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FEBRUARY

Calendar table for February with days of the week and dates.

[FOR THE SUN.]

Wheelbarrows, Rocking-Chairs and Soothing Syrup.

Dedicated to my Numerous Friends.

You have all heard of the Danbury man's abuse of the wheelbarrow, and admired his style of describing that complicated article. But laying all jokes aside and taking a square and fair look at one of these articles of modern shin-torture (known as a huge rocking chair) and I do believe any man, at least any head of a family, will agree with me that, of all the obstacles to be encountered, on a dark night, when the baby is needing Soothing Syrup, and that quick, too, a rocking-chair is the most painful. To be sleeping quietly, when all is calm and serene—pleasant dreams—the good wife (as all wives are) gives you a gentle touch and tells you the baby is croupy.

"What is the matter, dear?" "Get up," says the darling, good wife; "get up; hurry! The baby is croupy! hurry! Strike a match and bring the Syrup quick!" You obey, of course, and the first thing you strike is the prongs of a rocking-chair. You swear just a little, and in trying to extricate yourself you fall, the chair tumbles all over you upside down. You try to rise to explain, when your good wife cries out: "Did any body ever! Broke your neck, did you? Hopeso! For a man to be so clumsy as all that, he should suffer! By the time you get up the baby will be dead. If I wanted trouble I would always send you!"

Such mild expressions are very consoling. You ask in a gentle and subdued tone if there is any old linen handy, and where is the liniment? But the good wife is now asleep and the baby quiet. In your anguish you lie perfectly quiet (on the floor) suffering pain only to be appreciated by some poor devil who has undergone the same torture. You ponder upon the uncertainty of things in general, and especially upon the fact that some women can drop off to sleep so quickly. At last you venture out, and after sticking your finger in the lard cup a time or two, knock over the camphor and the medicines on the mantelpiece, you at last find the matches. After striking a light and beholding the situation, you find the chair broken, your shins bleeding, and your good wife's head covered up and she almost bursting with laughter. Then you feel the burning in secret—yes, openly. But you must not. If a curse word should escape, you are reminded that "such conduct is not worthy of any gentleman, let alone a head of a family."

The blasted chair is set aside, you tie up your sore shins, and then take a good look at the condition of things before you blow out the

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TO ADVERTISERS.

You can do no better than use our columns; but, while we solicit your patronage, we cannot afford to work for 0. Write for terms. We know our circulation is a sufficient guarantee, and we leave the public to patronize us if our terms are satisfactory.

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light. Then you crawl in at the foot of the bed, feeling like you had really committed a blunder, and resolve,

1st, That before going to bed again, the rocking-chair shall be carried out of the room.

2nd, That the matches shall be in the right place, and that the way from the bed to the matches shall be kept clear at all hazards.

Good resolves if carried out, and will save many secret tears.

Of the two evils—a wheelbarrow and rocking-chair—I do believe a chair causes more. Some say:

STRAINING A LAWYER.—A French lawyer, who has figured with some distinction in the National Assembly of the Republic, has given a description of his debut in the following terms:

"I was young and unassuming when I pleaded my first case, was that of a peasant charged with stealing a wisp of straw. The papers in the case, insufficiency of the evidence, and, above all, the air of the accused—which was that of a good man—had convinced me of the innocence of my client. I pleaded with all the warmth of soul which could be inspired by this strong faith, and gained an acquittal. Once free, he cast his arms around me.

"O, monsieur," he said, "you spoke well. My children shall be taught to bless you. There is one more service which you should do for me."

"What is it?"

"Dig up the watch for me."

"Dig up the watch for you?"

"Certainly. You understand that they will keep their eyes on me, while you, in your promenade, can dig it up with your little cane, and return it to me."

"Miserable wretch! Then of course you are guilty?"

"What! didn't you know it? If I hadn't been guilty, I should have dispensed with a lawyer, and been my own advocate."

THE PREVAILING FASHION.—I really pity the woman who is forced by the commands of fashion to wear the tight overdress now so popular. She might as well be confined in a straight jacket. She has no power of locomotion left worth having. If she have naturally the gait of a Venus, she can only move on with that painful wriggle which we see in place of free motion; and the crumpled mass of shirred ruffles and knife plaiting and French folds, which we call an overdress, flops after her like the tail of a Newfoundland dog on a wet day. She cannot step across a wet spot in the street, her clothes are too narrow—she is tied back too tight. She stumbles into a car and out of a carriage; and an observer cannot help thinking of a Fourth of July "bag race," when he sees half a dozen women, in fashionable costume, hurrying to catch a train or hail a passing omnibus. Let us hope that common sense will successfully combat so absurd a costume, and bring back to us the graceful, voluminous robes of other days, when woman's dress will not serve the purpose of revealing her figure, but fall around her in the classic folds which artists love to paint.

When a man in Wisconsin, who was running for the office of Lieutenant Governor, was asked by a friend if he thought his experience was such as to qualify him for the discharge of his office, he said he thought he ought to be the had been Lieutenant Governor in his own family ever since he was married.

THE "SOUTH CALINT" WOMAN WHO LIVES IN ZEBULON, GEORGIA.—There is an old lady living in the town of Zebulon, Georgia, who is famous for an implicit belief in the truth of every story she tells, without reference to the impression she makes upon the minds of her hearers. She had lately lost a cow, and in telling her neighbor where it was found said: "You know them 'pumpkins' 'er 'er? Well, the vines of them pumpkins they growed right across on the lot like a hog, and he had to go in and cut 'em up."

The following extract is from a very interesting address delivered by Miss F. M. Spivey, at Brownsville, Tenn.:

To be a perfect farmer a man should combine reading, observation and practice. A man may work in the fields all his life and be a poor farmer. We should gain knowledge by reading and study, and also by what we see around us, and then this knowledge must be put in practice. Our views, if they will not stand the test of actual experiments, are worthless. All sound theory is based upon practice, and all sensible practice is the result of well grounded information, whether learned by our own observation or from the experience of others. That theory which will not stand the test of experience is worthless, and that practice which is not based upon sound theory is equally worthless.

The Boston Traveler insists that one great drawback to the dry goods trade of that city has been the enormous expenses incurred in conducting the business. At a recent meeting of the creditors of one of the largest dry goods jobbing houses in the city, the following expenses were reported: Rents, \$17,000; salaries of salesmen, book-keepers, etc., \$44,000; traveling expenses, \$15,000; a total of \$76,000, or about 10 per cent. of the gross amount of sales. One of the greatest evils that has grown up of late with the large jobbing houses is the absurd custom of sending out drummers. The testimony of one large concern is that it does not pay, nor never has paid, and the abolishing of it would be of immense benefit to the trade. A few more revelations like the one alluded to must inevitably result in a radical reform.

LEAF YEAR.—It is stated that in a work entitled "Courtship, Love and Matrimony," published in 1669, ten years before the death of Shakespeare, is this explanation regarding ladies' privileges in leaf years: "Albeit, it is now become a part of the common law, in regard to social relations in life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they do, either by words or looks, as to them it seemeth proper; and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who doth in anywise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

Two teaspoonfuls of finely powdered charcoal, drunk in a half tumbler of water will often relieve the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by a superabundance of acid on the stomach.

A Trying Situation.

Mr. Bilderback, we feel authorized says the Burlington Hawk Eye, will not attend divine service this morning. The old gentleman, in we are pained to learn, laboring under a very distressing frame of mind, being greatly incensed against churches in general principles. He doesn't like to talk about this matter, but we learned all about it despite his reticence. It seems that last Sunday morning he was dozing comfortably in his pew, in the church of which he is one of the main pillars, when he became aware of an apparition gliding solemnly down the aisle with a collection basket in his hand. Mr. Bilderback braced up into an erect position, cleared his throat in a ponderous tone of Roman firmness, as one who should say, "Who has been here?" and as the apparition glided toward him he said, "I want to see, and to be seen, that the eyes of the whole congregation were upon him, and that he would feel any pocket-book. He had the basket man to wait a second and leaned over to the left while he felt in the right inside pocket of his coat, from which, in his increasing nervousness, he drew half dozen chestnuts, which rolled over the floor with a rattle in his ears like the thunders of the Apocalypse, and made them hotter still. Then he leaned over the end of the pew and felt in the other inside coat pocket and drew out a bundle of letters, a lot of postal cards, a cinema ticket, a photograph of an actress, a funny story printed on a card, a pocket comb and a long string, and his face grew so hot his breath felt like a hot air blast. Then he squirmed his elbows and went for his vest pockets, and strayed the pew cushion with quill tooth-picks, newspaper scraps, street car checks, a shoe button, some led pencil stubs, and grumbling indications of chewing tobacco, a bit of sealing wax, a piece of licorice root about an inch long, and three or four traches. Then he leaned forward, and stung to madness by the smiles which were breaking out all round that church worse than measles in a primary school room, dived into his coat-tail pockets and drew forth a red silk handkerchief, two apples, a spectacle case, a pair of dog-skin gloves, a overcoat button, and a fine assortment of bits of dried orange peel and lint. Then he stood up, devoutly praying that an earthquake might come along and swallow up either him or the rest of the congregation, he didn't much care which, and went down into his hip pockets, from which he evolved a revolver, a cork-screw, a cigar case, a piece of string, a memorandum-book and a pocket-knife. By this time Mr. Bilderback's face was scarlet clear down to his waist, and he was so nervous and worked up that he nearly worked his clothes off, while the man with the basket couldn't have moved away, if he had died for staying. And when Mr. Bilderback, in forlorn despair, once more rammed his hand into the trousers-pocket where he began the search, the congregation held its breath, and when Mr. Bilderback drew forth the very pocket-book which he had missed in his first careless search, and had all but stripped to find, there was a sigh of relief went up from every devout heart in that house. But Mr. Bilderback only dropped into his seat with an abruptness that made the windows rattle, and registered a mental vow that he wasn't going to come out to church again to be made a fool of by a man with a long-handled darning-basket.

Masonic.

The following extract is taken from a speech of Grand Master Geo. H. Durand at the late session of the Grand Lodge of Masons at Grand Rapids. "The mere fact that a man is made a Mason does not change his social relations in life—he is still the man, the husband, the brother, the friend, according as his condition may be, and should lodge make it a fixed custom to have frequent gatherings. It is that fact alone cause the members to be unusually careful about the quality of the material from which they would make Masons. In examining into the character and qualifications of the applicant for Masonic honors, in order that they may become convinced that he is worthy and of good report, will they not be more careful to give full scope to these talents, and before voting to admit him, satisfy themselves most thoroughly that he is a specimen of those positively good qualities which make it desirable to bring him into the close social relations, not only with the members of the lodge, Masonically, but also with their wives, sisters, daughters, and friends socially. Now if a man has about that large preponderance of positively good qualities which entitle him to be made a Mason, and to be received into our brotherhood, he is a proper person to be admitted into the most friendly and social relations, not only with us, but with those whom he holds most dear in life, and that too without regard to what is worldly wealth or honor may be, for Masonry does not regard a man for the gliding which wealth or fame alone can give him. It does however regard the nobility of his manhood, and therefore, if the applicant be a mere negation, a man of such negative qualities that no one can know either good or bad about him; if he be one of those peculiar noddies who has never developed sufficient force of character to make himself a recognized integral of the great world of positive men; he is not made of that material which can profit by Masonry; and he should never be admitted into our ranks.

To make Black Stencil Ink, take of shellac two parts, borax one part, soft water ten parts, gum arabic one part, lampblack sufficient quantity, indigo sufficient quantity. Boil the shellac and the borax in the water until they are dissolved add the gum arabic, and withdraw the mixture from the fire. When cold add lampblack to bring it to a suitable color and consistency, and lastly a very small quantity of finely powdered indigo to give a "jet" shade. Keep in glass or earthen ware vessels.

John M. Clayton is a large Delaware peach grower, and very successful. He says that lime is the best manure he ever applied to his peach trees. He scrapes off the dirt, and then applies from three to a dozen shovelfuls of lime fresh from the kiln to the naked roots. It kills the grubs and favors the growth of fruit. Sometimes the larvae of the curculio under peach trees can be killed by a heavy dressing of fresh slaked lime.—Southern Farmer.

Lime for Cakes.—The whites of two eggs well beaten, one cup of melted sugar, put the eggs in a deep dish stir the sugar in boiling hot and stir briskly; one-half cake of chocolate grated and stirred in makes it very nice. Lamps become incrustated inside with settling from the oil, and ordinary washing will not remove it. Take soap suds and fill the lamp about one-third full; then put in a little sharp sand and shake vigorously. A few minutes will remove every particle.

Here's a Chance for a Laugh.

Because an Indian woman is always a squaw does is necessarily follow that an Indian baby is always squalling. Tom Moore compares love to a pebble because it shoots from the eyes. Or rather he explained Byron because it becomes all the less by pairing.

Mrs. Livermore says that marriage and home are not all that women want. She's just right. They want a new bonnet.

Gen. Butler is credited with the plaintive and agricultural remark, "This is a bad year for the unrighteous."

A gentleman saw an advertisement that a recipe for the cure of dyspepsia might be had by sending two postage stamps to the advertiser, and the answer was, "Dig in your garden and let whiskey alone."

"How hollow it sounds!" said a patient under the "movement" cure, as the physician said vigorously, "but his chest is 'Oh! That's nothing," said the doctor, "wait till we get to the head!"

"What can I do to make you love me more?" asked a youth of his girl, the other evening. "Buy me a ring, stop eating onions and throw your shoulders back as you walk," was the immediate reply.

"I'm married now," was the excuse a Chicago youth gave a flirt for not buying as many bouquets as in former years.

Teacher—"What is the definition of 'attention'?" Intelligent young pupil—"It is attention without intention."

A good story is extant of Martin Van Buren, who when a candidate for office, found his wife weeping over a bitter personal attack upon him in one of the newspapers. "Why, my dear," said the wily sage of Kinderhook, "I paid fifty dollars to have that printed!"

Bowling complained to Johnson that the noise of the company the day before had made his head ache. "No, sir, it was not that made your head ache; it was the sence we put into it." "Has sence that effect upon the head?" "Yes, sir, on heads not used to it."

Pat had been engaged to kill a turtle for a neighbor, and proceeded immediately to cut off its head. Pat's attention was called to the fact that the turtle still crawled about, though it had been decapitated, and he explained: "Sure the turtle is entirely dead, only he is not yet conscious of it."

Our Dan remarked to his wife one evening, as he left home for the office: "I'll be back by ten o'clock if I don't meet with any serious pull-back." "It won't be well for you to meet any pull-backs, Daniel, serious or smiling; if I know of it," said his better half, in tones which indicated that she meant it.

An Ennochie Boy.—The other day a Detzoffer, who has a good record of army service took down his revolver to shoot a cat which had been hanging around the house. After looking at him while he fired six shots the cat walked away. While he was loading up for more destruction the shooter's small boy inquired: "Father, did you ever kill any one while you were in the army?" "I suppose my son,"

After a long pause the boy continued: "You must have got deer enough to hit 'em with an ax, didn't you?" It was then discovered to be about school time.