

Table with 2 columns: Rate of Advertising, Price. Includes rates for one square, one insertion, one square, one month, one square, two months, one square, three months, one square, six months, one square, one year.

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. 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, Ruching, Veiling, &c., which will be sold cheap for CASH. Give me a call.

Respectfully, MRS. MOLLIE ELLIOT.

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. Old furniture repaired. M. E. CASTOR.

Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified as administrator of Erwin Allan, 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.

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.

ST. NICHOLAS THE WIGHNER.

Stood the tall Archange weighing All man's dreaming, doing, saying, All the failure and the gain, All the triumph and the pain, In the unimagined years, Full of hopes, more full of tears, Since old Adam's conscious eyes Backward searched for Paradise, And, instead, the flame blade saw Of inexorable Law.

In a dream I marked him there, With his fire-gold flickering hair, In his blinding armor stand, And the scales were in his hand; Mighty were they and full well They could poise both Heaven and hell.

"Angel," asked I humbly then, "Weighest thou the souls of men? That thine office is, I know." "Nay," he answered me, "not so, But I weigh the hope of man Since the power of choice began In the world of good or ill." Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place All the glories of our race, Cups that lit belshazzar's feast, Gems, the wonder of the East, Kublai's scepter, Czar's sword, Many a skill of science, vain To Make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw Things regardless, outcast, few, Matur-ash, arena-sand, Of St. Francis' cord a stand, Beechen cups of men whose need Fasted that the poor might feed, Dis-illusions and despair's Of young saints with grief-grayed hairs,

Broken hearts that break for man, Marvel through my pulses ran Seeing them the beam divine Swiftly on this hand decline, While earth's splendor and renown Mounted light as chaff down. —James Russell Lowell, in America.

Choice of Weapons.

Two years previous to the war business of a legal nature called me to Charleston. There was litigation over a legacy, and the feeling between the heirs was anything but pleasant.

The leader of those seeking to break the will was a middle aged South Carolinian of fiery temper, while the leader of those inheriting was a man from Ohio. It was made plain to me before I had been in Charleston two days that the contestants were determined to go to any length. The judge of the court was an old man who could be brow beaten and bluffed, their two lawyers were noted for the number of duels they had fought, and the heirs had no friends in or out of the court. I was at once approached with a direct offer to sell out. A person was sent to my room at the hotel to make me the offer, and within an hour after he was kicked out the enemy tried another move. The following note was sent to me through the office of the hotel:

MR. BLANK: I beg you to heed the warning of a friend. Withdraw from the case of Crane vs. Cox and save your life. You will surely be killed if you don't. I laughed at the idea. Had I arrived in Charleston to stir up trouble among the slaves I should have expected to take my chances of being knifed, shot or lynched, but if the contestants in a will case could drive me off by threats, or dared attempt my life, the times had come to a pretty pass. As I did not know who had sent the note I could not reply to it, nor did I let its contents bother my mind. It might have come from a friend, or it might be a ruse on the party of the enemy.

I had about four days to prepare for the opening of my case. It was on call for Tuesday. On Monday afternoon I had occasion to go to the public library to hunt up some dates and to look through the files of the Mercury. I was engaged in this work when a tall, slim representative southerner entered the room. He had long black hair, black eyes, dark complexion, and a nervous movement. After making a turn or two around the room he approached the table at which I stood and said:

"You have taken an unwarranted liberty, sir." "In what respect?" "Always come here at this hour to consult the files, and you have thrust yourself in to insult me."

"My dear sir, I was never in this room before today, and so far from being aware of your habit, I did not even know of your existence. I am through with the file, and am also about ready to vacate the room, which I suppose is public."

"There's my card, sir," he exclaimed, as he jerked a pasteboard

from his vest pocket and extended it.

The card bore the address "A. McKnight," New Orleans." It wasn't a bit singular that he had it handy to throw at me, for he had come prepared.

"Glad to meet you, sir," I said, as I read the address.

"You have insulted me and I demand satisfaction. A friend of mine will wait on you this afternoon."

With that he turned and walked off, leaving me completely upset. I sat down to think it over, and it did not take me long to come to the conclusion that it was the work of the contestants. They had imported a man, probably a professional duelist, to force me into a duel and have me killed off. He had entered the library for no other purpose than to force a quarrel, and a flimsier pretext for a duel I never heard of. I was a man of peace, and would have sacrificed much to keep out of trouble, but this thing fired my blood, and seized my hat and ran out of the street, determined if I could find McKnight to give him a better excuse for calling me out.

As luck would have it, I encountered him within a hundred steps. He was coming toward me, and as we met I gave him a vigorous slap across the mouth with my open hand. He reached for his pistol to shoot me down there, but I seized him by the shoulders and flung him against a dead wall with such a force that he was stunned. I walked off and left him lying there in a heap, and although I now realize that it was impossible for me to refuse a challenge, I was much better satisfied than before. —If I must fight there was some excuse for it.

In about two hours the leader of the contestants called upon me as the friend and second of McKnight. He was in an exultant mood. McKnight was a professional duelist, and I must fight at great odds or sneak out of the city and abandon the case. I think he counted on my making an abject apology and agreeing to leave the city, for he was greatly cast down when I said:

"I believe that dueling is another name for murder, but under present circumstances I shall sink my scruples and accept the challenge. Under the rules of the code I have the choice of weapons. Return here at nine o'clock in the morning and I will name the weapons and I will also be ready to proceed to the field."

He urged that no true gentleman would ask for any more than pistols at ten paces, but I was firm. The meeting was settled for the second morning at 8 o'clock, and the second went away to await my decision. Was I upset? Yes. Did I have a cowardly fear? No. It was a nightmare. My feelings were something like those of the man who knows he is to be led out to death at a certain date. I was just as firmly resolved to fight that man as I could resolve on anything, but the burden on my mind was enough to unstring every nerve. I was not shot with pistol or rifle, and I had never handled a sword. —He had every advantage in that respect. Two thirds of the day had passed before I made up my mind how we should fight. It would be certain death to both, but it was the only way to even up our chances. We should stand foot to foot, with the muzzle of the pistols at each others hearts.

When McKnight's second came for the decision, and I gave it to him he turned whiter than snow. He offered to accept any sort of an apology, and he finally offered to let the matter drop, but I refused in each and every instance. It was my turn to force things. The matter got out, somehow, as those things will. I had arranged the affair without a second, which was irregular, and gave them a loophole of escape. Then half a dozen different parties came forward with offers to act, and the duel had to go on, though it was twenty six hours later than the time originally agreed upon. —While I was forcing the issue all this time, I was suffering in a mental way as a man would who saw a cannon being loaded to send a shell after him. I drew up my will, wrote farewell letters and said good bye to the world, and when I at last stood face to face with my adversary I had been tortured into a determination to kill and be killed. Nothing he could

have offered me would have induced me to change my mind.

McKnight had fought seven duels and killed five of his men, but the terms of this one shook his nerves. He toed the mark on brandy instead of courage. His seconds had to fairly push him to the mark, and it was only at the last moment he showed anything like grit. We stood foot to foot, each pistol held against the other man, and then the seconds stepped back and we waited for the word. It came in a few seconds, but during that brief interval I suffered more than any soldier did in half a dozen battles. It was good bye to the world forever. It was death as soon as a trigger was pulled.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" exclaimed the man who was to give the word, but the word did not come. McKnight suddenly dropped his pistol, threw up his hands, and then fell down in a fit that kept him unconscious for three hours and in bed for a month. The torture had been too great. Within ten seconds of death he broke down, not to save his life, but because the limit of human endurance had been reached.

The Inequalities of Men.

M. Lapouge of Montpellier, has recently delivered before the Faculty of Natural Sciences in that town a series of lectures on inequalities among men, in the course of which he said that the political dogma of equality rests on hypotheses which are utterly false. He distinguished four social types among mankind:

1. The initiators, who show mankind the way into the region of the unknown, and who go in front. Restless and daring, with an intelligence which is at least equal to the average, men of this type do not travel readily along beaten tracks. New ideas are the breath of life to them. They spend their lives in new creations, they are often wrecked, but the true genius represents the most perfect form of this type. 2. Men of spirit, of intelligence, who, possessing no creative power themselves, yet carry out and perfect the ideas and discoveries of the first type, to which they are really the complement. 3. Men who, with much or little intelligence, can work only with others, who mistrust every new idea not accepted by all the others, but who seize it with avidity when their neighbors adopt it. If intelligent, these men are docile, but they dislike every change in routine, and they represent the dullness of the mass in the face of every reform. 4. Men of this type are not fit to attain even the smallest step in culture.

Evidently every man cannot be classed under one or other of these divisions. In human societies clear lines of demarcation do not exist, but for general purposes the distinction is sufficiently evident. The superiority of a race or nation depends on the greater or smaller number of men of the first two classes. The race which is richest in the first type is the blood dolichocephalic, and this has been the case even when the people among whom he lived were not of this kind. In Egypt, Chaldea, Assyria, Persia, India, and even in China men of this type ruled. In the Greek and Roman world it was the same, and it is still in our own day the rank of a nation corresponds with the strength of the blood dolichocephalic element. The Gallic and Frank elements which made France great were of this type, and it plays the same part in England, Germany, and America. Near these come the Semitic and Mediterranean races, who had reached a high grade of civilization when the blood dolichocephalic peoples were still savages. The remainder of mankind must be reckoned the passive races. The brachycephalic races of Europe, the Celto-Slavic rarely produce men of the first intellectual type. In the social changes of recent years brachycephalic men, who form the lower classes, have been elevated and brought forward, and herein, the lecturer thought, lies the great danger of the future deterioration of the French nation. —Scientific American.

Like master like man. When Candidate Harrison was in the United States Senate he voted against putting cotton ties on the free list. The Republicans in the house of Congress, following his example, did the same thing week before last. The farmers in the cotton States have very fine memories and they will be apt to remember not to vote for Candidate Harrison in November, nor for anybody else who is tarred with the same stick. —Lanmark

"Leaving His Party." One of the most encouraging "signs of the times" in political matters is to be found in the daily reports in journals of both parties of men who are "leaving their party."

A Democratic high protectionist in Brooklyn, in Cleveland or elsewhere announces that henceforth he will vote the Republican ticket. A Republican tariff reformer Chicago, New York or elsewhere announces that henceforth he will vote the Democratic ticket. That is in every case a good thing for the man and the country.

Our political controversies have been for too many years carried on personalities or prejudices; now they are to rest on policies and principles as they ought. High tax or low tax, high protection or low protection, surplus revenue—these are the issues. When a citizen declares that on these issues he will no longer adhere to the party with which he has been voting, but will join the other side, he does what he has a right to do and sets an example for all others.

The people of the United States are to decide in November whether they prefer high and needless taxes and a large and growing surplus revenue, or whether they prefer lower taxes, free raw materials for such languishing and almost ruined industries as that of the woolen manufacture, and cheaper clothing blankets, houses, furniture and tools. It is for the people to decide, and the party leaders of both sides will do well to instruct the voters thoroughly on this question.

It is a question in which every voter may rightly take a selfish interest, for it affects his individual pocket. When a prominent soap manufacturer in Brooklyn the other day abandoned the Democratic party and joined the Republicans he took—very properly, we hold—just this view. The Mills bill reduces the duty on the common washing soap universally used. That is an undoubted benefit to almost every man, woman and child in the country. But this wealthy soap manufacturer saw that the reduction would cut off some of his profits, and so he went over to the high tariff to the Republican party. That's all right. This campaign is to be worked out in the pockets of the voters. Whoever is interested in dear soap, in dear lumber, in dear clothing, in dear tools, in dear necessities of life generally, will and ought to vote with the Republicans. Those who would like their earnings to buy more of the comforts of life will vote with the Democrats. That is the issue. —New York Herald.

A Witty Lawyer.

I heard two stories of Pettigrew, of South Carolina, the great lawyer and unionist, which I have never heard before. He was practicing at one time before a judge who was a presbyterian of the strictest sect and a very hard-working officer. It came to the Monday Thursday, and Pettigrew and the episcopalian and Roman catholic thought they would like an adjournment of court over Good Friday. Pettigrew was selected to make the motion. "Your honor," he said, "I desire to move that the court adjourn over to-morrow over to-morrow, when the docket is so crowded?" asked the judge. "Because," said Pettigrew, "to-morrow is Good Friday, and some of us would like to go to church." "No," said the judge, decidedly, after a moment's thought, "the court will sit to-morrow, as usual." "Very well your honor replied Pettigrew, adding, as he turned away, "I know there is a precedent, for Pontius Pilate held court on the first Good Friday."

The same judge was a great stickler for etiquette, and when one hot July day Pettigrew came into the court room in a black coat and yellow nankeen trousers the judge took him sternly to task, asking him whether he did not know that the rules of that court required the counselors to appear in "black coat and trousers." "Well, your honor," said Pettigrew innocently, "I submit that I am within the rule, for I have on a black coat and trousers." Insisted the judge; black coat and trousers means that both shall be black. "Then," said Pettigrew, "I call your honor's attention to the fact that the sheriff of this court is in contempt of its rules, for they require him to attend upon its session in a cocked hat and sword, and while his hat seems to be cocked his sword certainly is not." The judge said no more about trousers.

The chairman of the House committee on foreign affairs in Congress has been authorized to report a bill providing for a permanent exposition of the Three Americas, in honor of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, under the joint auspices of the forty-six States and Territories and the sixteen independent nations of the American continent.

Perfume in Ancient Times.

The room in which an entertainment was given in olden times was always perfumed, either by burning incense or sprinkling the furniture with scented waters—an unnecessary measure, when we consider the lavish manner in which the guests were anointed. Each portion of the body had its appropriate oil or essence.

Mint was recommended for the arms; palm oil for the jaws and breast; the eyebrows and hair were anointed with an unguent extracted from marjoram; the knees and neck with the essence of ground ivy.

This last beneficial to drinking parties, as also was the perfume obtained from roses; the quince yielded an essence suitable to the lethargic and dyspeptic; the perfume extracted from vine leaves kept the mind clear, and that from white violets was good for digestion.

The fashion of anointing the head at baquets is said to have arisen from an idea that the heating effects of wine would be the better borne when the head was wet, just as a patient who labors under a burning fever is relieved by the application of a lotion.

Aristotle proved that his habits of observation had led him to a different and truer conclusion when he attributed the frequent occurrence of grey hair to the drying nature of the spices employed in the unguents. Socrates disapproved of all perfumes.

"There is the same smell," he said, in a slave and a gentleman, when both are perfumed—a remark that made little impression upon his pupil, Eschines, who turned perfumer, fell into debt, and attempted to borrow money upon the strength of his business. Alexander the Great was more attentive to the rebuke of his tutor, for his wasteful expenditure of incense in his sacrifices.

It will be time for you so to worship, his master told him, when you have conquered the countries that produce the frankincense. The king remembered the lesson, and when he had taken possession of Arabia, he dispatched a cargo of frankincense and myrrh in his old tutor.

Why Men Drink.

That wonderful humorist, Tom Hood, once remarked, "There are five reasons why men drink! Good wine, a friend, because they are dry, or at least they may be by and by, or any other reason why." The last is perhaps the most common reason. James Parton once headed an article, "Will the coming man drink?" but as he failed to answer the query we will express a decided opinion, that until the coming man learns to prize home, social family ties above all others, will he learn not to abuse his own organism. In Mr. Parton's practical remarks upon prohibition advocates would do note. He says: "As long as imperfections of humanity remain—unfitted to its surroundings and conditions so long evil and misery will continue, and men seek refuge in strong drink. Increase the sum of human happiness by whatever means possible, lessen the burden, and alleviate the woes of mankind, remove hunger, disease and pain by a better physical and moral education, and you will have plucked out the fangs of that dire monster—intemperance."

Postage Stamps.

Newspaper subscribers in all parts of the country should remember that small remittances can be made with postage stamps just as well as with the money or a money order, provided the stamps you send are of small denomination (one cent or two cents in size), and are not stuck fast to the letter paper. Every day we are obliged to tear and destroy stamps which have been adhered to the letter accompanying them, and these are a total loss. Just put them into the letter loose, and they will get here all right. Do not send stamps of larger size than two cents.

The Hon. John S. Henderson has secured the establishment of a number of new post offices and mail routes in his district. For the past two weeks he has accomplished something in this line every day. The Hon. W. H. H. Cowles has also done some good work in this direction.

The latest returns of the various branches of the International Sunday School union make the number of Sunday School teachers in the world to be 1,404,613 and the scholars 12,630,267.