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THE CONCORD TIMES.

John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.
VOLUME XXI. CONCORD, N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1903. NUMBER 9.

State Librarian

THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES
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ESTABLISHED IN 1878.
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CONSUMPTION

REMINISCENCES OF BILL ARP.

Stories By Eli Perkins Which Throw Light Upon The Geniality of a Southern Humorist.

The Atlanta Constitution recently published the following reminiscences of Bill Arp by Melville D. Landon (Eli Perkins):

The whole life of Bill Arp has been humorous and no man will stop work quicker and more cheerfully than he to hear a good joke. When I asked him one day if he really ever killed many Yankees, he said:

"Well, I don't want to boast about myself; but I killed as many of them as they did of me."

Speaking of pensions one day, Mr. Arp said every Yankee soldier ought to have a pension.

"But they were not all injured in the army, were they?" I asked.

"Yes, they all did so much hard lying about us poor rebels that they strained their consciences."

Bill Arp told of an occurence in New York when he went there to lecture in Chickering Hall. He said he was standing on the steps of the Astor House one afternoon with a friend, when a man with a decidedly millitary bearing hobbled up. He greeted my friend as he passed.

"That's a fine soldierly looking chap," I said.

"Yes; he's a veteran—Colonel Jones, of the Grand Army of the Republic."

"Did he lose his leg on the battlefield?"

"Yes; at Gettysburg."

"Ah! Repelling Pickett's charge, I suppose."

"No; a monument fell on it."

They tell this story in Rome, Ga., about the Major. They say that in the summer of 1863 he was in a Richmond hospital. The hospital was crowded with sick and dying soldiers, and the Richmond ladies visited it daily, carrying with them delicacies of every kind, and did all they could to cheer and comfort the suffering. On one occasion a pretty miss of 16 was distributing flowers and speaking gentle words of encouragement to those around her, when she overheard a soldier exclaim: "Oh, my Lord!" It was Bill Arp.

Stepping to his bedside to rebuke him she remarked: "Didn't I hear you call upon the name of the Lord? I am one of his daughters. Is there anything I can ask Him for you?"

Looking up into her bright, sweet face, Bill replied:

"I don't know but you could do something for me if I wasn't married."

"Well," said she, "what is it?"

Raising his eyes to hers and extending his hand, he said:

"As you are a daughter of the Lord, if I wasn't married I'd get you to ask Him if He wouldn't make me his son-in-law."

Major Andrews, a Yankee captain, was telling some jolly Rebs in Georgia about his experience at Bull Run.

"The only time that I ever really felt ashamed in my life was in that Bull Run battle," said the Major. "My horse fell under me, and I was obliged to ride an army mule during the rest of he engagement. He finally carried me clear into the rebel lines."

"Yes, I remember the incident well," said Bill Arp, who was standing by. "I found that mule with a U. S. brand on him the next day after the battle."

"You did, really?" said the major, hardly expecting to be corroborated so promptly. "Where did you find him?" asked the major.

Bill says that there was a door wide open as he, replied:

"Stone dead behind a rail fence."

"Shot?"

"No; mortification."

A friend of mine. Major Munson, had charge of the Dalton district, in Georgia, when the humorist surrendered. It was a hard thing for him to do it, and took a week or two to come down to it, but he finally laid down his sword. As Bill delights to tell good stories on the Yankees, I cannot resist telling the stories of his final surrender, as Major Munson gave it to me. Of course the Major puts in the Southern dialect a little stronger than Bill used it, but the reader must remember that when the incident occurred Bill was still unreconstructed.

"Most of the Confeds' came in quietly," said the Major, "and seemed glad to have the thing settled, but once in a while I struck a man who hated to come under. One day a big handsome man, with tangled hair and with Virginia red mud on his boots, came in to talk about surrendering. It was Bill Arp.

"'Dog on it sair,' he began in the Georgia dialect, 'I have come in sir, to see what terms can be secured in case I surender.'

"'Haven't you surrendered yet?' I inquired.

"'No, sir! Not by a dog on sight! I said I'd die in the last ditch, and I've kept my word.'

"'Whose company did you belong to?'

"'Belong! Belong! Thunderation! I didn't belong to anyone's company! Why, sir, I fought on my own hook.'

"'Where was it?'

"'No matter, sir; no matter. I can't be crushed. I can be insulted, but not crushed. Good day, sir I'll see United States weep tears of blood before I'll surrender. Haven't a card, but my name is Arp—Bill Arp.'

"He went off, but in about a week he returned and began:

"'As the impression seems to be general that the Southern Confederacy has been crushed, I call to see what terms would be granted me in case I concluded to lay down my sword.'

"'Unconditional surrender,' I replied briefly.

"'Then, doggone it, sir I'll never lay it down while life is left. The cause is lost, but principle remains. You can inform General Sheridan that Bill Arp refuses to surrender.'

"Arp returned two weeks later. He seemed to have had a hard time of it, as his uniform was in rags and his pockets empty. 'Look a-here, Captain,' he said as he came in, 'I don't want to prolong this bloody strife, but I am forced to do so by honor. If accorded reasonable terms I might surrender. What do you say?'

"'The same as before.'

"'Then you are determined to grind us to powder, eh? Sooner than submit I'll spill the rest of my blood! Send on your armies, Captain, I am ready for 'em.'

"Just a week from that day Arp came in again, said he'd like to surrender, drew his rations with the rest and went off in great good humor to his Cartersville farm."

Convict Dies After Beating.

Charlotte Observer, 27th.

Mr. Henry Little, superintendent of a convict camp on the Concord road, is accused of having whipped a convict to death. According to his story, the negro was whipped between 10 and 11 o'clock Tuesday morning, and his death occurred at noon on the same day. The negro was named Oliver Clark. Mr. Little's camp is on the Concord road, but a squad of the convicts had been moved to the road near Davidson, to finish up some work there, and it was there that the alleged fatal beating of the convict occurred. The man who reported the whipping to The Observer said that Mr. Little first threshed the man soundly with a wagon whip, and afterward beat him over the head with the butt of the whip. He gave the names of Lee Helm, white, and Peter Stinson and Will Stinson, colored, who saw the whipping. George Steele, of Huntersville, corroborated their statements. That the negro was whipped, that he died shortly afterward, and that his body was buried at Torrance chapel are admitted facts.

How Many.

How many bowls to make a bowlder?
How many shoals to make a shoulder?
How many lambs to make a llama?
How many drams to make a drama?
How many bats to make a battle?
How many rats to make a rattle?
How many folks to make a focus?
How many croaks to make a crocus?
How many quarts to make a quarter?
How many ports to make a porter?
How many fans to make a phantom?
How many banns to make a bantam?
How many aches to make an acre?
How many fakes to make a fakir?
How many wraps to make a rapture?
How many caps to make a capture?
How many sums to make a summer?
How many plums to make a plumber?
How many nicks to make a nickel?
How many picks to make a pickle?
How many capes to make a caper?
How many tapes to make a taper?
How many tons to make a tunnel?
And how much fun to make a funnel?

Bright Answers in School.

A reader of the "Odd Tales" sends the following:

Some years ago before our vastly improved methods in our public school had been used, examination for promotion from grade to grade were given to the pupils. At one of these anual examinations the question "Name three classes of people" was given to the third grade. Here are some of the answers:

Men, women and babies.

Tramps, thieves and niggers.

White man, black man and Chinee

Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

In answer to "Name one animal which provides you with both food and clothing" one boy answered, "My mother."

In the same school just lately the children were asked the meaning of the world "spy." No one knew (of course this was a B class), so the teacher said, "Now, suppose I were to send you to Miss G.'s door and tell you to find out what she and she girls were doing without her knowing yon were there. What would I call you?" Quick as a flash came the answer, "A rubberneck."

Sudden Misadventure.

Carelessness is responsible for many an accident and we never know when to expect one. It is well to know for our own benefit and for others that Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best remedy on earth for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Felons, Boils and Piles. Only 25c. Guaranteed by P. B. Fetzer, Druggist.

COMMON SENSE AND EDUCATION.

A Man Must Have Other Things Besides Book Learning to Get There.

"Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer.

Dear Pierrepont:—Your ma got back safe this morning and she wants me to be sure to tell you not to overstudy, and I want to tell you to be sure not to understudy. What we're really sending you to Harvard for is to get a little of the education that's so good and plenty there. When it's passed around you don't want to be bashful, but reach right out and take a big helping every time, for I want you to get your share. You'll find that education's about the only thing lying around loose in this world, and that it's about the only thing a fellow can have as much as he's willing to haul away. Everything else is screwed down tight and the screwdriver lost.

I didn't have your advantages when I was a boy, and you can't have mine. Some men learn the value of money by not having any and starting out to pry a few dollars loose from the odd millions that are lying around; and some learn it by having fifty thousand or so left to them and starting out to spend it as if it were fifty thousand a year. Some men learn the value of truth by having to do business with liars; and some by going to Sunday-school. Some men learn the cussedness of whiskey by having a drunken father; and some by having a good mother. Some men get an education from other men and newspapers and public libraries; and some get it from professors and parchments—it doesn't make any special difference how you get a half-nelson on the right thing, just so you get it and freeze on to it. The package dosen't count after the eye's been attracted by it, and in the end it finds its way to the ash heap. It's the quality of the goods inside which tell, when they once get into the kitchen and up to the cook.

You can cure a ham in dry salt and you can cure it in sweet pickle; and when you're through you've got pretty good eating either way, provided you started in with a sound ham. If you didn't, it dosen't make any special difference how you cured it—the hamdryer's going to strike sour spot around the bone. And it doesn't make any difference how much sugar and fancy pickle you soak into a fellow, he's no good unless he's sound and sweet at the core.

The first thing that any education ought to give a man is character, and the second thing is education. That is where I'm a little skittish about this college business. I'm not startin in to preach to you, because I know a young fellow with the right sort of stuff in him preaches to himself harder than any one else can, and that he's mighty often switched off the right path by having it pointed out to him in the wrong way.

I remember when I was a boy (and I wasn't a very bad boy, as boys go) old Doc Hoover got a notion in his head that I ought to join the church, and and he scared me out of it for five years by asking me right out loud in Sunday school if I didn't want to be saved, and then laying for me after the service and praying with me. Of course I wanted to be saved, but I didn't want to be saved quite so publicly.

When a boy's had a good mother he's got a good conscience, and when he's got a good conscience, he don't need to have right and wrong labeled for him. Now that your ma's left and the apron strings are cut, you're naturally running up against a new sensation every minute, but if you'll simply use a little conscience as a tryer, and probe into a thing which looks sweet and sound on the skin, to see if you can't fetch up a sour smell from around the bone, you'll be all right.

I'm anxious that you should be a good scholar, but I'm more anxious that you should be a good, clean man. And if you graduate with a sound conscience, I shan't care so much if there are a few holes in your Latin. There are two parts of a college education—the part that you get in the school-rooms from the professors, and the part that you get outside of if from the boys. That's the really important part. For the first can only make you a man.

Education's a good deal like eating—a fellow can't always tell which particular thing did him good, but he can usually tell which one did him harm. After a square meal of roast beef and vegetables, and mince pie and watermelons, you can't say just which ingredient is going into muscle, but you don't have to be very bright to figure out which one started the demand for pain-killer in your insides, or to guess, next morning, which one made you believe in a personal devil the night before. And so, while a fellow can't figure out to announce whether it's Latin or algebra or history or what among the solids that is building him up in this place or that, he can go right along feeding them in and betting that they're not the things that turn his tongue fuzzy. It's down among the sweets, among his amusements and recreations, that he's going to find his stomach-ache, and it's there that he wants to go slow and to pick and choose.

It's not the first half, but the second half of a college education which merchants mean when they ask if a college education pays. It's the Willie and Bertie boys; the chocolate eclair and tutti-frutti boy, the la-de-dah and the baa baa-billy-goat boys; the high-cock-a-lo-rum and the cock-a-doodle-doo boys; the Bah Jove! hair-parted-in-the-middle, cigarette smoking, Champagne-Charlie, up-all-night-and-in-all-day boys that make 'em doubt the cash value of the college output, and overlooked the roast-beef and blood-gravy boys, the shirt-sleeves and high-water-pants boys, who take their college education and make some fellow's business hum with it.

Does a college education pay? Does it pay to feed in pork trimmings at five cents a pound at the hopper and draw out nice, cunning, little "country sausages" at twenty cents a pound at the other end? Does it pay to take a steer that's been running loose on the range and living on cactus and petrified wood till he's just a bunch of barbwire and sole leather, and feed him corn till he's just a solid hunk porterhouse steak and oleo oil.

You bet it pays. Anything that trains a boy to think quick pays; anything that teaches a boy to get the answer before the other fellow gets through biting the pencil, pays.

College doesn't make fools; it develops them. A fool will turn out a fool, whether he goes to college or not, though he'll probably turn out a different sort of a fool. And a good strong boy will turn out a bright strong man whether he's worn smooth in the grab-what-you-want-and-eat-standing-with-one-eye-skinned-for-the-dog-school of the streets and stores, or polished up and slicked down in the give-your-order-to-the-waiter-and-get-a-sixteen-course-dinner school of the professors. But while the lack of a college education can't keep No. 1 down, having it boosts No 2 up.

It's simply the difference between jump in, rough and tumble, kick-with-the-heels-and-butt-with-the head nigger fighting, and this grin-and-look-pleasant, dodge and-save-your-wind-till-you-see-a-chance-to-land-on-the-solar-plexus style of the trained athletic. Both styles win fights, but the fellow with a little science is the better man, providing he's kept his muscle hard. If he hasn't he's in a bad way, for his fancy sparring is just going to aggravate the other fellow so that he'll eat him up.

Of course, some men are like pigs the more you educate them, the more amusing little cusses they become, and the funnier capers they cut when they show off their tricks. Naturally, the place to send a boy of that breed is to the circus, not to a college.

Your affectionate father,
JOHN GRAHAM.

Horses Stung to Death by Bees.

Two horses were stung to death by bees near Monte Ne, Ark., last week. The horses, in wandering after grass, overturned a number of bee hives. The angry bees swarmed over the animals stinging them into such pain that the horses were wild and attracted the attention of the farm hands, who, on going to them, found them lying on the ground writhing in agony. In 20 minutes after the hives were overturned the horses were dead.

What is Life?

In the last analysis nobody knows, but we do know that it is under strict law. Abuse that law even slightly, pain results. Irregular living means derangement of the organs, resulting in Constipation, Headache or Liver trouble. Dr. King's New Life Pills quickly readjusts this. It's gentle, yet thorough. Only 25c. at P. P. Fetzer's Drug Store.

A Democrat In High Place.

Elihu Root, Republican, of New York, will retire as Secretary of War about January 1.

William H. Taft, Republican, of Ohio will become head of the War Department.

Luke E. Wright, Democrat, of Tennessee, will succeed Judge Taft as Civil Governor of the Philippines.

Stomach Trouble.

"I have been troubled with my stomach for the past four years," says D. L. Beach, of Clover Nook Farm, Greenfield, Mass. "A few days ago I was induced to buy a box of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. I have taken part of them and feel a great deal better." If you have any trouble with your stomach try a box of these Tablets. You are certain to be pleased with the result. Price 25 cents. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

For a bilious attack take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and a quick cure is certain. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

Thomas L. Johnson was nominated for governor by the Ohio Democratic convention on the 26th.

A successful revolution is sometimes but a turn for the worse.

Take life easy during the hot weather give the undertaker a rest.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Charity and Children.

We have never believed in the principle of washing the family linen in the front yard. Underestimating people is as great a blunder as overestimating them. We have always had a contempt for the man who would treat another fellow's sister better than his own. We have seen husbands who were Chesterfields in their deportment about other men's wives, and savages when left alone with their own wives. Now and then we have noticed fathers who have discouraged their own children by sneering at them. We have a great deal more respect for those other fathers who tire everybody out by everlastingly bragging on their own children. You cannot help a man by bemeaning him. It is said that old Dr. Craven, when a new student came into the school, convinced him of two things—first, that he, (Dr. Craven) was the biggest man in the world, and second, that he, (the student) was the next biggest. This was not the wisest course to pursue, but it was wiser than to have made the newish feel as mean as dog and as poor as Lazarus.

As with individuals, so with the State. It has has come to be the fashion in certain quarters to consider abuse of North Carolina an evidence of candor and courage and even of wisdom. It is not the truth. George W. Cable would be a much larger man, not only in the estimation of Southern people but of the North as well, if he had not spoken evil of his own section. To be sure, it is never right to condone wrong doing nor to uphold unrighteousness anywhere or under any circumstances, but we are not talking about that all. We are talking about parading the faults and failings of our own State, and by this means placing her at a disadvantage among her sisters and before the world. This is the thing we oppose with all our heart. No long ago, sitting in the office of one of Charlotte's foremost business men, we were speaking of the wonderful growth of the city, when he remarked that the secret of it all was the loyalty of the citizens of that city. They had their little family quarrels, but to outsiders they were all brothers, and stood shoulder to shoulder for Charlotte's best interests. That is the way for people everywhere to do.

And there is plenty that is good to be said about North Carolina without looking for the bad. She cannot equal Massachusetts in the matter of general education, but her people are better people than those of Massachusetts, and North Carolina is by far the better State to live in. This is one reason: her people are native and to the manner born. They accept and believed the Bible and bring up their children to fear the Lord. Not all of them do, but we are speaking broadly of the two States. Her climate is better than that of Massachusetts and if her industrial development continues she will in ten year's time leave New England limping along behind her in the great cotton manufacturing business which has enriched that bleak and sterile section. North Carolina has no Boston, which is another great point in her favor. The population of the country, and plain country folks are the bone and sinew still.

But there is still another thing about North Carolina that we are thankful for and that is that she is not boss-ridden. It is claimed that she is but we do not not think the charge is true. Of course there are men here and there who sell their votes and who "bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning," but this is not typicial. North Carolinians are not for sale, thank God. They blunder often, but they are true and virtuous. Perhaps our Legislature could be induced to pass an act for Flagler's benefit, and in the doing of it trample under its feet the laws of God and man but we do not believe it. We have no Flagler among us and we pray that we never shall. Our people are not wealthy but they are independent, and the condition of the farming class is growing better every year. It grieves us always to hear of a young man leaving the old State. The field here is white to the harvest. Avenues to usefulness are opening on every side. Piedmont North Carolina offers the finest field in the world to a boy who has pluck and energy. The thing for us to do, boys, is to throw off our coats and go to work for ourselves and for the State. Turn a deaf ear to the croakers. A croaker never yet helped a human soul. Turn your face toward the morning for "it is day-break everywhere."

His Life Saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

"B. L. Byer, a well known cooper of this town, says he believes Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy saved his life last summer. He had been sick for a month with what the doctors call bihous dysentery, and could get nothing to do him any good until he tried this remedy. It gave him immediate relief," says B. T. Little, merchant, Hancock, Md. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

Eyes
Did Not Close For a Week.
Heart Trouble Baffled Doctors.
Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nervine Cured Me.

There is nothing more necessary to health than sleep and rest. If these are denied you, if you rise in the morning more tired than when you went to bed, there is an affection of the nerves plainly present. If your heart is weak, or there is an inherited tendency in that direction, your weakened nerves will soon so affect your heart's action as to bring on serious, chronic trouble. Dr. Miles' Nervine is a nerve tonic, which quiets the nerves, so that sleep may come, and it quickly restores the weakened nerves to health and strength. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is a great blood and heart tonic which regulates the action of the heart, enriches the blood and improves the circulation.

"Some time ago I was suffering severely with heart trouble. At times my heart would seemingly stop beating and at others it would beat loudly and very fast. Three to four hours sleep each night in ten months was all I could get. One week in last September I never closed my eyes. I got Dr. Miles' Nervine and Heart Cure at a drug store in Lawrenceburg, after spending $30.00 in medicines and doctors in Louisville, Shelbyville, Frankfort, Cincinnati and Lawrenceburg, and in three days have derived more benefit from the use of your remedies than I got from all the doctors and their medicines. I think everybody ought to know of the marvelous power contained in your remedies."—W. H. HUGHES, Fox Creek, Ky.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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MT. PLEASANT, N. C.
A High Grade School for Boys and Young Men.
Preparatory and Collegiate Departments. Beautiful for situation. Noted for health. Three large brick buildings. Good libraries and large elegantly furnished society halls Methods the most approved. Discipline mild, but firm. Thorough work. Prices reasonable.
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A High Class Steel RANGE or STOVE
Can Be Purchased Here at a Moderate Price.
We are showing a line that contains a number of different styles. These have been selected by us because of their handsome design, fine construction and known efficiency. All the knowledge gained in years of stove making is embodied in these. We have made Special Prices for this season. If the old stove is not working all right this is a good time to buy a new one.
'Phone 163. Chas. H. Shull.

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Every Man, Woman and Child
who wishes to "lay by something for a rainy day," to open a Savings Account with us.
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