

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.

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

Hats and Bonnets. Ribbons, Collars, Corsets, Bustles, Ruching, Veiling, &c., which will be sold cheap for CASH.

FURNITURE. CHEAP FOR CASH AT

M. E. CASTOR'S FURNITURE STORE.

Room Suites, Bureaus, Burial Cases, Caskets, &c.

HOMADE COFFINS, ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY.

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.

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.

For Sale Cheap, A SECOND HAND OMNIBUS with a capacity for twelve passengers, in good running order.

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.

MOOSE'S Blood Renovator. This valuable Remedy is adapted to the following diseases arising from an impure blood.

ICE FOR SALE. -AT-

D. D. JOHNSON'S DRUG TORRE. I will deliver at any time. Call and leave your order.

REMEMBER. Remember, when the timid dawn uncloses Her magic palace to the sun's bright beams; Remember, when the pensive night reposes Beneath her silvery veil in tender dreams; When pleasure calls thee, when the heart is light; When to sweet fancies shade invites at night; List, through the deep words ring Sweet voices murmuring Remember!

Remember, when beneath the cold ground lying, My broken heart forever is at rest. Remember, when some lonely flower is trying Its petals soft to open on my breast, Thou wilt not see me; but my soul, set free, Faithful in death, shall still return to thee.

ON SINAI'S SUBLIME SUMMIT. A Traveler's Picturesque Description of the Ascent of the Sacred Mount. The July Century opens with a paper called Sinai and the Wilderness, illustrated with photographs taken by the author, Edward L. Wilson.

Doekery, Walker and Luther Benson. I was amused while reading yesterday in the News and Observer the correspondence between Col. O. H. Doekery and Mr. Spier Whitaker with reference to a joint campaign between the candidates of the Democratic and Republican parties.

And won't somebody please ask Mr. Doekery why it was that in 1881, when he was stumping in the State in opposition to prohibition that he and his anti-prohibition friends would not divide time with one Luther Benson at Concord, but that after the Colonel had finished his speech against prohibition, on that occasion, he and his whiskey friends tried to keep the crowd from hearing Benson?

And then it would be well for some one to ask the colonel how it is, that after having fought prohibition on his own hook in 1881, and then again as the candidate of the Liquor Dealers' Association in 1882; and then again as the friend of Dr. York, the Liberal Anti-Prohibition candidate for Governor in 1884; how it is he has, all of a sudden, become so much interested in the Prohibition candidate for Governor.

He Died Game. MONTICELLO, N. Y., July 20.—Jack Allen was hung in the court house at 11.45 o'clock today for the murder of Ursula Ulrich at Jeffersonville, last October. Allen had an iron nerve and sang and prayed under the gallows in a strong clear voice.

Life Recollections by a Methodist Preacher. But few, if any, of our actions in this life, do not come back to us in some way, reminding and rewarding, or condemning us. How often do we find ourselves in trouble, and if we look back, we can see that it is the direct result of some mistake we made in our former life.

She Whipped Her Lover. Pretty Emelia Revere, an eighteen year old German maiden, who lives at Hamburg, is the heroine of a horse whipping episode that took place yesterday morning. Emelia looked for a time with fondness upon Gustave Zoman, an energetic young man of twenty seven, who resides at No. 114 Fourth Avenue, this city.

What this Year's Election Means. This year's great political fight, as every one knows, centers in New York. The call to arms has been sounded and the great opposing forces are getting their heavy artillery into position.

The Folly of Haste to be Rich. Chancellor Howard Crosby, one of the best preachers and best thinkers in New York city, has an article in the Forum for May, in which he says: "The greatest need of our land today is an education away from the fearful danger of a haste to be rich."

A Nice Minister. Last Sunday church goes in a small town in the western part of Minnesota were not a little surprised, when they settled in their pews, to see staring at them from the wall back of the preacher's desk the following card, written with charcoal on a piece of white cotton cloth: "Members of this church will refrain from wiping their foreheads with red bandanas during services until after the next presidential election, as such conduct would encourage Democrats present to cheer for Grover Cleveland and prove a serious interruption to the divine service."

Belva A. Lockwood is about to start out on her campaign tour. She is more confident of election than she was in 1884. If she had won in that year she intended to give both Elaine and Cleveland places in her Cabinet. She says that if she carries the election this year she will place Mr. Cleveland upon the Supreme Bench and give Mr. Harrison his choice of a Cabinet position or a foreign mission.—Anderson S. C. Intelligencer.

Some Advice to Boys. My son, you may not be missed a great deal by a very wide circle of people when you die. It won't be necessary for you to leave much money for a tombstone. The few people who love you, will know which mound covers your sleeping figure, and they can find it just as well by the ferns and grasses that wave about it; and a monument ninetyfeet high won't make strangers care for you, or make them love you, or make them remember you.

Gen. Stuart Shaved by a Bullet. The following incident is narrated by an officer on the staff of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, of the Confederate army. The operation was a neat one, but most men would rather be shaved with a razor than with a bullet.

Gen. Stuart, as usual, greatly exposed his own person on horseback by riding out of the wood into the open field, and I felt it my duty to say to him that in my opinion he was not in his proper place, as in a few minutes the whole fire of the enemy would be concentrated upon him.

In an instant the firing began, and three bullets struck the tree at just the height to show that, had I remained where I was they would certainly have gone through my body. Looking at Stuart, I saw him pass his hand quickly across his face, and even at that serious moment I could not help laughing heartily when I discovered that one of the numberless bullets that had been whistling around him had cut off half of his beloved mustache as neatly as it could have been done by the hand of an experienced barber.

Of course every one who desires to keep pace with this terrific and thrilling contest must read a newspaper published on the spot. People with Democratic instincts will naturally prefer the paper which is in the confidence of the united Democracy of New York—of the National Administration—and is the accredited representative paper of the National Democracy. We mean of course, the New York Star.

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Just how it happened Gustave could not tell. For days he lingered around the Revere household, undecided what course he should pursue. Finally he decided to persist in his suit, and yesterday morning he called upon the fair Emelia with the request that he again be taken into her good graces. He had in the meantime incidentally learned the name of his hated rival, and found that the latter had a much bigger cash capital and that this was the principal reason why she repelled him.

Gustave had already given Emelia the ring which would have joined them. As he mounted the steps that led to her house he bitterly thought of the fact.

He saw Emelia, however, and with an utterly utterness of yearning reminded her of her promise to marry him, and that the guests had already been invited for the marriage feast.

Emelia listened, then she told him that her mind had already been made up. Gustave could never be hers, as she loved another better. He would forever be her dear, dear brother, but Gustave stormed, then he swore, and finally Emelia got angry. She spurned his love with a vehemence that astonished him, and finally ordered him peremptorily from her presence.

Gustave refused. Emelia left the room a moment, then returned with a murderous looking horse whip. With little ceremony she raised it, then brought it down, not once or twice, but a dozen times on the hitherto devoted head of Gustave.

His agonizing cries brought a crowd to the scene, but Gustave had few friends among the number. Meanwhile the girl plied the horse-whip vigorously, and bleeding profusely, Gustave made his escape. He now contemplates taking out a warrant for the arrest of Emelia on a charge of assault. He is not yet satisfied, and swears that the end is not reached. He will pursue his rival to the ends of the earth, if necessary, and compel him to relinquish.

Dr. L. S. Burkhead of North Carolina Conference, was a noble man, and stood deservedly high among his brethren in the Church. He was always a delegate to the General Conference. He closed his useful life last winter, dying at the Conference, during its last session. I met him once at Nashville during the General Conference. We were so much alike that our best friends could scarcely tell us apart.

Once during the Conference, I was sitting in the Publishing House reading a book. A gentleman, whom I did not know, came in, and walking up to me, slapped me on the shoulders, and I said, "You are mistaken." He said, "Oh, now, don't try to fool me. Ain't this Dr. Burkhead?" I answered, "No, sir; take the doctor off one end, and the head off the other, and you will have it." He owned up and we shook hands. How easy to be mistaken in faces.—Macon Advocate.