

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 off our big gun. Everybody must stand under, for the bottom has dropped out of LOW PRICES, and if anybody gets caught when it falls, somebody is sure to get hurt. Now open your eyes, bargain hunters, and if you are close calculators and know a good thing when you see it, come and see me if you want to save money by buying your

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. 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.

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.

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

A. H. PROPST,
Architect and Contractor.

Plans and specifications of buildings made in any style. All contracts for buildings faithfully carried out. Office in Cotton's building, upstairs.

CHAMPION
Mowers and Reapers.

I still keep on hand a stock of Champion Mowers and Reapers. My old customers will find me at the old stand, Allison's corner. C. R. WHITE.

Dr. F. M. Henderson

Having returned from Texas, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Concord and vicinity. All calls left at Fetzler's Drug Store, will be promptly attended to. Jul-17

MOOSE'S
Blood Renovator,

This valuable Remedy is adapted to the following diseases arising from an impure blood. Eruptive and Catarrhal diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples, Tetter, Ringworm, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Mercurial and all diseases of like character.

It is an Alternative or Restorative of Tone and Strength to the system. It affords great protection from attacks of malaria in changes of climate and season. For sale at Fetzler's Drug Store.

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, Rushing, Veilings, &c., which will be sold cheap for CASH.

Give me a call.
Respectfully,
63m MRS. MOLLIE ELLIOT

FURNITURE

CHEAP FOR CASH AT

M. E. CASTOR'S
FURNITURE STORE.

Room Suites, Bureaus,

Burial Cases, Caskets, &c.

I do not sell for cost, but for a small profit. Come and examine my line of goods. Old furniture repaired.
M. E. CASTOR.

The Weekly
News-Observer.

The Weekly News and Observer is a long ways 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, chock 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.

For Sale Cheap,

A SECOND HAND
OMNIBUS

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

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where earth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance produces girls.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patience, grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where
drifts lie deep,
Over worn out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

Battlefield Civilities.

A brave man respects a brave adversary, but it is not often that two brave men exchange compliments exactly in the manner described below. The incident is related by one of the participants, a confederate officer. A Yankee officer had attracted his attention the previous day by his gallantry and the excellent dispositions he had made of his troops.

Here I saw him again, galloping very near us on a handsome gray horse, quickly discovering our weak points, and posting and instructing his men accordingly.

After having left him undisturbed for some time, I thought it necessary to put a stop to his proceedings, and, selecting two of my infantrymen, who had been pointed out to me as the best shots, I made across the open space in front of our line directly toward him. Arriving within reasonable distance, I ordered my sharpshooters to fire at the daring colonel, who was moving along at an easy gallop without paying me the slightest attention.

After several bullets had whistled quite close to him, he suddenly halted, and turning round, advanced a few steps and made me a military salute in most graceful manner. Then calling to one of his men to hand him a carbine, he raised the weapon, took a deliberate aim at me and sent his ball so close to my head that I thought it had carried away a lock of my hair.

I saluted him now on my part, and, wheeling round quietly, both of us rode back to our respective lines.

Be careful.

An old man is like an old wagon, with light loading and with careful usage it will last for years, but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever. Many people reach the age of fifty and sixty or even seventy, measurably free from most of the infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies melted by age, and with reasonable respects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be careful. An old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease and mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift, an hour of heaving work, an evening of exposure to rain and damp, a severe chill, an excess of food, the unusual indulgence of an appetite or passion, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine—any of those or other similar things, may cut off a valuable life in an hour and leave the fair hope of usefulness and enjoyment by a shapeless wreck.

Either or Eyether You Choose.

Young lady. Will you please give me a small bottle of eyether?
Omaha drug clerk: "Of what, Miss?"
"Of eyether, please."
"Eyether, eyether! I do not think we have it in the store."
"Oh, yes; I'm sure you have. It is sometimes called eyther by ignorant people."—Omaha Herald.

Perhaps it is a proof of a man's inferiority that he must be managed a little. Nothing annoys him more than to be eagerly questioned when he comes home tired. Give him a neatly-served dinner, or a pair of easy slippers or a cup of tea, and let him eat and drink in peace, and in time he will tell you, of his own proper motion, all you wish to know. But if you begin the attack too soon, the chances are that you will be rewarded by curtly-spoken monosyllables.

PLATFORM

Of the National Democratic Party.

"The Democratic party of the United States in national convention assembled renews the pledge of its fidelity to democratic faith and reaffirms the platform adopted by its representatives in the convention of 1881, and indorses the views expressed by President Cleveland in his last earnest message to Congress as a correct interpretation of that platform upon the question of tariff reduction, and also indorses the efforts of our democratic representatives in Congress to secure a reduction of excessive taxation. Among its principles of party faith are the maintenance of the indissoluble union of free and indestructible debate now about to enter upon its second century of unexampled progress and renewed devotion to a plan of government regulated by a written constitution, strictly specifying every granted power and expressly reserving to the States or people the entire ungranted residue of power; the encouragement of a zealous popular vigilance directed to all who have been chosen for brief terms to enact and execute the laws, and are charged with the duty of preserving peace, insuring equality and to establish justice.

The Democratic party welcomes an exacting scrutiny of the administration of the executive power which four years ago was committed to its trusts in the election of Grover Cleveland President of the United States, but it challenges the most searching inquiry concerning its fidelity and devotion to the pledges which then invited the suffrages of the people during a most critical period of our financial affairs, resulting from over taxation, the anomalous condition of our currency and a public debt unexampled. It has by the adoption of a wise and conservative course not only avoided disaster, but greatly promoted the prosperity of our people. It has reversed the improvident and unwise policy of the Republican party, touching the public domain and has reclaimed from corporations and syndicates, alien and domestic, restored to the people nearly 100,000,000 acres of land to be sacredly held as homesteads for our citizens. While carefully guarding the interests of the principles of justice and equality, it has paid out more for pensions and bounties to the soldiers and sailors of the republic than was ever paid before during an equal period. It has adopted and conscientiously pursued a firm and prudent foreign policy preserving peace with all nations while scrupulously maintaining all the rights and interests of our own government and the people at home and abroad. The exclusion from our shores of the Chinese laborers has been effectually secured under the provisions of a treaty the operation of which has been passed by the action of a Republican majority in the Senate.

In every branch and department of the Government under Democratic control the rights and the welfare of all the people have been defended. Every public interest has been protected and the equality of all our citizens before the law, without regard to race or color, has been steadfastly maintained. Upon its record this exhibited and upon the pledge of a continuance to the people of the benefits of Democracy, it invokes a renewal of public trust by the re-election of a chief magistrate who has been faithful, able and prudent and invokes in addition to that trust the transfer, also to the democracy of the entire legislative power. The Republican party controlling the Senate and resisting in both houses of Congress a reform of unjust and unequal laws, which have outlasted the necessities of war and are now undermining the abundance of a long peace, deny to the people equality before the law and the fairness and the justice which are their right. Then the cry of American labor for a better share in the rewards of industry is stifled with false enterprise, and is fettered and bound down. In home markets capital is discouraged with doubt and unequal and unjust laws can neither be properly amended or repealed.

The Democratic party will continue with all the power confided to it, struggle to reform these laws in accordance with the pledges of its last platform, endorsed at the ballot box by the suffrages of the people. Of all the industrious free men of our land, the immense majority including every tiller of the soil, gain no advantage from excessive tax laws, but the price of nearly every thing they buy is increased by the favoritism of an unequal system of tax legislation. All unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation. It is repugnant to the creed of democracy that by such taxation the cost of the necessities of life should be unjustly increased to all our people. Judged by democratic principles the interests of the people are betrayed when by unnecessary taxation trusts and combinations are permitted to exist, which while unduly enriching the few that combine, rob the body of our citizens by depriving them of the benefits of natural competition. Every Democratic rule of governmental action is violated when through un-

necessary taxation a vast sum of money far beyond the needs of an economical administration is drawn from the channels of trade and accumulated as a demoralizing surplus in the national treasury. The money now lying idle in the federal treasury, resulting from a superfluous taxation amounts to more than \$125,000,000, and the surplus collected is reaching the sum of more than \$60,000,000 annually. Debaunched by this immense accumulation the remedy of the Republican party is to meet and exhaust by extravagant appropriations and expenses, whether constitutional or not, the accumulation of extravagant taxation. The Democratic policy is to enforce frugality in public expense and abolish unnecessary taxation. Our established domestic industries and enterprises should not and need not be endangered by the reduction and correction of the burdens of taxation. On the contrary a fair and careful revision of our tax laws with due allowance for the difference between the wages of American and foreign labor must promote and encourage every branch of such industries and enterprises by giving them assurance of an extended market, and steady and continuous operations in the interests of American labor, which should in no event be neglected. Revision of our tax laws completed by the Democratic party should promote the advantage of such labor by cheapening the cost of necessities of life in the home of every workman and at the same time securing to him steady remunerative employment. Upon this question of tariff reform so closely concerning every phase of our national life, and upon every question involved in the problem of good government the Democratic party submits its principles and professions to the intelligent suffrages of the American people.

It Worked.

There was an object of curiosity on the market the other morning which quickly collected a crowd. It was a farmer's dog, of medium size, and he had on a collar studded with enormous tacks, leather bands around his body ornamented the same way, and fastened to his forelegs just above the feet were the same gaffs as are used on fighting cocks.

"You see," explained the farmer, "every time Belshazzar comes to town with me he is tackled and chased up by some of your smart Alecks. I've got tired of it, and I've fitted him out to defend himself. As I've brought him all the way in a wagon, and as I'd kinder like to know how the old thing will work, some of you may bring up your best stock."

A man went across the street and got a Newfoundland about as big as a yearling calf, and he had no sooner caught sight of the country chicken under the wagon than he went for him. There was a roar, a howl and a yelp, and then the big dog broke for the woods with the little dog close behind. One mouthful of tacks was plenty for the big 'un, and his yelps of pain and terror could be heard three blocks.

"Come, Belshazzar, get back under the wagon," said the farmer. "We've struck it plumb correct, and the medal is ours. Just let 'em come up and pitch in as fast as they want to. We have no wings, but we git 'em just the same."—Detroit Free Press.

A Tobacco Chewing Dog.

I desire to give the reader an account of a tobacco-chewing dog. Last summer, while assisting a brother minister in a meeting at Cedar Grove, Miss., I chanced to visit the family of an excellent widow whose son was the owner of the subject of this sketch. This dog, after eating his meal each time in the day, would always come to his master, and rear upon him and whine for his tobacco. The owner of this dog told me whenever he left home he had to leave tobacco for the dog, or his mother and sisters would not have any peace until he returned. After giving him the tobacco in his mouth, he would lie down on the floor or under the house, and chew it as if he enjoyed it greatly. He would also try to bite any one who attempted to take it from him; even his master could not get it. Any one doubting the truth of these assertions can find out more particularly by writing to W. H. Montgomery, Olive Branch, Miss.—James L. Bowling, Kelly, Miss.

The New York Age says: "A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affections went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The 'mystery woman' told her: 'Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about half an inch thick. Slice an onion in two, and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt and toast it on each side over a red hot coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it.' The young wife did so and her husband loved her ever after."

IN CAROLINA.

A Remarkable Tree in Beaufort County.

In this county, about ten miles from the town of Washington, and a short distance from one of the main roads leading to the town, in a forest of oak, hickory, pine and other miscellaneous growth, stands a large long leaf pine. It has never been boxed for turpentine, although every other pine tree surrounding it has been chipped (as it is termed) and "tended" for many years. This, together with the fact that it is very tall and a landmark (the top of it) for many miles around makes it a remarkable tree.

But there is more than this about that tree that makes it remarkable, "thereby hangs a tale"—one that no doubt nine-tenths of the average mind would accept with a great many grains of allowance, if they did not absolutely and at once disbelieve it and pronounce it a hoax. But what is here stated, are facts within our personal knowledge of the matter and can be attested by dozens of the best and most reliable citizens of Beaufort county.

The pine is situated on a small and seldom used cart-path branching off from a neighborhood road leading into the main road before alluded to, about one hundred yards from the road and exactly in the centre of the cart-path, so that standing in the road and looking down the cart-path, the first thing you see is this pine, and carts traveling the path have to go around it. The tree is sound, healthy, and perfectly green, except upon the southwest side, where there is a streak running from the ground to the extreme top, about one foot wide that is dead. The tree is nowhere else affected. On the ground near the tree, can be seen plainly and distinctly the imprint of a horse's feet, such as a horse would make on being sorely frightened and shies. They are eight in number, and made, as can be plainly seen, by a horse approaching the tree and suddenly shying to the left to avoid it. There is nothing in the tracks, neither grass nor bushes, nor pine straw, they being perfectly clean and black, as if they had only been made a week or ten days. And this, too, in a forest where there is not an inch of ground that is not covered six inches deep with pine straw, bushes, grass and the droppings from the various trees, the pine itself shedding enough straw to cover and obliterate them in twenty-four hours, and there they are, and wonderful to relate, just as they have been for 65 or 70 years. It is said that you can go there, fill them up with dirt, straw, leaves or any other matter at night, and returning in the morning it is all gone and the tracks are as clean and fresh as ever. This used to be a favorite amusement of the school children attending a public school near there, and one old gentleman residing near—a man whose word in that section has never been questioned, a member of the church, intelligent and occupying offices of honor, told the writer that time and again, he had done this, and always whatever was put in them at night would be removed in the morning. The writer first saw the tree and tracks about 1868, and they were just as they have been described. He saw them again in 1878, ten years afterward, when they had not changed a particle, and he has seen them repeatedly since 1878, up to two years ago, and they are to-day just what they were twenty years ago. This the writer can certify to.

The tradition or explanation of this miracle, as it may be termed, for it seems nothing short of that, is as follows: About 65 or 70 years ago, on Sunday, all the neighborhood were out at church near this place and had their horses tied near this tree. One man, Jesse Elliott, more wicked and profane than the others, proposed a horse race. This was objected to by the others because of its being the Sabbath, and they being in attendance upon divine worship. Elliott commenced to curse and swore that he would have a race anyway, so putting whip to his horse he started in a run down the cart-path, his horse going directly for this pine in the middle of it. When near it he suddenly shied to the left, threw his rider up against the tree, his head striking it and knocking his brains out, and killing him instantly. The horse in shying made the tracks and they have remained there in the midst of a virgin forest from that day to this. The tree on the side where his head struck died in a streak clear to the topmost branch and has so remained until this day. By a careful examination of the tracks the exact position of the horse when he threw the man can be seen. There is also a cross mark on the tree where it is said could be seen for a long time, blood and particles of the man's hair. It is also said parties have attempted to cut the tree down, but something prevented, and while this is unlikely, still there can be no one found in that section of the county who will take an axe and fell the tree.

Does Providence keep it standing there as an example and warning to Sabbath-breakers and evil doers? We

know not, but there it is and there it will remain, tracks and all, for a period of fifty years longer. It is one among the few things the writer has seen that he could not account for, and comes perhaps nearer to being a miracle than anything else, at least in this part of the country. —Washington (N. C.) Progress.

The Small Bills.

"I haven't the change for you tonight," said handsome Mrs. Vail to the young seamstress. "I suppose you couldn't change a five dollar bill?" No. Margery Lane's slender purse was not equal to that emergency, and it had been many a day since it had cherished a bill of any size in its faded folds. "Then you may come around in the morning. No. I shall be out shopping in the morning. You can come Saturday afternoon," and Mrs. Vail swept hurriedly up-stairs to dress for the evening, and forgot all about her promise for a week, while Margery Lane went slowly toward the unlighted room which she was not in haste to reach, and crept into bed supperless that night, just because Mrs. Vail and another lady for whom she had been taking dainty stitches hadn't the change ready, and could not or would not take the trouble to get it.

They were by no means altogether selfish, these two women. Mrs. Vail's name headed many charitable lists; she was kind to her servants and gave handsomely to missions. But the occasional seamstress and washerwoman, and the extra "help," who were not objects of charity, but who did need every dollar they earned for immediate wants, often waited her convenience with aching hearts. How should she, whose furnace fire made summer heat in her beautiful rooms, without a thought on her part, and whose brilliant chandeliers turned night into day in the long parlors, remember that ones supply of coal depended on the small proceeds of a day's labor, and that no money in the purse meant no fire in the grate and no light in the darkness? How should she be expected to remember that the poor washerwoman, whose home had been comfortable and even pretty before the husband began to stop at the saloon, resented the gift of charity, and only asked that the dollar for which she toiled so hard, with aching limbs and bewildered brain, should be promptly paid at the day's close?

It would have been a small matter for Mrs. Vail to get change for her bill as she came in from the street. "She might have thought half an hour ahead," said Margery Lane to herself. There is no excuse for Mrs. Vail. That she does not think, and allow her handmaidens to suffer for her thoughtlessness, does not lessen their trouble or her fault. I know a young lady who recently made a voyage to Europe, and not until weeks after her return did she pay the dress-maker who made her pretty traveling costumes. The dress-maker was not needy, but she had promptly paid the girl in her employ whose fingers toiled for the fair voyage, and she had an invalid mother and an old mother to support. That fifty-dollar check would have been very acceptable when earned, but it would never do to ask for it. She might lose the young lady's patronage. She had heard of such cases. So she waited patiently until the debtor came rushing in with eager face, to tell her "splendid time," and said, carelessly, "Oh, I quite forgot your little bill. It is forty dollars isn't it?" Let us hope that some day Mrs. Vail and her younger sister will discover that their carelessness amounts to heartlessness, and that it is the truest charity to meet honest claims promptly and without grudging.

Mystery of Horsehair Snakes.

Have any of our readers ever thrown a horsehair into a basin of water and waited patiently for it to turn into a snake? This seeming absurdity is thus explained by a writer in the Hartford Sun: "Our friend asked us if we didn't want to see a horsehair that had turned to a snake. We did, and he drew a bottle from his pocket filled with water, in which was what appeared to be a diminutive snake, five or six inches long, writhing and twisting as if anxious to escape from the bottle. When put in the bottle it was nothing more than a hair from a horse's tail. "It was then explained that the hair does not undergo change, but that its visible animalcules that generate in the water collect on the hair and make it twist and squirm after the manner of a snake or worm. It is held by good authority that many of the so-called animalcules have been shown to be plants, having locomotive powers something like animals; the motion, however, is not supposed to be voluntary. But the horsehair makes a first-class snake all the same."—Golden Argosy.