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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 from under,' for the bottom has dropped out of LOW PRICES, and if anybody gets caught when it falls, somebody is sure to get hurt.

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.

A. H. PROPST,

Architect and Contractor.

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

Dr. F. M. Henderson

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

MOOSE'S Blood Renovator,

This valuable Remedy is adapted to the following diseases arising from an impure blood. Eruptive and Cutaneous 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 that originate in changes of climate and season. For sale at Fetzer'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, Fringing, Veiling, &c., which will be sold cheap for CASH. Give me a call.

Respectfully,

6 3m MRS. MOLLIE ELLIOT.

For Sale Cheap,

A SECOND HAND

OMNIBUS

with a capacity for two've passengers, in good running order. Call at this office.

LADIES' PEERLESS DYES

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home. They will dye everything. They are sold every-where, Price 10c. a package. They have equal strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Particulars of Color, or non-fading Qualities, They do not stain or smut; 40 colors. For sale by

FETZER'S DRUG STORE,

And JOHN'S DRUG STORE

NOT THE SMARTEST FOLKS.

You may notch it on the palm's, You may mark it on de wall, Dat de higher up a load-frog jumps De harder he will fall.

An' de crow dat fly de swifets' Am de soones' in de corn, An' de fly dat am de meane's' Get up earliest in de morn.

De brook dat am de shallowes' Chatters most upon de way, An' de folks dat am de sillies' Ar' de ones have mos' ter say.

An de rooster dat am younges' Am de one dat crows de most, And de man dat am de coward' Always make de bigges' boast.

And he am not de greates' man Who totes de bigges' muscle' Nor am sbe de fines' gal Who w'ars de bigges' bustle.

You cannot judge de kin' o' math By de manner ob his walkin' An' dey are not the smartes' folks Who do de loudes' talkin' -Uncle Zeke.

HOW CHIQUITO GOT A CREW.

Strange incident in the Frontier Life of a Mail Rider.

One of a party of four seated around a table in an up-town cafe, was a sedate-looking gentleman, small in stature and faultlessly dressed. Extreme neatness was the first thing that struck one in looking at him, yet there was a suggestion of virility about him that made his careful attire seem out of place.

"Oh, that's what our friend here and all the other fellows used to call me in the old days when we were forty-niners in California," said Chiquito. "It is a sort of hybrid Spanish, you know, and means small; it fitted me exactly in those days. I'm not of a large pattern now, but in those days, when I was a youth under twenty, I was not filled out and was very small, although I did carry the United States mail on horseback over a stretch of forty miles, nearly all of it a lonely mountain road."

"You must have met some queer people and strange incidents on those rides," one of the party remarked. "Not often," replied Mr. Smith. "Many a time I went over the whole distance out and back without meeting a human being. Sometimes, however, I would come across a stray Indian and sometimes meet a white man, who always had a small arsenal strapped about his waist and a pair of pistols in the holsters of his saddle. It was a rencontre with one of those gentlemen at the loneliest spot in the lonely mountain road that is almost the only vivid memory I have of those days in the long ago."

There was a general desire expressed to hear of that incident, and Mr. Smith continued:

"Well, you know, to be a forty-niner in California you had to use tobacco in all forms. I don't know that there was any compulsion about it, legal or moral, but everybody did, and young as I was I did what everybody else did. So it was my custom to go to the store just before starting on my journey and buy a huge 'hunk,' as they called it out there, weighing about half a pound, which would last me out and back. But one morning, having a small remnant of the weed left from my last trip, I forgot to get my usual supply before I started off with my mail. Queer mail that was, gentlemen, and rather expensive to the government. What the contractor got I never knew, but he paid me pretty well for carrying it, and I never had over half a dozen letters. Once in a while a stray newspaper would sometimes escape the many dangers of confiscation on the long route from the eastern states and find its way into my pouch. Sometimes after it got to me it would reach the person addressed to, but often it would not, for when it got to his postoffice he would be dead."

"Well, that morning I had only half a dozen letters and no newspapers, and had got about ten miles on the road when I made the unpleasant discovery that I hadn't laid in my supply of tobacco. I reined up to consider the horrors of the situation. I was carrying the United States mail, which, small as it was, could not be trifled with by my going back to get the tobacco. Yet the idea of going without for two days was insupportable. Finally I made up my mind I would have to endure the hardship as best I could, and jogged on again. I had got about half way on my journey and was well up the narrow winding mountain road when I saw a mounted man coming toward me. He was a mile or more away when I first saw him, but owing to the sharp turns in the road he seemed to be quite near, and I saw that he was a powerful fellow, and I knew that he was well armed, for that was the custom of the country. I knew, too, that I could as safely ask him for his horse as for any of his tobacco, unless he happened to have a very large sup-

ply, which was not likely. But I made up my mind he had to contribute, so I got out my pistol, but held it so he couldn't see it. As our horses held noses we stopped, which was nothing unusual, as two white men meeting always halted to exchange items of news, of which, as a general thing, neither had any.

"Mornin', stranger," said he, and I repeated the greeting. 'Any varments about?' he inquired, meaning Indians, and I assured him there were none. Then it came my turn to ask questions.

"Got any tobacco, stranger?" "Yes, an' I'm goin' ter keep it."

"Guess I'll have to trouble you for a bit."

"Guess not."

"Guess I must." And in an instant I had him covered with my revolver. He took in the situation at once, and was convinced. He drew out a long piece of the black stuff called 'navy,' which some of my gentlemen may have seen, but I hope have never tasted. He extended it toward me, and growled more gruffly than before:

"Take off what you want." But I was not to be caught in that way. Still keeping him covered with the pistol, I suggested that he had better cut that into two equal parts himself. Drawing a dirk knife of villainous appearance from his boot-leg he cut the piece as I had suggested and extended it toward me.

"Just drop it in the road, stranger." He did it, but his knife back in his boot-leg, gathered up his bridle-reins and remarked: "Guess you have traveled some, youngster. Hope we'll meet again, some time. Mornin'."

"You guess right," I answered, as he started off down the road. As he passed by me I turned in my saddle and kept him covered with the pistol until he had disappeared around the bend in the road. Even then I waited for some minutes for fear he would turn back, but finally being convinced he had no intention of coming back, I got off my horse, clutched my prize, and having mounted went on as fast as the steepness of the grade would permit; not that I was running away, gentlemen—oh, no, not at all. But you see I was carrying the United States mail on schedule and I was making up for lost time.

Here Mr. Smith paused and meditatively smoked his cigar.

"I suppose you never saw your benefactor again," remarked one of the company.

"Oh, yes, I did, only a few days afterwards, and that is the best part of the story. When I got back to the home ranch from that trip, the first thing I did after stabling my horse and putting away my arsenal with the mail bag in the post office, was to stroll down to the store to lay in a supply of tobacco. The store, you know, is the one resort for everybody in a small settlement. It was so then in California; it is so yet in every village in the United States, where, as a rule, there is only one store, and that deals in everything. Well, I went down to the store. It was full of men, as it always was. I edged my way up to the counter and asked for tobacco. A tall man who had his back to me turned around at the sound of my voice. It was my friend of the mountain. I recognized him in an instant, but hoped he did not know me. But he did, and remarked:

"Youngster, we've met before."

"I knew from his tone it was useless to deny the fact and admitted it, while I was preparing to dodge his first bullet, with the hope of escaping altogether on the general fusillade that would be sure to succeed it. But to my surprise he showed no intention of drawing a weapon. On the contrary, he thrust out his hand with the remark:

"Youngster, your name. You'll do, Shaker!"

"He had the grip of a vise and the strength of an ox. I would rather have taken my chances with his bullets than have endured his friendly grasp again. But, happily, I was not called upon to do it. The stranger extended a genial invitation to everybody to 'liquor up,' and gave the crowd a minute account of our first meeting, ending with the compliment: 'Youngster here is game, you bet.' With the words he had paid his score and, striding out, mounted his horse and rode away."

"You got well out of that scrape, Chiquito," remarked one of his hearers. "You never heard of him again, I suppose?"

"Yes, I did. A few days afterward his identity was established, when he was hanged in the next settlement by a vigilance committee for horse stealing. Then it came out he was one of the most noted and daring desperadoes in the country. He had committed several murders and was suspected of others, but they had been done in remote places, and as he had never been in our settlement before the time I encountered him it is not strange nobody there knew him. When it became known who he was there was much marveling as to how I had escaped. I fully shared in it. I suppose it is hardly necessary to say that if I had known who he was I should not have ventured to request him to share his tobacco with me."

A Few Words on Sectarian Bigotry.

EDITOR CHRONICLE:—Please publish in the next issue of your paper, for the information of your readers, a statement showing to what churches the nominees of the Democratic party on the State ticket, including Judges, belong.

Respectfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

The Chronicle does not like to be unaccommodating. It loves to give any information desired by its friends, especially its good paying subscribers. The information asked for by our correspondent may not, and we do not think it is, under all circumstances, wholly improper, but we decline to give it for this reason:

It is no business of a voter to what church a candidate belongs. It is enough for him to enquire: Is he honest? Is he capable? and if these questions are answered in the affirmative, it is immaterial whether the candidate has gone under the water, or has believed that a few ounces of water on the head was a sufficient baptism.

The fact that people inquire into a candidate's church relations is a bad sign. It is evident that there is a spirit of sectarianism abroad that portends evil, and evil only and evil continually, to our institutions. Nearly every public institution in this State has suffered by sectarian selfishness and bigotry. The very life of the University has been imperilled by denominational bigotry.

It is high time for the patriotism of a State to call a halt. If the clamor of sectarianism is allowed to go into politics, then the usefulness of public officials is at an end. Men will be made Supreme Court Judges, not because they know the law, but because their notions about baptism or free will, or Calvinism are in accord with the views of the great majority. Our Governors will need no other fitness than that they have confirmed to the outward forms of the dominant church. The day of promoting men for fitness will have passed away and the narrower rule of bigotry will hold undisputed sway.

Following this will come a dead and Godless church. Base men will attach themselves to a church because it has a large membership in order to attain position. It were better to establish a State church at once than that such a state of affairs should be witnessed in North Carolina.

We view with alarm the growth of sectarian bigotry in North Carolina. It is the greatest evil that threatens our progress. It is confined to no one church—it is found in them all and is working injury to all. Ten years ago men did not write to an editor and ask him to what church a candidate belonged. His inquiry was: Has he the necessary qualifications to perform the duties of the office? We have made great progress in bigotry, and it has retarded all other progress. Unless checked it threatens to work still greater evils in the State.

If voters are anxious to know a candidate's church relations, it may follow that they will support the man whose religious views are in harmony with their own views. Then there will be no officers in North Carolina except Baptists and Methodists, for these two denominations being the largest would form a religious "trust" and take all the offices themselves, leaving the weaker denominations out of the "combine," and "freeze them out" from all competition.

The Chronicle has no patience with or toleration of this bigotry. It doesn't care a fig whether Judge Fowle kneels in prayer or stands up or reclines, or whether Mr. Sanderlin was baptised in the ocean, or in a tin pan. It hasn't any interest in Col. Saunders' views, if indeed he has any, about the theory of evolution, or Maj. Fingers' opinions about transubstantiation. It would not know if it could whether Mr. Davidson holds the doctrine of predestination, whether Col. Holt pins his faith to the doctrine of free grace, or whether Mr. Bain believes that laying on of hands is an essential to salvation. If Judge Davis believes in immersion, he will make a good Judge; and if he don't believe in it he will make a good Judge. Whether Judge Shepherd wears the blue stockings to show his belief in Calvinism—if he believes in it, or whether Judge Avery punctually attends all the services during Lent—if he attends any, does not concern any voter in North Carolina.

One thing the Chronicle does know about all these nominees, and it is: That they are competent to fill the positions to which they were nominated, and that they are all men of integrity.

More than this no voter has a right to know."—State Chronicle.

John and Mollie.

I thought I would like to tell how Mollie (that's my wife) and I got along for twenty years, seeming we are just as happy now as we were the first year. We were not in a hurry to get married, but kept company until we knew we were suited to each other. Then after we were married we did not think that as we were settled down there was no need of dressing up so as to be attractive to each other, and so going

about slipshod and dirty from our work through the evenings; but Mollie, as soon as her housework was out of the way, would change her work-dress for a neat wrapper or evening dress, and always appeared at the supper table, looking as sweet and attractive as when I went a dozen miles over hills and drifts to take her out for a drive, or spend a few hours in her company; while I, as soon as I reached home, changed my business suit for a light Worsted one. No, I did not wear a dressing gown, for it was too awkward to suit my fancy. After supper, I would wipe the dishes for Mollie, and then we would go for a walk or drive if it was summer time and pleasant. In the winter time we go to our sitting room, and sing, read or play some kind of games. I never had any taste for liquors or tobacco, so I have never left her at home to amuse herself while I went to a club. And I never told her how my mother cooked, while she never said I did not provide as well as her father. We never have had hard words. I do not mean to say that we are perfect for we both have our faults, but Mollie never twits me of mine, and I—well, I never see any of hers. There are a few rules that I have done my best to follow, and they can be followed by all married men and women: 1. Bear and forbear. 2. Never say a word that will intentionally hurt the other's feelings. 3. Never flirt. 4. Never tell each other how father or mother did this thing or that.—Uncle Joe Cose.

Wife (returning from lecture hall)

"Well, John, how did you like the speaker?"

"Very much, indeed."

"That's strange."

"Why?"

"Well, from the number of times you went out I imagined you found the entertainment very dry."—Nebraska State Journal.

A Baptist Dog.

Dr. Fitzgerald: Here is a dog story for you: When I was a boy my father owned a black-and-white-spotted cur dog called "Cuff." He was a remarkable dog in some respects, especially in his religious prejudices. My father was a Methodist minister, and all the family associations were connected with that church. The only exception to perfect harmony of sentiment in the family was manifested by "Cuff," and this appeared the more singular because he had been from earliest puppyhood in our family, and had no opportunity to know anything about other denominations. He was, nevertheless a thorough Baptist, and he exhibited his preference for the Baptist Church in a very decided manner.

1. There was near our house a country log-meeting house, used as a "union-meeting house," and also for school purposes. The Primitive Baptists—"Hardshells"—occupied this house once a month, and the Methodist preacher on the circuit preached in it once a month. The relations between the two churches were not as cordial as they ought to have been, seeing they all professed to be first-class Christians. The Baptist did not attend Methodist preaching, nor did the Methodist go to hear the Baptist preacher. It was very seldom that any one, except Cuff, ever went from our house to Baptist meeting, yet that dog never failed to be present on Saturday and Sunday of the Baptist monthly meetings. This might have been passed over without remark if he had also attended the Methodist preaching, but he was careful never to put his foot inside the door on the day the Methodist preacher held forth. My brother and I noticed this strange partiality for the Baptist Church on the part of "old Cuff," and we very strongly disapproved of it, and remonstrated with him after the fashion of buys with dogs, but all our scolding and whipping were in vain. Cuff seemed to be "set in his notions," and our persecutions, of which I am now ashamed, only seemed to make him more devout and constant in his attendance upon Baptist meetings. The conduct of the dog attracted attention, and he became the subject of remark. Some things were said by our Baptist friends more complimentary to the dog than to his master; however, the master stood very well in the neighborhood. The only point of invidious comparison was in reference to questions of theology and denominational affiliation; in these matters the dog was considered more orthodox than his master. 2. Matters went on for several years in this way, the dog still faithful to the Church of his choice, and his strange conduct the subject of occasional remark, when the Baptist congregation built a new church, two miles and a half from the old school-house where they formerly worshipped. On the day the new church was dedicated Cuff was present, though not a member of our family or any one connected with us went to church. How he learned of the change in the place of worship and the time of the

dedication was a mystery to every body. I do not understand it to-day. And so, regularly every month, as long as he was able to walk, did that faithful old dog attend the Baptist Church at Mount Harmony, two miles and a half from home. He lived to be 12 years old, when he died, and went there the good dog. I have related only facts in this story, and have refrained from any attempt to account for the singular conduct of the dog. I have often heard my father, and others who knew the facts, speak of it as a most extraordinary instance of what seemed religious notions on the part of a dumb animal. Cuff was faithful in all his relations and duties as a dog, and behaved as well as some who call themselves Christians.

Our Baby.—By a Boy.

I never could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother and she thinks everything of it. I can't see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry, and pull hair and kick. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and can't even chase a cat. Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going on about the baby, and saying, "Isn't it perfectly sweet!"

The worst thing about a baby is that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterwards. Folks say: "Here, Jimmy, just hold the baby a minute, that's a good boy," and then as soon as you have got it, they say, "Don't do that! Just look at him! That boy will kill the child! Hold it up straight, you good-for-nothing little wretch!"

It's pretty hard to do your best and then be scolded for it, but that is the way boys are treated. Perhaps when I'm dead, folks will wish they had done differently.

Last Saturday mother and Sue went to make calls, and told me to stay at home and take care of the baby. There was a football match on, but what did they care for that? They didn't want to go to it, and so it made no difference whether I went to it or not.

They said they would be gone only a little while, and if the baby waked up I was to play with it and keep it from crying, and "be sure and not let it swallow any pins." Of course, I waded to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out, so I left just a few minutes while I went to see if there was any cake in the pantry.

If I was a woman I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back up stairs again the baby was awake, and was howling as if he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy to keep him quiet. It happened to be a bottle of polish, with a sponge on the end of a wire that Sue used to black her boots, because girls are too lazy to use the regular blacking-brush. The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle, and I sat down to read a paper. The next time I looked at him he'd got out the sponge, and about half of his face was a jet black. This was a nice fit, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face; and when mother came home she would say the baby was spoiled and I had done it.

Now I think an all-black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all-white baby, and when I saw that the baby was partly black I made up my mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than it had ever been, and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased. So I hurried up and gave it a good coat of black. You should have seen how that baby shined! The polish dried as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get baby dressed again when mother and Sue came in. I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language.

When you've been called a murdering little villain and an unnatural son it will rankle in your heart for ages. After what they said to me I didn't even seem to mind about father, but went up stairs with him almost as if I was going to church, or something that did not hurt much. The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctors say it will wear off in a few weeks. Nobody shows any gratitude for the trouble I took, and I tell you it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into his eyes and hair. I sometimes think it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling world.

"Do you believe there is any such thing as luck?" asked a young man of an old bachelor.

"I do. I've had proof of it."

"In what way?"

"I was refused by five girls when I was a young man."

An affected young lady, on being asked, in a large company, if she had read Shakespeare, assumed a look of astonishment and replied: "Read Shakespeare. Of course I have; I read it when it first came out."