

* THE TIMES *
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THE CONCORD TIMES.

John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner.
VOLUME XX.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."
CONCORD, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1908.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.
NUMBER 45.

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

It's So Easy

To take cold. It's so common to neglect the cold. That is one reason why there are so many people with "deep-seated," stubborn coughs, and so many more with "lung trouble."
The short, quick way to cure a cough is to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The quicker this remedy is used the quicker the cure. But even when neglect has led to disease fasten on the lungs, "Golden Medical Discovery" may be relied on to cure in ninety-eight cases out of every hundred.
The only motive for substitution is to permit the patient to make the little extra profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains. You lose. Therefore accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."
"I am feeling quite well," writes Miss Dorcas A. Lewis of No. 174 1/2 Washington, D. C. "My cough is very much better and I owe it all to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I cannot say too much in praise of the medicine. I had been quite a sufferer for a long time, and after reading Doctor Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice I thought I would try his Golden Medical Discovery. I commenced taking it in May, 1899. Had not been sleeping well for a long time. Took one teaspoonful of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and slept nearly all night without coughing or any other trouble. I am in great sympathy with everybody who suffers with a cough. I had been suffering for more than ten years. I tried lots of different medicines and different doctors, but did not feel much better. I coughed until I commenced spitting blood, but now I feel much stronger and am entirely well. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine I have ever taken. My heart is in the hands of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a ladies' laxative. No other medicine equals them for gentleness and thoroughness.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
DR. H. C. HERRING, DENTIST,
Is now on the ground floor of the Litaaker 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 12.
L. T. HARTSELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA.
Prompt attention given to all business.
Office in Morris building, opposite the court house.
Drs. Lilly & Walker,
offer their professional services to the citizens of Concord and surrounding country. Call is promptly attended to or visit.
DR. J. D. WEBSTER, DENTIST.
Formerly of Wilmington, now of Concord, N. C. offers his professional services to the citizens of Concord and surrounding country. Crown, bridge and plate work a specialty. Teeth extracted without pain. Prices reasonable. All work guaranteed. Give him a call. Office over Correll's Jewelry store.

WELCOME VISITORS.

Worry and fret were two little men that knocked at my door again and again; Oh, pray let us in to tarry a night. And we will be off with the dawning of light.
At length, moved to pity, I opened the door To shelter these travelers, hungry and poor. But when, on the morrow, I bade them adieu, They said, quite unmoved, "We'll tarry with you."
And, deaf to entreaty and callosities to thrust, These troublesome guests abide with me yet.

HOW HE WON HER.

Ice cream he bought his darling,
And she ate, and ate, and ate;
Till at last her heart he gave him,
To make room for one more plate.

GRAND LARCENY.

He stole a kiss. "Now, that," cried she,
"I'll have you understand,
Is really petit larceny."
"It's not," said he. "It's grand!"

WHITE MAN KILLED BY A NEGRO.

Eleven Men Arrested for Alleged Participation in the Crime.
WILSON, May 14.—Perry Jones, an insurance agent, who came here some time ago, was shot in his room last night by a crowd of citizens who intended to run him out of town, and as a result died at 7 o'clock this morning. One of the alleged attacking party was also wounded. Eleven men were arrested on the charge of participation in the crime. The objection to Jones was because of his alleged association with a colored woman. Jones stated, after being wounded, that when the men rushed into his room he fired on them, when he was shot.
Jones came to Wilson about two weeks ago as an insurance agent, giving his residence as Little Rock, Ark. He worked industrial insurance. A few days ago he was arrested with a negro woman, suspicion having fallen on him about a watch which was stolen in Goldsboro. The trial resulted in his acquittal. After the trial George Whitley, of Wilson, went to Jones and told him that he would have to leave town. Whitley claimed to be a representative of a crowd of men in Wilson who would not have a man here who associated with a negro woman. Jones, becoming alarmed, had Whitley arrested on a peace warrant. The trial resulted in Whitley's being put under a \$200 peace bond. This occurred yesterday.
Jones received information that he would be attacked last night. He went to Mr. J. R. Uzzell, a lawyer here, and told of his trouble. He advised him to go to his room and remain there until this morning, when he would advise him further. Jones was never seen again until he was found this morning in his room, mortally wounded.
About 1 o'clock this morning Police Officers Fulton and Spakenberg heard three shots on Goldsboro street. They immediately went in that direction and their attention was attracted by the cries of a man. They went upstairs and found Jones lying on the floor near his door and on their arrival pitiously begged them to bring him a doctor and save his life. Drs. Albert Anderson and Ben Herring were soon on the scene and did all they could to relieve his pain, but to no avail, the wounded man dying at 7 o'clock this morning.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.
I am feeling sick and sad. Another friend has gone and left me. Jim Warren was my college mate and I loved him for nearly sixty years. He was only two months my junior and I sometimes wondered who would be called away first. What an awful death was that. Crushed and mangled and his poor old body torn and dragged for a quarter of a mile and his dismembered limbs strewn the track and his brains larding the rails. Alas, how little do we know about life or death! Sometimes I watch the cattle going to the slaughter pen and am thankful that providence conceals from them their impending fate, but we do not know much more about our own. How shall we die and when? James Warren was one of my true friends. I loved to love him and it gave me comfort that he loved me and always called me Charley as tenderly as a brother. His body was killed and that was all. His pure soul went back immediately to its Creator and is now resting in the bosom of God. That is my faith and I hope it is the faith of all those who loved him, for my heart bleeds with them.

"Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green grass of your fires,
Strike until the last arrow of your fires."

I got to speak that speech, and when I got to that part which said, "They come—they come—the Greek—the Greek!" I put on martial agony and elevated my voice and shook the floor. I thought of all this the other day when I read about the strikers in Atlanta going to Mr. Byrd's publishing house and trying to reduce his non-union printers to leave him. His partner, Tom Lyon, showed fight and used some curs words and drove them off, and they had him arrested and the recorder fined him for disturbing the public tranquility, but if I had been the recorder I would have excused Tom.

This thing has come home to me at last, for Mr. Byrd is printing a book for me and I can't get a copy, and am fighting mad about it. The striking interlopers get all his printers away, but two or three and the scabs hung around the back door and all that Tom could do was to watch them and exclaim, "They come—they come—the Greek—the Greek." But Tom is game and says he will whip the fight and have some books for me by the last of the week. The first edition has all been sold and the second is in the press and has been delayed and endangered and barricaded and paralyzed by these contemptible strikers, and if there ever was a justifiable excuse for using curs words a man ought to be hired to stand at the back door and cuss 'em by the day as fast as they come. I've no patience with these strikers and less with their leaders. One of my boys has just established a telephone plant in Houston, Texas, and had about forty girls employed at good wages, when suddenly some interlopers came and made them all strike and he hired others to take their place and the interlopers went round to all his patrons and tried to get up a boycott, but failed. The rich Mr. Huntington is the chief owner and he telegraphed my boy to whip that fight regardless of expense and he has whipped it. Last year at Dayton, Ohio, a big-hearted rich man established a cash register plant and had two hundred girls employed and he cared for them just like they were his children and had bath rooms on every floor and hot and cold water, and mirrors and soap and towels, so that they could bathe and clean up before they went home and the girls were contented and happy, for all this was no part of the contract, but the interlopers came along and ordered a strike because some poor old woman who did not belong to the union had the job of washing the towels that the girls used in their bath rooms.

Well, now, that is one side of the case, but it is said every case has two sides. The war between capital and labor still goes on, but labor has but little to complain of in this blessed land. We see by the papers that these union strikers in Atlanta have plenty of money in their treasury to live on while they are idle and some of them have gotten up a baseball club and are having a good time generally. There is no suffering here like there was in London seventy-five years ago when Tom Hood wrote the song of the shirt and the lay of the laborer. It would make an angel weep to read that poor woman's song:

"For its work, work, work—my labor never flags,
And what are its wages—a bed of straw,
A crust of bread and rag,
This shattered roof, this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there."
Her sad song aroused all London, but there was no strike. Our own George Peabody was there in the banking business and it aroused him. He immediately he bought the ground in the suburbs and spent \$2,000,000 in building cottages for the poor. Nice cot-

DELAWARE JUSTICE.

Charlotte Observer.
The little State of Delaware still stands nobly by the whipping post as a means of punishment for petty crimes. That good old way of dealing with thieves and law-breakers prevailed generally throughout the country until about the close of the civil war, when it was abolished as a relic of barbarism. Just how Delaware succeeded in holding on to the post and pillory we are not prepared to state at present, but all the same, negroes are being whipped there now, just as they were "before the war," and not only negroes, but white men, also. The older people in this section of the South remember the whipping post mainly as an instrument of punishment for negroes, for conditions then were but little different from what they are now—the negroes crowded the criminal courts. Then they were sentenced to so many lashes. Now they are given so many days on the chain-gang.

It is contended by some that the oldtime punishment was the most effective, for the whipping hurt to a degree that culprits were in mortal terror of it. The victim of the whipping post, however, dreaded this corporal punishment less than he did the certainty of being pointed out ever afterward as the man who had been whipped. Nowadays a culprit gets a sentence to the chain-gang, where he works a few weeks, as well fed and cared for and serving out his term, throws off his striped suit and again mingles with the people unnoticed. It is not to be contended that the law-breakers of the present day hold the chain-gang in as much terror as did the law-breakers of the past the whipping post. Some people are yet found who advocate the restoration of the whipping post, though very little heed is paid to their arguments. However, they get supporters on all hands when they argue that the whipping post is needed for wife-beaters. All are agreed as to that, yet it would scarcely be practicable to re-establish the whipping post as an institution that is likely to have its last days in Delaware.

The whipping of two farmers at the post in Dover, one day last week, has given somewhat of a shock to the adherents of that mode of punishment and may result in an agitation for the abolishment of the post in that State. The two farmers in question stole a coop of chickens from one neighbor and sold them to another. They were detected, tried, convicted and sentenced to receive ten lashes on their bare backs. Their friends made strenuous efforts to have the sentence of the court changed, but the judge was inexorable and could not be moved. The pleas of previous good character and of respectable family connections were of no avail. The two farmers were tied up to the post and publicly flogged. The whipping of these white men for chicken-stealing has called public attention anew to the mode of administering justice in Delaware, and it is to be expected that the anti-whipping post element will now be stringing up white men—that is another matter. It ought not to be a greater crime to whip a white thief, but all the same the castigation administered to these two farmers doubtless marks the beginning of the end of the whipping post in Delaware.

Conundrums.
The more you take away the larger it grows, what is it? A hole.
What fruit does the electric plant bear? Currents.
Why is a star in heavens like a window in the roof? A skylight.
Under what condition might handkerchiefs be used in building a wall? If they be cambric (became brick).
If I were in the sun and you were out of it, what would the sun become? Sin.
Why was Joseph Gillof one of the most wicked and inconsistent of men? He made people steal (steal) pens and told them they did write (right).
Did you ever wear crocheted rubbers? If not crowd shade, what are they?
Why is the letter G like the sun? It is the centre of light.
What is that which walks with its head downward? A nail in the shoe.
Why was Goliath surprised when struck by the stone of David? Such a thing had never entered his head before.
What public singer draws the best and is clapped the most? The mosquito.
Why is an alligator the most deceitful of animals? Because he takes you with an open countenance.
Why should a thirsty man always carry a watch? Because it has a spring inside.
A Thoughtful Man.
M. M. Austin, of Winchester, Ind., knew what to do in the hour of need. His wife had such an unusual case of stomach and liver trouble, physicians could not help her. He thought of and tried Dr. King's New Life Pills and she got relief at once and was finally cured. Only 25c at Fetzner, a drug store.
Ball players don't have to do penance in order to win pennants.

THE HARD LINES OF THE NEGRO.

Charlotte Observer.
The Richmond News-Leader recently called upon the ladies conducting the Confederate bazaar in that city not to prolong the life of the enterprise beyond the appointed time, for the reason that it was playing havoc with the business of the merchants, since it ran without expense and sold goods and articles which were given it. The Charleston News and Courier, which lives in the smoke of the battles of 1861 to '65, reprimands the Richmond paper and appeals to the sentiment involved in the case. The News-Leader was doubtless advertent to this, and yet chose to take the practical side of the question. Undoubtedly the merchants of every community suffer many things at the hands of many physicians. A number of years ago, on the last day of a session of Congress, when public building bills and all sorts of bills making appropriations were being rushed through the House like grist through a mill, Sunset Cox hopped on top of his desk and exclaimed: "Syrcuse, Oskosh and Kalamazoo have their friends; every town and city, every creek, river and harbor has its friend; but where in the name of God is the friend of the Treasury?" The merchant is everybody's friend, not to say everybody's meat. Nobody starts out with a subscription list, or on any sort of a begging enterprise, but calls on the merchants first. The fact that a man "keeps a store" seems to convey to the average mind the idea that he is "lousy with money." But where is the friend of the merchant? All solicitors tax him; all Legislatures double tax him; all book agents buzz him; all deadbeats expect credit from him, and it has remained for The Richmond News-Leader to lift its voice in his behalf and to suggest that he has a few small rights and deserves to be protected in them.

Play and Fix.
George Horace Lorimer.
Of course all this is going to take so much time and thought that you won't have a very wide margin left for golf—especially in the afternoons. I simply mention that in passing, because I see in the Chicago papers which have been sent me that you were among the players on the links one afternoon a fortnight ago. Golf's a nice, foolish game and there ain't any harm in it so far as balls at the beginning, the lost balls in the middle and the highballs at the end of the game. But a young fellow who wants to be a boss butcher hasn't much daylight to waste on any kind of links except sausage links.
Of course a man should have a certain amount of play, just as a boy is entitled to a piece of pie at the end of his dinner, but he don't want to make a meal of it. Any one who lets sinkers take the place of bread and meat gets bilious pretty young, and these fellows who haven't any job except to blow the old man's dollars are a good deal like the little niggers in the pie-eating contest at the county fair—they've a plenty of pastry and they're attracting a heap of attention, but they've got a stomach ache coming to them by and by.

Conundrums.
What two things does a man have to do if he carries a watch? Watch his pocket and pocket his watch.
Which bird can lift the heaviest weights? The crane.
What four letters would frighten a thief? O I C U.
What is it that flies high, flies low, has no feet and yet wears shoes? Dust.
What two things start at the roots and grow down? An icicle and a cow's tail.
What is that which no man wants, but once he gets it he won't part with it? A bad head.
How can you prove that half of twelve is seven? XII. Draw a line through the centre.
A father is forty years of age, his son nine years; in how many years will the father be only twice the age of his son? In twenty-two years.
What two numbers multiplied together will produce seven? Seven and one.
A beggar had a brother who died, but who had no brother. The beggar was a woman.
A Farmer Straightened Out.
"A man living on a farm near here came in a short time ago completely doubled up with rheumatism. I handed him a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and told him to use it freely and if not satisfied after using it he need not pay a cent for it," says C. P. Bayder, of Patten Mills, N. Y. "A few days later he walked into the store as straight as a string and handed me a dollar saying, 'Give me another bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I want it in the house all the time for it cured me.'" For sale by M. L. Marsh, drugist.
An Unjust Aspiration.
"Yes, our society's new president certainly is a busy woman, but they say she is neglecting her duties as a wife and mother."
"That is not true. I know for a fact that she manages to see her family almost every day."

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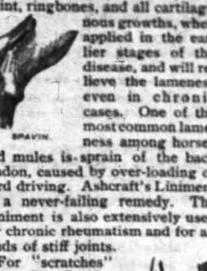
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Ashcraft's Eureka Liniment

This Liniment will remove spavin, splint, ringbones, and all cartilaginous growths, when applied in the earlier stages of the disease, and will relieve the lameness even in chronic cases. One of the most common lameness among horses and mules is sprain of the back tendon, caused by over-loading or hard driving. Ashcraft's Liniment is a never-failing remedy. The Liniment is also extensively used for chronic rheumatism and for all kinds of stiff joints.
For "scratches" Ashcraft's Eureka Liniment is without an equal. A few applications in all that is necessary to cure this disease in its worst form.
Owing to the wonderful anti-septic qualities, the Eureka Liniment should be used in the treatment of all tumors and sores where proud flesh is present. It is both healing and cleansing, entirely destroying all parasites and putrefaction. This Liniment acts as a counter-irritant and stimulant.
Price 50c. bottle. Sold by
M. L. MARSH



One Car Load

—OF—
RED BLISS TROUTS MAINE
SEED POTATOES

Shipped direct from Arris-
took County Maine, the home
of the finest Seed Potatoes in
America. If you want the
most prolific, quickest produc-
ing Potato you can get call
and get your share of this car.

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A Matter of Pedigree.

Lippincott's for May.
"Marcus," said Rastus Bivins to his son, who had just returned from college with a great, bushy head of hair, "Marcus, what in the name of common-sense did you learn at school, anyway? You can't saw the wood; you won't plough; you won't go to work; you won't do nothing but sit around here and read. I'm getting tired of it! I'm getting tired of it! If you don't do something, young man, and that pretty soon, I'm going to enter you at the State fair in the Hog Show. That hair of yours might help you some there."
"Don't worry about that, father," said Marcus affectionately. "Don't worry about that; I wouldn't take any prize, because, you see, I have no pedigree."
He Believed in the Home Treatment
In Ohio, as in several other States, persons condemned to death are taken to the State capital for execution. Recently, in the Greene county court, a jury was being chosen to try a murder case. One member of the panel had been asked the usual questions, and had given satisfactory answers, until the lawyer for the defense inquired:
"Do you believe in capital punishment?"
"No, sir," was the prompt reply. "I believe in hanging them right here at home."
Makes a Clean Sweep.
There's nothing like doing a thing thoroughly. Of all the Salves you ever heard of, Buckley's Arnica Salve is the best. It sweeps away and cures Burns, Sores, Bruises, Cuts, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It's only 25c, and guaranteed to give satisfaction by P. B. Fetzner, drugist.
The Lexington Dispatch says that Aunt Polly West, who had been an inmate of the Davidson county home for 40 years, died week before last at the age of 111.

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"Yes, our society's new president certainly is a busy woman, but they say she is neglecting her duties as a wife and mother."
"That is not true. I know for a fact that she manages to see her family almost every day."

THE HARD LINES OF THE NEGRO.

Charlotte Observer.
The Richmond News-Leader recently called upon the ladies conducting the Confederate bazaar in that city not to prolong the life of the enterprise beyond the appointed time, for the reason that it was playing havoc with the business of the merchants, since it ran without expense and sold goods and articles which were given it. The Charleston News and Courier, which lives in the smoke of the battles of 1861 to '65, reprimands the Richmond paper and appeals to the sentiment involved in the case. The News-Leader was doubtless advertent to this, and yet chose to take the practical side of the question. Undoubtedly the merchants of every community suffer many things at the hands of many physicians. A number of years ago, on the last day of a session of Congress, when public building bills and all sorts of bills making appropriations were being rushed through the House like grist through a mill, Sunset Cox hopped on top of his desk and exclaimed: "Syrcuse, Oskosh and Kalamazoo have their friends; every town and city, every creek, river and harbor has its friend; but where in the name of God is the friend of the Treasury?" The merchant is everybody's friend, not to say everybody's meat. Nobody starts out with a subscription list, or on any sort of a begging enterprise, but calls on the merchants first. The fact that a man "keeps a store" seems to convey to the average mind the idea that he is "lousy with money." But where is the friend of the merchant? All solicitors tax him; all Legislatures double tax him; all book agents buzz him; all deadbeats expect credit from him, and it has remained for The Richmond News-Leader to lift its voice in his behalf and to suggest that he has a few small rights and deserves to be protected in them.

Play and Fix.
George Horace Lorimer.
Of course all this is going to take so much time and thought that you won't have a very wide margin left for golf—especially in the afternoons. I simply mention that in passing, because I see in the Chicago papers which have been sent me that you were among the players on the links one afternoon a fortnight ago. Golf's a nice, foolish game and there ain't any harm in it so far as balls at the beginning, the lost balls in the middle and the highballs at the end of the game. But a young fellow who wants to be a boss butcher hasn't much daylight to waste on any kind of links except sausage links.
Of course a man should have a certain amount of play, just as a boy is entitled to a piece of pie at the end of his dinner, but he don't want to make a meal of it. Any one who lets sinkers take the place of bread and meat gets bilious pretty young, and these fellows who haven't any job except to blow the old man's dollars are a good deal like the little niggers in the pie-eating contest at the county fair—they've a plenty of pastry and they're attracting a heap of attention, but they've got a stomach ache coming to them by and by.

Conundrums.
What two things does a man have to do if he carries a watch? Watch his pocket and pocket his watch.
Which bird can lift the heaviest weights? The crane.
What four letters would frighten a thief? O I C U.
What is it that flies high, flies low, has no feet and yet wears shoes? Dust.
What two things start at the roots and grow down? An icicle and a cow's tail.
What is that which no man wants, but once he gets it he won't part with it? A bad head.
How can you prove that half of twelve is seven? XII. Draw a line through the centre.
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she wants one that will keep time as well as look pretty. Our Ladies' Watches are fitted with Elgin or Waltham movements that are guaranteed accurate.

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