

THE PRESS CONVENTION AND AT TENDING MATTERS.

It is especially agreeable to note and acknowledge the uniform kindness and courtesy from all on whom the North Carolina Press Association was dependent for conveniences and comforts during our trip and our stay with inhabitants of the east.

At the beach splendid fair was furnished as at one dollar per day. This included lodging, which was the difficult part, but the citizens threw open their homes along the beach and we slept and dreamed of the placid sea of life on which we were then sailing while the restless, surging, roaring breakers moaned their eternal turbulence and quietless, ceaseless rumblings almost at our very couches. (The writer will remember the pleasant stay with Mrs. W. A. Willson and son and daughter, all of whom were courteous, genial and kind. The air without was bracing and the atmosphere within was light, cheery and refreshing.)

There are two clubs on the beach, the Sedgely Hall Club and the New Hanover Club. The former gave us the use of their hall for holding our meetings and also gave a reception and german in honor of the Press Association Thursday night. Music, dancing and refreshments were the order of the evening.

On Wednesday evening the New Hanover club honored us with an entertainment of the same nature.

The business of the Association was disposed of with a happy combination of deliberation and dispatch, but above all without a ripple or jar in mutual good will and brotherly regard.

All the deliberations had a most gratifying trend to that conservative, high toned journalism that is so desirable for the press. There was but the smallest degree of that seeking the special advantage of our own "clique" but a dignified consultation for the greater usefulness of this recognized power for moulding public thought.

The fraternity felt but one special grievance at the world and that was at the committee in the last legislature in refusing to give relief to editors when, through mistake, some one is occasionally, but quite unintentionally, misrepresented. The body spoke in no mistakable terms on this matter but we pass its further consideration till another time.

The gathering was composed of men, women and children and was a gay and jolly aggregation, but business was not neglected. It took precedence and pleasure filled up the time.

There was an invitation extended to the body to visit Ocean View on free transportation but time was lacking and few availed themselves of it, though the courtesy was recognized with thanks.

The party returning by way of Fayetteville, Sanford, etc., was pleased with that unique way of providing for feeding passengers along the line where a living seems doubly a problem.

While yet on the coast line each passenger who wished dinner gave an order. It was filled at Siler City hotel, neatly enclosed in a basket and labeled to the party. The down train took the baskets and met the up train at Gulf. The baskets were transferred and each train went its way. Our hungry party fall to and emptied those baskets in time for them to be set off at Siler City.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year.

President—E. J. Wichard, of the Greenville Reflector.

First Vice President—Dr. T. N. Ivey, of the North Carolina Christian Advocate, Raleigh.

Second Vice President—Benjamin Bell, of the Wilmington Messenger.

Third Vice President—H. S. Blair, of the Lenoir Topic.

Secretary and Treasurer—J. B. Sherrill, of the Concord Times.

Historian—W. F. Marshall, of the Gastonia Gazette.

Orator—E. J. Hale, of the Fayetteville Observer.

Poet—J. A. Robinson, of the Durham Sun.

Delegates to National Convention—H. A. London, Pittsboro Record; J. B. Whitaker, Winston Sentinel; R. M. Furman, Raleigh Post; J. B. Sherrill, the Concord Times; C. L. Abernethy, Beaufort Herald.

The convention accepted an invitation to meet at Hendersonville next year where the sea breezes will be substituted by the gentle zephyrs of mountain and valley in this picturesque portion

of the State that is itself the centre of mountain grandeur in this broad land.

The following is the Association's expression of thanks and we copy to convey an idea of those to whom our thanks were due:

"Resolved, That the North Carolina Press Association is heartily appreciative of the many courtesies extended it during this, the twenty-seventh annual meeting, and would especially thank in this meeting the Wilmington Chamber of Commerce and its obliging President, Mr. Wm. E. Worth; the Wilmington Merchants' Association and its attentive representative, Mr. P. Heinsberger; Captain J. W. Harper, of the steamer Wilmington; the Sedgely Hall and Hanover Seaside Clubs, of Carolina Beach; our brethren of the Wilmington press, both for individual courtesies and excellent reports of our sessions; the Wilmington Street Car Co., the Seacoast Railroad Co. and the several railroad companies of the State.

THE EDITOR ON A FLY.

(Editorial Correspondence.)

"Sedgely Hall, Carolina Beach, July 12—11 o'clock p. m.—By the courtesy of the Southern Railway we turned our back on Concord Tuesday morning (pardon the rudeness rare) and with light purse made none the more so was hastened to meet the "ocean's ceaseless wave." The Southern had a train resembling in length a train of "empties" and yet it was packed almost like a street car. Many had to stand, for almost everybody seemed to be going somewhere. The work of forming acquaintances with the brethren of the quill (that which tempted us most to go) began in time and we soon found ourselves talking to Brother Marshall, of the Gastonia Gazette. Brother Hackling, of the Epworth News, Asheville, with "Henglish" accent soon fell in and Brother Shipman, of the Hendersonville Hustler, added much to the fair circle of us.

At Greensboro a special car was provided and the editors were a peculiar people. We had room enough and no lack of comfort for the railroad companies could supply. It was not their fault that we had little on which to feast the eye, though we do not wonder that the C. P. and Y. V. struggled for existence and finally succumbed to the auctioneer's hammer. What is along there for a railroad to carry? A few fairly good towns with Sanford far in the lead and Siler City coming are spots in the wilderness.

Without change of car we were received by the Coast Line at Sanford. The company had sent a man up the road with tickets, even beyond the number required for the editors of every size, age, sex, various degrees of good looks and sagely bearing. Poverty of country reached its climax after passing Sanford. There was little sign of life. The people were not there. We saw a few cows that owe their life to the fact that there is a kind of hereditary inoculation from the cow tick fatality. We saw a black pig with a nose like the cabinet makers gouge bit, hams like the cat and apparently toasting a pot attached to its spinal column. Fields were rare and sparse and as some wit said you could not raise a respectable row along the line for want of men. We saw one finely developed man, however, between towns at a shed station that had a lock-up for his books. It is along the long-leaf pine region and the pines are destroyed for their turpentine and lumber. Nothing remains as a starter.

But except where there is no clay within plowing reach of the surface we could fancy that at some future day this land, too, will be bearing rich rewards to the capitalist that will be required to reclaim it.

It was but a very unsatisfactory view of quaint, historic old Fayetteville that we got but we fell in with Editor Hale, of the Observer, and found him interesting and genial. He confirmed our faith, that some one had ruthlessly shaken, that Cross Creeks was a reality and not only a former name. It seems little less than a desecration of a grand distinction that nature bestowed on our good old State that this unique phenomenon was obliterated from the list of her glory marks. But we hasten along and crossing the Cape Fear at Fayetteville keep on the north side till we land in Wilmington—a change from the former way of crossing in boats

to get into the city. As we sped smoothly along viewing the cypress swamps and other attractions, a friend pointed out the Moore's Creek road and we were within only a few miles of the Moore's Creek battle ground that we would be so delighted to visit. There is now a monument there.

Wilmington showed us all the courtesies it could be expected to do. No charge on street car to the wearers of the bagges with which Secretary Sherrill tagged us there. The Wilmington, that bonny boat that swan-like skims the placid river, soon had us and glided down the stream in the evening twilight. The moon was bright, though crescent, and cast her shimmering rays from a tinted western sky laying a silver ribbon on the water on a line with itself and the eye while the shadows of trees on the water were of deep oblique hue. A sumptuous supper was quickly served us at the sea while the violin, harp and flute discoursed sweet music and the trained in the art "tipped the light fantastic toe."

We stood, long and watched the restless breakers as they heaved and roared in tones denoting their resistless power and their disregard for all man's joys or sorrows. That wonderful phenomena, the phosphorescent light that rides the crest of the wave was truly grand and as one passed into darkness you instinctively wanted to see another. Half the night was soon passed and we turned in to wake too late to see old Sol come peeping out from Neptune's watery couch.

The meeting is a success in every way especially in numbers and interest. Mayor Wadell welcomed us in his characteristic way. The nature and sentiment of proceedings are interesting, chiefly to the class composing it.

A Probable Oversight.

At the Mayor's court Thursday two tramps were tried—one a white man for occupying and loafing in a car while standing at the depot—not being a passenger. The other was a negro for riding upon the train and not paying fare.

The white man was sentenced by the mayor to 17 days on the chain-gang. The negro begged the mayor to do likewise with him, but the court could not see it that way and explained to the negro that in his case he did not have jurisdiction. The negro was therefore bound in the sum of fifty dollars to appear at the next term of Superior court. Failing to give bond he went to jail.

He wanted to go to the chain-gang at once and be released after working a sufficient sentence, which it strikes us would have been human and proper.

We do not find fault with the courts—the mayor's judgment was proper; but we cannot see why the last legislature didn't give a justice of the peace jurisdiction.

The act was then framed and the reason that jurisdiction is not with the Justice of the Peace is that the penalty clause was omitted.

The violators of law ought to be punished, promptly punished, but the jails should not be filled at the expense of the counties, to await the convening of the Superior courts. Surely it was an oversight, but by all means legislators, correct it.

Save the railroads the annoyance of taking the employees as witnesses for days at court and save the counties vast amounts in cost.

It is a good law, but the jurisdiction should be in the Justice's courts.

A Pittsburg bugologist says if one will remain perfectly still and not move the lip while the "kissing bug" is promeneading over it, it will not bite. It gets mad when the lips move and bites for spite. If this bug authority will supplement this information by telling how a sleeper can keep his or her lip from moving while that bug is prancing over it he will confer a favor that will doubtless be appreciated.—Morning Star.

Inviting.

"This," said the Kansas editor, looking over the top of his spectacles, "is the most inviting manuscript I have received for a long time."

"What is it?" asked the foreman.

"A poem, beginning, 'Come, drink with me!'—Ex.

NEWSPAPERS OF OUR STATE.

Mr. John Wilber Jenkins, in his column "At the Penell's Point," has the following appropriate words:

"The North Carolina editors assembled in their annual convention Wednesday at Carolina Beach, below Wilmington. This is the one time in the year when they get together, for the exchange of experiences, opinions and ideas, when those who meet every week in the year through the columns of the press, see each other face to face and give the hearty grasp of the friendly hand.

There is not in the Union a more patriotic, self-sacrificing set of men than the North Carolina editors. With a sparsely populated country, and a small reading public, many of our newspapers have a hard struggle for existence. The majority of their editors have to content themselves with glory and bread and meat, looking to a future life for their reward.

The local newspaper is the strongest factor in the upbuilding of any town, and its influence is more far-reaching than that of any other force in the community. And yet many persons who subscribe to them and advertise in their columns regard the money they pay to the newspaper as money given to charity, when in fact they do not get as great returns from any other expenditure.

North Carolina has an average of more than one newspaper to the county, and the field in some places is undoubtedly overcrowded; but as soon as one dies, another springs up, and the annual crop of journalistic deaths more than equals the number of newspaper deaths. Some people think that "anybody can run a newspaper," which is a great fallacy; for, anybody can start a newspaper, but it takes a genius to keep one running.

The country editor has the most complex task imaginable. It is a trade and a profession combined. He must superintend his press room and his composing room, must act as advertising solicitor and advertiser, superintendent of circulation, subscription agent, collector, book-keeper and cashier, managing editor, editorial writer, local reporter, exchange editor and proof reader. He must write about everything that is going on, but must not put in the paper anything that will offend anyone in the community. In addition to this he usually acts as secretary of all the local conventions and committees, takes an active interest in politics and acts as Bureau of Information for the entire community.

His reward for all this usually consists in being paid for advertising in calico, chips and what stones, and seeing delinquent subscribers have a great time on the money they owe him.

But this state of affairs is "growing less more so" every year, as Uncle Sambo said. The newspapers of the State have improved greatly in the past few years and our country press will compare favorably with that of any State in the Union. The local newspaper is usually really better than the community in which it is published. They are better printed, better edited and better supported than they ever were before.

The work of the press for the State has been of incalculable value. In every effort for advancement, in every battle for right the North Carolina editors are foremost in the fight."

THE BEST PRESCRIPTION FOR CHILLS

and fever is a bottle of Groves' Tasteless Chill Tonic. Never fails to cure; then try experiment with worthless imitations? Price 50 cents. Your money back if it fails to cure.

The Chicago Tribune figures up from reports received the casualties on the 4th inst., resulting from celebrating, dead 33, injured 1,730, losses by fire 2,330, 70, and all the precincts not heard from.

NO CURE, NO PAY.

That is the way all druggists sell Groves' Tasteless Chill Tonic for chills and Malaria. It is simply iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. Children love it. Adults refer to it as bitter, nauseating Tonic. Price, 50c.

Alexander McDonald, who was penniless four years ago, but who is now known as "The Gold King of the Klondike," and is said to be worth \$50,000,000 and perhaps \$100,000,000, has married Miss Margaret Chisholm, daughter of the Thames water police of London.—Selected.

CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. in each tablet.

"I love you well," is not enough. To say, for love that's true. Must promise to remain the same. In health and sickness, too.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Court Calendar.

Concord, N. C., July 5, 1899. At a meeting of the members of the Concord bar, held this the 5th day of July, 1899, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, the following calendar of civil cases was agreed upon, and witnesses will take notice that they need not attend Court until the day set for the trial of the cases in which they are to testify:

FRIDAY, JULY 28—FIRST WEEK.
No. 20. L. J. Curlee vs. Western Union Telegraph Co.
No. 5. P. M. Morris vs. S. M. Stafford.

FRIDAY, JULY 29—FIRST WEEK.
No. 20. A. R. Nelson vs. Allie Nelson.
No. 32. Mollie Ellis vs. Sam Ellis.
Manie F. Davis vs. J. Mack Davis.

MONDAY, JULY 31—SECOND WEEK.
No. 17. State vs. the members of the Concord bar.
No. 18. D. L. Bradford vs. J. R. Wallace.
No. 20. Mary G. Barringer vs. J. L. Chont & Co.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 1—SECOND WEEK.
No. 22. Class A. Myers vs. Concord Lumber Co.
No. 23. H. C. Lether vs. G. W. Patterson Mfg. Co.
No. 24. Class A. Fisher vs. Alfred Latta.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2—SECOND WEEK.
No. 11. M. O'Leary vs. W. W. Barlow, Administrator of R. B. Lomax.
No. 13. Martha J. Oulp vs. M. O'Leary.
No. 27. D. B. McCurdy, Ex., vs. Calvin McCurdy.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 3—SECOND WEEK.
No. 28. P. M. Morris & Son vs. Hammett Montgomery.
No. 29. Dove & East vs. George Marr.
No. 30. M. D. Schaubert vs. Coleman Mfg. Co.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4—SECOND WEEK.
No. 31. F. M. Morris vs. D. N. Bennett.
No. 32. Sel Levy vs. P. R. Matley.
No. 6. Ida J. Martin and others vs. E. L. Fisher.

All motions will be heard on Friday unless the cases on the civil calendar shall be completed on Thursday in time for the call of the Motion Docket and Summons Docket. All cases on the civil docket not named in this list or calendar are continued, but it is agreed that a motion may be made in any civil case when the motion docket is reached.

Jno. M. Cook,
Clerk Superior Court.

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Advanced classes open to women. Tuition, \$60 a year; board, \$8 a month. Ample opportunity for self help. Scholarships and loans for the needy. Free tuition for teachers. Summer School for teachers, 24 instructors, 147 students. Total enrollment 645. For catalogue address:

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We close our store at 8.15 during the summer months. We deliver goods until 6 p. m.

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N. B. Our Undertaking Department, under the management of W. L. Bell, is complete in every department. Calls answered promptly day or night. Store Phone 12. Residence 90.

SOME TIME—SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet—the prayers your lips have pleaded. In agony of heart these many years?

Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing? And think you all in vain those falling tears? Say not the Father has not heard your prayer; You shall have your desire some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet—though when you first presented This one petition at the Father's throne,

It seemed you could not wait the time of asking, So urgent was your heart to have it known?

Though years have passed since then, do not despair, The Lord will answer you some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted; Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;

The work began when first your prayer was uttered, And God will finish what He has begun

If you will keep the incense burning there, His glory you will see some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith can be unweakened, Her feet are firmly planted on Rock;

Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted, Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock. She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer, And cries: "It shall be done—sometime, somewhere."

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