

THE NEGRO'S BEST PLACE.

Race friction is to be deplored and it may grow worse, we hope it will not, but will soften as political irritations become less marked.

James City became the residence of negroes when New Bern fell into the hands of the Federal army, during the Civil War, in 1862.

From that day until the present time it has been solely inhabited by negroes, with no white influence nearer than New Bern to effect the material or social development.

James City is not an incorporated town, but is under County government rule. Attempts to secure a charter and make it a town have proven failures.

Its officers, constables, magistrates and postmaster are negroes. Its population all told has always been from two to three thousand.

As a result of the war, many of its people became pensioners upon the government, and it is estimated that the pensions paid into James City by the government have amounted to \$100,000 since the war.

Other sources of income of the negroes are trucking in small patches, the products being sold in this city, and from labor of the men in the saw mills, or the women from washing.

Besides these sources of income, it is estimated that the negroes of James City have since the war, secured goods and money to the amount of \$200,000. That is the merchants of this city have been "stuck" to the sum of the above amount by the negroes, by crediting them.

And from all this what has been the material progress, the local development, the building up and improvements?

There is not a residence in the place worth \$500. There is not a single improved street, the so-called streets being nothing more than "runs" such as animals make, which croak back and forth between paddings, which mark off the different enclosures.

GOVERNMENT FOR THE ISLANDS.

President McKinley, it is said, has matured the following general outlines for the government of our new territorial acquisitions, annexes and proteges.

In the Philippines—Civil government by three commissioners to supplant military rule immediately after the rebellion is crushed.

In Cuba—Continued military control until it is determined by means of a general election whether the inhabitants want independence or annexation. If independence, the new government elected will be recognized by the United States, and will be given encouragement and every opportunity to establish its stability.

In Puerto Rico—Civil government will be governed by the settlement of American citizens as it may then exist.

In Hawaii—Territorial form of government, as recommended by the Hawaiian commission, and as provided for in a measure now pending in Congress.

It may be retorted that that Philippine chick has not been altogether hatched yet but it is legitimate to have the coop ready in anticipation.

A correspondent to the News and Carrier from James Islands imparts the information that flocks of sheep are protected from dogs by having one or more billy goats among them.

It is known that Billy always has his brow bared for business and this correspondent says that the sheep soon learn to run to them for protection.

WE CAN'T understand it, that all of a sudden, dispatches say that Dreyfus is hopelessly ill and are measuring the limit of his life to a few months.

Gov. GOEBEL seems to be amid distressing environments. Senator Blackburn has cut stitches with him and Bryan, Altgeld and Stone have come to the understanding that they will stay out of the Kentucky politics.

LAMENT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

My brother Will, he use to be The nicest kind of girl, He wore a little dress like me And had his hair in curl.

And every kind of toy, But all these good old times are gone— Will turned into a boy.

Mamma has made him little suits, With pockets in the pants, And out of his yellow curls And sent them to my aunts, And Will he was so pleased, I believe.

He almost jumped with joy, But I must own I didn't like Will turned into a boy!

And now he plays with horrid tops, I don't know how to spin, And uncles that I try to shoot, But never hit nor win, And leap-frog—I can't give a "back."

Like Charlie, Frank or Roy, Oh, no one knows how bad I feel Since will has turned a boy!

I have to wear frocks just the same And now they're mostly white, I have to sit and just be good, While Will can climb and fight, But I must keep my dresses nice And wear my hair in curls;

And worse—oh, worstest thing of all— I have to stay a girl!

In A Bookstore. He wasn't dressed quite as fashion dictates, yet he somehow inspired the confidence of the bookstore clerk as he lazied up to him, evidently thinking of a purchase.

"Little chilly here," he said. "Chilly, how?" perspiringly replied the clerk.

"I mean it's an ice-store." "Oh, I see, you're a humorist. One would hardly think it to look at you."

"Indeed? You ought to know my brother, the doctor; he'd kill you dead—which way are your books bound?"

"We have them in various bindings. Can I show you something?" "Possibly; I'm really in your line myself."

"Indeed?" "Yes; I'm bookkeeper—is your ink well?" "Oh, quit it, will you? I'm not hired to kid with you."

"Your boss ought to discharge that girl over there; she's awful." "Awful—What do you mean?" "A moment ago I saw a penholder—how long does your paper weigh?"

"I wish you'd get out of here." "I shouldn't think your boss would let you leave your head-gear lying around that way."

THAT DIFFICULT SOLUTION.

The Morning Post advances the very correct idea that the great trial at Judge Simonton's court in Asheville, however the decision may go, will be apt to inspire a new effort at the solution of that knotty problem, the uniform valuation of property for taxation.

It is far from a one-sided question. Indeed it is hard to see just what is right.

We hardly think that anybody can claim that ordinary property in the State is returned at its full value. There is a kind of understanding that most property is returnable at two-thirds of its real value.

There seems some inequality in the fact that money is always returned at par though the property received in exchange for it is always returned at less than the amount paid for it.

The question arises with which railroad property comes most nearly ranking, with property whose proceeds at public or private sale is somewhat uncertain, or with money which has but one value.

While railroad stocks and bonds have a daily quoted and realizable value it may lack very much of being the case with the bed and rolling stock.

It would seem that such property might have as good claim to the two third rule as land and other property.

It is claimed by those agreeing more nearly with the Corporation Commission, that the valuation of the roads is not real value but is the lower, safe estimate that will insure such amount if put up at sale.

The railroads claim, however, that the assessment is based on the full value. If a plan for improvement should be sought and would follow this contest rather than a tirade of censure the litigation might yet be profitable to all.

The Philippine Bee. The Progressive Farmer says its Philippine correspondent furnishes the following interesting description of a honey bee found there:

"It is the giant honey bee, known to science as Apris Donsata. Its immense capacity for making honey and war has interested men of science here and an early effort should be made by the Department of Agriculture to introduce it into the United States."

"It is nearly one-half larger than the American native bee and builds a comb, heavy with wax and honey, five or six times as large as those found in American orchards and forests."

"They are found in the mountain regions all through India and have been seen busily at work at altitudes of 5,000 feet in the Philippine Islands. Their colonies are most numerous in the mountains, as the unceasing quest of the natives for their honey combs has driven them from the unprotected flatlands of the coast to the less thickly inhabited and more heavily wooded mountain regions. The Philippines find their daily bread a rather easy proposition, but they are very fond of honey on the staff of life. There is also a large demand for the wax for use in dyeing."

"The big bees build their hives on tall forest trees or on the overhanging ledges of cliffs. When undisturbed, branch swarms build near the parent colony, so that in a few years an immense bee settlement often grows up in the forest. The bees build a comb five or six feet long, four feet wide and from seven-eighths to one and one half inches in thickness."

"In appearance the giant bee is a smoky, glittering, iridescent black wasp-like figure, with orange bands encircling its body."

Mrs. Lanier's Epitaph of Winnie Davis.

The Winnie Davis monument invites these Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy that contribute to this fund to prepare inscriptions for the monument. The Statesville Chapter was thus invited and it assigned the task to Mrs. Sallie Lanier, the author of that beautiful poem on the return of our soldier boys from Cuba. She wrote the following two and received from Mrs. Davis grateful acknowledgments:

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." "Not the valley-lily, bending upon its breeze-blown stem; Not the unmelting snow-wreath upon the highest Alpine peak, could be a more perfect type of purity than she who lies beneath this stone. She, our pride, our darling, our flower of Southern womanhood, our daughter, born of our love, flesh of our flesh! Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things she beholdeth; but we know that she doth 'see God.'"

POETICAL INSCRIPTION. Whence that sound of muffled wailing, Of a people in its woe? By Potomac's laughing waters, By Suwannee's silvery flow? 'Tis our Southern Rachel weeping For her daughter, dearest, but lying, robed in white and smiling, Hushed in perfect dreamless rest.

"Come, oh, Daughters! bring your flowers, On her pulseless breast to lie! Lo! we bring our love, our sorrow, Fadeless blooms that cannot die!" Mrs. Davis' note reads as follows:

"157 STATE STREET, MONTPELIER, VT. 'MY DEAR MRS. LANIER: How can I thank you for your exquisite tribute to my darling? The verses are beautiful and moved me to my heart's core, but the prose tribute, though less studied, is one I should be glad to have on my daughter's tomb. I know you had given your deepest sympathy and saw you had nobly expressed it. To quote the Scriptures, your words are 'Apples of gold in pictures of silver,' and I saw how justly our 'Daughters of the Confederacy' had gauged the capacity of at least one of their number when they delegated you to give their feelings voice."

"Believe me very grateful for your tender, appreciative words. I will send the epitaph to the proper person in Richmond, to whom it must be referred there for acceptance. Thanking you again, in an cordially, "Yours, "V. JEFFERSON DAVIS."

The inscriptions sent in will pass before this committee and from a limited selection Mrs. Davis will make a final selection.

God Output of Gold. The News says the Charlotte assay office made its semi-monthly shipment of gold on the 18th to the Philadelphia mint. The value of the gold was \$20,766.35. One bar was worth \$17,000 and was the product of a single mine for one month's output.

The News does not know what mine this was but understands it to be the Halle mine.

Dewey's Chinamen Not In It. Under existing laws it is found impractical to concede to Admiral Dewey's request to make his Chinamen, that acted so gallantly in the Manila fight, citizens of the United States so that they could be enlisted in the army. They can't even come ashore and participate in the Dewey celebration.

Fargur Succeeds Sampson. Rear Admiral Norman H Fargur has been assigned to take command of the North Atlantic squadron in place of Admiral Sampson who has been retired from sea service. Admiral Sampson will have shore duties in command of the Boston Navy Yard.

A schoolmaster in a village school had been in the habit of purchasing pork from parents of his pupils on the occasion of the killing of the pig. One day a small boy marched up to the master's desk and inquired "if he would like a bit of pork, as they were going to kill their pig." The school-master replied in the affirmative. Several days having elapsed, and hearing nothing of the pork, the master called the boy up to him and inquired the reason he had not brought it. "Oh! please, sir," the boy replied, "the pig got better."

Small-Pox In Salisbury. A negro by the name of Boger, in a part of Salisbury called Dixonville, is found to have small-pox. Salisbury will, of course, be on pins till the danger of spreading is past.

ODELL

MANUFACTURING COMPANY

FINE

Ginghams,

Plaids,

Sheeting,

Salt Bags

Outing Cloths.

General Merchandise

COUNTRY PRODUCE

Four-foot Wood always Wanted. Best

Price for same.

we manufacture

SEE THE

Yankee Watch

FOR \$1.00

W. C. Correll's

Winter is Coming. I ALREADY HAVE ON HAND THREE CARS OF

Jellico Coal

Our Ginnery

With all its improvements and conveniences is now ready for work and we earnestly solicit your patronage.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS!

I will visit the places below for the purpose of collecting taxes on the days stated during the month of October, 1899:

Rocky River, Township No. 1, October 9. Poplar Tent, Township No. 2, October 10. Deweese, Township No. 3, Wednesday, October 11. Cook's, Township No. 4, Thursday, October 12. Mt. Giload, Township No. 5, Friday, October 13. J. M. Faggart's, Township No. 5, Saturday, October 14. Reed, Misonheimer's, Township No. 7, Monday, October 23. Mt. Pleasant, Township No. 8, Tuesday, October 24. C. F. Smith's, Township No. 9, Wednesday, October 25. Bethel, Township No. 10, Thursday, October 26. Old Field, Township No. 11, Friday, October 27. Concord, Township No. 12, Saturday, October 28.

Those failing to meet me at the above named places and settle their taxes, will be visited by myself or deputy at once for the express purpose of collecting the taxes due. The taxes must be wound up by the 31st day of next December, as I am compelled to settle with the State and County by that time.

J. L. PECK, Sheriff Cabarrus Co., N. C. Concord, N. C., Sept. 8, 1899.

Summer Underwear.

We invested heavily--gained a point for you by so doing. Quantity is a factor in bringing down prices. We are going to close out a lot of

GOWNS, CHEMESE and Corset Covers.

DON'T YOU MISS IT.

Cannon & Pelzer Company.

WHAT'S THE USE

Of trying to get along with such an old scrap iron stove?

You've heard of BUCK'S

We sell 'em, they have no equal for durability, economy and wonderful cooking qualities.

See Our Big Line of Furniture.

GRAVEN BROS. FURNITURE AND UNDERWEAR.

The Summer is Ended, The Harvest is Past.

THE TIME TO BUY FURNITURE IS NOW AT HAND.

Everybody and their kinsfolk know that

BELL, HARRIS & CO.

We Are Strictly in it for Business

BELL, HARRIS & COMPANY.

Go To G. W. PATTERSON

Fresh Butter on Ice, Quaker Oats, Hominy, Chipped Beef, Canned Corn, Tomatoes, and Peaches. Soda, Baking Powders, Starch, Crackers, Lard, Beans, Prunes, Breakfast Strips, Green and Parched Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Soap, Peas, Meal, Corn, Shipstuf, Oats, Oil, Flour, Molasses, Salt, Vinegar, Snuff, Tobacco, Rice, Potash Spices, bottled Pickles, Washing Powders and anything in the Grocery line. We also carry Rope, Crockery, Glass-ware, Wooden-ware, Dry Goods, Shoes, Hats, Tin-ware Etc. Etc.

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

The Belmont Student Dead. Martin O Conner died at Belmont college Wednesday morning of lockjaw. He was from Portsmouth, Va., and was 16 years old. His body was taken home.

Concord National Bank. Offers the business public a reliable, permanent, conservative and accommodating banking institution. We solicit your patronage with the assurance of honorable treatment and the appreciation of our patrons.

M. L. BROWN & BRO. LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLES.

Just in rear of St. Cloud Hotel. Our business meet all passenger travel. Outfits of all kinds furnished promptly and at reasonable prices. Horses and mules always on hand or sale. Riders of our neighbor Poland China Horses.

"According to Prof. Proctor, 'the sun is 1,200,000 times as large as the earth.' They must have an awful time hunting for their North pole up there.—Tit-Bits.

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