

YORKE & WADSWORTH,

Hardware Headquarters.

SEE HERE,

MERCHANTS, MECHANICS, ENGINEERS, MINERS, Farmers and Everybody Else

Can be suited in Hardware at YORKE & WADSWORTH'S at bottom prices for the CASH. Our stock is full and complete.

Our warehouse is filled with Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Rakes, of the best make on the market, which must and will be sold at the lowest figures.

YORKE & WADSWORTH.

P. S. We have always on hand Lister's and Waldo Guano and Wando Acid at prices to suit.

GREAT VICTORY OVER HIGH PRICES!

THE FIRST BIG DEAL OF THE SPRING SEASON!

The undersigned once more comes to the front and avows his determination to lead all competitors in the good work of saving the people money and supplying them with a superior quality of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

We are "loaded to the muzzle," and if our stock is not speedily reduced, there is danger of an explosion when we fire our big guns.

Dry Goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes,

Groceries, provisions and other articles of home use. A specialty on flour which cannot be purchased elsewhere of the same grade as cheap as I will sell it.

R. A. BROWN.

P. S. Thanking you for past favors, I hope by fair dealing and reasonable prices to merit a continuance of the same.

NEW

MILLINERY STORE.

I would inform the ladies of Concord and surrounding country that I have opened a new

Millinery Store

At ALLISON'S CORNER, where they will find a well selected stock of

Hats and Bonnets

Ribbons, Collars, Corsets, Bustles, Ruching, Veilings, &c., which will be sold cheap for CASH.

To Creditors of J. S. Fisher.

Notice is hereby given that a petition has been filed before me by E. W. G. Fisher, guardian of J. S. Fisher, asking for the attachment of the home and personal property exemption of J. S. Fisher, and you are hereby notified that petition of said Fisher's will be heard at my office in Concord on Monday, 8th October, 1888.

NEW RACKET STORE IN CONCORD

A NEW FIRM!

More than a Slaughter in PRICES!

Come and see our beautiful stock consisting of

Calicos, Dress Goods, LACES and WHITE GOODS, Fine Oriental Lace,

Full stock of Notions, Men's Furnishing Goods. A full line of Linen and a large lot of Jewelry. Also Tin Cups, Buckets and many other things.

ABRAHAM & FELDMAN, Formerly of Baltimore. Next door to Mrs. Cross' Millinery Store.

The Weekly News-Observer

The Weekly News and Observer is a long way the best paper ever published in North Carolina. It is a credit to the people and to the State. The people should take a pride in it. It should be in every family. It is an eight page paper, check full of the best sort of reading matter, news, market reports, and all that. You cannot afford to be without it. Price \$1.25 a year. We will furnish the Weekly News and Observer until January 1st, 1889, for \$1. Send for sample copy. Address, NEWS AND OBSERVER CO., Raleigh, N. C.

HOPE.

BY DANKE DANDRIDGE.

Ah, me! what battles I have fought! I would I knew the rune that lays The swarming shades of weary days That take the lonely house of thought!

A restless rabble unsubdued; A wild and baggard multitude; Distorted shapes that spring from tears

And torments born of wedded fears. Sometimes amid the changing rout, A rainbow figure glides about, And from her brightness, like the day, The whimpering shadows sink away.

I know that lyre of seven strings, The seven colors of her wings; The seven blossoms of her crown— There violets twine for amethyst; Small lilies white as silkweed down, Those myrtle sprays her locks have kissed,

And pansies that are berry-blue, And varied roses rich of hue, With iridescent dewy eyes Of buds that bloom in Paradise.

Come often, thou ethereal child! Now string thy lyre and sing to me. Thy voice ecstatic, fresh and wild, Earthralls each dark-browed fantasy.

Beyond the walls she bids me peer To see a future dim and dear; Sweet faces shining through the mist Like children waiting to be kissed.

A lovely land that knows no pain, Atlantis-land beyond life's main, Where we who love may love again; Ah, me! is this beyond the plan Of God's beneficence to man?

—[New York Independent.]

FIGURES ON THE AVENUE.

Men and Women in Washington Who Have Interesting Histories.

Cities, like human beings, have their ganglionic or nerve centres, and so do nations. Such a city is Washington, and there is one place there which will answer this description.

There are now clerks in the departments of the government. There is a striking lesson of reconstruction and reconciliation between the two sections in this little story that is above and beyond all that the political reconstructionists of either party can ever do or say.

A moment later in the great commingling throng of people passing and repassing, with glimpses of faces of famous men, cabinet officers, Senators, Congressmen, men noted in all walks of life, members of foreign legations, strange costumes, etc., appears a face that suggests and brings to one's recollection one of the most magnificent events that ever occurred in warfare. The charge of Pickett's division in the battle of Gettysburg will through all time stand side by side with the greatest exhibitions of heroism noted by the historian.

The widow of the general whose name is identified with that splendid endeavor. She, too, is a clerk in the government departments. In these three people we have an illustration of the characteristics of our form of government that needs no comment. In no other country, under no other form of government, could such a fact be possible. Mrs. Pickett is a handsome woman, with a bright, intelligent face, and she is accompanied by her daughter, who promises to be as fine-looking a woman as the mother.

When the reunion occurred last summer on the field of Gettysburg between the men of Pickett's division and the Pennsylvania veterans who were a part of the force that repulsed that splendid charge, Mrs. Pickett was present, a centre of interest, and was as much complimented and admired by the "Yankee" soldiers as by the Southerners.

And here comes another face that brings up more recollections of the old stormy days of the civil war. A man six feet tall, broad-shouldered, smooth-faced and of commanding appearance, passes along in the crowd chatting with friends and laughing at the jokes interchanged between them. It is Mosby, the famous guerrilla chief, whose name at one time during the war was a terror to the Union soldiers. Now the only attack he makes upon a "Yankee" is to invite him to sit down over a little half-bottle of Pommery Sec and swap stories about the old war times and laugh over their adventures.

went down the river to take possession of Alexandria and haul down the flag from its staff upon the Marshall House. When he was coming down the stairs, accompanied by Sergeant Brownell and others, carrying the flag upon his arm, he was met upon the staircase by Mr. Jackson, who emptied two barrels of a shotgun loaded with buckshot into Col. Ellsworth's body, who fell back dead in the arms of one of his soldiers. Almost simultaneously with Jackson's shot Sergeant Brownell put a minnie ball through Jackson, and followed it with a plunge of his bayonet through his body, and Ellsworth's death was avenged.

It is not easy to believe that this quiet, handsome and gentlemanly person passing us, raising his hat to his lady acquaintances, is the man who put bullet and bayonet through the body of the man who shot his chief. Ever since the war he has been in the employ of the government.

And now occurs a peculiar scene illustrative of Washington life and the character of American people. Coming from the north, as Mr. Brownell walks in that direction, are three ladies, evidently clerks in the government departments from the little lunch-bags they carry.

The lady in the centre is well-dressed and good-looking, with dark hair, dark eyes and very expressive face. The three ladies bow to Mr. Brownell and he raises his hat, with a pleasant smile, to them. The lady in the centre is the daughter of Mr. Jackson, who killed Colonel Ellsworth, and through whose body Mr. Brownell sent a bullet and a bayonet. Both are now clerks in the departments and employed and supported by the government. There is a striking lesson of reconstruction and reconciliation between the two sections in this little story that is above and beyond all that the political reconstructionists of either party can ever do or say.

When passing an Arab's tent I met a man from Shuster, who related several anecdotes to me, among which was the following version of the story of Midas and his ass's ears. King Shapur had horns, of which he was greatly ashamed. Fearing that his subjects might learn the fact and that his dignity might be thus compromised, he ordered every barber who shaved his head to be put to death immediately afterward, so that the secret might not transpire.

At length one who was about to experience this fate succeeded in persuading the king to spare his life, and to employ no one else, so that the secret which he took a solemn oath not to reveal, might remain with him alone. For three years he kept his oath, but at last, the secret becoming too heavy a load for him to bear, to release himself from it he went to the mouth of a well and called out: "O, well! Know that King Shapur has horns." Shortly afterward a shepherd passing by the well cut a reed growing at its edge to make himself a pipe to pipe his sheep. The first time he played upon it, instead of music there only came from it the words: "Shapur has horns! Shapur has horns!"

The king soon learned that his secret had been betrayed and sent for the barber, who confessed that although he had divulged it to no one, according to his oath, he had been compelled in consequence of the intolerable burden of keeping it to deliver himself of it at the mouth of the well. King Shapur accepted his excuse and graciously pardoned him.—Early Adventures in Persia.

How to Boom a Town. There are many ways of awakening an interest in growing and productive sections, and we might devote considerable space to show the best ways of accomplishing such work. We will, however, quote from the "Commonwealth," endorsing all that is said on this important subject:

Talk about it. Write about it. Speak well of it. Help to improve it. Beautify the streets. Patronize its merchants. Advertise in its newspapers. Speak well of its enterprising public spirited citizens.

If you are rich, invest in something; employ somebody; be a rustler. If you don't think of any good word to say, don't say anything bad about it.

Remember that every dollar you invest in a permanent improvement is that much on interest. Be courteous to strangers that come among you, so that they may go away with a good impression.

Always cheer up the men that go in for improvements. Your portion of the cost will be only what is just. Don't kick about any necessary public improvement because it is not at your own door, or for fear that your taxes would be raised fifteen cents.

A physician says: "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." Few children can stand boiling.

of 20,000 men, smilingly bidding Gen. Pleasanton good-bye forever, knowing that he and his men were going to their death to secure the ten minutes necessary to save the army. Yet today Gen. Pleasanton, who is better known in all foreign countries than almost any other of the soldiers of the civil war, lives in his native city, the capital of his country, in poverty, almost in want. And for many years a bill to retire him as a major has failed in Congress at every session. The old saying about the "ingratitude of republics" is illustrated in this instance to an extent that is almost pathetic.

We will close our half-hour's observation on the corner by mentioning one or two things that will probably strike people as somewhat peculiar. First, a lady walks by carrying the usual little lunch-bag that distinguishes the clerks in the departments. The lady is a clerk in a department and is the mother-in-law of the head of one of the most important bureaus of the government.

Two young gentlemen dressed in the extreme dude style, with Inverness ulsters, billy-cock "Darby" hats, high collars, terra cotta gloves, creased trousers and carrying canes with enormous buck-horn and oxidized silver heads, come strolling by, doffing their hats in the style which is as truly English as they can make it to the young ladies who go past, leading dogs or being led by them. They are the sons of United States Senators, and their business in life is to draw salaries as private secretaries, while paid stenographers do the real work.

These are but a few of the things that may be seen and thought of on the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Fourteenth street on a pleasant afternoon.—Philadelphia Times.

A Persian Midas.

When passing an Arab's tent I met a man from Shuster, who related several anecdotes to me, among which was the following version of the story of Midas and his ass's ears. King Shapur had horns, of which he was greatly ashamed. Fearing that his subjects might learn the fact and that his dignity might be thus compromised, he ordered every barber who shaved his head to be put to death immediately afterward, so that the secret might not transpire. At length one who was about to experience this fate succeeded in persuading the king to spare his life, and to employ no one else, so that the secret which he took a solemn oath not to reveal, might remain with him alone. For three years he kept his oath, but at last, the secret becoming too heavy a load for him to bear, to release himself from it he went to the mouth of a well and called out: "O, well! Know that King Shapur has horns." Shortly afterward a shepherd passing by the well cut a reed growing at its edge to make himself a pipe to pipe his sheep. The first time he played upon it, instead of music there only came from it the words: "Shapur has horns! Shapur has horns!"

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Written Signatures Binding.

Little Dick Howell was a boy who surprised people. They called him "Lazy Dick," because he loved to get into sunny corners and think, and he was not always ready for work such as little fellows can do. But one day he said: "Pa, I want a lot of money."

"Yes, Dick, I have known other folks who felt so. Go to work and earn it."

"How?" asked Dick, who was really in earnest for he longed for a little express cart.

"Oh! weed the garden," said Mr. Howell, growing absent-minded, as he often became. He remembered suddenly a business letter he must write, and so when Dick said, "Will you give me a penny for every big weed?" his father said "Yes."

Well, that night Dick amazed his father by presenting him with four hundred big weeds and eagerly claimed four dollars. Mr. Howell never broke his word to a child; he said he did not think what he was promising, because he knew there were too many weeds in his garden for such a bargain; but he paid the money, and Dick had the prettiest cart in town. Not long after his father said: "Dick, you and I ought to have made a written contract about those weeds. If we had I should not have agreed to such terms. A man thinks when he signs his name. If I had been dishonorable, too, I could have said I never agreed to pay you a penny a weed and you could not have proved that I did. You must learn to write your name before I do any more business by contract with you. Then we can each sign our names." And so Dick's father went on to tell him that solemn promises not to be broken were made in writing, and men who broke such promises were men that nobody could trust.

CHICKENS ON A SPREE.—Mrs. A. C. Davis, of Findlay, O., yesterday opened a can of peaches, and, discovering that they had "worked" considerably, threw them into the back yard. Not long after the chickens on the premises began eating the spoiled fruit, and, as the "working" had generated alcohol, the fowls soon became gloriously drunk, swaggering about in the most ridiculous manner. One staid old rooster, who had never been known to indulge in a fight, became very tight, flew over the fence into a neighbor's yard, attacked a rooster twice his size and got licked. He managed to get home again, however, and with the hens soon became so drunk that they dropped over, apparently dead. When Mr. Davis came home in the evening he threw the whole flock over the back fence, supposing that they had been poisoned. In the course of a short time the rooster came to, crowed lustily and soon his companions sobered up also, but for awhile they acted as if they had a bad headache.

THANKS AT BOTH ENDS.—Little Fred D.—and his father and mother were going to board with a neighbor for two weeks while the house was undergoing repairs. Fred was delighted at the prospect. "Mamma," he said, "didn't you say I must thank God for every good thing?" "Yes, Fred." "Shall I thank him because we are going to board?" "Yes, if you like." When the two weeks had expired, and the last dinner at the boarding-house had been eaten, Fred leaned back in his chair, and heaving a long sigh of relief, said, in the hearing of the hostess: "Now, let's thank God we've got through boarding."—Boston Globe.

THANK GOD SHE'S LIT.—A commercial tourist informs the Anniston Watchman that as he was coming over from Atlanta a few days since, an old lady boarded his train at Tallapoosa, occupied a seat near him, and from her actions was experiencing her first ride on the cars. The train was moving at a high rate of speed when it ran on the high trestle between Anniston and that place, where it seemed as if the train was suspended in mid-air. The old lady convulsively grasped the seat and seemed to hold her breath until the opposite side of the chasm was reached, when she gave a deep sigh of relief and exclaimed: "Thank God, she's lit!"

They tell this story of Congressman Herbert of Alabama: His youngest daughter, who is at a Washington boarding school, was entertaining two young lady friends from her home. One day the Congressman called and sent up word that he had come to take his daughter and "the young ladies from Alabama" to the matinee. Pretty soon Miss Herbert and a dozen bright girls, all from Alabama, came rushing down stairs, exclaiming: "Oh, how perfectly lovely of you, Mr. Herbert, to take us all." The Congressman made the best of the situation and paid the bill gracefully.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Comparison of School Finances of Southern States, &c. No. 6.

Estimating the increase of population to be in the same proportion as the increase of children according to the school census, I present the following statistics for January 1st, 1886:

Table with 2 columns: State and Expenditures per capita on total population. Maryland: \$1.81; North Carolina: .44; South Carolina: .39; Tennessee: .61; Virginia: .87; Georgia: .42; Alabama: .59; Mississippi: .68; Arkansas: .92; West Virginia: 1.07; Texas: 1.50; Florida: 1.14; Missouri: 1.78.

These are all Southern States. Kentucky is left out for want of satisfactory statistics at command. Of these States North Carolina and Georgia expend less money for schools per capita on her whole population than any other except South Carolina and Georgia, and only about one-half as much as Virginia or Arkansas.

The column of "expenditures per capita of total population" affords a very fair comparative view of what we are doing in public school matters, and in the comparison we are put in no favorable light.

When we consider carefully the column of "Total assessed value of property" and calculate the rate of taxation necessary to raise the total amounts expended in the different States we find our rate would be less than that of any of the States named except South Carolina and Georgia.

If all the expenditures were raised from tax on property the rate would be 39 cents on \$100 in Maryland; 38 cents in North Carolina; 28 cents in South Carolina; 46 cents in Tennessee; 43 cents in Virginia; 21 cents in Georgia; 44 cents in Alabama; 69 cents in Mississippi; 66 cents in Arkansas; 65 cents in West Virginia; 44 cents in Florida, and 59 cents in Missouri.

If it be said that some of these States have permanent State funds, the interests of which go to the support of the schools, it will be found upon examination that this is really a very small item comparatively, and that ANNUAL TAXATION in all these States, as well as in all the Northern States, is mainly relied upon to support the schools.

I have not selected a year that would make the worst showing for our State. Looking back for about four years, I find that much the same proportions existed, and that the year I have selected shows us in as favorable a light as any other.

According to the assessed valuation of our property we are far from doing as much for public education as most of our sister Southern States. This is apparent not only from the proportionally smaller amount of money expended, but by the short annual school terms, Virginia having 113 days, Alabama 89 days, Mississippi 78 days, Tennessee 80 days, Arkansas 102 days, while we have only 60 days.

These figures seem to show not only that we are far behind, but also that we are able to do better. The total expenditures in the States above named was \$17,833,185. In all the States of the Union the expenditure was \$111,804,927.

S. M. FRISGER, Supt. Public Instruction.

Cotton Fires.

Notwithstanding the general idea that cotton is capable of spontaneous ignition, it is nevertheless a fact that this phenomenon has never yet occurred. Owing to the recent fifty disasters, Mr. Dupre, chemist at Liverpool, England, was commissioned to ascertain the cause of the burning of the packet boat, "City of Montreal." Without any success, he made all possible experiments to provoke the spontaneous ignition of cotton. According to the chemical analysis, it was admitted that Indian cotton would be more liable to spontaneous combustion, however it never ignited, the American and Egyptian cotton having along this unfortunate privilege. We are sure now that cotton is quite as inflammable as gun powder; a spark falling on a bale at the moment of its being put on board or unloaded on the quay, will suffice for a fire to break out at sea on the quay, or even in the factory. Cotton often burns slowly, stopping smoke and smell, and fire does not burst out often for sometimes. The remedy consists in avoiding the presence of fire of any kind in the locality of the cotton, and in inclosing the bales with a more or less combustible matter. The result is perfectly satisfactory for Indian cotton, which never ignites when the bales are inclosed in a special wrapper of linen cloth, manufactured at Dundee, Scotland. Moreover, the bales should be lighter, like those of India, so that they could be more readily manoeuvred without the aid of hooks which tear the covering.—French paper.