

Table with 2 columns: Rates of Advertising, and corresponding prices for different durations and quantities.

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.

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, Colars, Corsets, Bustles, Bucking, Veiling, &c., which will be sold cheap for CASH.

Respectfully, 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.

Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified as administrator of Erwin Allman, deceased, all persons owing said estate are hereby notified that they must make immediate payment or suit will be brought.

GEO. C. HEGLER, Adm'r. By W. M. SMITH, Atto.

CHAMPION MOWER REPAIRS.

I still keep on hand a stock of Champion Mower Repairs. My old customers will find me at the old stand, Allison's corner.

Dr. F. M. Henderson

Having returned from Texas, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Concord and vicinity.

A. H. PROPST, Architect and Contractor.

Plans and specifications of buildings made in any style. All contracts for buildings faithfully carried out.

For Sale Cheap, A SECOND HAND OMNIBUS

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

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Jas. S. Parker, dec'd, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make prompt payment.

JOSEPH YOUNG, Adm'r de bonis non. By W. G. MEANS, At May 4, 1888.

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, Syphilitic, 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.

THE KAFFIR CORN.

This crop was cultivated very largely in some sections of the South the past year with great success. It should be sown or planted early in spring, when required for forage, sow either broadcast or thickly in rows about three feet apart.

FEITZE'S DRUG STORE.

OUR MOTHER.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Though lost in the whirlpool of passion, Though high in the pathway to fame; When hopes of our innocent childhood Have melted away to a name; One thought, like a gem amid ruins, Will dazzle our eyes with its joy.

You'll think of that love that she showered, Unfailing, by day and by night; You'll sigh for the sweet good-night kisses, The eyes with their meek, loving light; And whether life's pathway be pleasant, Or robbed of each rosebud of joy, Your heart back to her still will journey— You'll think of your mother, my boy!

Wherever the smiles of a mother Have lightened a heart of its care, God's blessing has hallowed that roof-tree, A glimpse of sweet Heaven is there! Though further the years jure us onward, They cannot her mem'ry destroy; In silence and tears all unbidden, You'll think of your mother, my boy!

Feigned Death and Was Buried.

Col. Musser relates an interesting incident of army experience which occurred while he was in command of the post of Washington, Ark., in the summer of 1864. The story, as related, is told by a Federal officer, a prisoner in camp, to Capt. Jas. T. Otey of the Eighth Missouri Infantry. Lieut. Boren was a Federal officer in an Ohio regiment, and had fallen into the hands of Dick Taylor about the time of Banks' Red River expedition.

The Paper Chemise.

The paper fabric will actually take the place of genuine cloth to a slight extent in the forthcoming summer toiles. A modification of what we used to call Fedora fronts is in fashion. But the rather startling novelty about it is that the chemisette, or at least a portion of it disclosed between the front edges of the jacket, is composed of paper, stamped and cut in imitation of lace and embroidery.

A SPLENDID ELOPEMENT.

BY JULIAN MAGNUS.

I had loved Bella for more than a year. When I say that I was over twenty-five my readers of the sterner sex will, I am sure, be impressed by my constancy.

Bella had money. Not that this had, of course, anything to do with my extraordinary devotion, but served for a time to be the barrier to our happiness. I first met and fell a victim to Bella's charms when her mother was alive. Her father had then been dead several years. The old lady took to me. I have a knack of getting on with old ladies. This is a very useful gift when they are well off, and are the mothers of lovely daughters.

All was working smoothly for Bella and me, when cruel fate, in the shape of a drunken car-drive, crushed the mother under its Juggernautian wheels. We prosecuted the driver, and an intelligent jury, largely influenced by the wealth of the car company, decided that pedestrians have no rights which car-drivers are bound to respect.

It turned out that by her father's will Bella, in the event of her mother's death, was until her twenty-first year, to be placed under the guardianship of an uncle, who was a farmer in Vermont.—This same uncle was an admirable specimen of the typical Vermont. He could freeze to the chance of making a dollar harder than a lobster's claw to a small boy's investigating finger.

Bella was virtually a prisoner. The old farm house was three stories high, a very unusual thing in that part of the country—and she was locked in at night in her room on the top floor. With great difficulty I managed to get one or two letters to her; but so closely was she watched and guarded during the day that speech with her was impossible.

While I was pondering over this question in the little hotel where I had now been staying some weeks, I heard a strange voice addressed to the proprietor in loud tones, and I distinctly heard the words "portable fire-escape." Instantly an inspiration flashed through my mind. I joined the party, and in doing so heard these words: "It's just the simplest thing in the world. A two-year old babe couldn't hurt itself. No, sir, it 'ud like to have one for a p'fying, and 'ud amuse itself all day hauling itself to the top of the house and lettin' itself down again.—They're so light and easy that when folks don't want 'em I often sell them as baby-jumpers. Jest try one; it's only \$4.50. Make it for you as an advertisement, bein' you keeps a hotel, and you'd ought to have one for the protection of your guests."

"Guess not. My place is only two stories high; and if we have a fire, they could jump out or burn, just as they durn please." And the careful hotel-keeper strolled off. "What have you there, my friend?" I asked the stranger. "A portable fire-escape. Simplest thing in the world. But I was foolish to come to this section, anyhow. There isn't a horse high enough for a man to hurt himself much if he'd roll off the roof, and a Vermont 'ud sooner take chances on his life than spend a dime, any day."

one escape for \$20 and no trouble either."

"You will? I'm your oyster." I unfolded my plot, and found a sympathetic listener. He was to go up to Bella's uncle's house and try to sell an escape. Of course, we knew that would be perfectly hopeless. So, after being rebused, he was to insist on leaving one on trial for a week or two until he came around again.

The peddler started off, and soon returned, having been successful in getting the letter to Bella, and having given an exhibition of how to use the escape. For several nights I waited in vain for the signal, but at last it was given. I did not hear the dogs about, and I gently crept near under the window. It was opened.

"Are you there, Bella?" I whispered. "Yes." "You're not afraid, dear?" "Not very. I've tied the end around the bedstead, and don't think it can slip out of the loops. Have you a buggy waiting?" "Yes, dear; at the first turn of the road."

"Very well. I am going to try now. Oh!" She had launched herself off from the side and was descending beautifully. "Don't come too fast, dear. Use the check rope if you feel you are coming too quickly."

"What's the matter?" I cried. "It won't move." "Shake the rope." "I have." "Loosen the check." "It is quite loose." "Try to pull up a bit."

"I can't; I'm stuck fast." "Let me shake the rope." "Try. Oh! oh! It's no use; it won't move." "Can't you slip out of the loop and slide down the rope? I'll catch you."

"No, I cannot; I'm sitting in them and I can't get out. Oh, what's to be done?" "I'll try and climb up and see."

Bella sat dangling in the air, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth. I tried to climb, but the rope was not half an inch thick, and I slipped back. Then came the tragic sequel. There of something behind, and a bull-dog seized me in the part which had been the nearest to him as he approached.

"But I cannot leave you, Bella." I must admit this was not true. I was leaving her in small portions down the dog's throat, and I felt I must run away. "Go! Save yourself."

By a convulsive effort I shook off the dog, a considerable portion of my trousers and a couple of good mouthfuls of my anatomy, and bounded over a fence and up a tree. From there I watched the triumphant Vermonters haul Bella into a second story window. Then they came out, and with much crying and swearing began looking for me. I am happy to say they were unsuccessful. About two hours afterward I ventured to limp home.

Bella never tried to elope again. She remained proof against all the arguments of her uncle and the charms of the Green Mountain boys, and when she became legally her own mistress she became mine legally too. Never saw that fire-escape man

again. Perhaps it was better for him that I did not. He never called for his machine.—Possibly he had heard something about the story in his travels.

I don't know that there is any more to this tale except never to use a rope fire-escape for an elopement. There must have been something prophetic in the instinct of the old song, when he wrote: When a lady elopes Down a ladder of ropes, She may go to Hong Kong for me.

Why Housekeeping is "Just Loving."

"How do you like housekeeping, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Matron of Mrs. Newlywed. "Oh, it's just lovely! Charley thinks it's delightful! It's such a pleasant change, he says, from boarding house fare, and he just raves over my cooking. I love to plan and prepare our little meals. Do stay for tea. You really must. It won't inconvenience me in the least. All I'll have to do will be to lay another plate. I have everything all ready and will only have to speak to our girl and tell her there is to be one extra."

And when she spoke to the girl she said: "Run around to the baker's and get a dozen fresh rolls, a pound of assorted cakes and some lady fingers.—And stop at the grocer's and get some canned beef; and get some cold tongue at the delicatessen store, and a jar of raspberry preserves and some tarts—I guess that will be all we want but the tea—and you can make that."

Volcano in Washington Territory.

The great snow-peak mountain of St. Helena, in Lewis county, Washington Territory, is smoking. Grayish smoke or steam can be plainly seen issuing from the south side, near the summit of the lofty mountain, and observations through strong glasses are convincing that the smoke comes from the lofty peak. These volcanic indications cause much comment and a feeling of general uneasiness at Winlock and neighborhood.—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

Woman in the South.

The mother was the power in every household. Indeed it was literally her home, very often her property. A New England tourist expressed to the writer his surprise to a discovery he had made in the towns he had visited. Said he: "It's always Mrs. A's, Mrs. B's home; I am invited to Mrs. C's home; I never hear of her husband's house. I really think I have found the land of woman's rights after all. Men have offices, stores, plantations, etc., but the woman have the homes."

And the management of this home included every detail of domestic life, as the mistress looked well to the ways of her household; from breakfast the guests were dismissed to the drawing room or out-door sports, while with her own hands she washed the best china and silver before she joined them. The necessities of children, the wants of slaves, requirements of visitors, the attention due her husband, made her a guide, a counselor, a legislator in one—the wise matron who sees and improves opportunity, the gentle Fortia whose judgment and affection saves both Shylock and Antonio.

Your Left Hand in Your Pocket.

If your left hand wants to be really English they must carry their respective left hands buried to the wrist in their respective left trousers pockets. All the dudes in town have taken to doing it, and every chappie on Fifth Avenue after the Wednesday matinee this week was actually coped with the exertion of reaching the very bottom seam of his left trousers pocket. If you can let the tips of the fingers of a pair of tan-colored gloves be seen in juxtaposition to your left cuff just at the mouth of the pocket you will thereby proclaim yourself one of Waile's strictest adherents, ye know. Don't, as you value your reputation for swiftness, put your right hand in your right pocket, for this is as much a breach of good form as it is used to be to carry your gloves with the fingers pointing aft instead of forward.—New York Mail and Express.

A Beautiful Incident.

The noble missionary Moffat tells a beautiful story. He says: "In one of my early journeys I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of Orange river. We had traveled far, and were hungry, thirsty and fatigued; but the people rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a little milk, but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of a river. When twilight grew on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood and I had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached with a cooking vessel on her head and a leg of mutton in one hand and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked for kindness to strangers. Then the tears rolled down her sable cheeks, and she replied: 'I love Him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full; therefore I can't speak the joy I feel in seeing you in this out-of-the-world place.' On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in her soul in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from Mr. Helm when in his school some years before. 'This,' said she, 'is the fountain whence I drink; this the oil that makes my lamp burn.' I looked on the precious relic printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the Throne of the Heavenly Father."

A Colored Prisoner in Florida.

The average negro sees no terror in jail. It affords him a great deal of fun, unless it be watermelon time. It is to him what going to the sea shore is to the Caucasian, a relief from toil and a season of rest most thoroughly invoked. When Sambo emerges from this forced, but no less agreeable sequestration of the jail, he becomes an object of interest to his friends of the house of Ham. "When did you get out, Bill?" said one of them to a fellow who had just withdrawn a ten days' engagement with the city. "Bout half an hour ago?" "What sorter time like d'ye have?" "Fust rate; plenty to eat, nice room to sleep in—no one there to bother me, so I slep' nigh all the time. Had a white man to wait on me, too. Yes, sir, had a first-class white man ter bring me water, an' kerry out my slops; I'm gwine in again pretty soon."

Overtaxing His Brain.

Old Mrs. Bentley—"Did ye hear, Josiah, that the young student who has been boardin' at the Aendrickses is very sick?" Old Mr. Bentley—"Yes, I heard so; what's the trouble with him?" Old Mrs. Bentley—"Studyin' too hard, I s'pose. The doctor says he's got information of the brain—Epoech."

It was one of those "cold spells" which have visited us frequently this summer, and they have met, quite in a premeditated way, on the avenue.

"What are you going to do this evening?" she asked, turning the batteries of two beautiful eyes upon him.

"Oh, I suppose I'll stay at home and hug the stove," he answered, gloomily.

"Come up to our house," she said sweetly, in a suggestive voice. And the beating of their own hearts was all the sound they heard.—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Simmons has secured an appropriation of \$20,000 for a macadamized road from Newbern to the National Cemetery. The bill has passed both Houses of Congress, and will undoubtedly be approved by the President.

Colonel Edward Summer of San Francisco is said to be the oldest living Free Mason. He is 92 year old and has been a Mason for seventy-one years.