen blankets, but at odd times turns out cassimeres and yarns. The annual output of the mill is 30,000 pairs of blankets.

Upon inquiry as to where he obtained raw material, Mr. Foard said: "Principally from southwestern Virginia, although we get a small quantity from North Carolina. The supply from this state is in scattered lots and of multitudinous grades. Technically there are fourteen different grades of wool on every sheep, and factories pay from 22 to 26 a pound for it, the minimum and maximum prices being 17 and 25 cents."

She Found Out.

"Do I love George," mused Clara, softly, "or is it simply a sister's affection that I feel for"——

Just then Bobby burst noisily into the room and interrupted her meditations.

"Get out of here, you little wretch!" she shouted, and seizing him by the arm, she shot him through the door.

"Ah, no," she sighed, as she resumed her interrupted train of thought, "my love for George is not a sister's love. It is something sweeter, purer, higher and holier."

Southern Railway Double-Tracking

The Southern Railway in accordance with its plan for developing and enlarging its system, has begun the building of a double-track system from Washington to Orange, a distance of eighty-five miles, at a cost of nearly $2,000,000. Whenever possible grades will be levelled and many of the numerous curves will be eliminated. The plan contemplates the installation of a double track system over the entire length of the Southern system proper.

Mysterious Circumstance.

One was pale and sallow and the other fresh and rosy. Whence the difference? She who is blushing with health uses Dr. King's New Life Pills to maintain it. By gently arousing the lazy organs they compel good digestion and head off constipation. Try them. Only 25c, at Fetzer's Drug Store.

Negroes have recently become very insolent to the few white persons living on the outskirts of Wilmington. One day last week a negro woman struck and severely wounded a little white child and in another case negroes threw rocks at a gentleman and his wife on the streets. These negroes are courting death.

FREAKS OF NATURE YIELD TO DEATH.

George Randall, the Big Head Boy, and "Fiddling Joe," Who Lived Underground, Depart This Life.

Rutherfordton, N. C., Dispatch.

News reaches here that George Randall, this county's wonderful freak, is dead. Just when his death occurred your correspondent has been unable to learn. The boy was one of the most wonderful freaks of nature in the South or perhaps in the world. He carried on his shoulders one of the largest and heaviest heads of any person known. He lived near Ellenboro with his parents from childhood. He was six years old when he died, and your correspondent is told he weighed only sixty-five pounds. His head measured forty-six inches in circumference and weighed fifty pounds. His body, arms and legs weighed only fifteen pounds. For five years his head had been growing rapidly and it could not be seen at the time of his death that his body had grown a particle in that period. He was almost skin and bones. He ate nothing but bread and meat and occasionally drank a cup of coffee. While he had been in perfect health all his life, with the exception of one illness, three years ago, his parents and family physician did not believe that he would live long. At times he could hold up his head, but most of the time preferred lying in bed, only because his head was so heavy.

The boy had a fair education considering his age. He read newspapers all the while and was more fond of them than books. He could not write nor read writing, and said he never had any desire to do either. He was always quick to catch any gossip that was afloat.

He was also very sensitive and refused on several occasions to be photographed. Several times his parents have been approached by theatrical men and offered a big price for him to be put on exhibition.

Joe Lewis, colored, better known as "Fiddling Joe," who died on Mr. W. W. Campbell's place two miles and a half from here about two weeks ago, lived three years (the latter part of his life) seventy-five feet in the ground. He was a remarkable old negro in many ways and as peculiar as he was remarkable. He was fifty years old, and the three years of his life which he lived in the ground, was in an old deserted mine seventy-five feet in the hill and thirty-five feet deep.

Mr. Campbell had offered him a home many times, but he refused, saying "the negro bucks would kill him if he had a house on top of the ground." For two years he had blankets, etc., but the last year of his life (summer and winter) he slept in the hole in the ground without a particle of cover.

Lamentable Lack of Enterprise.

"Let me have three fingers of whiskey," he said to the clerk of a drug store in a Kansas town.

"I can't," replied the clerk, who did not know the customer. "This is a prohibition state."

"I can't get a drink of whiskey, eh?" "No sir, not without a physician's prescription, when it is to be used as a medicine." "Is there no emergency at all in which you would be permitted to dispense a small quantity of whiskey without that formality—a case of life and death, for instance?"

"Why, yes," replied the clerk. "I suppose if a man were to be bitten by a rattlesnake, and it would require some time to go to a doctor and get a prescription, in that case it might be allowable to give him whiskey." "Do you know where I could find a snake?" was the next question. "Why, no," replied the clerk, greatly surprised at the query. "Well," commented the thirsty one, with a great deal of disgust in his tone, "it seems to me that if this drugstore had any enterprise it would keep a rattlesnake on hand for use in cases of emergency."

Inmates Saved as by Miracle.

Athens, W. Va., Dispatch.

During a terrific storm last night a huge boulder came crashing down the mountain side, striking a house occupied by a family named Booth.

Together with the sleeping inmates the house was carried sixty feet down into the valley below. Frank Booth, fourteen years old, had his leg broken and his sister was badly injured about the head. The other members of the family escaped with slight bruises. The house and furniture were reduced to ruins.

Russian newspapers say that a man in the hospital at Tomak is 200 years old. They say this statement is supported by documents. The man has been a widower for 123 years. He had a son, who died in 1824, aged 90 years. He remembers seeing Peter the Great. He is bed-ridden, but mentally sound.

The scratch of a pin may cause the loss of a limb or even death when blood poisoning results from the injury. All danger of this may be avoided, however, by promptly applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It is an antiseptic and quick healing liniment for cuts, bruises and burns. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

TILLMAN HISSED IN NEW YORK.

The thirteenth annual dinner of the New York Press club was given last week at the Waldorf-Astoria. On the left of President Joseph Howard, Jr., sat William Jennings Bryan, while Mayor Low occupied the chair on his right. Senator Tillman was among the guests.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, said in part:

"I cannot understand why I should have been the only representative of the august body of which I am a member. Now, I have no message which I have come to deliver to you. In my experience I have found that the better acquainted the gentleman of the press become with me, the better they like me. But I ask no favors of you. I come from a state where the people do their own thinking and their own voting.

"I think this is an occasion on which I ought to get even with the press. You have 365 days in the year in which to make and unmake public men, but you don't make and unmake them in the state of South Carolina."

Referring to the negro question he said that President Roosevelt had raised a subject that will not easily down. It had brought forth a number of comments from prominent men of the north and had raised a storm in the south. After mentioning a number of these comments and the men who made them, he said:

"You have this subject Roosevelted, Hannaed, Irelanded and finally Smooted and now it seems to me it is about time we had someone who knows something about it say something. What are my qualifications?"

First, he said, he had been nursed by a negro mammy. Then, although he had not served in the Confederate army, he had tried to join it, and had been prevented only by an accident that deprived him of his eye. Lastly, he had been upon the ground and seen the ravages of the war.

"I know something of what this race question has cost this country. Many of you who write so flippantly about it know nothing about it," he continued, "and if you write about so grave a subject when you know nothing of it you are no less than criminals.

"Mr. Roosevelt was very wise in saying that it will take the best thought of both sections of this country to solve the problem."

After an impassioned recital of the perils to the white population of the south, threatened by the increase of the power of the negroes in the past few years, he said:

"We were compelled by the exigencies of the situation to use the shot gun and the tissue ballots, and we used both. Why? Because in the state of South Carolina there were 30,000 more negro voters than there were white voters."

He said that they in South Carolina had established their free schools and that ever since there have been more negro children in those free schools than white children.

"Do you think it was our purpose to raise these negro children to a condition of enlightment in order that they may govern us?" he asked.

"By the holy God, no!" he cried.

"Three months ago," he continued, "the president wrote a letter in which he said that when a negro showed himself qualified to fill public office, he was unwilling to shut the door of hope in his face."

Commenting on this, Senator Tillman said that if the present condition of education continued and the negro is to gain control of the state of South Carolina and the whites become subordinate, the deplorable result would be that in a hundred years the population would be half mulatto. He had no practicable solution of the problem, he said, unless it be that the north take its share of the blacks, "if you love them so well."

His address grew more impassioned as he continued. At first only applause greeted his utterances, but toward the end an occasional hiss was heard, and finally he was interrupted by a voice crying:

"What about your nephew?"

Senator Tillman was at the moment defending the summary measure adopted in the south for the punishment of negroes guilty of crime, especially against women. After the excitement caused by the interruption had subsided Mr. Tillman said there was much more he could say and would like to say, but that he regarded it as highly inappropriate to refer in public to family affairs.

Before concluding his address he took occasion to assert that if the policy of raising the negro into power in the south is carried too far, the result will be bloodshed and its flow will be upon the heads of those who have tried to force the white population into subjection to the black. This was not a threat, he said, but simply a statement of what he knew from his acquantance with the conditions in the south, would be the inevitable result.

Tears pay no taxes.

ENOUGH MORMONISM.

Mr. Goodman Returns to His Old Home From Idaho After Renouncing Mormon Faith.

Salisbury Sun.

Mr. George Goodman and family returned to-day from Idaho, where they have been living for the past year and will shortly resume their residence in Rowan.

Mr. Goodman's experiences have been varied and interesting during the past three years. For fifty years or more he had lived in Rowan, contented and happy, and had by thrift accumulated some considerable property. A happy family surrounded him and he was one of the most thoroughly satisfied men in the county. Every Sunday he and his family attended services at St. Paul's Lutheran church about five miles from Salisbury, of which they were communicants.

But about three years ago they became interested in the Mormon church, through the specious pleas of two Mormon elders and decided after much persuasion and fair promises to cast their lot with this sect. All the pleas and arguments of friends were unavailing and Mr. Goodman sold his splendid farm and personal effects and with his family emigrated to Idaho.

The scales fell from his eyes, however, and Mr. Goodman decided to return to his native county and reembrace his old religion.

"Mormonism is not what it is said to be," said Mr. Goodman to a Sun reporter this morning. "I have come back to my native county to stay," he continued. "No, I have not decided on my future plans. I will, however, secure quarters in Salisbury until I have made other arrangements."

"Will you ask for reinstatement in the church which you left when you joined the Mormons?" he was asked.

"I have'nt fully decided on that yet," Mr. Goodman replied.

Autopsy Explains Phenomena.

The autopsy upon the body of Jonathan Bowser, who was buried last week at Williamsport, Md., only partially explains some of the phenomena of the twenty-one years he was an invalid.

For eight years he was dumb. His speech was restored about seven years ago, while he was asking a blessing upon his food. The sound of his voice startled him, and then he exclaimed "Praise the Lord, I can talk."

With the return of his voice came a renewal of general health.

Mr. Bowser was born in 1828, in Leitersburg, and his wife was a member of the Leiter family to which the Chicago millionaire belongs.

He had a handsome red beard which reached below his waist. It changed gradually to gray and then to black. When he died half his beard was gray and the other half black. The autopsy revealed a partial solidification of the lungs, the heart small and atrophied, the left kidney and spleen greatly enlarged and a malignant tumor of the size of an egg was found in the stomach.

School Houses Are Uninhabitable.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction Joyner says that the cause for aid made by counties to keep their public schools open four months in the year aggregate $140,000, which is $40,000 more than the appropriation by the state. The chief reason for the increase in demands over last year appears to be the expenditure for new school houses.

Superintendent Joyner has very much at heart the improvement of school houses and the building of better ones, as in one county twenty had to be closed because they were uninhabitable. In one of the richest and largest counties in the state, he says, fifteen school houses were not worth $50 each, including site and school furniture. He will earnestly recommend state aid in the building of school houses, by making loans to counties. This will develop not only county aid, but also aid by local taxation, and will secure help from other quarters. This is a new movement and a valuable one.

An Infant in a Valise.

REIDSVILLE, Feb. 19.—An astonishing find was made by Mr. E. M. Redd yesterday. He was passing a barn on the premises of Mrs. Dr. J. H. Redd when he was arrested by the sounds of a crying infant in the barn. He went in and there found in a valise an infant child. The child was white and was thought to be about a day or two old. There is no clue whatever to the child's parents, but every effort will be made to find out who the culprits are that could do such an inhuman thing.

A Most Fatal Gift,

Would be the power of foreseeing events. This would destroy hope. A knowledge of the future would unmake happiness. There are, of course, some things about the future we do know. If, for instance, a lack of energy, ambition and loss of appetite shows itself we know it will be followed by serious complaints if not checked. Often Liver and Kidney trouble follow quickly. In any event Electric Bitters will restore you to health. It strengthens, builds up and invigorates rundown systems. Only 50c Satisfaction guaranteed by Fetzer's Drug Store.

FOUND WILD MAN.

Lives in Open Air and Subsists On Raw Corn.

Wilmington Star.

The county authorities are very much puzzled over the actions of a strange colored man, who gives his name as Jim Williams, and who was found one night last week by Mr. Ed. Branch, a hunter, in solitary camp in the woods near the Masonboro road, four and a half miles from Wilmington. Mr. Branch reported his find on Friday to the authorities, and Justice G. W. Bornemen and Constable W. B. Savage went out to investigate at the earliest practicable moment.

They found the camp described by Mr. Branch, and asleep on the hard ground was the solitary occupant, a middle aged man, with whom they talked as to his primitive methods of living. He said that he slept on the ground because he thought it was right to do so. Two large dry goods boxes, turned on their sides, were lying near the camp and in them, the man said he slept when it was raining but upon other occasions he slept on the ground. For food he said he ate raw corn. There was also at the solitary spot, which is a short distance from the road in the wilderness, a bundle of old clothes and a few other appurtenances.

From a view of the desolate place and a talk with its occupant the officers at once made up their minds that the man was a lunatic and so reported to the Clerk of the Superior Court upon their return to the city. The necessary papers were issued to bring the man into safe keeping and last night the Constantable Savage, Deputy Sheiff W. H. Cox and Mr. W. G. Brinkley went out to execute them. After a hazardous trip over the scrubby oaks and through the various marshes, they were able to discover the place by night, but the man had gone. Where, the officers are puzzled to know. They found the boxes, the clothes and other things seen at the camp the day before, and also a sack of dry corn, corborating what the man said he used for food, but no clue to the evidently crazy negro could they secure and were forced to return to the city without accomplishing anything.

Another search for Williams will be made and the authorities will continue to speculate as to a correct explanation of the negro's strange conduct.

American Tobacco Company's Employes Work to Piano Music.

Louisville, Ky., Dispatch.

A piano is now a part of the regular complement of machinery used in the American Tobacco Company's plant at Jackson and Jacob streets in this city and the "department of music" is officially recognized in all the establishments of the Continental and American Tobacco companies in Louisville.

Where formerly a rule of discreet silence was enforced, the strains of music, varying from "rag time" to hymns, are heard and the hundreds of employes, men and women and children, sing as they work. As a result trouble between the workers is rare and the companies find their employes do their work with better grace and really accomplish more than they did before the rules enforcing silence were abolished.

The piano at the Jacob street plant is but a step further in the plan of the two companies to make life more pleasant for those who labor in the big factories and it is stated that if the experiment proves a success, instruments will be placed in other establishments operated by the concerns.

Found Bear in Her Bed.

A correspondent from Mitchell county of the Morganton News-Herald gives this exciting story:

"On last Thursday, while gathering galax on the Grandmother Mountain about two miles east of Kawana postoffice, Mrs. E. B. Robbins found a very large bear in her bed with three small cubs. She not knowing what to do, guarded the bears and set a small boy after her brother, Fate Thompson, a son of the famous hunter John Thompson. He soon arrived with his gun. After firing two shots he killed his prey and captured the three small cubs, which he sold for $15.00. Dr. W. C. Gross, of our town, purchased one."

A Mother's Recommendation.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this remedy.—Mrs. J. A. Moore, North Star, Mich. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

J. T. Warner, of Albemarle, who embraced the Mormon faith some time ago, has moved with his family to Idaho, where he hopes to enjoy his religion in congenial surroundings.

The best physic. "Once tried and you will always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says William A. Girard, Pease, Vt. These Tablets are the most prompt, most pleasant and most reliable cathartic in use. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

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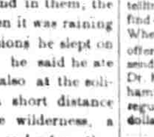

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