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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, 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, Corsets, Bustles, Ruchings, Veilings, &c., which will be sold cheap for CASH.

Give me a call.

FURNITURE

CHEAP FOR CASH AT

M. E. CASTOR'S

FURNITURE STORE.

Room Suites, Bureaus,

Burial Cases, Caskets, &c.

HOMADE COFFINS, ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY.

I do not sell for cost, but for a small profit. Come and examine my line of goods.

12 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 against them.

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

CHAMPION MOWER: REPAIRS.

I still keep on hand a stock of Champion Mowers. Repairs. 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 Fetzer's Drug Store, will be promptly attended to. July 17

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.

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 de bonis non of the estate of Jas. S. Parker, dec'd, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make prompt payment; and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same for payment on or before the 4th day of May, 1889, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

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, Kingworm, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Mercurial, and all diseases of like character.

It is an Alterative 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

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 HOUSE THAT JOE BUILT.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

When Joe Bartow married Susie Eddy everybody said it was a very unequal match.

It certainly was, so far as appearance goes. Joe was six foot two inches in his stockings, while Susie was not more than four two, in her highest high heels.

These were physical attributes. Their mental and moral features were equally dissimilar.

Joe never thought of anybody but himself. Susie thought of everybody else first.

They were married and at once went to housekeeping in their own home, in a house that Joe built on his own lot.

Its very curious to watch the evolutions of a man with one idea. Emerson says that as soon as we allow ourselves to be dominated by one idea we become insane. So Joe must have been insane to begin with His own idea was himself.

Being abnormally tall he had built the house on his own plan. When Susie tried to climb the stairs she had to swing herself up by the banisters.

She could not reach a shelf or a mantle in the house even on her tip toes. They were just the height for Joe, but unfortunately he was not to do the house work.

The furniture had been bought after the same model. Sue's feet dangled in the air when she sat up on one of the chairs.

I am glad I learned to ride horse-back, she said one day. I can mount the chairs and sofas in that way.

Joe had built his house with a basement kitchen because he liked it. It had never occurred to him to say anything about it to Susie. He had plenty of land but he preferred his own ground plan—tall and narrow. So the poor girl spent most of her time under ground.

How do you get the dishes on the pantry shelves? asked a friend one day. Joe didn't believe in keeping a girl.

Oh, that's easy enough if I don't miss! answered Sue cheerfully. I jump, and the dish goes right into its place; it is harder getting them down, I miss so often.

Sue acquired a springy motion from this exercise that alarmed her friends. They thought she had the St. Vitus' dance.

Between the two rooms on the ground floor in which they lived mostly, were two steps, Joe had put them there, he said, because it seemed to make the parlor more imposing.

A kind of three room, one of Sue's friends—Joe hadn't any of his own—remarked sarcastically.

When Sue was taken down with nervous prostration from overwork, the doctor asked what those steps were for.

Mostly for ornament, Joe answered with placid contentment.

People make a great mistake in building one room that much higher than another, said the doctor in a grave tone. I would rather my wife should climb a whole flight of stairs than jolt every few moments over those two steps. You should have let your wife plan the house.

It never hurt me! said Joe stolidly. I step right over them.

But it nearly killed your wife!—answered the doctor curtly.

When Susie was better the doctor told Joe to take her on trip he was about to make to California.

She can't stand the traveling, said Joe in a convinced tone. It wears me out.

Then let her take a sea voyage with that uncle of hers, the captain. She'll be seasick. I always am, said Joe.

Well, you must do something to give her strength or she won't live till spring, urged the doctor.

She needs building up, said Joe thoughtfully, as he seemed to study the question.

The next day he gave Sue a surprise. I've bought you a present Sue, he said, with one of his slow smiles. Its your birthday and I haven't forgot it.

He had never given her a present since they were married; the house and lot were in his own name.

Oh, you dear good Joe! I've often thought Joe—said his wife with a little sob, that it was kind of queer you didn't ever make me a present. Didn't I give you myself? asked her self-satisfied lord.

Y—e—s, dear; but what have you for me now? In that great package? It must be something very nice!

It is—a whole lot of Pride of the West cloth, to make up into shirts for me against I'm back home again. Ain't I good provider, hey, now?

Joe went to California, but before he returned Susie had taken a longer journey. I'm so tired, she said to her mother, the last night on earth, I've gone on tip so long that I feel as if always reaching up after something, and—

and—it's so hard climbing stairs, always climbing, climbing! O mother! it don't seem to me as if I would want to go to Heaven if there will be any stairs to climb.

When Joe came back there was a package for him, just as Susie had left it.

He opened it and found the set of shirts neatly finished, and each one marked with his name.

I'd—I'd—have built a house all on one level without a pair of steps in it if I'd known, he said, complainingly. I dare say I'd a liked that kind of a house myself, when I got used to it.

But Susie was resting in a house not made with hands.

The Third Party a mistake.

(Rev. J. C. Rowe, a sensible Methodist preacher in the Lenoir Topic)

1. There are no reasonable grounds of hope of success to the party. Surely not one of the candidates expects to be elected. Helva Lockwood's chances for election are almost as good. No voter will expect to save his vote if he casts it with the Third Party. Some may vote that ticket to "show their colors" and that they may appear spunky, but is it wise? The Third Party vote will not measure the strength of Prohibition in either the State or Nation. Many true Prohibitionists will not vote the ticket, because they know their votes will be lost.

2. Local Option law, as we have it, and as others may have it, grants us all we ought to ask for at present. Local option law in North Carolina gives us the opportunity of proving by actual experiment that Prohibition is a social, moral and financial benefit to the people. Any community, large or small, that desires to live under Prohibition can do so by a vote of the majority. Other States can have the same laws if they want them.

3. If we had every office, State and National, filled with Prohibitionists, they could not render the cause any better service. Prohibition must be entrenched behind a much more formidable public sentiment than exists now, to control the Congress and Legislature of our general and State governments. What would the mere fact of the President or Governor being a Prohibitionist amount to, so far as the public weal is concerned?

4. A change of administration now would be followed by great confusion. Now while the Third Party cannot hope to elect its nominees it may turn over the government to Republican hands. The managers of that party are shrewd enough to know that much depends on thorough organization of the party and they will see to it that no Republicans vote the Third Party ticket.

Esop tells us in fable, "That a dog was swimming the river with a piece of beef in his mouth. He saw the shadow of the beef and thinking that it was a genuine piece of beef much larger than the one he had, he opened his mouth and grabbed at the shadow and lost both substance and shadow." It is to be hoped that Democrats will not be so fascinating with the shadow before this Third Party movement as to let go and lose the present administration.

5. A change of administration would be a loss to all. Perhaps no President ever had more influence over Congress than Cleveland. Certainly no one has ever had more fully the confidence of the public than he. A change of administration now would very likely be followed by a money panic. Men of means would refuse to let out their money to circulation or to invest in building manufacturing establishments for lack of confidence in the government. A money panic would be the result and it would continue probably through the next four years.

How will this strike the "old soldiers" in North Carolina? J. C. Pritchard, the Republican candidate for Lieut. Governor, while a member of the Legislature voted against the bill pensioning ex-Confederate soldiers. It is a small amount they get, it is true, but he didn't want them to have that little. A man who is no better friend to the maimed and disabled Confederate veterans—who prefers seeing them die in poverty and want in the county poor houses of the State—rather than allow them the small sum the pension bill provides can go before them asking their votes with ill grace it seems to us.

—Gold-Leaf.

IT WAS A FUNERAL.

But Gen Harrison's Friends Thought it was a Parade in his Honor.

On the Fourth of July while the assembled guests at Gen. Harrison's residence were awaiting the arrival of the ratification committee an accident occurred. The blinds had been drawn to keep curious people from looking in. All was expectancy.

The hour had arrived, but the committee came not. Suddenly the strains of music were heard. The Starry Flag was the air. The sounds became distinct: the guests were astir. Everybody thought it was the committee coming, headed by a band. There were several young ladies in the front parlor, and one of them, more venturesome than the rest, went to a window and lifting the blind, slightly peered out.

"It is a colored band!" she said in an undertone, but which was heard by all assembled.

"Oh," said the Rev. Dr. McLeod, "the colored folks are a loyal class, and well they should be in this case, after all that Gen. Harrison has done for them."

The young lady looked again, and, with keener interest than before, said to those within hearing, "There is a procession of colored men."

Some of them belong to Gen. Harrison's command, no doubt, suggested a gentleman in the room.

"And they are wearing regalias," the young lady added as she looked again.

"They are a strange people," interposed a guest; "but I admire their earnestness and sincerity. This is a handsome compliment to Gen. Harrison, now, isn't it?"

The procession was a long one and now and then the young lady would communicate something about it to those who waited to hear. "They're carrying a banner," came next.

Another tribune to Gen. Harrison some one remarked.

"There's a hearse!" were the words that suddenly fell upon the ears of the guests, as the young lady much chagrined, left her station at the window and took a seat. It was a colored funeral procession passing! One of the members of a society known as the Sisters of the White Dove had died and was being borne to her last resting place. The band, of its solemn mission, or the proprieties of the occasion, had struck up the "Starry Flag" on coming in sight of Gen. Harrison's residence.

The colored parade had hardly gone by when the committee in carriage arrived, and those in waiting at Gen. Harrison's residence found something to break the painful silence that had ensued when the young lady disclosed the fact that a hearse was in sight.

South America Mosquitoes.

One of the pests of life in South America is the ubiquitous mosquito, which there attains such an enormous size and venom that his victims are numbered by the scores. Not long ago a herd of valuable cattle taken from the United States to a ranch upon the Magdalena River became so desperate under the attack of the mosquitoes that they broke from their stalls, jumped into the water and were all drowned. Passengers intending to make the voyage usually provide themselves with protection in the shape of mosquito bars, head nets and thick gloves, and when on deck are compelled to tie their sleeves around their wrists and pantaloons around their ankles. Even these precautions are not always effective. Large as the insects are they seem to have the power to creep through the smallest crevice, and it is often necessary to change one's clothing four or five times a day on the account. Day and night they give the sensitive skinned travelers no rest. I have been solemnly assured that very often when they have attacked a boat and driven its captain and crew below they broken the windows of the cabin by plunging in swarms against them and have attempted to burst in the doors. Although this may be something of an exaggeration it is nevertheless true that frequently horses and cattle, after the most frightful sufferings, have died from mosquito bites on board the vessels.

Love and Honor

"All is honorable in love" is a maxim entitled to more consideration for its age than for its correctness. It is not true that all things are honorable in love. Here are two young men, for instance, of good standing, and standing equally well in the estimation of the community. Before all other things each desires the hand of this girl; they do not believe merely, but they both know—at least they think so—that life will be one continuous gloom without her. What a temptation to resort to every means to win her favor. One of them believes that by falsely disparaging rival he can achieve success. But how base to resort to calumny even though it would secure to him what he esteems the greatest of human prizes. Many a young man in such a dilemma has acted on the most generous and chivalric sentiments, even exaggerating the virtue of his competitor in love and beauty rather than to run any risk of doing him injustice. The true way to win in love is to make your own merits greatest in reality, rather than by sounding your own praises too loudly.

Where Colors Come From.

A well known artist gave me some curious information the other day regarding the source from which the colors one finds in a paint box are derived. Every quarter of the globe is ransacked for the material—animal, vegetable and mineral—employed in their manufacture. From the cochineal insects are obtained the gorgeous carmine, as well as the crimson, scarlet and purple lakes. Sepia is the inky fluid discharged by the cuttlefish to render the water opaque for its concealment when attacked.

The Three Prayers.

A Republican, a Democrat and a Prohibitionist went up to the temple to pray. The Republican stood with his face toward heaven prayed: "O Lord, we thank thee that we are not like other men. We thank thee first of all for the pure, incorruptible, holy Republican party. We thank thee that all Democrats are liars and all Prohibitionists fools and that we alone are good. We have no special favors to ask, knowing that to be consistent thou must of necessity be with us.

The Democrat prayed thus: "O Lord, thou knowest we do not often bother thee with our prayers; yet there be a few things wherein thou canst be of great use to us. Bless Cleveland, O Lord, but curse his civil service. Bless the Prohibitionists in the North, but dam him in the South. Bless Minnesota and thy little Norwegian Knute Nelson, but curse Pennsylvania and that traitor Sam Randall. The rest, O Lord, you can safely leave to our care."

The Prohibitionist fell on his knees, as usual and prayed, "O Lord, thou knowest we have done little else but pray, lo, these many years. Now we are going to fight and do thou; O Lord, be pleased to stand by and see fair play, while we show the Pharisees and Sadducees that there is a God in Israel."—Ex.

A Great President.

Grover Cleveland, with his matchless record and brilliant promise, stands before the country as the choice of the Democratic party for its highest honor. He is no longer an untried man. For more than three years he has guided the national policy firmly, skillfully and safely. He has been equal to every demand. Assuming control of the government whose machinery was operated by a hundred thousand hostile subordinates, he managed it, all inexperienced as he was, with the airy mastery of a veteran. Never once did he fail to rise to the needs of his place. The men who expected to control him found him a leader. There was no power behind the throne. Cleveland was president, and the administration was his own. Before last December Mr. Cleveland had proved himself a good President; at that time he proved himself a great one. By one splendid stroke of courage and statesmanship he lifted his party out of its bog of timid irresolution and drove the tariff fattened monopolies from the isle of aggressive to the alarmed defensive, awakened the people to the infamies they had been patiently enduring for a quarter of a century, and marked the lines of the campaign beyond the power of shifty politicians to change.

What Have they Done.

The question has been repeatedly asked by Republicans "what has the Democratic party done for the country in the way of dealing out the finances of the people." They have done exceedingly well. The Democratic administration don't believe in adding and monopolizing every thing by low tariff. They believe in protecting the laboring men by paying them fair wages. They don't believe in importing rat eaters over in this country and perishing our native working men to death. That is Republican doctrine. Now, who would vote for Chinese Harrison, and the great monopoly, Levi P. Morton to ruin this country. Workingmen think of this and don't vote for no such men as Harrison and Morton, the two most dangerous weapons that the Republican party could have nominated to contest for the high office of public trust.—Goldsboro Mercury.

A Memphis darkey who stole a mule tried to engage a lawyer who once saved him from prison. The lawyer said he could not help him until he paid his fee in the former case. "Why, boss," exclaimed the disconsolate darkey, I stole that mule specially to sell him and pay you. At last accounts he was still without a legal adviser.

The veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac assembled in reunion at Gettysburg, Pa., Tuesday, week. A magnificent address was delivered by Mr. Geo. Wm. Curtis, the distinguished editor of Harper's Weekly.