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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. Don't sell your country produce before calling on

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.

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 homestead and personal property exemption for J. S. Fisher, and you are hereby notified that petition of said Fisher will be heard at my office in Concord on Monday, 8th October, 1888. 13 7: J. F. WILLEFORD, J. P.

WALTER & SUTHERS,

GROCERS,

Are fully alive to the people's interest, and are prepared to make things lively in the sale of heavy and fancy

GROCERIES,

By putting them down to bottom prices for

Cash or Barter.

Their stock during 1888 will be of the very choicest and freshest, and if bona-fide to please.

Don't forget the place, one door below Cannons & Fetzer.

WALTER & SUTHERS.

A Large Lot of

FRESH GARDEN SEED,

LANDRETH'S

Buist's and

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JUST ARRIVED AT

D. D. Johnson's

DRUG STORE

For Sale Cheap,

A SECOND HAND

OMNIBUS

with a capacity for twelve passengers in good running order. Call at this office.

MAMMY PHILLIS' WATCH.

It was the spring of 1863. A warm sun shone upon a border city spread out on the banks of the Mississippi—a city from which some were fleeing to get away from Yankee territory, some to escape the reported advance of the boys in gray, and some to join either the Union or Confederate armies. For days there had been an ice gorge in the river. At midnight without warning, with a roaring and a cracking, the ice had broken up and gone off with the current. As morning dawned all was activity on the levee. People were hurrying to and fro. Lacy negroes that had been torpid with cold, were slowly crawling out from among the cotton bales. From the long black pipes of steamers—whose captains during their period of enforced idleness had forgotten their rivalries, and whose boats had in the meanwhile been resting quietly side by side—wreaths of smoke were curling and drifting away in the wind. Vehicles bearing passengers and freight, struggled for place on the levee. The cracking of whips, the braying of mules, the "heave ho," "heave ho" of the roustabout, the shouts of the mates as they hurried the men in no gentle terms to get on with the freight, made up a combination of sounds, a scene nowhere to be witnessed save on the levee of a southern river city.

Among the carriages hurrying to one of the steamers about to depart for the south was one containing a gentleman and by his side a lady, his junior, and evidently an invalid. In attendance upon the lady was an old colored woman, bent with age, but eager and willing to perform the duties of a nurse. The gentleman carried his delicate companion over the gang plank and up into the cabin, where he laid her on a sofa. Kneeling beside her and taking her hand in his, he gazed upon her as if he would engrave forever upon his heart the sweet smile that responded to his. Yet they were sad smiles; it was a sad parting. The young wife, broken in health, was about to depart for their former home in Louisiana. The husband, a Confederate officer, was to go to report for duty to Gen. Albert S. Johnston, and was destined soon after to march with his regiment to join the force which Gen. Pemberton was then collecting at Vicksburg.

"Surely, Robert," the young wife said, as she held him when he endeavored to break away from her with a view to ending the parting so bitter to both of them; "surely it will all be over soon, and you will join me, and at once—the moment, peace is declared—won't you?" "Let us hope," he said manfully. "I will." He turned and hurried away. Mammy Phillis followed her master as he passed through the cabin to the staircase in the bow of the boat. "Done you fret, Mars' Robert, honey," she said; "ole Phillis 'll care for missy like she did for you when you was nothen but a little pickaninny on her bres." Robert Gibson tried to speak to her, but he could not. His lips moved but no words came. He pressed the old woman's black hand, and hurried down the staircase and out on the crowded levee. Once he turned and looked back at the boat that held his treasure. The last sight that met his gaze was the figure of the mammy straining her eyes to discover him among the crowd. An hour after the steamer was standing down the river while the negro deck hands stood in the bow singing the strange weird melody once heard never forgotten.

When they reached a point near Island No. 10, they had come to the advance of the Confederate lines. They were passed through, and within a few days were again on another steamer, moving southward. As the days passed, nearer and nearer came the boat to the sunny south. Here and there on the river banks the tender green of the poplars and the sheen of the Spanish moss told that spring was waking, and soon the song of the mocking bird brought cheer to the weary heart of the invalid, which in spite of all its courage could not rise to resignation. Mammy Phillis hovered over her young mistress with loving care, beguiling her as well as she could with dreams of the future when Mars' Robert should come home covered with glory which should rival Solomon's. But she saw with agony untold that the silver bowl was broken. Her young mistress' life faded and flickered, rallied for a day, relapsed, flared for a moment like a candle in its socket and then went out altogether.

One morning the bell on the steamer was struck, the fires were banked, and her prow turned toward the shore. It was but a few miles south of Vicksburg. The boat tied to the landing, a procession of the passengers bore the lifeless charge of Mammy Phillis to the shore, and there, after several of the deck hands had dug a grave, reverently laid the body in it. The steamer had "lain to" at an opening in the forest. Huge cypress trees threw their dark shadows into the unknown depths, trailing moss wav-

ed its gray tresses in the summer breeze, birds were caroling in all the tree tops, and the magnolia and climbing jessamine filled the soft air with their delicious perfume. Sad eyes looked on as the rough steamboat hands performed their strange office. Was there no one to offer a prayer for this sweet spirit in all that company? No! Only the uncovered heads of the rough sailors and the few strangers there gathered bore witness to the unusual scene. A moment more and they had recrossed the gangplank. Mammy Phillis stood like a statue where she had placed herself at the head of the grave, deaf to all entreaties to go with the rest. "Where missy lies, dare I lie," was all she would say. At last they left her. As the boat moved away they heard her cry, "How long, oh Lord, how long!" The sun went down, silence reigned in the vast wilderness and the stars looked down upon the solitary form of Mammy Phillis, faithful almost unto death.

It was the summer of 1863. Grant and Sherman were investing Vicksburg. For more than a year old Mammy Phillis had watched over the grave of her mistress on that shore in the wilderness. An old cabin had been deserted by its tenants as being in too close proximity to the lawlessness of war, and in this the old woman had made her home. From a plantation not far distant she had drawn what scanty substance she needed, and there she stayed and watched and prayed that Mars' Robert should come and relieve her of her lonely vigil.

One day the old woman thought she heard the booming of distant guns or was it thunder? She stepped to the cabin door to listen. The sounds came nearer. Then she heard volleys. Then the sounds seemed to recede, then to advance, yet with each advance drawing nearer, till at last the forest about her resounded with the deafening roar of artillery, the sharp rattle of musketry, the shouts of men, the neighing of horses. During the presence of these mighty concussions old Phillis sat crouched in the corner of her cabin praying the Lord to take her to his "Kingdom come."

JOHN BROWN'S DEATH.

Chat With the Man Who Led in the Prosecution.

The only time during the whole time of his captivity that John Brown showed temper, according to Mr. Andrew Hunter, was when his wife visited him the day before the execution, and Gen. Taliaferro, who was in command of the troops, refused to let her remain over night. "Brown did show a right smart temper over that," said Mr. Hunter. "But he soon calmed down and acquiesced in the arrangement. Mrs. Brown stayed in jail two or three hours and was then sent down to Harper's Ferry, where she waited until the next day, when the body of her husband was delivered to her. She was a woman of very little sentiment, I think, for while she was at Harper's Ferry waiting for the body she was getting receipts to make particular dishes."

Of the last act in the tragedy Mr. Hunter tells some interesting reminiscences. He, with Mr. Smith, of the military institute, went out the afternoon before the execution and selected the location for the gallows, which was immediately put up by Capt. Cockrell, the town carpenter.

THE EXECUTION.

"We chose an elevated place, just out of town, where there wasn't a tree or anything else to serve as a landmark. Our idea was that the exact spot should be forgotten as soon as possible. And we were eminently successful. There isn't a man living, except myself, who can tell you just where John Brown was hung. I can put my hand on the spot, but I wouldn't. The gallows was put up the afternoon before, and it was taken down as soon as the execution was over, and the timbers were stored in the jail yard. Afterwards the gallows was erected as wanted for Brown's companions, but not in the same place. As soon as one hanging was over the gallows was taken down. When the war came on the timbers were moved from the jail yard and built into a porch to hide them from the Yankees. There they remained until a few years ago, when their owner, Capt. J. W. Coyle, sold part of them for more than his whole house cost him. They were taken north to be distributed among admirers of old John Brown."

Some things which have been printed about the execution were utterly untrue, according to Mr. Hunter.

"That story of John Brown stopping on the way to the scaffold to kiss a little negro child is utterly false," he said. "No negroes were allowed to come near. I saw him all the way from the jail to the gallows. I was close by the scaffold when he mounted it and I heard him say in a plaintive tone, 'I hope they will not keep me standing here any longer than necessary.' The military were going through a lot of movements. While Sheriff Campbell and Capt. Avis were binding him and adjusting the rope I heard him say, 'Make haste! Make haste!' When I heard that I dropped my handkerchief as a signal for them to cut the rope which held the drop, and they obeyed. The military kept on moving about, but before they got into position and knew what had happened John Brown had been hung and was as dead as Henry VIII."

THE LAST SKETCH.

Strother, the artist and author, best known to the literary world as Porte Crayon, until recently in the diplomatic service of this country, was a nephew of Mr. Hunter. He was here during the trial reporting and sketching. "Strother," said Mr. Hunter, "was with me when the drop fell. He slipped up, raised the cap from John Brown's face and commenced making a sketch of the dying man's face. On my asking some question, Strother replied that Lydia Maria Childs had published her wish to have a picture of John Brown in every condition of life to hang in her room, and he was taking the sketch that she might have him when he was finished."

Mr. Hunter says that he immediately had Brown's body packed and sent off that afternoon to Harper's Ferry.

"Not one of them was buried here," he added. "I shipped the bodies north to friends and was very glad to do so. Stephens' sister and sweetheart came here from Connecticut and were with him the night before he was hung. They took his body with them."

"There was one thing in connection with the execution of Brown I have always regretted," said Mr. Hunter, "and that is this: As he ascended the gallows he bowed to me very politely. I was looking in another direction and did not see him, but was told of it afterward. If I had seen him I should certainly have returned the bow."

Mr. Hunter said this with the sincerity of a Virginia gentleman of the old school, who felt that by accident he failed to sustain on one occasion his reputation for good manners.—"W. B. S." in Globe Democrat.

REPTILE WELL-SINKERS.

A True Snake Story.

A singular illustration of precocity, and of the fact that dumb animals oftentimes are capable of manifesting gratitude was developed in the experience of Farmer Joshua Broadhead, of Moon township, some days ago, says the Pittsburg Post. While the farmer was riding along one of the roads which led back from the Ohio river to the wilds of Washington county his attention was attracted by the rustling of the dry leaves by the roadside, and on making a closer examination he found that a large full-grown rattlesnake had in some manner got caught between two fence rails, and with the aid of its mate was making frantic efforts to extricate itself. The two snakes would twine around one another, giving the assisting reptile enough strength to twine its tail about a neighboring sapling. They pulled and pulled, but their most vigorous efforts availed not.

Farmer Broadhead, who is a kind hearted man and a corresponding member of the Western Pennsylvania Humane society, watched them for some time, and finally, alighting from his wagon, he removed the rail and released the imprisoned creature. The two snakes seemed to be electrified with joy and happiness, and wriggled around the road in front of the farmer in playful gambols, and tried in every manner to testify their gratitude. Finally one of them wriggled up to one of the wheels of the wagon, and crawling on the seat seemed to look attentively at a copy of an agricultural journal lying there, which the farmer had just taken out of the postoffice. It was addressed to "Joshua Broadhead, Podunk Cross Roads Moon township." A minute later the snake crawled down out of the wagon, and its mate looked attentively, and it seemed meaningly, at the farmer out of their bright little shining eyes and then wriggled over into a meadow, sounding their rattles in a joyous manner.

While Mr. Broadhead was deeply impressed at the time by the singular actions of the snakes, he soon thought no more of it save to reflect that he had done a humane act. When he sat down to breakfast on the succeeding morning his wife told him that a grasping lawyer had been down to see him with a notice that he was about to foreclose a mortgage which he held on the good old farmer's homestead, and as the crops had been bad, and he was not prepared to settle, he felt very much depressed. Then there came a rapping at the kitchen door, and with a dread at his heart that the sheriff had come at last he opened it. To his infinite astonishment he found the two rattlesnake that he had met the preceding day coiled upon the steps. They had evidently rapped on the door with their rattles. He stepped back quickly in alarm, but the playful demeanor of the snakes reassured him. Then one of them flitted up its tail and beckoned to him to come outside. The farmer could scarcely believe his eyes, but finally stepped out into the yard. The snakes wriggled along in front of him, every now and then turning their heads to see if he was following them. They started off toward the barn, twisting up their tails at intervals and beckoning to him. At last they led him to a secluded hollow, and here he was dumfounded by seeing thousands and thousands of rattlesnakes ranged in lines. As he came into view they all began to sound their rattles, and the noise was like a hundred saw-mills and a couple of dozen nail factories in full blast.

The strange sight terrified him, and he was about to flee when the snake which he had rescued looked up at him so appealingly that he became tranquil. Then the snake which had been rescued from a lingering death began to bite the dust and whirl round and round in great spiral convulsions. It kept right on biting until it had dug quite a deep hole in the ground with its sharp fangs. When it had gone down into the hole perpendicularly until nothing was seen but the tip of its tail, its mate took hold of the rattle and repeated the whirling, whizzing operation until it too had disappeared in the hole in the ground. Then another snake took hold of its tail and went down also. Another and another, until hundreds of snakes had gone down out of sight, did they continue to disappear.

This was continued for several hours, and snake after snake had gone down the hole until it must have contained several thousand yards of rattlesnakes in one string. For some time the farmer was completely puzzled to unravel the mystery, but finally out of the hole there came a mighty roaring, rustling sound. There was a great gust of dust and snakes, and then a shrill noise which told the story. It was a monster natural-gas roarer. The snake that he had rescued, having seen his name on the paper in the wagon, had gone to Farmer Broad-

head's house. While listening at the door it heard about the impending foreclosure of the mortgage on the farm, and in order to show its gratitude it had called in its associates and had dug the well in order that its humane savior might be independent for life.

Who is Never Crazy.

There are many firm believers in the theory that most people are crazy at times, and facts seem to support their belief. The following, from a source unknown to the writer, will likely remind a number of our readers of some incident in their experience, which at the time of its occurrence seemed to them most unaccountable: "A wise man will step backward off a porch or into a mud-puddle, a great philosopher will hunt for the specks that are in his hand or on his forehead, a hunter will sometimes shoot himself or his dog. A working girl had been feeding a great clothing knife for ten years. One day she watched the knife come down slowly upon her hand. Too late, she woke out of her stupor with one hand gone. For a few seconds her mind had failed, and she sat by her machine, a temporary lunatic, and had watched the knife approach her own hand. A distinguished professor was teaching near a canal. Walking along one evening in summer he walked as deliberately into the canal as he had been walking along the path a second before. He was brought to his senses by the water and mud and the absurdity of the situation. He had on a new suit of clothes and a new silk hat, but, though the damage was thus great, he still laugh over the adventure. Our mail collectors find in the iron boxes along the street all sorts of papers and articles which have been put in by some hand from whose motions the mind has become detached for a second. A glove, a pair of spectacles, a deed, a mortgage, a theatre ticket, goes in, and on goes the person, holding on to the regular letter which should have been deposited. This is called absent-mindedness, but is a brief lunacy."—Public Opinion.

Death of Rev. N. H. D. Wilson.

In the death of this most eminent and greatly beloved "Servant of God," not only the sect of which he was so devoted a member, but society and the State at large is deprived of a shining light. It is a somewhat difficult task to chronicle with an approximation even to a just tribute the many brilliant qualities of this faithful veteran in the "Vineyard of the Lord," and we must be content to let those whose pen can more directly and with the aid of a closer intimate personal acquaintance portray the many noble qualities and virtues of the lamented dead.

Dr. Wilson was a native of Guilford county, and was born near Greensboro on the 23d of December, 1822. His early education was obtained at the Friend's School at New Garden. In his 21st year he connected himself with the Methodist Church and shortly afterwards married a daughter of Rev. Geo. H. Gregory, of Washington, N. C.

He was appointed Presiding Elder of the Salisbury District in 1854, and subsequently of the Greensboro District. In 1876 he was made Presiding Elder of the Raleigh District after which he was transferred to the Hillsboro District and subsequently returned to the Raleigh District. For some years he was a Trustee of Greensboro Female College. Besides those mentioned he has filled other important positions in the church of which he was so prominent a member.—Raleigh Visitor.

A very pretty effect may be produced by causing a candle to burn while almost immersed in water in a tumbler. The experiment is very simple:

Insert a nail—not too heavy—in the lower end of a short candle in order to make that end heavier, and place the whole in a glass containing enough water to reach the upper edge of the candle without wetting the wick.

At first though nothing seems stranger than to expect a candle to be entirely consumed in such a situation, but it is simple enough. As the candle burns, it grows lighter and lighter and rises gradually as it diminishes in length, so that the lighted end always remains above the surface of the water.

Fortune knocks once at every man's door, but don't go hunting through the beer-saloons for him if the man happens to be out.

I take Christianity as I take bread—because I feel and know that it supplies a want of my nature, the deepest want of all.

Barber (to customer): "Have you heard of the bad scrape young Brown has got into?"

Customer: "Why no; when did you shave him last?"—Epceh.

State Library

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