VOL. IV.

CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1886.

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY. A QUESTION ABOUT

Brown's Iron Bitters ANSWERED.

S RON BITTERS s do. BROWN'S IRON BITTER Malaria, Chills and Fever ling, General Debility, Pain in the tor Limbs, il cadacte and Neural-these allments from is prescribed daily ROWN'S IRON BITTERS, but ours in

Trode Mark and ground and im



Oh, the turkey that causes thanksgiving, When stuffed till he's bursting and baked till he's bursting and baked till he' brown'd, And makes us cry gladly that life is worth living, As soon as we taste of his meat so renown'd.

How splendid he looks as he rests in the platter.

On linen like snow, which we're withing to bet The carver with gravy will frightful-

ly spatter, And drench with his goblet of water upset.

Nuts, apples and colery by him are glowing,

And cranberry jelly as rosy as June, And purest sweet cider that sparkles

in flowing, And pumpkin pies, home-made, as big as the moon.

Rise, carver, and over him utter a _____blessing;

Then see that each feaster has loos-

ened his vest, And then help the ladies, who like

him (in dressing) Take plenty of thyme, to a slice of his breast.

The "wish bone" you'll give to the maid who is fairest; The "drum sticks" must go to each

tiny young elf, The dark meat, whose flavor you

creep aroun' hones' folks' houses on the sly that way."

"Casar! Casar!" said the other, without sppearing in the least intim idated, "Tam one of yer nincestor from 'way back, and I can't come t yer in daytime 'cause I've bin dead a long time."

Here Cresar's teeth chattered and his legs gave way under him.

"Brace up!" said the ancestor, slap ping him on the shoulder, "brace up! I'm here for yer good, not for yer harm. I want ye to kerry that tur key back. Ye've done something 'to disgrace the name of Shakewell, and I won't stand it. The constable will be down on ye tomorrow mornin 'fore eight o'clock if ye don't, and there'll be a neighborhood scandal about this bird that'd make the whole race of Shakewells shake in their graves. Casari for the sake of your proud and honorable aincestors, take that bird back, and tomorrow take your gun and go to the woods and git one o' the turkeys uv yer fathers, and it's a bird that no nigger ought to turn up his nose at either." Here the ancestor smiled delight edly at something invisible some thing in his memory apparentlyand then went on :?

CALLED BY NER DEAD LOVER.

the Death of a Young Girl.

Salt Lake Herald.

A few days ago we chronicled the death of Miss Athaliah Gilbert, of South Cottonwood. At the time of the announcement there were reports current that some events out of the ordinary were connected with her decease, but at that time there were no means of ascertaining the particulars. Yesterday, however, Mr. James Gilbert, the young lady's father, and several other Cottonwood people were in the city; and from them a reporter learned the facts which follow. All the names mentioned are those of response and well-known citizens, and, unreal as the narration sounds, there can be no doubt of its authenticity.

The young lady was sixteen years. old at the time of her death, and appears to have been possessed of one of those warm, lovable, bright, and even-dispositions which endear the owner to every one with whom she comes in contract. Though young, she took a busy part in all church duties, and in improvement associations and in the Sunday school her name always had aprominent "It's a bird dat no man owns-it's place Some three or four years ago she formed an intimacy with a youth named John Cunliffe, the son of a neighbor, and despite the ten. der years of both, they become strongly attached to each other, and provoked no end of comment at their old-fashion devotion and steadfast affection for one another. The state of affairs continued until the girl was fifteen years old, when the association was rudely broken by the death of young Cuniffe. He lost his life from the kick of a wild horse about a year ago. When the intelligence was brought to Miss Gilbert her father says it gave her a shock from which she never recovered. She almost sank beneath the blow, and at his funeral her paroxyams of grief were so violent that it was feared her reason would depart. In time, however, she resumed her dent that the blow she had sustained had sunk deep into her life. She seldom roused herself from a deep lethargy of sadness, and day by day her color and strength and the freshness of youth seemed to be ebbing away. A few mosths ago sheal armed her sister by telling her that "John" had visited her chamber and had told her that she must prepare to come to him. She manifested no fear, but; according to her sister, had told him that she could not leave her parents, but he had only said again that she must come. Once again, later, she told her sister that he had come to her with the same message, and she had now evidently given up desiring to remain, as she told her sister how she wished to be dressed at her burial, and whom she wished 'to dress her. Soon after that young Cunliffe's father came to Mr. Gilbert sorely disturbed, and told him that one morning as he was lying down his son ha I come to him and stood at the foot of his bed. His father had asked him what it was that he lesired, and he replied: " come to see you, father. I am staying at Gilbert's, and I am going back there now. I have been there ever since I left you. Where else should I be?" Mr. Gilbert sttempted to reason the old gentlemen out of his notion, but he insisted that it was

LATENT STATE NEWS

thered From Cor of the Rich

REPUNDING OF THE COTTON TAX. Your correspondent had a conrenation with Major S. M. Finger

State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and was shown alletter from a very prominent gentl of Alabama, which stated that very extensively-circulated petitions for the repeal of the cotton tax paid the United States in 1865-'68 were to be sent to the State, as well as all the other States which paid that tax. saking Congress to pass the law reng it. The letter says the amount of the taxes so paid \$00,000,-900. The ides advanced in the let-ter is that all the Status "pool their interests," and go aquarely before Congress with the densaid. If the law is passed and the money refunded, the plan is to pay or refund the tax to the persons who paid it of to their legal representatives; the balance not so claimed within my two years to be applied by the State for educational purposes. The communication referred to estimate the amount thus uncalled for at \$20,000,-000, to \$25,000,000, jand desires the endorsement of the plan by the NO 99400

Judge Brown's Waterm

My father was the freat grower in the co lture was his de larly remember one crop Ju fore the melons began to get fore the m my fa ber called black Bill an and sold: "I want you boys to us derstand one thing. If one of makens is stolen I am going too and then measure feet, and the en of the feet that correspond with the tracks shall get a whipping that he can lorget. See this this inting to a long a the dining room either of you wants to catch switch pitch int" ad and in th d by a stear (o eks before had thrown

a tree and kn to be cut to pieces with and and I assured my stern pa so far as I was concerned he rest in prace. Bill was the only a we had, and although be was pulled to go to elfarch every Su riding on the sent behind the b and , although he set in the b during very ces and without could hear every word of the s yet that boy with all his carding ing was inclined to be a theil. The next day after the p tion was issued I went out and look-ed at the melou patch. There, lying in the san, striped and tempting, lay a be utiful motor. Ab, if there were any thing that could make a Southern boy forget honor if was a watermelon. I trembled, for I know I could not prevent my self from stealing it ; and then that awfoil switch came up before me. An idea atguck me. What an outrinous foot, the matel had! The shoes were mo large they would not stay on my feet but I overcame this great drawback by stuffing them with grass. I stipad around and entered the part from a locust thicket. A rain had fallen a day before and made decided tracks in the level ground. I got the welon, stole back to the "the and, althouge it was non ripe, I ate more than haif of it. That afternoon while Bill and I were in the yard small stick, enter the gate. face were an unsually stern express. ion and I saw that there was some thing wrong. "I don't think that much measuring is beerled on this occasion," said he, glancing at the stick. "Bill, where are your shoes?" "In de cabin, sah," "Bring them here, He brought the shoes. The old gentleman applied the measure and sa d: "Fresu dirt on then, I see." Bill's face b came a study. "Don't know how it come on dar, marster, Ain't wore 'ear since lest San-"Yes, that's all right. John," tur ... ing to me, "fetch me that switch." My heart smote me, but I brou ht the nwith. Then Bill began to dance. I never did see a fellow get himself into so many different shapes, and it seemed that every shape was bet-ter suited to the switch. I had to snort; I couldn't help it. I kept out of Bil's way as much as po-sink, for seem d to look reproachfully at me, but did not accuse me of daiivering him up to the enemy, and I had begun to persuade myself that Bill had stolen the melon, when two days later I came to griff. Bill and I were again in the yard when my father entered the gate carrying a small stick. "John," sa'd he as he approached, "where are your shoes? "In the house, sir." "Bring them here." I got my shors. Great Crear! skin of the head is kept soft there was fresh soil on them. "Come on come on," said the old gentle-man. I handed him one shoe and dropped the other one. "Bill," said he, after measuring the shoe, "bring me that switch." Bill bounded with delight and brought the switch. "Pap," I cried, "please don't whip me; 1 ain't done nuthin'-O-"

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MOTHER'S FRIAND

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mailed free. BRADFIELD REGULA TOR CO., Atianta Ga.

Dr. H C Herring

know is the rarest, Along with the "Turk's cap." you will keep for yourself. Now, while you're enjoying your

Thanksgiving dinner, Remember the ones who are hungry alway, nd send them a turkey, so, if you're

a sinner, You'll feel like a Christian and

honor the day. -H. C. Dodge.

C.ESAR'S VIRGINIA TURKEY. A Thanksgiving Sketch.

Cæsar Alexander Shakewell, a colored citizen of Bridgeville, owned no turkeys, and his richer white neigh ors had put theirs in special security as Thanksgiving day drew neav. Mrs. Shakewell kept nagging Cæsar about a tarkey until he determined to have one before another sun set, at any cost. He sat down before the fire in the twilight to study out some plan of action on the important question.

It came to him quite readily, it ap pears, for all at once he found himself carrying it out. He had noticed a loose board on Col. Fairgrove's back fence the day before. The Fairgroves; were easy-going people, not much given to hammer and nails, and they would be sure to have a turkey in the coop in the backyard getting ready for the annual feast. Sure enough, the board fell off at

the bidding of his brawny arm, and there in a pen in the corner was the bird of his hopes. The slats of his coop dropped before the same potent force, as though they had been mere ravelings It was no trouble at all to tie his legs, cover his body with an old bag, and slip quietly away with him. Once at home Casar Alexander put him in a barrel and laid heavy sticks of wood on the open

top. Then he called to hir wife to come and see him and to quit "jorrin" him

about their Thanksgiviug dinner. She appeared, looked at the bird with eyes like saucers, and then she grew very grave.

"Whar did ye git him?" she asked, with something like awe in her voice. "Worked for 'im. of course," said her gentle spouse, with a sneer.

de true Vahginiah turkey. 'Tisn'i a feathered bird; 'tisn't a fowl at all. It wears fur, and has fifty teeth, bristly tongue, a long prehensible tail-you see, Cæsar, ver aincestor had larnin'- and plantigrade feet Cæsar, it has plantigrade feet." "Ugh!" said Cres.r, too dazed to

utter an intelligible word. I' e ancestor continued: "Its fe has as many toes on each foot as man, and long, sharp claws on every toe 'cept its inside one. It uses dat as a thumb. It is a maisupial turkey, Cæsar." Here the ancestor smiled at the towering proportions of his own learning, but presently

talked on: "Alive it has an odor ye can't mist take, and roasted he smells better nor a flower garden. He's a bird worth givin' thanks for. Now, take back to his owner, and go out ter morrer and git de 'possum. de 'riginal turkey ob ole Vahginiah, de tur key oh yer fathers"-and lo! the aucestor had vanished.

Perspiring at every pore Cæsa Alexander shouldered the turkey and started to Col. Fairgrove's. Just as he was about to enter the yard, through the break in the fence previously made by himself, he felt another hand laid on his shoulder with considerable emphasis. Fearing that another and still more terrible ancestor was about to have speech with him, he sank to the earth without daring to look around. Then the hand grabbed him more firmly and gave him a vigorous shake. He looked up appealingly and confronted the constable: With a groan he fa nted dead away.

* * * * * * "What ye groanin' and carryin' on

like an animal for?" was the next thing he heard. The question was propounded in his wife's most ungentle voice.

He opened his eyes slowly and in abject fear, and found himself sitting by his own fireside, the children in bed and Mrs. Shakewell standing by him with her hand on his shoulder. He never was so happy in his life. Col. Fairgrove's turkey was safe where it belonged; he had never stolen it, and he hadn't met any dead no dream or vision, but that his and gone ancestor at all, only in his son had actually visited and spoken to dreams. Furthermore he resolved him, and that in broad daylight. In that he never would, if ancestor' visits only followed thefts. The next day when he set off with his gun he told Mrs. Shakewell that he would bring home a "Vahginiah turkey." &nd he did. He held it up with pride and joy on his return, and was rewarded by a smile from that exacting lady. The 'possum was eaten with gravy and grace, and Mr. Shakewell's standing in the community remained unimpaired. As he bent over his own fragrant thanksgiving board he had more than usual cause for gratitude. "Vahginian turkeys war good 'nuf fer my fathers, and good 'nuf fer me," he often says; but though he sometimes tells of the encounter with his ancestor, he never tells of the cause of that worthy individual's visit to MAX ELTON. him.

States and by their teachers, as s all interested in education. MAJOR FINGER'S VIEWS

of this scheme were expressed in his answer to the letter. He said he did not feel justified in endorsing the plan while the Blair bill was before Congress. He desired that to first decided, and thought that the pushing of the proposed scheme might jeopardize the Blair bill. He expects the latter measure to pass as soon as it gets to a vote in the House.

THE BLAIR BILL AND NORTH CAROLINA. Major Finger spoke very frankly and fully about the Blair bill. He said that the result of the late election were largely due to the failure of the Democratic House to pass that measure. In the Fifth district it was used as a special lever to move Decond's altas said Major F their pockets as well as their pride in the education of their children; it is, in fact, a measure which must be passed. What may be termed the "new South" wants it, and what may, with equal propriety, be termed the "new North" knows the "new South" merits it. The great maj. ority of statesmen in the Democratic party believe it to be constitutional. Many people North say that as slavery was "a national sin," 80 the preparation of the ex-slaves for the duties of citizenship should be a national burden. This bill is, therefore, strange as it may seem, the last of the "war measures." These remarks of Major Finger express a vast mass of sentiment in this State, and p rhaps in other southern States as well. It is evident that he expects the bill to come to a vote and to pass.

THE SOLDIER PENSIONERS.

General W. P. Rolerts, State Auditor, had mailed all of the 2,127 pensioners their warrants for 1886. T lese are for \$14.10 each. The pensioners, who embrace both wounded soldiers and the widows of soldiers, will be made glad by this distribution of the \$30,000 annual appropriation. This is the second annual disbursement of this fund.

Oil trom Nature's Well.

and dexible by a sec. etton from the oil glands. When these are clogged the hair dries and talls off. Parker's Hair Balsam renews their action, restores the original color to the hair and makes it soft and glossy. It al so eradicates daudruff. Not greasy, not a dye, deliciously perfumed, Delightful for a lady, topiet table. The best of dressings. Preferable to all similar articles because of its superior cleanliness and purity. New Jersy has a Baptist minister who clames to have baptised more people than any other man in his Church. The community in which he resides has been grieved over his stubborn cough that has interfered with his postal duties. A physition recommended Dr. Bull's Cough Syr up, and consequently there will be baptism in church next Sunday, Gout in most cases first makes itself known by an acute pain in the joint of the great toe. This mast ex cruciating pain mpy be likened to that produce by .ue driving of wedge under the nail. For gout use Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents a bottle.



College, has permanently located in Con-cord. Rooms in the Davis & orrell new building, of feeth extracted with out pain

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-J. H.VANNESS. CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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'Knowed all de time dat I was tog 'im, but you had to have your fill o joirin' and complainin' at me for a wuthless nigger. Knowed it was no use to tell ye. Ye wouldn't believe me till he come."

Mrs. Shakewell looked at her husband, a fresh well of admiration springing up in her heart. He was a superior creature, sure; she would never doubt it again. Before going to bed Cæsar Alexander went into his small yard, lifted a stick or two of wood from the turkey's Larrel, and 'took a long and fond look at his prize. Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned with quaking knees, expecting to face the village constable; but dark as it was he could see that

the hand belonged to a gentleman of his own color, though one with whom he was entirely unacquainted-"a kind of old fashioned lookin nigger' he said when telling the story after wards. Reassured to find it wasn't the law he had to confront, 'he put considerable bravado into his voice s he said:

"Who are ye, anyhow? and what do ye want in a gemman's yard at night? It's forenenst the law to at hattend the

To one who said, "I do not believe there is an honest man in the world," another replied, "It is impossible that any one man should know all the world, but quite possible that one may know himself."-Levater.

the mean time Miss Gilbert continued to maintain that her last day was approaching, and no amount of persuasion seemed to shake her belief. One week ago last evening she and her parents were attending a birthday-party at a neighbor's. Miss Gilbert was sitting at the lunchtable chatting with some companions, when, without a word of warning, she fell to the floor motionless. Her father and mother raised her, and both said her heart had seased to beat. Their eries and lamentations and their frenzied attempts to aroused her, they state, rallied her for a few moments, and she was hurriedly conveyed home, where she expired shortly afterward, leaving her friends almost stupefied with grief. Her funeral was one of the largest convocations of mourners ever seen in that locality.

Certificates Cannot be Published Of The Mother's Friend, for, as re-marked by a distinguished lawyer in Atlanta when purchasing a bottle, "its merits can only be made known by word of mouth." Address Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

I danced, I caparel and I met the switch at every turn. In my agony I caught sight of Bill standing at

the corner of the house and snorting like a glandered horse. Bill kept out of my way, but that evening I

met him and asked: "Bill, how did you wear my shoes!" "How did you w'ar mine?"

"Put grass in 'em."

"Wall, I tuck er pair er short stilts an' put yer shoes ou de ends C em. Reckon we'se erbout even new. Qu, I tell yer whut's er fack, John, it won't do ter fool wid me, case I'se one o' de 'n'inted by de saints."

"Merrily, merily, shall I live Low." the little girl said, "for I'm not to be kept in because of that horrid neuralgia. My mamma has bought a bottle of Salvation Oil from th druggist and it cost only 25 cents bottle.