

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY W. D. ANTHONY & J. M. CROSS. TERMS: ONE YEAR, CASH IN ADVANCE, \$1.25. SIX MONTHS, .75.

VOLUME I.

CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 31, 1888.

NUMBER 33.

Rates of Advertising: One square, one insertion, \$ 0.05. One square, one month, 1.00. One square, two months, 2.00. One square, three months, 2.50. One square, six months, 5.00. One square, one year, 9.00.

BRING YOUR WOOL TO THE Farmers' Store,

And have it shipped to the Gwyn-Harkets, Wolen Mills—"the best mills in the State"—and have your Blankets, Cassimeres, Jeans, Linsey and Knitting Yarns made. Comes first served first.

BELL & SIMS, Agts, N. B.—Highest prices paid for wool

GREAT VICTORY OVER HIGH PRICES! THE FIRST BIG DEAL OF THE SUMMER 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 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 right.

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. 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, 63m 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. 12 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 pleaded in bar of their recovery. GEO. C. HEGLER, Adm'r. By W. M. SMITH, Atty. 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.

WE'RE ALWAYS BOYS AT HOME.

The beautiful lines below were written by Col. C. L. Merrill, one of the editors of the Florida Times-Union, upon receiving a letter from his mother containing the following sentence. ("My Dear Boy—You are always boys at home—and scattered far and one in Missouri, another in Arkansas, the third in far off Florida, till I feel lone and almost broken hearted.")—A letter from the author's mother.]

Dear mother, I have wandered far, Far from the old roof-tree; And miles, by mountain, cliff and scar, Have parted you and me. Tho' storms may drive us where they will O'er land or ocean's foam, One happy thought may cheer us still.

We're always boys at home, Tho' time may s. this signet mark On heart, and hand, and brow; Tho' clouds may rise and skies grow dark

Even as they're growing now, Far from a mother's love and pride Our steps can never roam; Tho' men to all the world beside, We're always boys at home.

You're sitting by the dear old hearth, To-night with all its joys; Our mother, 'mid these scenes of mirth Is talking of "her boys!"

And oh, no happier spot is ours, Beneath heaven's sheltering dome, Where youth renews its golden hours, We're always boys at home.

The fabled fount by Leon sought, This side the stormy main, Lay, like a found dream fairly wrought, In his own Isle of Spain!

In vain the dreaming chemist turns The leaves of many a tome; The alembic, were the rule-ro burns, Is only found at home.

Dear mother, in this world of woe, Though sickle friends may flee, And though thy children's children grow In clusters round thy knee, Safe anchored in thy tender heart, Thy grown up boys may come, And claiming childhood's dearest part, May still be boys at home.

A mother's homely sunshine spread, A sister's trust and truth; A father's benediction shed, Renewes immortal youth, There, safe from every toil and care, A selfish world and cold, We'll meet in other years, for there We nevertmore grow old.

A. H. PROPST, Architect and Contractor.

Plans and specifications of buildings made in any style. All contracts for buildings faithfully carried out. Office in Caton's building, up stairs. 13

For Sale Cheap, A SEOND 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., I 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. Pector, 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 a great protection from attacks that originate in changes of climate and season. For sale at Fetzer's Drug Store.

ICE FOR SALE

—AT—

D. D. JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE

I will deliver at any time. Call and leave your orders.

see, I am on the side that sees only swindle.

When my daughter died, I took home her three children. After that, when my daughter-in-law died, I adopted her two. So I have a family. I could not afford it, but there was nothing else to do. Now, the cost of clothing, shoeing, and furnishing hats for these little folks, so that they may not only be comfortable, but decent enough to attend the common schools, makes up no small item. I calculate the five cost me, in money expended at the stores in Middleburg, some two hundred dollars. Of this a hundred and seventy-five go on the backs of my poor children, and twenty-five into the pockets of the protectionists.

All the purchases made by us farmers are at the village, where a year's credit is given. When our crops come in we deliver our grain at the railroad depot, and getting checks for same, go around and settle—that is, so far as the money from our products enables us to do so. Every year the sum that remains unpaid grows larger. We have: then to hustle round, sell wool, sell hogs, sell anything to make up this difference. The worst of all are the township, county, and State taxes. These have to be paid, and two-thirds, yes, three-fourths of the mortgages on farms originates in these.

Now, if I could have the two hundred and odd dollars extorted from my poor little farm of one hundred and sixty acres, I could about make both ends meet. And what an infernal outrage it is that I, and other farmers like myself, should have this extortion fastened on us, for which we get absolutely nothing in return!

We are told of a home market. We have heard of that home market for twenty-five years, but have never seen it. Small wonder! for all the people takes, they tell us, from agricultural pursuits, there is not one who eats more or less than he did before. And as for lessening the number of producers, the emigration from Europe puts in three men for every man taken out. It is an old sort of a protection that protects labor against the pauper in Europe, but not from the thousands pouring in upon our shores every year.

The home market don't work. It costs me, as it does any other farmer in this locality, one dollar to plant, grow, cut, thrash, and get into the granary one bushel of wheat.

The home market, as the thing is called, gave me last harvest sixty cents a bushel. This coming harvest I expect fifty cents—for this is the rate of decline; and all my other products suffer the same loss. This sort of thing never occurred with the foreign market.

This, however, is all false. There is no more market today than there was fifty years ago; and there can't be. After the people at home have consumed our products to their utmost capacity, there remains a heavy surplus that has to find its market abroad or rot on our hands. This market abroad fixes the prices at home, so that no law of Congress can lessen or add one cent. When they talk about taking laborers from farming and putting them at other pursuits, they don't help us, for these same consumers were consumers before. As for lessening the number of producers, as I have said, these people get pauper labor from Europe for less than they would have to pay native farmers; and get them to pay do. These miners and manufacturers, after squeezing all they can out of us by law, proceed to squeeze labor; and they do that by drawing on the labor of Europe.

I am but a short distance, as a crow flies, from the Hocking Valley coal mines. I saw the native Americans driven out by Welsh and Irish. These in turn were crowded out by Poles, Bohemians, and Italians. These in turn, as they object to being starved to death, are threatened by negroes; and we should have Chinese did not the law forbid. So far as I can find out, the poorest paid labor in the United States is protected labor. Mining work never was skilled labor, and owing to the improvements in machinery, manufacturing has ceased to be of that sort. Even a girl or child can stand by and regulate the machine.

I said the protected labor was the poorest paid. I must qualify that. There is very little difference between that and farm labor. At the rate we have been sinking in the last twenty-five years, in the next twenty-five we shall see labor little better than the old serfdom of Russia. We are coming to the eighteen dollars a year, and the sheepskin coat. And as the right honorable

official protectionists address us now, in our distress, as their dearly-beloved farmers, I suppose when in our misery dying, as their miners and mill operatives die, of want, they will still give us this taffy. And why? Because we vote. They treat their own laborers rough because they know there are so few of them it can make no difference. But if we farmers were to get up in our wrath, we would make short work of them at the polls. I don't know whether this will ever occur, for we are ignorant and stupid, preferring the right honorable protectionists' taffy to common sense.

Let our agriculturists comprehend the true working of this protective system and its region will be short. Let us look at it. I have a few hogs, a bunch of sheep, some corn, and more wheat. How I have ploughed, planted, fattened, and cured for these tells a story of hard labor and exposure scarcely known to any other pursuit. Now, why have I thus toiled through the year? Certainly from no philanthropic motive. I have done so simply to secure a market; no more, no less. Does this paternal government sympathize with me? Not much! Congress is in session the larger part of the year. Does Congress do anything for the farmer? Sometimes a member makes a speech in which he bespatters us with flattery. And every year the President sends in a message in which he speaks of farming being the great underlying prosperity of the land. Do any of them concern themselves about our markets? Again I say, not much! And yet the most influential committee of the House, that of the Ways and Means, is in almost perpetual session to hear, consider, and devise how the mining and manufacturing interests are to secure a profit therefor through law of Congress, instead of leaving these interests to the trade law of supply and demand. If a delegation of farmers were to go before that committee and say, "We are losing, not money, but our labor, and we cannot live on the prices of this market of your making;" the delegation would be told—that the great American system of protection was devoted to fostering mining and manufacturing industries, and when that was done the farmers would reap a consequential good which the committee hoped they would be patriotic enough to accept. And when the door closed on the disgusted delegation, a roar of laughter would go up over the "hay-seeders."

Now, let us see how the system works as to the farmer? His market is a foreign one. All the surplus that is over the home demand goes to Europe, where our Congress has no jurisdiction, and where the price is fixed, not only for what is sold there, but for all that is sold at home. This is free trade. He is free to sell, without tax or charge, wherever he finds a demand. And in this market he comes in contact with the lowest form of pauper labor known to the world. How is it when he comes to buy? It is protection. Every article of clothing, every material that goes to give him a shelter, all that is necessary to carry on his work, is increased, as to price, or twice or thrice its value. He then buys under protection and sells under free trade.

Small wonder the poor man stands agast in the midst of his overfilled fields, and sees the very ground slipping from beneath him, as, year by year, this fearful abuse goes on. To meet his loans he borrows money on mortgage, in the vain hope that the next season's crop may prove more prosperous, pay him out, and save his poor home and few acres to his family. That season never comes. I read a story once of a man confined to solitary imprisonment in a round tower in which was a circle of windows. The victim woke every morning to the fact that his prison grew smaller by the disappearance of a window, till, at last, the mysterious walls of death closed in on him. This is the farmer; and the poor fellow cannot understand the awful system that slowly but surely contracts about him with its worse than death; for it is perpetual servitude to his children's children, wrought out by a government that was built above him by the patriotic fathers for the sole purpose of affording him and his equal rights under the law.

I am writing this as any other old man would who suffers in himself a public wrong, while I know there are thousands of abler pens engaged in exposing the crime. If found worthy of publication, I hope you will correct the sentences so as to make them readable, for my stiff fingers and dull head are not accustomed to this sort of work.

[CONCLUDED ON 4TH PAGE.]

THE PROSPEROUS SOUTH.

Indications of a Season of Such Activity, as has Never been Known Before.

Manufacturer's Record.

The indications for a season of great activity in the trade and manufacturing interests of the South are exceedingly favorable. Rarely, if ever before, has the prospect been so promising. The corn and cotton crops of 1887 were the largest ever produced in the South, and, as good prices were realized, the farmers found themselves at the beginning of 1888 in a much better financial condition than for many years.

Blessed as the farmers of the South were last year with abundant crops, present indications point to a season of still greater agricultural prosperity. The yield of fruit and vegetables has been unprecedentedly heavy, and the shipments North have taxed the carrying capacity of the railroads. The yield of wheat in most of the Southern States, especially in those in which it is a leading crop, such as Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, &c., has been phenomenally large, and the aggregate yield for the South will doubtless be the greatest on record. Moreover, the shortage in the Western wheat crop has enhanced values, and Southern farmers are obtaining much better prices than a year ago.

The average of corn and cotton is unusually heavy, greater even than 1887, when the largest crops ever raised in the South were produced, and so far in the season the indications point to larger yields also than last year. The corn crop is almost made and this year the Southern farmers will have less Western corn to buy than for many years. In fact, the South will almost be self-supporting in the corn line. While the cotton crop has many dangers yet to meet, its conditions up to the present is almost all that could be asked, and it is only reasonable to look for a good crop, with a strong probability of a yield equaling even the splendid outturn of 1887. The cotton manufacturing interests of the entire world are in such flourishing condition that the heavy crop of 1887 has been absorbed at good prices and stocks are smaller than even a year ago. Under these circumstances it is but fair to look for a continued active demand at profitable prices for all the cotton which the South will produce this year, even if we should again have a 7,000,000-lb. crop.

The prosperous condition of the agricultural interests is, however, only one of the features of the brilliant promise of the south. Two years ago millions of dollars were invested in the building of new furnaces, foundries, rolling mills and kindred enterprises. Many of these great enterprises have been under construction, yielding no profit, but virtually locking up all the money thus invested. Now they are all getting into operation, and before 1888 ends there will be such an enormous production of manufactures in the South as would have seemed impossible five years ago. From mines and furnaces, rolling mills and foundries, car works and pipe works, cotton mills, wood-working establishments and industrial enterprises of almost every variety, millions of dollars' worth of manufactured goods are being turned out to help swell the tide of Southern prosperity. All of this is creating a vast amount of profitable employment for laborers, and the South is rapidly becoming a live of industry. Heretofore thousands and tens of thousands were idle for a greater part of the year, because there was no work to do; employment could not be had. Now there is work for all in many parts of the South, and the industrial development now in progress is rapidly hastening the day when no man need be idle because of the lack of work. The combination of great agricultural prosperity—great at least as compared with any other year since the war—and vast manufacturing and railroad interests, bringing wealth to the laborer and the capitalist alike, is rapidly making the whole South rich. And unless all signs fail, or some widespread disaster overtakes the cotton crop during the coming month, we may look for a season of such business activity as the South has never known before.

"I knew that you love me," she said, "because when I lay my head against your breast your heart beats so loud that I can hear it." "That," gasped the poor fellow, as the truth dawned upon him, "that is not my heart; that's my Waterbury watch."

Pontius Pilate.

The share which Pontius Pilate took in the greatest crime that has been committed since the world began, has given him an unenviable and never-dying notoriety. A German legend informs us that he was the son of Tyms, King of Mayence, and that he was sent to Rome as a hostage, and became guilty of murder. He was then sent to Pontius, where he subdued the barbarous tribes, receiving in consequence the name of Pontius, and afterwards went to Sudea as the resident Governor of that province. His residence was at Cesarea, but during the great feast at Jerusalem he took up his abode in the palace of Herod, in the northwestern part of the city. This palace was adorned with two colossal marble wings, facing eastward toward the temple and the Mount of Olives. One of these wings was the entrance of the praetorium, the place where Jesus was before Pilate. This historic building is one of the great attractions at the Cyclorama of Jerusalem on the day of Crucifixion. The observer is near the marble wing, and can see the porch before which the populace assembled and called for Pilate, who appeared to consider their accusations. The Cyclorama portrays the place scourging, the road to the cross, and all the buildings that are prominently mentioned in connection with the trial of our Saviour. Tradition informs us that Pilate sought to hide his sorrow on the mountain by the lake of Laccorn; and that after spending years of remorse in its recesses he plunged into the lake on the summit, thus ending his despair. According to the popular belief, "a form is often seen to emerge from the gloomy waters, and go through the action of one washing his hands; and when he does so dark clouds of mist gather first round the bosom of the Infernal Lake and then, wrapping the whole upper part of the mountain in darkness, presage a tempest or hurricane, which is sure to follow in a short space."

The Greatest Enter on Record.

In the "Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales," Dr. Percy tells of a soldier named Tarare. This man was born near Lyons, and came up to Paris, where his first exploit was to eat a basket of apples at a friend's expense. On various occasions he swallowed a series of coals and other indigestible materials, which produced such violent colic that he was obliged to attend the Hotel Dieu, and while being examined almost managed to swallow the watch-chain and seals of the surgeon-in-attendance, M. Giraud. On the occasion of one of these attacks of colic it was necessary to open his stomach, and the doctor proceeded to arrange his instruments accordingly. Tarare, however, found an opportunity to run away, and relieved himself by taking copious draughts of warm water. Soon after he found that his appetite had really increased to an excessive amount, probably owing to the irritation produced by these absurd tricks. At seventeen years of age, when only weighing one hundred pounds, he could eat twenty-four pounds of beef in as many hours. He now entered the army, and being recognized by Surgeon Major M. Courlelle, of the Ninth Regiment of Hussars, was detained for the sake of curiosity. From the day of his admission he was ordered quadruple rations, with pickings and waste meat but often slipped into the dispensary and laid hands on anything eatible. One day he was observed to seize a large cat, and after sucking his blood left in a very short time only cleanly picked bones, the hair being rejected in the course of half an hour like that of other carnivora. He was found of serpents and eels, swallowing them whole. On another occasion he consumed in a few minutes a repast spread for fifteen German work people, of milk, etc., after which he was blown out like a balloon in the presence of some officers who swallowed at one sitting thirty pounds of liver and lights. His insatiable appetite was for once in his life made useful by his being selected to carry a correspondence between General Beauchassis and a French colonel, which was inserted in a box and swallowed; but he was caught and soundly thrashed. On one occasion he fell under suspicion of having eaten a child fourteen months old. It is affirmed that he was of mild and gentle manners and aspect. After death his stomach was found in a very diseased condition.—London Standard.

W. W. Scott, Jr., editor of the Lenoir Topic, has recovered from his late attack of sickness.

The Maxton Union commends the Sea Coast Road for its resolve to discontinue the running of Sunday trains.

Chatanooga's new Directory shows a population of 46,000.

Oh, mothers, do not fold your hands across your empty lap and say at fifty: "The story is told."

home has been so all-absorbing that outside interests have fallen away from you, find the broken thread, or take up a new one, and you will soon find yourselves among the world's creatures. The Summer sunshine went with the children, but your Autumn may be long and bright, and with real "halcyon days" here and there. Bury your sorrow. Do you know why your neighbor Mrs. Gray, is liked by everybody and popular wherever she goes? Because she never talks about her troubles, or better still, denies that she has any. Nothing is gained by telling your grief to others. Thee keep it to yourself. A smoldering fire can be found and extinguished but when coals are scattered, you can't pick them up. Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and disgusting things is under the ground. A cut finger is not benefited by pulling off the plaster and exposing it to somebody's eye. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are cured without scar; but, once published and confided to meddling friends there is no end to the troubles they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient; and, when a sorrow is healed and passed, what a comfort it is to say, "No one ever knew it till it was over!"—Exchange.

A Sympathizing Brother.

The congregation of a church at Elk Rock where much shocked upon hearing that their preacher had departed under most creditable circumstances. On the following Sunday it seemed to hush up the scandal, and under great restraint, many uninteresting conversations were held, merely to prove that the members of the church could rise above sensational gossip. Just before the service were closed Brother Elijah P. Brookrod arose and said: "Brethren and sisters, since we last met in this house something which seems to cast a gloom over which we have occurred. We were all much attached to our minister, and we have lost him, and I now propose that we offer up a prayer for the wanderer."

A sensational wave swept over the audience. Another brother arose and, turning to Elijah P. Brookrod, said: "I am astonished that you should desire this congregation to pray for our erring minister—you, above all others?"

"Why?" "Because he ran away with your wife."

"Yes, I know," Elijah replied, "and that is the reason why I think that he will need our prayers."

A Cat's Memory.

P. J. Beals has a cat which weighed 14 pounds. When a little kitten he was carried from the store, to the house in a basket. When ready to start all that was required was to open the lid of the basket and kitty was always on hand. After a time this method of transportation was abandoned, but the other day it occurred to Mr. Beals as he picked up the basket to try the cat and see if two years or more he had forgotten the old method of transportation. Opening the lid of the basket he was soon convinced that cats have a good memory, for, though a tight squeeze, Lion was soon in his old position and curled down as ready to be carried as in his young days.—Belfast Journal.

Mr. A. was a very timid man, but was accustomed to ask a blessing at meals in a mumbling sort of way when only his own family were present. He always omitted the ceremony, however, if any visitors were at the table. One day, when a friend was dining with the family, the little four-year-old daughter, after bowing her head a few moments and hearing nothing, innocently asked: "Papa, aren't you going to make that funny little noise in your throat that you sometimes do before we began to eat?"

The Society Editor's woes.

Please send us the names of your friends visiting you, as it is trouble for us to have to ask every member of your family. "Who's that visiting you and your folks?" and the answer is, "Great Goddernity, don't you know anything, and you in the newspaper business, too?" We don't know your cousin Mollie from your uncle Billie.

The Robesonian says the Lumber-ton Presbyterian Church is again vacant. Its preacher, Rev. Walter Johnston has gone to Canada.

F. N. Strudwick, Esq., is on his feet again and is arranging to take part in the canvass. He is one of the most eloquent speakers of the State.