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WHAT I WANT IN MY WEEKLY PAPER.

I WANT a reliable paper that I can safely take into my family.

I WANT a paper which represents high ideals and sound principles.

I WANT the latest Home News, the latest Foreign News, the latest Market Reports, reliable quotations of Farm Products, the stock market, financial and commercial news.

I WANT sensible and seasonable editorial, on Political, Social, and Moral Questions.

I WANT the organ of the best editorial talent in New York and elsewhere, and weekly papers to let me know what they think of matters.

I WANT Good, reliable Farm and Garden Articles, something of the Home Life of the American people, and of the Life of the South.

I WANT Financial news for the Young People, that the children may look for the paper.

I WANT Stories of Interest for us Elders, for us, too, like our hours of leisure.

THIS IS WHAT I DON'T WANT: Long, tedious News Articles, the padding column to the red line, and anything that doesn't read them.

I DON'T WANT Foreign news, unless it is of special interest.

Now, what paper will fill the bill? WE ANSWER: THE NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS EVERY TIME.

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THE TIMES

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor.

Times Established 1883. Consolidated June 23, 1887. Register 1876.

CONCORD, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1890.

\$1.50 a Year, Due in Advance.

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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

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Our Job Printing department with every necessary equipment, is prepared to turn out every variety of printing in first-class style.

THE MEN WHO MISS THE TRAIN.

I loaf around the depot just to see the Pullman scold. An' to see the people scamper 'n' see 'em hear the engine toot; But what makes the most impression on my son 'w at active brain, Is the careless men who get there just in time to miss the train.

An' some cuss the railroad comp'ny an' some lonely cuss their stars, An' some jest gallop down the track an' try to catch the cars; An' some with a loud luff an' joke will scold up their pain; An' some men get there just in time to miss the train.

An' there is many depoes an' flag stations 'thout names, Along the Grand Trunk railroad that leads to wealth and fame. An' men rush to these depoes as fast as the train of Opportunity jest goes a-thunderin' by.

They rush down to the station with their hair all stood on end, As the whirrin' of the tail-end car goes 'round the Grand Trunk; An' some men get their eyes all red, an' some conceal their pain; An' some of them say they have got there just in time to miss the train.

But the carenuff through the valleys an' go a-whirlin' by, An' float their banners of white smoke like flags of victory; They leap the flowin' rivers an' through the tunnels grope, An' cross the Mountains of Despair to the Tableland of Hope.

The Grand Trunk Railroad of Success, it runs through every clime, But the care of Opportunity they go on schedule time. An' never are their brakes reversed; They won't back up again, To take the men who get there just in time to miss the train.

The Girl Who Hints.

Ladies' Home Journal. Naturally you didn't ask him, and you would be very indignant indeed if anybody suggested that you had forced the poor fellow into bringing you the flowers, candy, or in taking you to the concert.

No, you didn't ask him, but you couldn't have been any clearer about it than you were when you looked into his eyes in your most beseeching way and told him how anxious you were to hear the great violinist; now sweet you thought violets, and how you did wish for a pound of chocolate. He didn't want to get any of these, he hadn't the money to spend for them; he doesn't get a very large salary, he is trying to keep himself out of debt, and yet because he is generous and can't resist a pretty girl, you have forced him into a dishonest position.

That's it, in plain English. When the end of the week comes and he is ten dollars short in his money, a little bit on his board bill must wait, his landress cannot be attended to, and the money that should go home must be apologized for. This is the first step toward not doing his duty, and you have made him take it. The American man is generous, and when he has the money he will invite you himself without your suggesting to him what you like, or what you think he ought to do. Besides the harm you do him, you are making yourself vulgar—he has a perfect right to go away and say that he doesn't want to visit at your house any more, because you hint and hint until he has to take you to some place of amusement or make you presents and that for his part he cannot afford it. Continue as you are doing and after while you will get the reputation among men of being a very undesirable girl to know, and certainly no man who has heard of your reputation to "get things out of men will want to ask you to be his wife. Better stay at home forever than go self-invited; better never taste candy than eat that obtained at the high cost of self-respect; better never smell a violet, or a rose than forget, in your search for them, that it is the modesty of the violet and the dignity of the rose that makes them pre-eminent among the flowers.

The Concord Times states that Mr. Blackwelder, of Cabarrus, has on his place a patch of lucerne which is now twenty-two inches high, from which he has been cutting for his milk cow for the past ten days. We mention this fact because it is remarkable for this season of the year, and also to call attention to lucerne, which many who have tried it pronounce the very best grass, especially upon poor soil, that can be sown in this State. We don't mean by this that it likes poor soil, but that it thrives better in it than any other kind of grass does, and holds its own better.—Wilmington Star.

To good health medicine is necessary occasionally. As a family medicine we can recommend Laxador, the great regulator, and advise all to have a package constantly on hand for cases of constancy.

We request all mothers to stop using lanudanum for their babies, and use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, a safe medicine. It contains nothing injurious.

Send us your job printing.

HOW MINNEHAHA DIED.

A Minnesota Hunter Takes Exception to Longfellow's Romantic Poem. Albany Argus. Then they buried Minnehaha; In the snow a grave they made her, In the forest deep and darksome, Underneath the moaning hemlocks; Clothed her in her richest garments; Wrapped her in her robes of ermine, Covered her with snow-like ermine, Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And there are those residing in Minneapolis to-day who assert that the grave of Minnehaha, or "Laughing Waters," was made within a few feet of the famous Minnehaha falls. But a few days since, by the courtesy of a newspaper man, I was given a free ride from the city to the falls, the distance being five and one-tenth miles over the motor line. If you cannot secure a "pass," your round trip will cost you twenty cents.

The trip is a good one and takes you through a beautiful portion of the city, consuming about half an hour. Arriving there, a two-minute walk brings you to the brink of the falls, easily seen from the little cottage depot. You descend a flight of stone steps and stand facing the falls about midway from top to bottom.

Here a grand view may be obtained from a wooden platform built out from the cliff by an enterprising photographer, who, in the summer season, "takes the picture" of many a blushing bride and red-faced groom, using the falls as a background. Going down still lower, you are on a level with the creek below, which rushes through a tortuous rocky gully to the open country miles away.

You may cross the stream, if you choose, on a rustic bridge to the opposite shore, and here for many rods you will see the names of people residing in about every State in the Union carved in the soft white and red limestone walls, pieces of which may be crushed between the fingers as easily as a lump of flour. If you like you may walk behind the water as it comes over the edge, as there is a saferocky path the entire distance, many feet wide, made by nature. The water falls about sixty feet. The falls are in the shape of a horseshoe, with the ends as a bank of the falls on either side of the stream below.

Years ago it must have been a wild and romantic spot, but today it is "cleared up" so that but few trees line the bank. At present one looking at the grain fields above cannot help thinking that had Minnehaha lived until now her lover, Hiawatha, could have supplied her with an abundance of food and thus save her from death by starvation, and more especially when by walking but a few feet he would have encountered a first-class country grocery store with an awning-covered restaurant attached.

The day that I visited the place a newly-wedded couple were also there, and the groom held in his hand Longfellow's poems containing the written story of Minnehaha, Hiawatha and old Nokomis. Seating themselves on a stone he read the tale to her, occasionally stopping to "express his sentiments" on the same, every word of which she drank in with open mouth. In the midst of "school's in" an old settler with grizzled beard and shaggy hair, and dressed in a suit of coon skin, with hat and shoes to match, came up and became an attentive listener.

As the reading continued the hump in his back (from age) became more "humped," and at the conclusion of the story he "spread his sentiments" by first asking: "Who wrote that?"

"Longfellow, sir." "Well, he don't know a darned thing 'bout it, and the gal didn't starve to de' th, neither. I've been 'round here nigh on fifty year, and my grandfater shoo bears in this country before me, and I allow to know all 'bout it. You see, this Hiawatha went a-huntin' and foun' the gal with the Dakota Indians. He stayed there all summer, and finally in the fall the two on 'em 'loped. Just as they come to these 'ere falls her Injun dad and brother cum up to 'em and was just going to nab 'em both when they run to the edge and jumped over the falls, and both was kilt dead. Now, I don't know who this 'ere Longfellow might be, but, by gosh! he don't know what he writ when he said that."

After delivering himself the hump on his back gradually softened down and the old settler went on over to the grocery store to see if "Cy Johnson had found his yaller cow, what was lost along a week ago," and the groom, looking after his retreating figure, simply said, "Well, by thunder!"—his bride remarking, "I should say as much." It's just possible that the exact fate of Minnehaha, Hiawatha and Nokomis will never be fully known, but the falls are here just the same.

Send us your job printing.

THE MUSIC HE LIKED.

YOUTH'S Companion. "I always thought I was fond of music," said Farmer Green, "but since I visited Matilda in Boston I had my doubts about it. I hadn't been there a day before Matilda she said to me, 'Now, father, we are going to have a musical, and I do hope you'll enjoy it!'"

"Of course I shall," says I. "You know how fond I am of the famous old Scotch songs you used to sing, and how I'm always ready to jine in when anybody strikes up 'Coronation.'"

"Well, this will be the best music you ever listened to," says Matilda, and my mouth watered to hear it. "The night of the concert you ought ha' seen the folks pour in, all silks and satins and flowers. Matilda wore, well, I don't rightly know what, but I think it was silk and lace. Pretty soon we all got quieted down, and then a German, with long hair and a great bushy beard, sat down at the piano and began to play. My, how he did bang them keys! There was thunder down in the bass and tinkling cymbals up in the treble.

"The lady that sat side of me whispered when there was a minute's lull, 'Do you distinguish the different motives?' I don't see what anybody's motive could be for workin' so hard to make a noise."

"Then she smiled behind her fan, but I didn't know what at, whether 'twas the music or me."

"When the piece stopped everybody hummed and whispered to each other how lovely 'twas, and a good many told the German how much obliged they were. I didn't say a word."

"Then a tall woman, all fixed up with silks and furbelows, sang a piece that almost made my hair stand on end, it went so high, and had so many ups and downs in it. She was master smart; anybody could see that, but somehow I didn't fancy that kind of singin'."

It made me uneasy. When she was climbin' up to her high notes I wondered if she would ever get there; and when she dropped down again I wanted to say: "Now you've got through it safe once, don't try it again!"

"Well, pretty soon Matilda came round to me and whispered, 'Father, how do you like it?' 'I don't care much for it,' says I. 'It's a little too much like frosted cake when you want plain bread.'"

"She laughed, and in a minute I heard her sayin' to one of the performers, 'My father's a little old-fashioned, you see, and would you mind?'"

"What do you suppose happened then? Why, that woman that sung the thrills and warbles stood by, and without any piano playin' at all, sang 'Ye Banks and Braes,' and 'John Anderson.' How she knew what I liked I never could tell, but she sang the songs I've loved since I was a boy, and when she got through the tears were steamin' down my cheeks."

"Bless you, my dear," says I, and I went up to her and shook both her hands. And it seemed to me she liked the songs herself, for when she looked at me her eyes were wet, too."

"I had a beautiful time, but I suppose it's no use thinkin' I appreciate real music."

An Original Genius.

A well-dressed man leaning against a lamp-post and apparently sleeping the sleep of the just created a great deal of interest on lower Broadway recently.

He sat on a box which he seemed to have been carrying, and being suddenly overcome with drowsiness placed it on the curbstone, and sitting down upon it fell asleep. He was not far from old Trinity church, and although the roar of Broadway was around him the sleepers in the churchyard could hardly have been less oblivious to what was going on about them.

To those who succeeded in getting close enough to the man his gentle, restful snore dispelled the fear that he might be dead.

The side of his face was exposed and betrayed no sign of intoxication. It was the judgment of every one that he was sober, in good health and simply taking a quiet snooze. When the crowd became so dense as to threaten a blockade, the supposed sleeper suddenly jumped to his feet, mounted his box, and flourishing a couple of bottles over his head, exclaimed: "Now, gents, seein' that you are all here, I rise to a question of privilege, and after thankin' you for this most cordial reception, which I assure you will long remain upon the tablets of my memory, I wish to call your attention to my world-renowned cord and bunion eradicator," and so on, in the usual style.

The fakir had hit upon a new and easy way to attract a crowd, and once the fakir has his crowd he will attend to the rest.

VANCE ON NEGRO EMIGRATION.

His Speech on This Subject Last Thursday in the Senate. New York World. PLATTSBOROUGH, N.E.B., Jan. 31.—Henry James Lambert is the name of the young Englishman who has written to Atlanta for the purpose of securing a full-blooded negress for a bride. Several weeks ago Mr. Lambert's eye fell upon the following advertisement, which appeared in an Eastern paper:

"To any respectable white man furnishing proper credentials as to character who will marry my daughter I will present on his wedding day with \$1,500. I am an honest colored man, and by industry have accumulated a fortune. Address 'G. W.' Lock box, 1,004, Atlanta, Ga."

On reading the advertisement Mr. Lambert immediately wrote to the above address, making a proposition of marriage, with the stipulation that the monetary part of the contract should be fulfilled and requesting as an evidence of good faith that the transportation to Atlanta should be sent him.

To avoid being daped he has written to the authorities at Atlanta asking them to make proper inquiries as to the advertisement and the probability of the offer being made good.

Mr. Lambert is 28 years of age and was born in Barwash, England. He has resided in America five years and has made this city his home for the past seven months. He has no occupation, but he receives monthly remittances from Europe, and on the death of an uncle he will inherit a considerable fortune. Of good education and a fair degree of culture, he attracted no little attention in this city, only to the peculiar ideas he advances as to the best means of solving the present race problem.

Mr. Lambert advocates the intermarriage of the Caucasian and negro races, and holds that by this means the negro race will in the course of a few generations become extinct, the fruit of the first intermarriage being mulattoes, the second quadroons, the third octoroons, and so on until all trace of the African in future generations is obliterated. It is in full accordance with this view that he has made the proposition above referred to.

A few weeks ago the St. Louis Republic gave the result of some startling experiments by Mr. Mason Kiame, of California, in which that gentleman had claimed to have discovered sex in the mineral atoms. From the following it will be seen that E. D. Walker, the scientist and writer anticipated the Pacific slope philosopher by about two years. The extract given below is from an article by Mr. Walker written in 1887: "We generally think of minerals as dead lumps of inactive matter. But they may be truthfully said to be live creatures of vital pulsations and separated into individuals as distinct as the pines in a forest or tigers in a jungle. The disposition of crystals are as diverse as those of animals. They throb with unseen currents of energy. They grow in size as long as they have opportunity. They can be killed, too, though not as easily as an oak or a dog. A strong electric current discharged through a crystal will decompose it very rapidly if it be of soft structure, causing the particles to gradually integrate in the reverse order to its growth, until the poor thing lies a dead, shapeless ruin. It is true the crystal's life is unlike that of higher creatures. But the difference between vegetable and animal life is no greater than that between mineral and vegetable life. Linnaeus, the great Swedish naturalist, defined the three great kingdoms by saying: 'Stones grow, plants grow and feel, and animals grow and feel and move.'

While Walker explains nothing of sex in stones, it is plain that his ideas respecting them were identical with the wonderful truths Mr. Kiame thinks he has demonstrated in his microscopical researches.

Origin of the Grippe. [The grip has been traced by the London Times with reasonable certainty to eastern Asia and the floods followed by famine and cholera which occurred in the Hoang Ho or Yellow river of China two years ago. Similar outbreaks of influenza have originated in the same region from the same cause, or at least the disease has spread west through Siberia just after overflows of Chinese rivers which produced famine and fevers. The great streams of the Celestial empire support a teeming population, and when the mud deposits destroy the rice crops and breed malaria the people die by hundreds of thousands and epidemic makes its career of conquest westward just as the ancient Scythians did.

Too Much Complaint. There has already been too much said about hard times, as it has had a tendency to demoralize the public. There has been more said about hard times in the last four months than during the four dark years when every able-bodied man was in the army fighting the enemy, and our mothers and wives and daughters were home wearing homespun dresses and homemade shoes, drinking potato and rye coffee sweetened with sorghum molasses, and boiling water out of the Atlantic to get salt for their bread.—F. W. Gregory, in Roanoke News.

Monday afternoon a young white woman from the neighborhood of Maiden or between Maiden and Lenoirville came to one of the negro settlements of town with a child in her arms about nine or ten months old. After much begging she succeeded the next day in persuading a colored woman to take the child, whose father is said to be a negro, off her hands, and started off for Hickory, leaving the child behind. The name of the woman we are informed is Small.—Newton Enterprise.

An Illinois family lost their house by fire, and walked to the nearest neighbor's, a distance of half a mile, in their night clothes, the thermometer registering 20 degrees below zero. The entire family were badly frozen.

A MAN WHO WANTED A NEGRESS FOR A WIFE.

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THE SUN CURE.

Pull Mail Gazette. Hidden among the mountains of Carolina lies the little wooded roofed village of Valder or Bledu, in the irresponsible language of its Tiavonic inhabitants. It stands on the shores of a small lake of deep blue water.

By the lake hotels and villas congregate. These are one and all brilliant and festive dwellings. To this romantic little shrine sun worshippers come during the summer to offer sacrifices, while a large number of pleasure seekers flock in from Trieste from all parts of Germany, Poland and the north of Italy. What I lost in the society of the amiable and the wealthy I never knew, for they lived down on the lakeside in the "anbut colony," while I remained in the village high above the lake.

The "air huts" are little wooden dwellings for the sun cure patients, consisting of one large room, which has three walls instead of four. The flat roof of the bath house has been enclosed by a tall fence, so that only the sky is visible from the inclosure. Here, with heads carefully shaven from the hot rays, each in a wooden compartment, the patients frizzle about an hour or an hour and a half. The process is soothing, strange as it may appear. The sun god rewards his devotees.

Now and then a voice calls above the divisions for a glass of water, now and then a sigh over the heat escapes a worshiper; otherwise the place is quite and sleepy and reposeful. Reading or mental exertion of any kind is forbidden, and indeed severely punished by headache or exhaustion. Uninspired must be the drowsy observations that mingle now and then with the humming of the flies, and no one attempts to break this rigid law. Even the execrations wrung from the sufferers by the persistent attacks of these insects ought to be of the mildest character possible, considering the provocation. Much had to be endured from the active colony that had established themselves at the sun bath.

During the last ten or twenty minutes the faithful are wrapped up in blankets like mummies; a tepid bath and a rubbing follows, and then the long suffering one is released, but only to repeat the process in the afternoon. Though the opposite actions of the cool air in the morning and of the sun at midday, great things to the advantage of the patient are said to occur. Dr. Riklie traces a large number of illnesses, nervous and other, to the want of vigorous skin action and the consequent strain on the other part of the body to do the work which the lazy skin is neglecting to do.

Census Men Strike a Snag. H. T. Lyle, special agent of the United States Census Department, with his assistants, numbering five men, have been sent out from Washington by the Census Department for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of the State's recorded indebtedness. They will have headquarters in Raleigh till the work is done.

It is not all smooth sailing, for Mr. Lyle there, as will be seen from the following from the News and Observer: It was rumored yesterday that the census men had struck a snag when they went into the office of the clerk of the court over which Mr. Charles D. Upchurch presides. Mr. Upchurch was interviewed yesterday and stated that he declined to allow the census canvassers to have access to his records, and had also declined to give them any assistance. His reason for this was that the work which was well paid for ought to be given to Wake county men and not to agents sent out by the Federal government from Washington City.

Miss Mamie B. Williams a pretty girl of nineteen daughter of a prominent Richmond family, is at Lexington, Ky., waiting for her lover to come and be married. When she was sixteen she fell in love with James H. Allen and although her parents strongly objected to him, he proposed and was accepted. Two years ago Allen went to New Orleans. The lovers kept up a correspondence and when Miss Williams became of age they agreed to meet here and marry. January the 14th was the date fixed upon and the girl arrived on time. Allen has not appeared nor has he sent any explanation.

One of the white teachers who was sent to Beaufort by the "American Missionary Society," supported principally by the Congregational church at the North to teach the colored people, received a note a day or so ago from a negro youth asking the pleasure of escorting her to church. She replied that she was not sent to associate with the colored race but to educate them.

Senator Ingall's Speech. Senator Ingall's speech yesterday was what perhaps he intended it to be, a rather brilliant display of verbal fireworks. It abounded in epigrammatic statements. No doubt it tickled the audience which listened to him. But reading calmly the report of it we cannot see that he contributed anything to the solution of the problem which he began by declaring insoluble.

"The Caucasian race is masterful, dominant and jealous of the purity of its blood. It has the brains and the courage to rule, and it will not tolerate the rule nor admit the mixture of other races. The negro race is mild, submissive, clammy, gregarious, gathering by itself in localities, refusing to become a part of the general community. This was Mr. Ingall's statement of the two elements of the problem. It differs in nothing, except, perhaps, in conciseness and positiveness of statement, from that made a hundred times by Southern speakers.

What then? The hearer and readers of Mr. Ingall's have a right to ask him, What, O Kansas statesman, Senator, one of the lawgivers of the Union, have you to offer as a solution of the problem you have stated? Nothing. Nothing at all. A threat that wrong done will bear dreadful fruit. That we all know. A dark hint that the negro will presently revenge himself. But the negro shows no signs of coming to that extent a Caucasian. Into the very States where negroes claim that they have but lately suffered wrongs and deprivation of rights—into those very States—Arkansas and Louisiana—negroes are now emigrating from other States. The contested election books of evidence have much testimony from negroes that they were