

BRING YOUR WOOL TO THE Farmers' Store,

And have it shipped to the Gwyn-Harkets, Wolen Mills—the best mill 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 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, 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

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

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.

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.

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 two 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., 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 r. 2u. By W. G. MEANS, At May 4, 1888.

MOOSE'S Blood Renovator,

This valuable Kennedy is adapted to the following diseases arising from an impure blood. Eruptive and Cutaneous diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples, Tetter, Ringworm, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Yecreudal, and all diseases of like character. It is an Alterative or Restorative of Tone and Strength to the system, it wards off protection from attacks that originate in changes of climate and season. For sale at Fetzner's Drug Store

ICE FOR SALE

D. D. JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE

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

CORN REIGNS AN KING. The Sovereign is as Pretty as He is Powerful.

Whoever may be president, corn is king. The Board of Trade has always admitted it, the railway companies know it, and the farmers know it, and the farmers cannot forget it. All the other cereals bow allegiance to corn. Had the soil of North America refused to yield corn, Great Britain would still be our sovereign country. Chicago would be a desert marsh by the side of an unknown lake. The Pacific slope would be an undiscovered country. The progress of Western civilization would be retarded half a century. Corn has built more miles of railroad, erected more buildings, clothed and fed more people than any other product of American soil. Corn built Chicago, and when Chicago was reduced to ashes, corn rebuilt her. Yet there are people in Chicago and many other places who wouldn't recognize a stalk of growing corn if they saw it.

Aside from its utility, the growing stalk and the ripened ear of corn have an interest second to hardly anything else the soil produces. Both the artist and the architect use them in their creations as emblems of strength and symmetry. It might be said further, without stretching the truth, that the cornstalk has a recognized value in the realm of music, for who has not heard of the cornstalk fiddle?

But seriously, the growing stalk of corn is one of the most graceful and beautiful of all the plants nourished by the bosom of mother earth. It is a little timid and shrinking at first. It is distrustful of Jack Frost, for it knows that Jack dearly loves to take a passing nip at its tender green shoots. And with prophetic appreciation of a possible ultimate existence in liquid form it does not like water. If the soil be wet and cold it turns yellow with spleen, and dies untimely; but if the sun smiles and the earth absorbs his brightness the little plant braces up right speedily and grows lusty and strong. By the first of June on the mellow ridges it is as high as your knee, and it seems to nod its delight as the passing cultivator throws a furrow of soft, moist earth over its roots. During July it grows an inch during the night, and during the day you can almost see it grow. If there is no drought and the first days of August are hot and sultry you may pass through the field and actually hear the corn grow. The term has often been used to indicate the limit of exaggeration, but it is positively true that you can hear corn grow on a hot day in August. The intense heat hangs over the field in quivering lines, and the waving blades absorb it as burning sand licks up water. Earth and air are drawn upon to the utmost, and they respond so readily that the green strikes swells and strains at its armor-like covering till the latter groans a plainly audible protest. If you have heard this peculiar rending sound while passing through a cornfield on a hot day in August you can truthfully say that you have "heard corn grow."

It has already been said that Chicago was built and rebuilt by corn. It may also be said that many of our best citizens are corn-men of Chicago business life are from Western cornfields. The barefoot boy dropped the four seed kernels into the cross made by the marker and begrudged the hired man the sturdier business of covering them with a hoe. He put on boots and manipulated the hoe, burning with envy of the youth with down on his lips who drove the marker. Then he drove the marker himself, rode the two-horse cultivator on long daily crusades against weeds, and hauled fifty bushels in a day on a wager with the hired man, who could only place forty-eight to his credit. He is a progressive youth, and suddenly discovers that the end of corn is not to be husked and taken to market, but that it is really the beginning; that its future career is to build railroads and cities and colossal fortunes. So the youth throws down the hoe, adjures the cultivator, pulls off his husking gloves and arrives in Chicago, a subject of King Corn. You see him now every day. He is a director of the board of trade, and is worth half a million; corn did it. He is a pork-packer and can break a bank; it is corn that did it, for without corn there would be no pork to pack. He is a wholesale grocer, dry goods, clothing, lumber, iron, agricultural implement merchant,

and lives live a prince; and corn did it; for but for corn there would have been nothing to receive in return for goods. The streets are paved with corn.

These corn-mac men and this corn-made city are as much to the endless Western cornfields as the cornfields are to them. No amount of improvement of the waterways, supplemented by the puny railway enterprises of a New Orleans, a St. Louis, and a Kansas City, could provide for the marketing of the annual product of the 72,392,720 acre American cornfield. So Chicago became a necessity to corn as corn is now a necessity to Chicago. Her lines of railroad, radiating in all directions, like long spokes in an immense wheel, permeate every portion of the big cornfield. They are like huge arteries in the winter and spring, transmitting a warm life current, which returns in the fall through the main flood-gate at the foot of Lake Michigan, a deluge of plenty that reaches every part of the world.

One billion, four hundred and fifty-six million, one hundred thousand bushels of corn in 1887; year received, \$646,000,000. This year there will be 100,000,000 bushels at the least, and people at home and abroad are crying for it. Corn is a pure type of democracy; it has none of the affected aristocratic whims and privileges of wheat. It is for the masses, and the masses are for corn—a more popular monarch never reigned. Think of his generosity? This year the train which conveys his gifts to his subjects, and will pass through Chicago, will contain nearly 3,000,000 cars, each loaded to the brim. This train will be hauled by 50,000 locomotives, and will reach around the globe. So heavily loaded a train must needs travel slowly; it will require a whole year in which to pass through Chicago. And it will stop over here longer than anywhere else. The engine will water and coal up here, and several million bushels will be thrown off for the use of citizens; for even the butcher, the baker, and the candlestickmaker of Chicago, have contributed to the glory of King Corn.

One of the chief delights of the man who as a youth abandoned the hoe and two-horse cultivator to come here and help build Chicago—for, as has already been intimated, they are the men who built the fastest and strongest—is to make a flying visit through the big cornfield a this season of the year. It is a duty as well as a pleasure. His practiced eye can tell at a glance whether the yield will be large or small, and not all the momentous questions of the government are of such weighty importance as a foreknowledge regarding the yield of corn. Yet, as the train whirls past mile after mile of the triumphant, gracefully waving plant, its utility is apt to be forgotten. No country or climate can match the view unfolded before him. An Iowa cornfield is a panorama without a blemish. The exhausted soil of the eastern states yields a grudging store of "nubbins" and the stunted stalk bends beneath the disgrace of its fallen estate. For two hours the express train whirls an Iowa green ocean of corn, where in not a hill is missing; its towering stalks would afford secure ambush for an army of 1,000,000 men, mounted and foot—artillery, ambulances, mule trains and stragglers; every maturing ear—and these are two to a stalk and four stalks to the hill—is a foot in length, and has a lusty fringe of brown sicken whiskers, sprayed with yellow pollen; the ignominious name of "nubbins" is unknown in the land.

Surfeited with the beauty of the scene, the Chicago corn made man leans back in his parlor coach chair and foots up long columns of figures. "Sixty bushels per acre," he says—"sixty bushels." The rattling car wheels repeat the refrain—"Sixty bushels, sixty bushels"

The corn-made man returns from his flying trip. He outlines the fall campaign in wholesale groceries; he sends out his drummers with samples of fall styles in bonnets; he sends out thousands of circulars descriptive of his farm wagons with extra high sideboards; he stands four hours a day on the floor of the Board of Trade; everything he does is based on one immutable principle: Then, let's see. Have I been carried off my feet by corn and Chicago? Well, come to think it, corn is king every where in the great West at least. Even now down at Sioux City the corn palace is in process of construction, and the 1888 palace will outshine the palace of 1887. The exposition in the palace will open September 24 and continue until October 6.

And still I say, "Corn is King." J. K. HENDERSON.

MOUNTAIN COURTIN

A Racy Pen Picture of a Hoosier Pair. Special Cor. to the Sentinel.

I have been tramping through the mountains. From Ashville I went down to Morganton and then made a bee line toward Tennessee in a northwestern direction. There are folks and folks in these mountains. Some of them are educated, refined and wealthy. Others are simple and poor. One night about 7 o'clock we struck a cabin away off in the wilds. I'm not going to tell the Sentinel's readers where it was but suffice it to say that a railroad whistle had never been heard within twenty miles and bustles were an unknown luxury.

Well, I was made welcome in good old mountain fashion to the cabin of Washington Jefferson Andrews (his wife called him "Wash" for short) and soon felt comfortable.

Andrews had a daughter about 20 years old and I soon understood that she was to be married next day. Indeed, the lucky young man was on the ground and waiting. He was a six-footer, slim as a toothpick, awkward as a calf, and dead in love. The girl was more shy, but not to be bluffed by my presence. When I entered the front door, the young man, who answered to the name of Davy, ran out of the back. He felt confused and embarrassed, and taking his seat on a log about thirty feet from the house, he hid his face as much as possible behind a sapling. Andrews called to him, then Mrs. Andrews called, but he put his finger in his mouth and would not come. Then his Susan went out and said:

"Now, Davy, what's the scrimmage? He'n hasn't come here to hurt we 'uns," "I ain't scart." "Then come along in. All of us'll be ashamed of ye." "Got a headache," said Davy, as he hung back. "Honest?" "Yes, o'rlit honest. Feels like it 'ud split." "Shucks! You's-bashful. You's afraid he'll poke fun at we'uns! But he won't, Davy. Pop's dun told him we're to jine, and he says it's right. He'n won't luff, Davy." "Fur shore?" "Fur snake shore. Come, in Davy."

She came leading him by the hand, and I did my best to put him at his ease. In this I succeeded so well that after dinner he took me into his confidence. We were lying under a tree, and I had given him the first cigar he ever saw, when he suddenly said:

"Would you—you—run away?" "What! From getting married?" "Yes." "No sir-ee! You're a lucky man to get such a girl as Sue." "But folks'll luff." "Let'em laugh." "And wink and titter and make fun." "Poo! What of it?" "It's just awful, but maybe I kin do it. I've killed b'ars and rattlers and wildcats, and I've had fights and rows, but this skeers me."

I got him braced up after an hour's talk, and then we took a cut through the woods to see the new cabin which had been erected for the bridal couple. It was an humble structure made of poles, with no door to the doorway and no sash to the window. The ground was beaten down hard for a floor, there was a rude fireplace at one end, and a bedstead had been made of poles laid in crochets. Davy's mother had given him a bear skin, a kettle, a skillet and jug, and these were placed in one corner. Susan's parent had given her a pan, a kettle, three tin plates, two spoons two knives and forks and a bottle of vinegar, and these were placed in another corner. That was the whole outfit.

The mountaineers were my friends. They had gone to every trouble to oblige me, and here was an opportunity to requite their kindness. There was a genuine country store about a mile away, and I got rid of Davy and went down there. I had a little talk with the storekeeper and wrote out a list of things and tendered the pay, and his voice actually trembled as he said: "Twelve hull dollars!" "Stranger, ye can't mean it!" "Oh, but I do." "And all a free gift to Dave and Sue! Wall, it beats sar-

pints! 'Deed it beats b'ars and wildcats! Put it thar, stranger! I've seed strange things in my time, but this clutters me!

That evening Andrews and his wife had to go over to sit up with a sick neighbor, leaving me alone with the lovers. After the splutter had been lighted Sue said to me: "You won't keer, will you? About what?" "And pop said you wouldn't luff nor titter." "What?" "Dave and me is goin to coart. Go right ahead, my dear girl. I am very near-sighted and hard of hearing and you needn't be afraid of me." "They sat down on the door sill, and after a minute Dave queried: "Hain't nobody lookin' be thar?" "Guess not." "Then I'm goin' to! No You han't!" "But I must, cause I orter!" "He put his arm around her waist and there was long silence. Then he said: "Kin I squeeze your hand?" "Noap." "But I orter." "Well, mebbe." "And you han't kissed me for an hour." "David!" "But I orter be kissed. And you orter be kissed." "I can't consider." "But you orter. Nobody'll see."

Well, mebbe you know best. Course I know best. Haven't I killed b'ars and wildcats? Sartin, for I seed their hides. Don't sot way off thar, Susan. Sot clusser.

Noap. But you orter. Your pop would say you orter. Hain't we most married? "Well, mebbe I orter." "We's gwine to be crackingly happy." "Yes." "Never git mad?" "Noap." "I went off to bed and left them there, and I shouldn't wonder if they put in most of the night at it. At about ten o'clock next morning the people began to drop in, and at eleven the marriage took place. The groom had a weak spell, but I braced him up, and when the fatal noose was adjusted and the trap sprung his conduct was fair to medium. After dinner we formed in procession and escorted them to their new home. Almost everybody had come laden with a present of some sort. In the centre of the cabin was my surprise, and no crowd of people were ever so dumfounded. Mrs. Andrews drew the articles out, and it took every one's breath away as she shouted:

"Real tea and coffee and salaratus! And here's cotton cloth and pins and thread! And here's sugar and molasses and soap! And here's crockery—real crockery—and knives and forks and spoons and!" "But all the women were crying by that time, and all the men were trembling with excitement. They laid it onto me, and I had to own up, and then Andrews called out:

"Yere—Dave, Sue—git right down on yer knees and sw'ar to the stranger that you'll pot-luck with him an' his'n as long as grass grows and water runs, and may the Lord never desert him!" "And who could ask for a greater reward?"

The fine broadcloth which the rich man wears pays a tax of 50 per cent; the cottonwarp Melton worn by the poor man pays a tax of 150 per cent. Yet workmen are coolly told by the organs of Monopoly and by the leaders of a great political party that this inequality must not be corrected. Under the Mills bill rich and poor alike would pay a 40 per cent. tax on their clothing. Charlotte Chronicle.

Mr. Cox on the Potato. In reply to a letter addressed to him by the editor of the Syracuse Courier, requesting him to ascertain definitely whether potatoes were on the "free list" in the Mills bill, the Hon. S. S. Cox writes as follows: "I have your letter. Potatoes are not affected by the Mills bill. Put that down sure, and salt it. The toothsome potato has the acetic of the government all over it. Every eye of the potato glistens with delight because it is protected."

Danbury, Conn., September 7.—Reports from various parts of the State show wide spread damage by last night's frost to corn and tobacco. The damage to the tobacco crop in Connecticut Valley, is estimated at thousands of dollars.

Traffic in Worms.

A number of people in New York city find an extensive and profitable business in selling sand worms to fishermen for bait. One merchant of this commodity has sold in the busy season as many as 30,000 worms in a week. There are two varieties, the sand worms or blood worms as they are commonly called, and the white worms.

The blood worms are much more plentiful than the white, running in the ratio of 100 blood to one white. The blood worms are found on a rocky beach, and in sand in which there is considerable vegetable matter. This variety is obtained along the north shore of Long Island, in the vicinity of Fort Hamilton and along the shores of Staten Island. The white worms are found in clean, white sand, along the south side of Long Island, Sandy Hook, and the coast of New Jersey.

Both varieties are dug at low tide. When the weather is hot they come up to the surface, and when it is cold they go down deeper. They are about six inches long; the white worms rather flat, blunt at both ends, and lined along the side with a short fringe; the blood worms smooth, more pointed, round, resembling very closely the earth worms found in rich soil.

Thousands of people are engaged in digging them, and make a good living in supplying the market for them. An entire family devotes itself to the work, earning \$28 to \$30 a week. A single man has earned at times, \$12 a day by digging and selling those worms.

There is a great demand for them, and it sometimes happens that a dealer is not able to fill his orders. The dealer referred to has a box full of telegrams and letters from Ocean Beach, Asbury Park, Philadelphia, Newburg, and other places, asking for information about these worms, and enclosing orders for them.

The white worms command a price of 25 cents a dozen, and have been known to sell for \$7 a hundred. The blood worms generally sell for 40 cents a dozen. They are dug with a hooked fork, and are found about eighteen inches below the surface. They must be alive to be salable, as they are not fit for bait when dead. They can be kept alive for a week, and a man must understand the business or he is liable to lose a thousand at a time.

These worms are used for catching striped bass mostly. Shadler scrabs are used for catching weakfish. In catching bass men put on bathing suits and go into the surf, where the fish are larger than in deep water. The fish are very fond of the worms. Sometimes a man need merely lay a worm across his hook, toss it quickly into the surf, and he may as quickly pull it out again, with a fish on the end of his line. It is not an uncommon thing to pull in a fish that weighs twenty-five pounds. At Ocean Beach a short time ago a man landed a striped bass weighing forty pounds. Along the Hudson this fish is often found, but not as large as the beachers. Bass weighing three or four pounds are also caught from the piers.

Women are quite enthusiastic over the sport of fishing, and the dealers frequently receive orders from them. A woman will visit a worm store in the course of her ordinary shopping and leave an order for one or more dozen, in view of a fishing trip the next day.—New York Sun.

IN THE SAME BOAT. Since Belva Lockwood got into the presidential tussle, the paralyzing fact is learned. She doesn't wear a bustle. This ought not to hurt her cause; the simple truth is, neither of the other candidates wears a bustle either. Kerr Craig, one of the best men in the State, appointed as Collector of the Fifth district, a negro under a negro distiller, and the impenetrable saints of negro worshipping radicalism is stirred up about it. Would any decent white man have had the place? Mr. Craig did right in putting a negro as store-keeper under a negro at a negro still house instead of a white man. That's the long and short of it.—Truth. There are 800,000 freight cars in the various railroad lines in this country, of which 43,000 are the property of the Pennsylvania Central road. They range in value from \$300, the cost of constructing a flat car, is 1,500, the amount expended in building the average refrigerator car.

How the Farmer Sees It.

When Gen. Harrison was telling some Western farmers, a few days ago about the richness of their land and extolling the beneficial effects of protection, he studiously avoided all reference to the fact that the farmers of those States paid last year ninety millions of dollars in interest on mortgages. If there are in those States one-third of the farmers of the country, or about two million five hundred thousand, and if those of them who have their farms mortgaged number only one third, they pay each more than one hundred dollars interest on these debts. Yet these burdens have fallen upon the farmer in a period in which he was told that protection was benefiting him. If he could have bought untaxed clothing, sugar, rice, and all the articles of iron and steel he uses and saved also the taxes on steel he pays when he ships his products over the railroads, he would have had far more money in his pocket every year than he now pays in interest on his mortgages, and his mortgages also might have been unnecessary.

Since the protective tariff was laid and the '07 tariff of 1876-'80 was abandoned the farmers have seen the price of corn go down from an average of 93 to an average of 63 cents and wheat from an average of \$1.83 to an average of 83 cents per bushel. He has thus lost 30 cents on his corn and \$1 on his wheat, and in addition, by the raising of duties on much that he buys, on the average from 23 to 47 per cent, he loses more than 10 cents on every bushel of corn at 63 cents, and he loses 14 cents on every bushel of wheat at 83 cents. This is a total loss on his corn of 40 cents per bushel and on his wheat of \$1.14. Thus his corn, so far as its buying power is concerned, is really reduced from 93 cents to 53 cents per bushel, and his wheat from \$1.83 to 67 cents per bushel.

Yet it is claimed for protection that it raises the price of the farmer's products and that at the same time home competition prevents the raising of the prices of the necessities he buys. On the contrary, as every intelligent, observant and well informed man ought to see, the prices of the farmer's products have been going steadily down, whilst home competition has been prevented from reducing the prices of domestic goods—Which instead have been artificially raised by the tariff—through means of the gigantic "trusts"—the Steel Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Wool trust, and so on to the end of a long list of oppressive and tyrannical combinations. Mr. Harrison cannot delude the farmers. They can see and feel for themselves.

Another man gone wrong! Brother Burkhead, late of the Durham Tobacco Plant, is reported to have gone over to the third party, so-called. It is said he is to become the editor of the third party organ to be established at Durham. It is evidently his desire to become the Sam Small of the State with a view to possible loaves and fishes in the future in the way of fame and emolument. He was young, he was fresh as a Democratic editor, but from his earnest advocacy of Democracy and his vigorous shelling of the Republicans adjunct to which he has attached himself it was supposed he was really a Democrat. It seems that the public was mistaken. The zeal he displayed was affected, or else his political perversion has been the most sudden on record. He was comparatively untried in the Democratic field, he was fresh, as we have said, very fresh indeed, but he was at least supposed wise enough to avoid hard-kari. There seems to have been a mistake, however, in this respect, also, for the young man has deliberately "been and gone and done it." He has fallen by the wayside. Alas, that one, so fair, so fresh, so fond—of fun—should have so soon been led away into the paths of distinct opposition to all the best interests of the people among whom he was born and has so far been bred! As he himself might say, "In his youthful, sophomore way, Vale, vale, longa vale!"—News and Observer.

I say, old man, can you tell me where is the first person mentioned in the Bible? "Give it up." "Why, Eve presented Adam with a Cain, stupa!"

I am performing the last sad write, murmured the lawyer, as he drew up the sick man's will,