

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. 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, Boot 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.

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, Corssets, Bustles, Huching, Veiling, &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.

HOME MADE COFFINS, ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY.

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. All persons having claims against said estate must present them to the undersigned, duly authenticated, on or before the 15th day of June, 1889, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. GEO. C. HEGLER, Adm'r. By W. M. SMITH, Atto. 122 6w

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. C. R. WHITE.

TO FARMERS AND OTHERS.

The organization of the Cabarrus County Agricultural and Mechanical Fair Association has been completed by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws and the election of officers. The object of the Association is the development of the agricultural and industrial interests of Cabarrus county. To make the work beneficial to the largest possible extent, other counties and sections will be invited to assist in making the exhibition complete in every particular.

The fee for membership in the association is only one dollar per annum. The payment of said fee will entitle the member to admission without further charge to the exhibitions during the year. To become a member it is only necessary to pay the annual fee to the treasurer, H. A. Blackwelder, who will report the name for election to the executive committee. When it is not convenient to see the treasurer, parties desiring to become members may apply to the vice president of their township. The vice president will take the name and the fee, reporting the same to the executive committee, and the treasurer. As all members of the association are elected by the executive committee, and confirmed by the association, in cases where there is no election, the fee will be returned to the applicant. According to a by-law adopted by the association two-thirds of the members must be farmers. To make the association a farmers organization for the purpose of protecting the interests of agriculture a majority of the executive committee must be farmers. Membership is not limited to any special class of citizens. Merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, laborers, etc., are all eligible and have interests amply protected by the constitution of the association. While the management of the affairs of the association is put practically in the hands of farmers, other classifications of citizens are represented on the managing committees. The object, as the name implies, is to have a county association, to have a display of county products, be the same agricultural, mechanical or otherwise. Every class of citizens are invited to give us aid. We want the united support of the people of Cabarrus. We want every farmer, every manufacturer, every merchant, every mechanic, every laborer, every professional man—in a word every man in Cabarrus county, to become a member of the association. A membership of two thousand would put into the treasury two thousand dollars. That amount would enable us to equip the grounds in a style that would compare favorably with any fair grounds in the State. We would have a most excellent location for the fair, and the grounds are susceptible of the highest improvement. Our county has never been a lagard in the prosecution of any business enterprise taken hold of with a determination to succeed, and will hardly be found wanting in the matter of the fair. Our patriotism and home pride should stimulate us to unite in having the grandest exhibition ever witnessed in Western Carolina.

The following are the township vice presidents, to whom application may be made for membership, if application be not made directly to the executive committee: No 1, H B Parks; No 2, J H Morrison; No 3, T A Fleming; No 4, J V Pethel; No 5, M Scott; No 6, Lawrence Kluttz; No 7, Luther H Moore; No 8, E D Lentz; No 9, Martin H Widenhouse; No 10, J S Turner; No 11, A B Young; No 12, J P Allison. The executive committee are: C. W. Bradford, C. McDonald, also G. E. Ritchie, G. M. Lore and R. A. Brown.

The association has not yet been formed on the "joint stock company" plan, nobody has any stock, and there will be no dividends. The surplus, if any, will be used to perpetuate the fair and to make it still more beneficial to the people of the county, if the association choose to donate it to any useful purpose decided upon by a majority of the members. It is emphatically a farmers and a peoples association, and it is intended to hold farmers' and peoples fairs. The premium list is preparing, and will be ready soon for distribution. In the meantime, let every body begin preparations for making one or more exhibits. We want ten thousand articles on exhibition, and twenty thousand people to come and see them. The time will be about the second week of October, as agreed to by the administration fee for males fifteen years of age and over, 50 cts; ladies and children from 10 to 15 years of age, 25 cts; children under 10 years of age, free. The fair will continue four days, not less than three any how. Hence it will be to the advantage of every male over 15 years of age wishing to attend during the whole fair to become a member of the association by the payment of one dollar.

There will be but one Fair in the county. The two associations at Poplar Tent and St. John's have united and hereafter will be part of the county association. The new Fair Grounds are located within half a mile of Concord. The advan-

tages of the old age will no doubt be approved. By order of the association. H. T. J. LUDWIG, Secy.

How a Monkey Took Medicine. It is an understood fact that not only does a happy disposition conduce to health, but that laughter itself has proved in some cases one of the best medicines. Here is an instance: A patient being very low with fever, his doctor ordered a dose of rhubarb. A pet monkey belonging to the sick man was present while the nurse prepared the medicine. When she left the room the animal, not knowing the master was watching him, slipped slyly to the table, took up the goblet containing the liquid, and put it to his lips. The first tasted probably strange to him, and he made a comical grimace, but he disliked to give it up. Another sip, and he got the sweet of the syrup. Ah! His grotesque visage brightened. He cast a furtive glance around, and then sat down with the goblet firmly grasped, and pretty soon he placed it to his lips and drank to the dregs. Perhaps there had been a wine glassful of syrup of manna—not more—while the rhubarb had all settled. But he found it, and before he had fully realized the change of taste he had swallowed nearly the whole of the nauseous dose. Merely what a face he made over it! The sick man was spell-bound. Never in his life had he seen any thing so grotesquely and ridiculously human! The face of the disgusted monkey was a study. He stamped his teeth and actually ground his foot as he had seen his master do when angry. At last his excitement reached a climax. He stood up, his eyes flashed, he grasped the goblet by its slender stem with all his might, shut his teeth, and then with a spiteful, vengeful snap he hurled it with mad fury upon the floor, and seemed entirely satisfied as he saw the "hundred glittering pieces flying about. Never before had the sick man seen any thing to equal it. The whole scene and all the circumstances, every thing about it, appeared to him so supremely and comically ludicrous that he burst into a fit of laughter that lasted until his nurse came to see what was the matter. And when he tried to tell her he laughed again more heartily, if possible, than before—laughed until he sank back exhausted and in a profuse perspiration. The nurse anxiously sponged and wiped his skin; he perspired and laughed again until he slept; and when he awoke a reaction had taken place, the fever had been broken and he was on the sure road to convalescence.

Tennessee's Mountain dew Queen. Miss Bettie Smith of Fentress county, Tenn., who was arrested on the charge of illicit distilling, is said to be handsome and accomplished, and is supposed to have written that wild and stirring romance "The Blue headed Sapsucker, or the Rock Where the Juice Ran Out." Col. Harvey Mathers, editor of the Memphis Ledger, says that Miss Smith is undoubtedly the author of the story. At one time Colonel Mathers offered \$3,000 for the discovery of the author.

When Miss Smith was arraigned before the United States court at Nashville she conducted herself with such grace and dignity that the polite old judge, deeply impressed, arose and made her a profound bow. Miss Smith, said the judge, to see you in this awful predicament seriously touches me. It does me, too, Judge. How old are you? Judge you should not ask such a question, but I will tell you. I am two years older than my married sister, who was married before she was as old as I am. She has been married eighteen months, and still speaks well of her husband. Now how old am I? I cannot tell. I am not to blame for your mathematical inefficiency. Why did you go into the distilling business? Because I wanted to make whisky. How long have you been distilling. Ever since I was sixteen years old. When were you sixteen years old? The year my father died. What year was that? The year my Uncle Henry moved to Texas. Miss Smith, you are a woman, but I insist that you shall answer my questions. Remember, that if convicted of this awful charge you will be sent to the penitentiary. What did you do with the whiskey you made? Sold it. Who bought it? Well Judge, it would be rather hard to tell who bought it all—Some time ago a party of gentlemen came out into my neighborhood to hunt deer. The party got out of whisky, and found it difficult to buy

any. After a while I told a man if he would put his jug down on a dollar and go away, he might, when he came back, find the jug full of whisky. He did so. Would you know the man? Oh, yes, sir; I recognize him in a moment. You are the man, Judge.

The trials of Life. "Don't you find the life of a tramp very disagreeable?" "Not generally but I'm very much downcast today." "Really." "Yes, I am a victim of misplaced confidence."

HER GOLDEN HAIR. Makes Trouble in the Family and lands Her in a Divorce Suit. The story that is continually cropping out of the records of our divorce court are often new, and occasionally startling. The latest and most noticeable comes from Cincinnati: Mrs. Ella Dawson, once a belle in society in that city, has sued her husband, James Dawson, for divorce because the said Jas. Dawson has been separated from her for two years, refusing during that period to render her succor or comfort in any form or to any extent. It is from the male portion of this couple that the curious petition for divorce has come. He filed a cross claim asking for a divorce, without alimony, on certain grounds stated below. James and Ella have been married about two years and a half. He had courted her for a long time before she would consent to marry him, but finally, it came about all right and they were married. His wife was beautiful, and especially well endowed by nature in the matter of hair. Her locks were profuse and golden. He had admired them at a respectful distance previous to his marriage, but growing bolder one day ventured to pass his hand over them caressingly. His wife shrank away from him, as she smoothed away the havoc he had played, and took occasion to warn him against ever touching her hair in the future. He discovered the best way to ruffle his wife's temper was to ruffle her hair, and being a man wise and peaceful within in his generation, he in the future refrained. Their married life progressed pleasantly for several months. There was one curious thing, it is true. His wife would never allow him to see her make her toilet. At such time the door of her room was carefully barred against him. There was also one drawer in the bureau which was never unlocked. Once he justly remarked that she must have a family skeleton locked in that drawer, so carefully did she guard it. But this playfulness was accorded about the same reception his attempts to caress her hair had received. Some men are never satisfied to let well enough alone. This was exactly what affected him. His curiosity, which was compelled to keep well concealed, grew positively overpowering. He has no idea what the cause of his wife's mysterious toilet was, and resolved to find out. One day he found her door barred against him—not an unusual thing. By this time the idea of discovering the cause struck him. With fatal curiosity he rushed madly to his fate—or rather climbed to it. Bringing a chair, he climbed up so that he could see through the transom into the room. His wife was standing before the glass. But he could scarcely believe it was his wife. Her golden locks were hanging on one of the candelabra at the side of the mirror and she was curling the bang with a stick. Where he had usually seen the hair was a perfectly bald scalp guileless of anything that even approached the hirsute, and furthermore, scarred, seamed and blackened in spots. This was the monster of ugliness that he saw in place of his wife. With a yell of terror he dropped in a heap to the floor. The cry from the outside of the door was repeated from the inside with even more vigor and horror. When his wife mustered up courage to go to the door he was gone. And she has not seen him from that day until this. He states that the thoughts of her so fills him horror that he feels assured that the sight of her would unseat his reason. On this ground he begs to be released. The loss or rather lack of hair was occasioned by a severe burn in childhood. The deficiency she attempted to supply by an assorted collection of wigs. Hence the bureau drawer that was never opened.

University of NORTH CAROLINA. CHAPEL HILL, N. C. The next session begins August 3d Tuition reduced to \$30 a half year. Poor students may give notes. Faculty of fifteen teachers. Three full courses of study leading to degrees. Three short courses for the training of business men, teachers, physicians and pharmacists. Law school fully equipped. Write for catalogue to Hon. KEMP P. BATTLE, President.

GREAT BARGAINS. In order to close out my stock of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, &c., I will offer great inducements to purchasers until the same is disposed of. Call and see me. I mean just what I say. Mrs. J. M. CRSS.

THE TRIALS OF LIFE.

Three-quarters of New York were all of last week, I am very sure, oblivious to the charms of that article of clothing that we like so much to send to the Cannibal Islands—a flannel petticoat. But on Wednesday one considered them; on Friday they embraced one; and it cannot be denied that the woman who has been careful enough to pack hers all up in tar paper so moths wouldn't get at them, sat down and bemoaned herself for being a donkey. This discourse on flannel petticoats is apropos of the weather, which is, without any exception, the most varied of its kind. In my early days I was taught that moths were sent into this world so that the people might learn to be careful and put away their winter clothes, but I am now convinced that moths, like Chinese, ought to "go."

I believe they have been imported by the Republican party to chew up the belongings of good Democrats; they will make a blue flannel petticoat, trimmed with white lace, look more like a commutation ticket on the 30th day of the month than anything else, and they have no hesitation whatever in eating a hole in a bodice just where it will show the most and bring mortification to the soul of the wearer. I wonder if Mr. Blaine hadn't been eaten by moths, and if that wasn't the reason they called him the "tattooed" man. Undoubtedly the wretched moths thought they'd try it on one of their own party, and it disagreed so dreadfully that they never tried it again. If one goes in for studying politics, as I am doing, it is curious how the ethics of household economy and the true state of the world politically will combine. Now, for instance, I have become so certain of woman's right to bring all influence to bear upon her husband to force him to do the proper thing that I am getting ready a speech to argue before Judge Bedford in favor of the woman who puts a few drops of laudanum in her husband's morning whisky, keeps him asleep all day and so prevents him from voting the Republican ticket. The end quite justifies the means.

By the by, why should they go on about this Harrison man? That he is unique in being the son of his grandfather, I do not deny; but gracious goodness! his grandfather was only President for a month, and I don't consider that a good example. Then he is in favor of the Chinese. I am on the side of the colored race. If it becomes a question of race, as regards my washing, I prefer that it should be done by a nice old colored woman any day to having it done by a dirty, half dressed, badsmelling Chinaman. If a colored lady loses any of the garments, she's apt to console with you in such a nice way that you almost feel tempted to request her to keep on losing your clothes, and you yearn to tell her that a fine collection of odd stockings has always been the desire of your life. But if a Chinaman loses your lingerie he looks at you placidly and insolently; if he has kept up the fable that he doesn't understand the English language, he simply shakes his head to give to understand that he don't know anything about it, and cares less; while if, in a moment of confidence, he has let you know that he is capable of mastering the difficult tongue, he will inform you, without a tremor, that you didn't put that petticoat in. Then, you know, Dolly, they have the reputation of not being quite moral. One gentleman who presided over a wash-tub, and whom I paid for tearing my clothes to pieces, invariably spread them out in a most remarkable way. If he came while I was out I found my undergarments disporting themselves all about the room; things that are not usually shown would be paraded on a chair and look up in a more than coquetish manner from under a petticoat laid above them, while it all would be topped by a masculine waistcoat and two collars. Each chair had its person, so to say, seated on it, while the nightgowns were spread around the bed in an entirely original way. This gentleman was so profuse in his courtesies that it became necessary to ask him to retire permanently; but I always maintained that he meant these little acts as an expression of admiration either for me or my belongings.

If the Republican party get in, the nation will be given over to being washed in a Chinese laundry, wrung out in a patent machine and dried in a basement; whereas if—and really there ought to be no "if" about it—the Democratic party retain their power we will continue to be made sweet and clean with the best soap and plenty of hot water, wrung out in the old fashioned way, hung in the sunshine to dry, while the nice old darkey who purifies us will do it to the tune of "Climbing up the Golden Stair." If I could only finish that up by a speech requesting my fellow citizens to stand by me and to agree with me on this great and momentous question, I think I might make my debut down in Tammany Hall in a good, strong, old fashioned Democratic speech. But alas! I don't believe in women making speeches, though I'll tell what they can do, Dolly, they can try and imbue the coming orator with some of their wit.

The trial of the Serpent. Everything about the National Republican Convention in session at Chicago indicates the complete brutalization and debauchment of the party which once claimed to be the peculiar representative of great moral ideas in the United States. The performance of the chaplain who opened the proceedings, not with a prayer, but a political discourse, was so out of sympathy with the spirit of God as to be mistaken for a stumpy speech and to be wildly applauded. Mr. Halstead says that it was "brilliant," as if it had been an address by Bob Ingersoll; and no one seems to have noticed the absence of piety, or the presence of profanity in its bombastic and threatening demands on Heaven. But it was characteristic. The Republican party being possessed by the Money Devil naturally prefers that which is coarse and impious, and has about it the odor of brimstone.

The row in the Kentucky delegation was vulgar in the last degree. It disclosed the disreputable character of the motives and ingredients which constitute the party of hate and grab in this State. It was equally disgusting and disgraceful. But it was only a side show by comparison with the faction fight among the Virginians. The accounts of that read like the police chronicles of some city slum. It seems incredible that they could have reference to any National body having in charge the selection of a Presidential ticket. The circumstance, however, is significant of the depravity of the Republican idea, which has for its motto "rule or ruin," and for its inspiration venom and pillage.

This aggregation of all that is heartless in American manhood and all that is false in political teaching has, undoubtedly, its share of both wisdom and worth, and honest, patriotic purposes. But the good is wholly subordinate to the bad. The vicious is in excess of the virtuous. Its instincts are savage. Its methods are devious. The sound of its voice is that of a wild beast howling in the wilderness. Its language is a mixture of imprecation and fustian. There is nothing sweet or wholesome in its tone; but only noise and rant, cursing and earting swagging and bullying. It has wrapped the flag about it, marched off the professional patriot's ever-ready pocket companion. Hold your nose, brethren, for the air is full of sulphur, stuff your ears, likewise; for the words you shall hear are not pleasant words; but keep your eyes open, and clap your hands on your pockets; there be thieves around!

A Question of Plants. Teacher, in the backwoods of Kentucky (to boy)—Why don't your father put pantaloon on you, instead of allowing you to come here with nothing on but that long shirt? Boy—Low ter get me some britches when the weather gets cold. "But you need them now." "Pap' lows I don't." "It is a disgrace." "Pap' low that he didn't he didn't war nuthin but a shirt till he wuz nigh grown."

"What does your mother say." "She lows that ef I had britches I'd war the knees out." "Well, if you don't come with pants on to-morrow, you shall not stay here."

"Don't reckon I'll come back no mo' then, fur that's what a teacher said last year, and pap he wouldn't let me go back. Pap' lowed that he had been livin' here too long fur new folks ter come along an' interfere with his affairs. Lows that ef folks hafter change their clothes jes ter git er little eddycation that he didn't want none. Well, good by."

The Republicans will, of course, try to raise an 1840 furor, and to make a log-cabin-and-hard-cider Tippecanoe-and-Tyler-to campaign of it. But the old chicken won't fight. The present Harrison is not that sort of a man. He lives in a palace and drinks only champagne out of a cut-glass. He never wore a homespun in his life, and would not know a coonskin if he saw it. He is a cold, selfish, exclusive, arrogant, and vain politician. He hates a poor man worse than the devil hates holy water. There is nothing popular or magnetic about him. If he lived in the East he would be a drawing anglo-matic. Living West, he is merely the grandson of his grandfather. With Morton for a yoke-mate, it is simply a rich man's ticket on a poor man's platform, and will poll only the party vote.—Louisville Courier Journal.