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"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."
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Adventures of Tad; OR THE HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACKEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,
AUTHOR OF "PAPER ADAMS," "BLOWN OUT
TO SEA," "PAPA CRAYTON," ETC.
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CHAPTER VI.
Joe was the first to spring on board;
and it was evident that Joe Whitney
was a youth of considerable vivacity,
to say the least. He slapped Captain
Flagg familiarly on the shoulder,
saluted the grinning George Washington
in a most hilarious manner, and, rushing
frantically aft, seized upon Bounce
with a shout of jubilation.

"I say, Polly," he exclaimed, "what
a jolly little dog—only you order have
him muzzled—he looks savage!"
"There's some boys I know that
wouldn't be worse if they were muzzled,"
gravely observed Captain Flagg.

—rescuing Bounce from the hands of
his neighbors, who was preparing to
stand the small dog on his hind legs—
though he tempered the severity of this
hint by a slight internal chuckle, and a
wink of innocent meaning.

"No! is that so, Uncle Jeth?" re-
turned Joe, regarding Tad with a look
of seeming apprehension. "He don't
seem like one of that kind," added the
youthful speaker, with affected inno-
cence, as Captain Flagg turned away
to hide a smile.

"Oh, Joe Whitney, you're just as
bad as ever," Polly exclaimed, despar-
ingly, then, remembering that the
polite usages of society called for a
formal introduction, she added:

"Joe, this is Tad—I hope
you'll be ever so good friends."
"How are you, Tad?" said Joe, with
a shy twinkle in his eye.

"How are you, Joe?" awkwardly re-
turned Tad, who didn't very well know
what else to say, and, on the whole,
rather fancying the easy, off-hand man-
ner of Polly's cousin. But, then, every-
body liked Joe, as a general thing, and
even those Bixport people who insisted
that if he was Deacon Whitney's son,
he was the worst boy in the place.

Yet Joe's badness was nothing so
very bad, after all. He was only one
of those restless, fun-loving boys, who
are never so well content as when they
are in mischief; and neither the occa-
sional thrawling administered by the
good deacon, had any thing more than
a merely temporary effect.

"Did you come from Boston?" asked
Joe, as Tad, with a homely-sounding
smile, getting ready to leave the vessel,
for, of course, he expected to have to
stay on board until some different ar-
rangement was made for him.

"No, from Philadelphia," returned
Tad, and Joe began to regard him with
a sort of respect; for Philadelphia, in
the eyes of Bixport people, was one of
the most wonderful cities in the whole
world.

"Come on, Tad; we're all ready,"
called Polly, and I can assure you that
Tad was not more than a minute in
rushing below after the little hand-
sack, which he determined not to let
out of his possession, and returning to
the deck.

"Isn't it nice that you're going home
with us?" said Polly, as the little party
of three walked up the wharf, leaving
Joe swarming up the "Mary J.'s"
rigging, three rattles at a step.

Tad thought it was decidedly nice,
and his smiling face expressed more
than his brief words, as dropping be-
hind Polly and her father, he followed
them at a respectful distance.

"This is Main street," explained
Polly, turning a beaming face upon
him, as, leaving the wharf, they entered
the village itself.

"Oh!" said Tad, filled with amaze-
ment, and thinking how funny it all
was—the narrow plank walk, the grass
growing green by the wayside, with
cows—real live cows!—feeding on it!

Tad caught himself wondering what a
country cow would do in a Philadel-
phia street—say Broad street, for ex-
ample! And then, too, every thing
was so quiet. Occasionally a farm-
wagon rolled leisurely by, or an ox-
cart, with a brown-faced man, in shirt-
sleeves, sitting sideways on the car-
tongue, jolted slowly along. Tad, who
had never seen any oxen before, re-
garded them as a probable new and
superior breed of cows.

As little intervals along the streets,
great elm and maple trees were grow-
ing—trees whose shade in summer
nearly hid the quaint old houses behind
them from view. Just now their
branches were bare, but the warm
April sun which shone down through
them suggested that soon they would
begin to throw out shoot and bud. Al-
ready some bluebirds and a robin or
two were comparing musical notes in
the tree-tops, as they discussed the
shortest passages from the south, or
began laying their plans for spring
housekeeping.

A little further on stood the one
store and post-office combined, then
came the town pump, the school-house,
a small church with a square tower like
a sentry-box, and then—
"Our house," rapturously cried Pol-
ly, and, dropping Bounce, who wad-
led along after her as fast as his short
legs would carry him, she darted
through an open gateway and up a
trim gravel walk, and was directly
arrived in front of the house.

—Mrs. Flagg, who was short and
stocky like her husband, and beamed so
generally upon Tad, through a pair of
brass-bowed spectacles, a moment or
two later that his heart warmed
toward her at once.

"Our house" was a funny little one-
story building with what the Bixport
people call a "gambrel roof," making
it seem to an imaginative person as
though it were shrugging its shoulders
with its hands in its pockets. The

windows were small, with tiny panes
of glass, and the front door, painted a
lively pea-green, had a wonderfully
bright brass knocker in the center of
the upper panel. There was a weather-
beaten barn at the rear, from whose
open doors issued flocks of noisy hens,
while a number of doves "concooned"
on the roofs in the sunshine; the little
door-yard was overgrown with syringa
and lilac bushes, and the two or three
dilapidated flower-beds were bordered
with large clam-shells.

Tad had a good chance to notice all
this, because the Flagg's were some lit-
tle time in getting into the house, as at
every few steps Mrs. Flagg had to stop
and speak of some bit of news, pa-
raphrasing the same by giving Polly a
hug.

Polly had certain Bostonian experi-
ences to narrate—particularly the one
where Tad and Bounce were prominent,
and even Captain Flagg himself tarried
on the doorstep a moment, to illus-
trate, by pencilled diagram on the
threshold, the whereabouts of the
"Mary J." when it came on to blow
heavy from the westward the first night
out.

But finally they all got into the din-
ing-room, where Tad seated himself in
a very uncompromising chair made to
fit into a corner, and sitting on the ex-
treme verge thereof, with his up held
in both hands resting on his knees,
glanced interestedly about him, while
the tongues of the others wagged un-
consciously—if I may be allowed the ex-
pression.

He soon made up his mind that the
inside of the little house was as deligh-
tfully quaint as its exterior. In the first
place, an oak wainscoting ran around
the walls nearly as high as Tad's shoul-
der. All the furniture was black with
age, and of the severest hair-cloth and
mahogany order, for, like the house, it
had been in being considerably over a
century.

In the corner stood a tall,
pale-faced clock, that had monotonously
ticked away a hundred and ten years,
second by second. On the mantle were
some sea-shells, a pair of china vases,
and a small wooden ship, whitened out
by Ephraim K. Small. And beneath the
mantle was a large open fire-place,
where the fire itself leaped up incessantly
and rubbed its glowing hands
together, with warm smiles that were
reflected in the polished face of the
brass-headed andirons. Just such a
fire as one likes to sit in front of when
it is snowing and sleeting and blowing
out-of-doors, and listen to tales of ship-
wrecks and storms at sea.

The talk went on interuptedly till
dinner-time, and then came a meal, to
which Tad did more than ample justice.
He said afterward that he was ashamed
to have eaten so much. But when a
beef, and not biscuit, and fresh butter,
and new gingerbread, with pie and
doughnuts besides, what else can be
expected?

After dinner Polly took Tad out to
make the acquaintance of the pig and
hens, while Mrs. Flagg cleared up the
dishes, during which operation Captain
Flagg, between the whiffs of his pipe,
told her Tad's simple story, and men-
tioned the boy's expressed desire to get
work of some kind in the country.

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Flagg, with
enthusiasm in her voice and a dis-
tinctive in her hand, "now if that don't seem
providential like; Miss Smith ran up
to bring some yeast this morning, and
she was in a peck of trouble. Dan
Cobby—yes, the member Dan—he wanted
to go off to sea with you las' summer!"

The Captain intimated by a grunt
that he recollected the youth very well.
"Well, Dan had been working there
for a year," the good lady went on,
"and Miss Smith said she'd noticed he
was getting dreadful sort of uppish
lately, and because she gave him a
talking to for smoking swart'ner cigars
in bed, he told her he wasn't going to
be ordered round by no woman, if he
knewed himself, so he up and left, and
she never of him two dollars a week
and board!"

"'D given him something more'n a
talking to," remarked Captain Flagg,
emphatically, as he knocked the ashes
from his pipe and rose to his feet. "I
guess, Mary Jane," he continued, reach-
ing for his hat, "I'll jest drift down to
Miss Smith's and see how the land lays
—if she ain't shipped any one, that's
the very place for Tad." With which
remark the Captain rolled out of the
door and down the street on his bene-
volent errand, while Mrs. Flagg, having
finished clearing away the dinner
things, took up her knitting for the rest
of the afternoon.

Meanwhile, Tad and Polly were wan-
dering about the premises, followed by
Bounce, who, being a city-reared
dog, seemed to find every thing as
delightfully novel and strange as did
Tad himself.

"I never thought the country was so
nice," said Tad, with an expressive
sigh, as the two leaned over the garden
fence and looked down the wide quiet
street. An old-fashioned stage-coach,
drawn by three horses, was rumbling
in the direction of the one hotel
loqually called a "tavern," which
boasted of a room where General La-
fayette had slept. Thrice a week this
antiquated vehicle made the journey
between Bixport and Middleboro—a
flourishing inland town, twenty miles
distant—with the mails and an occa-
sional venturesome passenger. Farther
down, at the end of the thoroughfare,
the masts of the "Mary J." outlined
themselves against the sky, and a
glimpse of Bixport river, on its way to
the ocean, could be seen.

"I s'pose you've lived here ever since
you were born," continued Tad, a lit-
tle wistfully. To have been reared in
a peaceful home like this, with the lov-
ing care of parents continually about
one, seemed to homeless, orphaned
Tad the very highest happiness earth
could afford.

Polly opened her eyes very wide in
deed.

"Why—don't you know? How fan-
ny!" she exclaimed, turning a wonder-
ing face toward her companion.

Polly nodded gravely, and again the
far-away look came into her eyes, as
they rested on the grassy mound at her

feet. But soon the practical side of
her nature asserted itself.

"Come, Tad," she said, rising to her
feet, "it's getting pretty near supper-
time, and I must help Mother Flagg—
she's got doughnuts to fry." So the
two made their way out of the old
church-yard, and entered the home gate
at the same time as Captain Flagg,
who, with a radiant face, was just re-
turning from his interview with Miss
Smith.

"You're to go over there in the
morning," Tad said to the Captain, af-
ter disclosing to him the nature of his
own errand to the house of the maid-
lady in question, "and if she likes the
cut of your job she'll hire you on trial
for a spell, at two dollars a week and
board—what do you say to that?"

For a moment or two Tad could say
nothing whatever; the prospect of earn-
ing such a sum at the very outset, fairly
took away his breath. More than that
he didn't know, and board beside!
Why, it would not be so very long,
at that rate, before he should be able
to buy himself the little home of his
dreams.

"Well, didn't you hear what I said?
'ears to me you're dreadful deaf!" ob-
served the Captain, a little sharply,
thinking perhaps that Tad's silence
arose from a disinclination to accept
the offer which he, Captain Flagg, knew
was a most favorable one.

"Who's that so dreadful deaf—Tad?"
interposed a familiar voice, before Tad
could frame a reply. The speaker was
no other than Joe Whitney, who, scent-
ing the odor of frying doughnuts in
passing, had come in for a possible
share of the spoils, just in time to hear
his uncle's remark.

"Deaf as a haddock," grumbled the
Captain, irritably, "and dumb into the
bargain, anybody'd think for here I've
as good as got him a berth to Miss
Smith's, and he's to go over there just
thing in the morning for a kind of over-
hauling; but when I tell him, he never
so much as says whether he's glad or
sorry—don't say nothing, in fact." And
here, as the Captain paused for breath,
astonished Tad had at last a chance to
explain himself.

"I'm deaf," exclaimed the boy,
with sparkling eyes and eager speech,
"it's only because I'm so glad and
so—so every thing," said Tad, unable
to frame his gratitude, "that I can't say
what I want to."

The Captain, who saw his mistake,
was instantly appeased. He patted
Tad on the shoulder in the most friend-
ly manner imaginable, and after clear-
ing his throat, told him in a low tone
that Solomon hit the nail square on the
head when he said that there's a Provi-
dence that shapes our ends, refuses them
as much as we've a mind to, and then,
as in Tad's possession, he got together
his writing materials, and, with the
help of the "Business Man's Assistant,"
and "Every Man His Own Lawyer,"
drew up the following notice for publi-
cation:

"To Whom it May Concern:
"Be it known that on the evening of March
30, 1894, a certain party left on a seat in the
Bixport Station, Philadelphia, a hand-
bag supposed to contain valuables. Now,
therefore, if said party shall at the time of
reading this notice, or at any time here-
after as may be possible, communicate by
letter with the subscriber, describing said bag,
together with such information as shall
respond to the true and lawful owner thereof,
the same shall be returned to him, and he
shall be entitled to the sum of five dollars,
to cover expenses of advertising, etc."
(Signed) CAPTAIN JETHRO FLAGG,
Business, Bixport, State of Maine.

Having finished this rather remark-
able production, Captain Flagg read it
aloud for the edification of Tad and
Joe Whitney, who had just returned
from the kitchen.

"Tain't the way I'd put it, Uncle
Jeth," remarked the irrepressible Joe,
"with that full of doughnut, and
suspicious humbugness about his
pockets, as Captain Flagg laid down
the paper with a look of conscious
pride, "I'd just say: 'Found in Broad
Street station, Philadelphia, on such-
and-such a night, a hand-bag. Prove
Property and pay charges. Address
Captain Jethro Flagg, Bixport,
Maine.'"

Captain Flagg regarded his audacious nephew with a look in which
mild indignation was blended with
pity. "Mebbe you would, Joseph," he
said, with some severity, "mebbe you
would; but, considerin' that I'm jest a
few years older'n you, I've took the
liberty of doin' this my own way."

"All right, Uncle Jeth," returned
the unabashed youth, "if you don't
mind, I'll jest say: 'Say, Tad,
I've found a hand-bag, brisky, turning to
the secretly amused youth, 'how'd you
like me to go over to Miss Smith's in
the morning and speak a good word
for you, eh?'"

"I'd like you to go with me ever so
much," warmly replied Tad. He did
not rely upon Joe's verbal recom-
mendation, but he had a sort of
feeling that the moral support of his
presence would be a great deal.

"I'll call for you right after break-
fast," briefly returned Joe, with a twinkle
in the eye, that had Polly been
present, she would have understood at
once to mean mischief. But she was
helping Mrs. Flagg with supper prep-
arations, and the Captain was busy
sending off the copies of his notice to
a couple of city papers, so Tad had no
warning as to Joe Whitney's love of
practical jokes. And all the way home
Joe chok'd down certain little twinges
of conscience, by representing to him-
self that it was "only a little fun, any-
way," an excuse which a fancy has
been common to mischievous youth
from the fabled stoning of the frogs
down to the present day.

Miss Smith was "shooting" some
hens out of her yard as Joe came by
the house, and he at once volunteered
his services with marked success. Send-
ing the last hen shrieking across the
street with a stick following closely at
her tail-feathers, Joe closed the gate
carefully.

"Oh, I say, Miss Smith," he re-
marked, as he was turning away, "I
told Tad—the boy that Uncle Jeth
brought home this trip—that I'd come
over with him in the morning—he's

sort of bashful with strangers."
"Nobody'd accuse you of any thing
of the kind, Joe Whitney," was Miss
Smith's uncompromising answer. She
was tall, thin, angular and forty, with
a good heart, but rather uncertain tem-
per. And Joe was not a prime favor-
ite with Miss Smith, by reason of his
rather peculiar tendencies to mis-
chief.

"Tad's a real good boy, I guess,"
said Joe, ignoring the personality, "but
if he's as hard of hearin' as Uncle Jeth
says—for I heard him say Tad was deaf
as a haddock—you'll have to holler like
old boots to make him hear." And,
without waiting to be questioned fur-
ther, Joe scudded homeward.

True to his promise, Joe was on
hand bright and early on the following
morning. Captain Flagg had gone
down to superintend the discharge of
the "Mary J.'s" cargo, and Mrs.
Flagg was in the kitchen. Only Polly
and Bounce followed the two boys to
the gate.

"Remember, now! no tricks—Joe,"
called out Polly, warningly; "good-
luck to you Tad, and she waved her
hand encouragingly, as the latter
turned with a very full heart, to look
back at the old home whose occupants
had given him so friendly a reception.

"Oh, isn't this nice!" said Tad, en-
thusiastically, as he drew in a great
breath of the sweet, pure air, and
looked at the quiet beauty of the land-
scape about him. Behind the village
rose a range of spruce and pine cov-
ered hills, and in the eyes of the city-bred
farm, and in the eyes of the city-bred
boy, Bixport and its surroundings
seemed a sort of miniature Paradise.

"Not so bad," patronizingly assented
his companion, and as they crossed
a small stone bridge which spanned a
deep narrow stream, Joe stopped and
peeped scrutinizingly over the rail, at
the dark current below.

"I guess the water's warm enough
to try the trout—tomorrow's Satur-
day, and if Miss Smith'll let you off in
the afternoon—if she hires you—what
do you say if we go troutin'?"

Say! What would any boy say to such
a proposition—particularly a boy who had
never before been outside city walls?
"But may be Miss Smith won't hire
me," suggested Tad, a little anxiously,
after having expressed a rapacious
readiness to accompany his newly
made friend on a troutin' tramp, or
anywhere else that Joe might suggest.

"No trouble about that," Joe replied,
confidently; "she'd take anybody Uncle
Jeth recommended. You know
she's hard of hearing?" he added, care-
lessly.

No, Tad did not know it.

"Fact!" said Joe, with a nod, "and
I'm deaf, and I'm dumb, and I'm
a voice of my own. The louder you
holler, the better she'll like you," he
added, with a slight twinkle of his not
over-sensitive conscience. For though
it was true that Miss Smith was un-
deniably hard of hearing in her right
ear, persons speaking in a low tone
to her ordinary ear, and having no par-
ticular difficulty in making themselves heard.
Tad resolved that if this was the case,
he would place himself without delay
on the topmost round of Miss Smith's
affections; and little more was said,
as they had now arrived at their new
place of destination.

(To be continued next week.)

Secretary Gresham appeared upon the
floor of the Senate late Friday morn-
ing, and entered the chamber he went
over to the Republican side and took a
seat on the sofa. Those Senators in-
cluding Senators Teller, Platt of Con-
necticut, Quay, Stewart, and several
others, with whom he wished to converse
were sent for, and Senator Kyle, the
Populist, who passed by, was the only
Senator who voluntarily greeted him.
It so happened that when Secretary
Gresham came upon the floor, Senator
Ransom, of North Carolina, was over on
the Republican side. With his custom-
ary Chesterfieldian manners he gave
the Secretary of State a warm grasp of
the hand, exchanged a few words, and
went back to the Democratic side of the
Senate; No other Democrat greeted the
Secretary.

A Shooting Parson.
VANCOUVER, Ky., January 10.—On
Grassy creek, a few miles southeast of
this city, last night, when the latter
went into an argument with John
Slate, a lay member, on the subject of
the efficiency of infant baptism. (The
controversy became loud and waxed
hot, when Rev. Penrod drew his re-
volver and fired at Slate, the ball pass-
ing through the latter's foot leg. Slate
then rushed on Penrod, and when the latter
drew his butcher knife and slashed at his
opponent, Slate's trousers were cut across
the abdomen. The interference of mutual
friends prevented a murder. Rev. Penrod
is very sorry for what he did. No
arrests have been made so far.

Free Pills.
Send your address to H. E. Bucklen
& Co., Chicago, and get a free sample
box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A
trial will convince you of their merits.
These pills are easy in action and are
particularly effective in the cure of Con-
stipation and Sick Headache. For
Malaria and Liver troubles they have
been proved invaluable. They are
guaranteed to be perfectly free from
every deleterious substance and to be
purely vegetable. They do not weaken
by their action, but by giving tone to
the stomach and bowels greatly invigorate
the system. Regular size 25 cents per
box. Sold by F. B. Peter, Druggist.

Free Pills.
Mr. H. H. Cabinis, Manager of the
Atlanta Journal, has hit upon a novel
method of helping the Cotton States and
International Exposition. He invited
the Woman's Department of the Ex-
position to get out the paper for one day
and the proposition was accepted. Mrs.
Joseph Thompson, President of the
Woman's Chief of Managers, will
conduct the different departments. St.
Valentine's day has been selected and
the ladies will edit the Journal that day
and take the proceeds for the Woman's
Department of the courts, railroads,
station-house, Recorder's court, capitol
and everything else. All the regular
force will be discharged for that day
and the ladies of the Exposition Board
will take the whole responsibility. The
list includes some of the brightest wo-
men in Atlanta and the Valentine
Journal is expected to be the raciest
issue that has ever been printed.

All Free.
Those who have used Dr. King's New
Discovery know its value, and those who
have not have now the opportunity to
try it free. Call on the advertised drug-
gist and get a trial bottle free. Send
your name and address to H. E. Buck-
len & Co., Chicago, and get a sample
box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free,
as well as a copy of Guide to Health and
Household Instructor, free. All of
which is guaranteed to do you good and
cost you nothing. P. B. Peter's drug
store.

Leslie, Pawling, a well-to-do farmer,
living about a mile west of New Colum-
bia, went to the house of his mother-
in-law, half a mile distant, Thursday, and
induced her to accompany him back
home, "to witness a grand shooting
match." Upon their arrival at the
Pawling homestead he took a revolver
from his pocket and shot his four-
week-old child, killing it instantly. He
then fired at his wife, inflicting a serious
but not fatal wound. Immediately after
shooting he went to the barn and
hanged himself. Jealously is thought
to have been the cause of the crime.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."
Snipp—"I don't believe you know
right from wrong." Pipp—"Yes I do;
you are wrong."
"Got even with my wife." "How?"
"Smoked the cigars she gave me in the
presence of her curtains."
Mamma—"You must be very careful.
The doctor says your system is all up-
set." Little Dot—"I guess it is. My
foot's as 'peep. Foteses must be awfully
upset 'em they goes to 'seep at the
wrong end."

"I notice," said the tall, pale girl
with the high forehead, "that there is
much progress being made now in pho-
tographing the stars." "Oh, yes,"
answered the fluffy girl. "They use
them for cigarette pictures."
Jagwell—"I've made an awful mis-
take; I sent a messenger boy up to Miss
Cashley's with a lot of flowers, thinking
it was her birthday, and now I learn
that her birthday is to-morrow." Wig-
wag—"That's all right; the messenger
boy may get there in time."

Woman Suffrage Lecturer—"They
say that women if allowed the ballot
would still take no interest in elections;
but I defy anybody to tell me why."
A Masculine Voice—"I'll bet you ten
dollars I can tell you why!" Woman
Suffrage Lecturer (indignantly)—"Sir, I
never bet."

A Frisian officer quartered in Alsace
one day visited a chapel in the outskirts
of the town. Greatly surprised at see-
ing a silver mouse among the votive
offerings, he demanded an explanation
from an "intelligent native" who was
showing him round. "An entire quar-
ter of the town," the Alsatian proceeded
to relate, "was once infested by an army
of mice, which constituted a veritable
plague. Then a kind hearted lady
took it into her head to get a silver
mouse made and to present it to the
Virgin. A week afterwards all the mice
had disappeared." The officer burst
out laughing, and exclaimed: "What!
Are the people in this country so stupid
as to believe such things?" Oh no!
promptly replied the Alsatian; "for if
we did, we should long since have of-
fered the Virgin a silver Prussian."

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floor of the Senate late Friday morn-
ing, and entered the chamber he went
over to the Republican side and took a
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others, with whom he wished to converse
were sent for, and Senator Kyle, the
Populist, who passed by, was the only
Senator who voluntarily greeted him.
It so happened that when Secretary
Gresham came upon the floor, Senator
Ransom, of North Carolina, was over on
the Republican side. With his custom-
ary Chesterfieldian manners he gave
the Secretary of State a warm grasp of
the hand, exchanged a few words, and
went back to the Democratic side of the
Senate; No other Democrat greeted the
Secretary.

A Shooting Parson.
VANCOUVER, Ky., January 10.—On
Grassy creek, a few miles southeast of
this city, last night, when the latter
went into an argument with John
Slate, a lay member, on the subject of
the efficiency of infant baptism. (The
controversy became loud and waxed
hot, when Rev. Penrod drew his re-
volver and fired at Slate, the ball pass-
ing through the latter's foot leg. Slate
then rushed on Penrod, and when the latter
drew his butcher knife and slashed at his
opponent, Slate's trousers were cut across
the abdomen. The interference of mutual
friends prevented a murder. Rev. Penrod
is very sorry for what he did. No
arrests have been made so far.

Free Pills.
Send your address to H. E. Bucklen
& Co., Chicago, and get a free sample
box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A
trial will convince you of their merits.
These pills are easy in action and are
particularly effective in the cure of Con-
stipation and Sick Headache. For
Malaria and Liver troubles they have
been proved invaluable. They are
guaranteed to be perfectly free from
every deleterious substance and to be
purely vegetable. They do not weaken
by their action, but by giving tone to
the stomach and bowels greatly invigorate
the system. Regular size 25 cents per
box. Sold by F. B. Peter, Druggist.

Free Pills.
Mr. H. H. Cabinis, Manager of the
Atlanta Journal, has hit upon a novel
method of helping the Cotton States and
International Exposition. He invited
the Woman's Department of the Ex-
position to get out the paper for one day
and the proposition was accepted. Mrs.
Joseph Thompson, President of the
Woman's Chief of Managers, will
conduct the different departments. St.
Valentine's day has been selected and
the ladies will edit the Journal that day
and take the proceeds for the Woman's
Department of the courts, railroads,
station-house, Recorder's court, capitol
and everything else. All the regular
force will be discharged for that day
and the ladies of the Exposition Board
will take the whole responsibility. The
list includes some of the brightest wo-
men in Atlanta and the Valentine
Journal is expected to be the raciest
issue that has ever been printed.

All Free.
Those who have used Dr. King's New
Discovery know its value, and those who
have not have now the opportunity to
try it free. Call on the advertised drug-
gist and get a trial bottle free. Send
your name and address to H. E. Buck-
len & Co., Chicago, and get a sample
box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free,
as well as a copy of Guide to Health and
Household Instructor, free. All of
which is guaranteed to do you good and
cost you nothing. P. B. Peter's drug
store.

Leslie, Pawling, a well-to-do farmer,
living about a mile west of New Colum-
bia, went to the house of his mother-
in-law, half a mile distant, Thursday, and
induced her to accompany him back
home, "to witness a grand shooting
match." Upon their arrival at the
Pawling homestead he took a revolver
from his pocket and shot his four-
week-old child, killing it instantly. He
then fired at his wife, inflicting a serious
but not fatal wound. Immediately after
shooting he went to the barn and
hanged himself. Jealously is thought
to have been the cause of the crime.

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