Richmond, Stinly, Anson and Unio Counties

STICK A PIN HERE. MODERATE



Run Down

Feeling - Severe hes, No Appetite of Wood's Sarsaparilla Back New Life. Lowell, Mass.:

er with me. One day I would I hardly stand, the next I her dache and so on not to say would bring forth. Bun Down. dicines but they did me

felt better. I have now lerlas well as ever. It has filto me as I have regained

-:- LADIES

Cooking Cone Contomose &

GRANG SCHARMART R.



AS COOD FOR ADULTS. ED. PRICE 80 cts. ATIA, ILLS., Nov. 16, 1893. ABNEY, CARE & CO.

ERADFIELD'S By arousing to healthy leading action all her organs, ICTAINS A SPECIFIC.

th to bloom, and joy to reign out hout the frame. t Never Fails to Cure.

three years, without bene-re-bettles of Bradfield's for she can do her own

BRYAN, Henderson, Ala. GULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. gglats at \$1.00 per bottle. m

Eye and Skin Ointmen ure for Chronic Sore Eyes x. For sale by druggists,

BORSE OWNERS. h borse in a fine healthy con-Cady's Condition Powders. the system, aid digestion, cure te, relieve constipation, correct orders and destroy worms, giving an old or over worked horse. 25 For sale by druggists

THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1895.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

Number 31

establishment.

Adventures of Tad: HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

Volume XII.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE. AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "BLOWN OUT TO SEA," "PAUL GRAFTON," ETC.

[Copyrighted, 1886, by D. Lothrop & Co., and Published by Special Arrangement.]

of painting, standing a little back from few other queries, of similar import. which was doubtless true. The boy the road. It had one immense chimney at the very apex of the roof, and a low, old-fashioned piazza on the west- factory; and Miss Smith graciously ad- not given in anger, but from a sense of ern front. Two great elm-trees bent mitted that his lack of clothes was a duty, and, though he would willingly protectingly over it, an orenard or gnarled apple-trees was in the rear, the vegetable garden at one side, and a small vard in front, where, as the two boys entered the gate, Miss Smith oro using Hood's Sarsapa- herself, was raking away the dead by sick and did not know leaves from a bed of upspringing cro-

At their approach Miss Smith threw her sun-bonnet back, and, straightening up the rake-handle, stood stiffly erect, clasping it between her gloved hands-something like the manner of all decided to try a bottle. I a sentinel with his musket when not on active duty-as she stared very hard at Tad, whose heart was beating furiously. "So this is the boy," she said, in an uncompromising sort of voice-her remark seemingly addressed to herself-

"humph!" This was by no means encouraging, doo's Sursaparilla and Tad's hopes went down below zero with considerable rapidity. Joe stood a little at one side, with a shadowy look yet promptly and of expectancy on his freekled face. "How old are you, Tad?" suddenly shricked Miss Smith, with such unex-

pected energy that mechanically Tad clapped his hands to his ears. "Fourteen-in my fifteenth year!" shouted Tad, whose face became quite crimson through the exertion. So did



FOURTEEN, IN MY FIFTEENTH," SHOUT-Miss Smith started back involuntari-

"Mercy on us!" she exclaimed. Why don't you speak a little louder!" she added, in a sarcastic sort of roar. "I said fourteen, marm-in my fifteenth year!" Tad yelled, with the full power of his lungs; for, unfortunately, he took her ironical suggestion in per-

fect good-faith. Miss Smith dropped the rake-handle, and sat down on the piazza steps. Yoe, whoes face was of a lively purple which extended to his ear-tips, began

to edge toward the gate. "You won't do, boy," screamed Miss Smith, so shrilly that John Doty, who was plowing in an adjoining field, stopped his oxen and looked wonderingly across at the "old Smith place," as it was locally called, while Samantha Nason, Miss Smith's "hired help," rushed bare-armed from the kitchen, with a vague impression that

Miss Smith was in hysterics. "I can't hire any one as deaf as you are, and run the risk of breaking a blood-vessel hollering to you," continued Miss Smith in the same high key, as Tad stood confounded and despondent at her abrupt refusal; "besides, I'm not so hard of hearing as all that comes to, and your voice goes through my head like a knife-yah-h-h!" with which concluding ejaculation Miss Smith put her hands to the sides of her pasteboard sun-bonnet and shuddered. "Why, I ain't deaf, marm!" vonderingly exclaimed Tad, dropping his voice several octaves, "and I

wouldn't have spoke so loud only Joe said you was hard of hearing, an' if he was me he'd speak up good and loud." Joe could stand it no longer. With an explosive yell of laughter he dodged through the gate, and, dropping in the green sward, at a safe distance, doubled himself up in an ecstasy of un-

seemly mirth. "Joe Whitney!" gasped Miss Smith, starting to her feet and shaking her finger threatening in the direction of the prostrate practical joker, as the truth of the matter flashed across her mind, "you see if your father don't

hear of this, sir!" But her indignation was always hort lived, and gradually a grim smile oftened the hard lines, of her face, though the overshadowing head-gear

hid it from Tad's anxious gaze "And so you want a place, eh?" she said, abruptly, but not unkindly, as she turned her sharp gray eyes full upon Tad, who was looking reproachfully at Joe as, having risen, he cautiously advanced within earshot. "If you please, marm," was the respectful answer, and Tad looked pleadingly up at the maiden lady as he spoke. Something in his thin, pale

face moved Miss Smith's heart curi-The boys who had worked for her from time to time had generally been unintelligent, brown-faced boys, with large appetites and a tenency to idle Salt Rheum and Scald Head, could.

could. "He's got a look I kind of like, though he is a pindling sort of a boy," thought Miss Smith, rubbing her nose reflectively.

"Don't you dare enter that gate, Joseph Whitney!" she exclaimed, with sudden energy, as Joe, with traces of his recent mirth on his features, edged himself along the front fence.

his eyes, and sobbed hysterically, after is pretty nigh worn out." which, twisting it between his fingers, he feigned to wring tears of bitter grief from its folds.

Miss Smith's house was a high, mother living? Had he been to school? said: "Joe's thrashin's hurt the deacon square-roofed building, sadly in need What church did he attend?—and a a dretful sight more'n they did Joe,"-

> tolerably reasonable excuse for his de- have dispensed with them, Joe never ficiency in that one respect. "I guess you'll do," she finally said, or resentment, after the first smart had at least I'm minded to try you, so you | passed away. can come over and begin work early | Leaving Joe to his impending fate.

Monday morning." the harder to make up."

back to Cap'n Flagg's," said Miss ing cut a pole, Tad sat himself down to Smith, sharply, raising her voice for shape and trim it. outside the gate.

Abigail," resumed raking, while Tad, or scream of a bluejay. gether in the most amicable manner.

CHAPTER VIII. Who that was ever a boy has forgotten, or will forget, his first fishing experience? No matter whether it was angling for minnows from the wharf, with a pin-hook, catching "pumpkin seeds" from the mill-pond logs or following up an alder-fringed brook in pursuit of trout-he will be sure to remember it a great deal longer than he will the more important episodes of his later life. And I know one in particular who will always remember his boyish debut in the fishing line-I mean Tad

It was the Saturday morning following Tad's peculiar introduction to Miss Smith, and an unusually mild day for a New England April, which uncertain month is very apt to seem so much like March as to resemble a younger

Joe and Tad were digging bait in Deacon Whitney's barn-yard; that is, Joe did the digging while Tad placed the angle-worms in a round tin must-

ard-box, with a ventilating cover. "There!" said Joe, straightening up, "and now, Tad-you plaguey old tat-

Tad looked up in dire astonishment; but the conclusion of Joe's sentence was evidently not addressed to It was churning-day at Deacon Whit-

nev's, and Joe's eyes were fixed on the retreating form of Miss Smith's hired help who had come over to bespeak some buttermilk for Miss Smith's pig. Samantha Nason was given to gossip, and Joe's guilty conscience at once assured him that she had lost no time in telling the story of his late humorous performance to the deacon, Mrs. Whitnev and his sister Nell.

"I guess we'd better be off." marked Joe, rather hastily; "and, instead of going out the front way, we'll take a short cut down through the fields. You've got your lines all

Tad tapped his pocket significantly, and adjusted the tin-box cover while Joe was putting the shovel back in the

"Come on, then, Tad," said his companion, with an uneasy glance at the back kitchen, which Tad did not quite understand, and with his words Joe dodged hastily behind the barn, followed by Tad; but, alas! he was too

From the open kitchen-window came the cry, in his sister Nell's voice: "Jo-seph!-come right into the house -father wants you!'

"Darn it all!" muttered Joe, with a vindictive kick at the fence-rail; now I've got to catch it."

"Catch what?" wonderingly asked Tad, though with an intuitive suspicion that Joe was not referring to the prospective catch of trout. Joe did not reply, but with a gloomy

the bottom of an old pasteboard band- underbrush at a little way off.



"Shove it up under my coat, behind quick, Tad!" he exclaimed, in an agitated whisper, "and then you go ahead to the brock-may be I can get off close at hand, sent Tad's heart into his fishing tackle. He pulled vigorously; store.

voice suggestive of the deepest contri- with this," added Joe, with a rather tion. Affecting to be overcome with sickly smile, as he touched the small of remorseful sorrow, he appled a small his back significantly, "only I've got red-boardered cotton handkerchief to to get a new piece of pasteboard—this

"Are you coming, Joseph?" The voice was Deacon Whitney's. and sounded from the wood-shed close Turning her back upon the arch dis- by. Tad fled ignominiously through sembler, Miss Smith proceeded to put the rear barn door, while Joe reluct-Tad through a rapid course of question antly obeyed the direful summons. Not ing. Did he smoke or swear? Had he that Deacon Whitney was unreasonbeen vaccinated? Were his father and ably harsh or stern. Indeed, his wife On all points except that of church- knew that his father loved him sin-

Tad climbed the barn-yard fence, and "Thank you, marm," replied Tad, with a jubilant feeling of gladness, with a beaming face. "I'll be here early; which was only shadowed by the ocand though I'm kind of green, Miss casional thought of his new friend's Smith," he added, earnestly, "I'll learn disappointment, made his way down just as fast as ever I can, and work all across the deacon's meadows, to the

cherished the slightest feelings of anger

brook. "Well, we'll see," was the only re- Tad knew nothing whatever about ply. Miss Smith's faith in juvenile | trout-fishing, as a matter of course. promises had been rudely shattered by He had caught flounders and cunners the frequent breakages that she had from the piers, like most city boysknown in her experience. At the same but only those. However, he had a time she felt rather drawn toward this general idea of some of the requirepale-faced orphaned boy-though she ments for the piscatorial art. So, with would not have owned it, even to her a very light heart, he followed the 'mill brook," as it was called, through "Don't you let that Joe Whitney lead a field and an adjoining pasture, till he ou into any mischief before you get came to an alder swamp, where, hav-

Joe's edification, as Tad joined him | Well, it was indeed a lovely morning. The sky above him, flecked with "Now, Miss Smith," expostulated the drifting white clouds, was of the deepinjured youth, "that isn't fair!" The est blue, the air soft and spring-like, maiden lady smiled significantly, and, and the peaceful stillness unbroken muttering something about "innocent only by the occasional cawing of crows

exultant over his future prospects, fore- Tad sat drinking in the beauty of the fore to reproach his mischievous com- time and place, softly whistling to himpanion for the little episode I have nar- | self as he worked, and thought over the rated, and the two walked away to- many strange thing's that had come into his life in one short week, and all because an absent-minded man had left his traveling-sachel on the seat in a railroad station.

"Why, it just seems as though I'd been swopped off for somebody else," he said, with a great sigh of thankfulness. And though, as might be expected, Tad Thorne's religious knowledge was of the vaguest possible order, he somehow felt his heart going out thankfully to the Maker of such a beautiful world. "There," said Tad, as, finishing trim-

ming the pole, he rose to his feet and brushed off the twigs, "now for the The brook went dancing and laughing along at his side, with here and

there a mimic water-fall, at the foot of which the foam and bubbles drifted about in frothy masses. With fingers trembling a little with excitement, Tad fastened his line, with

its heavy sinker and hook large enough for black bass, to the end of the pole. Adjusting the bait, he threw his line into the deepest part of the pool. "I guess it isn't a very good day for

trout, any way," he murmured, after about five minutes of letting his line drift along in the current, and pulling it up again. But stop! a little tug at the hook sent a thrill from his fingertips to his toes! With a jerk that would have landed a three-pound trout, Tad pulled out a chub about four inches long, which, with hook, line and sinker, was immediately entangled in the alder branches over his head, requiring ome ten minutes of perspiring effort to

"Trout ain't as big as I thought for," he said, half aloud, as he surveyed his prize. "It must take an awful lot of em to make a mess." Tad added. gravely, as he strung the small fish on a twig, and made his way a little further up-stream, in his ignorance passing over the deep pools and swelling eddies, which are generally the lurking-places of the spotted beauties. By eleven o'clock, Tad, who had

caught seven chubs, each about a finger in length, began to think that the harm of trouting had been considerbly overstated. It was rather early in the season for mosquitoes, yet there were quite enough of them about to make it quite lively for a fisherman. He had ascended the brook about two miles, and was tired and decidedly hungry; and, moreover, he found himself right in the heart of what seemed o Tad's unaccustomed eves a bound-

Sitting down on a stump, Tad gazed about him, wondering at the solemn silence. Overhead, the wind sighed softly through the tops of the great pines. Red squirrels chittered in the spruce and hemlock trees, and a particularly venturesome one dropped a cone from an overhanging bough at his very feet, vanishing among the branches and vengeful expression, slunk into the with wonderful swiftness, as Tad behind the corn-crib Joe hastily pulled shuck scampered rapidly through the past dinner-time.

either have to run or climb a tree if I lie in the heat of the day. than most boys." In a juvenile paper flume like a mill-race. he had read how one "boy hero," thus | Tad secretly thought that any trout surprised, had hastily lashed his open venturesome enough to trust himself in jack-knife to the end of a pole, and such a swift current would be swept boldly attacking the savage beast, had down stream in a twinkling. But he slain him by a fortunate thrust. Tad obeyed, andof the best cast-iron.

thought, "but I suppose"-"G-T-T-T-T!"

"No, marm," responded Joe, in a bime-by. It don't hurt much of any, very throat? There was not even time to splice the knife to the fish-pole, for the growl and rustling were repeated louder and nearer than before!

> The hackneyed expression, "to sell his life dearly," flashed into Tad's mind, and, bracing himself against the tree-stump-somewhat in the "Come one, come all-this rock shall fy From its firm base, as soon as I'

attitude—he held his open jack-knife in his hand, and awaited the overcomisg monsterl CHAPTER IX. The spruce-bushes parted suddenly; but, instead of disclosing the form of a ferocious bear, nothing more formidable than the good-humored features of going Tad's answers were very satis- cerely, and that the whippings were Joe Whitney, adorned with an expressive grin, was revealed. There were traces of recent tears on his freekled face; yet mirth beamed from his eye, and it was evident that the re-

cent punishment had not had a very depressing effect on his animal spirite. "Thought I was a bear, didn's you, Pad?" he remarked, laughing. And Tad, too much relieved at the prospect of companionship to feel very angry, answered, with a feeble smile, that he was kind of startled, and made haste to change the subject.

"I've got seven trout, but they're awful small," said Tad, producing his catch, with a rather disconsolate air. Joe started, whistled and then roared.

"Why, you goosie!" he shouted, but so good-naturedly that it was impossible to be angry with him, "those atn't trout-they're chubs!"

Poor Tad felt tremendously mortified, but speedily forgot his mortification in real honest admiration of a string of trout—the largest of which

one trout!" sighed Tad; and Joe put him up to catching more than one -perhaps half a dozen-before they returned.

reference to the cause of his companion's detention.

down enough," said Joe, mournfully, and Tad asked no further questions. "Father didn't flog me for just having a little fun with you and Miss Smith," Joe went on after a short pause, "but because he said I as good as lied when I made her think that you was deaf, and you think that she

"Well," returned Tad, hesitatingly, "I don't know-you didn't mean to say what wasn't true, any way."

"No," said Jee, frankly; "I didn't! 1 hate a square up and down lie as bad as the next one; but, come to study on it over, I guess we fellows don't stop to think long enough, sometimes, and lie when we don't mean to; anyhow, I do, and I'm going to try and stop it."

This was quite an admission for Joe, who was generally very chary of acknowledging his faults. But he had begun to feel a strong boyish affection for his companion, and spoke more openly to him than he was in the habit of doing.

here?" asked Tad, breaking the little in at least half a dozen motherless boys for cupidity, extravagance and hungry hereby given to all such persons who silence that followed.

"Why, after father-got through with me," returned Joe, while a humorous smile began to hover about his mouth, "he set me churning, and went off down town on an errand. Mother, Emory's, all of a sudden, and, by gra- her lap. cious!" said Joe, rubbing his shoulwhose smile had begun to broaden, "I in life, as it were, a-losing of every redoes I do but get hold of the churn- her a bit cranky; but she's good-hearted dasher again. Father, he came in. and God-fearin', and ence you get into er hasn't got back, or if Nell don't Flagg observed, in a voice indicative of come up-stairs," added Joe, with an considerable respect for the possessor he's churning buttermilk now."

tentot regarding the mysteries of churn- do"; he who had five thousand was well State have any definite purpose beyond ing, the point of Joe's little joke was off; while the ewner of ten thousand the creation and distribution of offices not perfectly clear to his own mind dollars was regarded in the light of a and places and the carrying out of mere And perhaps, on second thought, Joe millionaire. (To be continued next week.) might have remembered that the tacit deception practiced toward his father was not exactly in keeping with his professed penitence of a moment or two previous, for he made no attempt to enlighten his companion, but, taking trial will convince you of their merits. up his pole, said, rather hastily, that barn by the small rear door, followed looked suddenly up. A partridge he guessed they'd better be getting toby his wondering companion. From drummed in the distance, and a wood- ward home, as it was considerably stipation and Sick Headache. For marriage in Rowan county Sunday of a

About half-way down Mill brook been proved invaluable. They are "I wonder if there are any bears in were the ruins of an old saw-mill. these woods," thought Tad, with an Here, among the great timbers below ancomfortable thrill pervading his the dam, the water made deep eddies frame at the bear possibility. "I'd and shady nooks, where trout love to

saw one coming," he thought, "and | "Throw in there, Tad," said Joe, yet, what good would that do, where pointing to a spot where the dark water bears can climb and run rather better rushed around the end of the broken

mechanically took out his own jack- Good gracious! had a sturgeon or a knife, and opened the two-inch blade young whale seized his bait! His line went cutting through the dark waters, "I couldn't do much with that," he and the top of the alder pole bent emi-

so did the trout, and 'snap!' went the end of the alder pole, leaving Tad in a mad frenzy of excitement, with threefourths of the rod in his hands, daneing madly on the recks



for the broken fragment, which was tug landed high and dry the largest trout ever eaught in Mill brook.

"There!" Joe exelaimed, as Tad re- boxes, they certainly have stuffed politigarded his prize in an amasement too cal places and pulls. It was said at the deep for words, "you've caught the one assembling of the Legislature that the real trout you've wanted to-now, I swarm of office seekers was surpassing guess we'd bester be getting home, great and that the applicants outnum-

without doing any more fishing." fully, "but you caught him, after all, vestigation and figures afford abundant Joe." But Joe stoutly asserted that proof. Tad hooked him first, while he Joe-

string of trout—the largest of which would not weigh quite a quarter of a pound—that Joe brought out, together with an alder pole, from the thicker where he had enacted the bear.

"I dug some bait on the way, and caught these little fellows coming along," explained Joe, as he held them up before his companion's admiring gaze.

"Oh, wouldn't I like to catch just like and one doorkeeper and assistant; and one d "Oh, wouldn't I like to catch just edge that he himself had furnished this important adjunct to the evening meal latitude in that respect, but the present stoutly assured him not to worry-he'd gave it an additional relish for Tad. Legislature has increased the pay rolls

"Did it hurt you very much?" inabout the open fire-place, with its made such a conscienceless raid upon rier's store.

quired Tad, presently, with delicate smoldering back-log, after the teather the State Treasury. Bees hum and things were cleared away, and the big sting until they settle upon the flowers kerosene-lamp was lighted, he opened and they are silent when sucking their "The pasteboard wasn't quite low his heart to their kindly questioning fill. and spoke freely of his past life. There Extravagance is a mild term for such was really little or nothing to keep conduct. Would these reformers be so back, for, as I have said, thanks to the reckless in their own affairs! Can the left at Mrs Dr. Henders in s. memory of his mother's teachings and a natural uprightness of character, Tad had escaped the evil ways which a homeless, friendless boy is so apt to fall ployes. Let these hangers on and local into, and, though he had faults in township bosses or scavengers be sent abundance, he was, en the whole, a home, and at least \$6,000 could be saved without detriment or inconvenience, whose surroundings and advantages and given the public common schools.

marked the Captain, thoughtfully, to State, at a meeting of an Alliance some bar to their recovery. Also all to their break a little silence which had fallen questions had to be decided by ballot. upon the group.

do hepe she'll like me." "She'll be hard to suit if she don't," returned Mrs. Flagg, elicking her nee- useless places for thriftless kin and redles emphatically tegether as they flashed in and out of the meshes of a blue yarn sock that she was knitting for the Captain. Fer the good lady, "But what made you so long getting whose heart was large enough to take and girls, had begun to regard Tad

with considerable favor. "I know she'll like you," said Polity, confidently, as she looked up from the

There, my son!' he says, 'I guess her good books, you're always there." you've been punished enough—you can 'They say she's got a han'sum propgo now,' and then he took the churn- erty that her folks left her-someasher right out of my hand. If moth- wheres night en thousan' dollars," Mrs. rrepressible snicker, "I expect likely of such wealth. For in Bixport the person with an unencumbered estate As Tad knew rather less than a Hot- and a thousand dollars was "well-to-

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sam, le box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A These pills are easy in action and are Malaria and Liver troubles they have groom of 52 and a bride of 63. guaranteed to pe perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25 cents per box. Sold by P. B. Fetzer, Druggist.

Money is a slim diet for a hungry

All Free. Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its vlaue, and those who have not have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & 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 Tad knew nothing about playing a Household Instructor, free. All of A terrible growl, accompanied by a trout, and if he had it would have made | which is guaranteed to do you good and rustling in the thicket of small pines no difference, owing to his primitive cost you nothing. P. B. Fetzer's drug

Joe was equal to the situation.



PROFESSIOAL CARDS.

o the Editor of the Charlotte Goserver,

I have been watching the course of the fusionists in the Legislature with deep interest, and shall continue to do so. I do not condemn them for taking offer their professional services to the the appintments of committees out of citizens of Concord and vicinity. All the hands of Lieutenant Governor calls promptly attended day or night. Doughton. I think they were justifiable Office and residence on East Depot in such a course, because they are in street, opposite Presbyterian church. full power and are responsible for all the legislation that will be enacted. They were elected and it was intended by the people that they should have full sway and a fair trial.

But there is one series of actions for floating in sight. Gathering the slack which they deserve the severest censure line carefully in his hands, a vigorous and reprobation. It is the disgraceful and sordid manner in which they have "stuffed the offices" at the State capitol. If they have not stuffed the ballot bered the members by many men. The "All right," returned Tad, mourn- facts bear out the assertion, for the in-

The Senate is: composed of 50 memonly helped to bring the big fish safe to bers, 45 of whom are fusionists. The land. And, in the discussion of the ex. Senate now has 15 clerks and assistants on Depot Street.

The last Legislature gave too much By this time Tad had begun to feel \$3,570! It is a truism that soldiers love very much at ease with these quiet, pillage and sailors a divide but tell it home-like people. As they gathered not that "the soldiers of reform" have perience. Office over Lippards & Bar

had been far more faverable than Such a beginning would be welcomed as an honest effort at reform. Educa- the undersigned duly auther t Out of 24 members present, there were "Yes, sir," was the roply, "and I only three who could write the ballots for the others to cast, and thus conform to the requirements. Creating Notice to Supervisors, Read Ove seers warding party workers out of public taxes is an abuse and betrayal of a

sacred trust. Deny it who will. In the language of the late felictous 'first principles of dog.''

A few years ago after the termination of a heated prohibition campaign in fascinating pages of "Little Women," Charlotte, the license men rewarded which she was reading for the first time, with a dinner the colored brothers who she was sent for to go over to Mis' while Bounes slumbered peacefully in fought so nobly on their side. The tables were set in the floral hall at the "You fust go on and do your duty old fair grounds. A colored minister county only, at 7 per cent. interest on ders, "I thought my arms would just unto Miss Smith accordin" as you'd was invited to invoke a bessing upon five or six years time. Leans to be paid unhinge out of the sockets before the have it done to you, Tad," remarked the feast; but before the ceremony was back in small annual installments on the butter down into the cellar kitchen to be to care in the care. Miss Smith," remarked the least; but before the celemond his first of November when cotton is ready for market. This enables the borrower to pay off his indebtedness without exwork it, and forgot to empt' the churn continued Captain Flags, with upraised were empty, the table swept clean and hausting his crop of any one year, and (as mother always does), and whilst finger to command attention, "is a fe- the gentleman of the sacred calling had leaves him enough to raise she was down there," continued Joe, male that's had a tempestuous v'y'ge none. The fusionists in as incredibly next years crop on a cash basis. short time have not only appropriated thus enabling the farmer to get out of saw father coming up the walk, so what lation she had, which has gone to make all picking in reach, but created and debt. This money belon s, to farmers prepared others no reformer ever and is to be loaned to farme somly. dreamed of before. Do they, like the icense darkies, consider the feast a free

one and the blessing auseless formality? The rise of Tillmanism in South Carolina has attracted wide attention. Tillman professes to be a reformer, but has a definite object in view; the settlement of the grave and much vexed liquor question, by the substitution of the dispensary system. It remains to be seen whether the fusionists of this

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner.
Eating a Christmas nie
He stuck in his thumb, and pulled out a plum
And said what a brave boy am I. That is what the little Jack Horner

reform has been doing during the holi-The Salisbury Herald tells of the



comes to an end with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescripstrength; it puts new life into you; it brings you back into the world again. It is a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, especially adapted to woman's deli-

WEARINESS

adapted to woman's delicate wants. It regulates and promotes all the natural functions, and builds up, invigorates, and cures.

Or. R. V. Pieron: Sir—My wife improved in health gradually from the time she commenced taking "Favorite Prescription" until new. She has been doing her own housework for the past four months. When she began taking it, she was scarcely able to be on her feet, she suffered so from uterine debility.

I can heartily recommend it for such cases.

Book and Job Printing -OF ALL KINDS-

Executed in the Best Style

AT LIVING PRICES.

Our Job Printing Department, with every necessary equipment, is prepared to turn out every variety of Printing in first-class style. No botch-work turned out from this office. We duplis cate the prices of any legitimate

Highest of all in Leavening Power. Latest U.S. Gov't Report

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A JACK HORNER LEGISLATURE.

CONCORD, N. C.



W J. MONTGOMERY.

Office over Johnson's Drug Store.

CONCORD, N. C. As partners, will practice law in Cabarrus, Stanly and adjoining counties, in the Superior and Supreme Courts of the State and in the Federal Courts. Office



people of Concord and vicibity office Office Hours, 7 to 8 a, m., 1 th 2, at 6

Having been duly and ointed and qual-

"So you're to begin ship's duties to tion is needed among the masses. In a or before the 26th day of D wen ber, Miss Smith o' Monday—sh, Tad?" recreated section of this portion of the 1895, or this notice will be cleaned a a owing said deceased are notified that prompt payment is expected. This December 24, 1894. E. G. IRV N. Adm'r.

and Road Hands.

Whereas, complaint has been made to the Board that the Supervisors, Over-Gen. Leach, the present Legislature has townships of the county have in some seers and Road Hands of the several taught all of its late predecessors that instances neglected their duty, refice is shamelessness they didn't know the neglect their road duty that they will

BY BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS.

MONTGOMERY & CR P. S .- We have other mon v to lend on town or county proper at 8 per

NO MORE EYE-GLASSES

MITCHELL'S EYE-SALVE SORE, WEAK and INFLAMED EYES.

Cures Tear Drops, Granulation, Stye Tumors, Red Eyes, Matted Eye Lashes, Also, equally efficacious when used in other maladies, such as Ulcers, Fever Sores, Tumors, Salt Rheum, Burns,

Piles, or wherever fuffammation exists, MITCHELL'S SALVE may be used to SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 25 CENTS

gents' profit per conth. Will rove it or pay forfeit New rri-les just out. A \$1.50 sample at d terms free. Try us. Chidester & Son, 28 Bond St., New Yor BREAKFAST-SUPPER. GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

BOILING WATER OR MILK. NOTICE. I want every man and waman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. Box 382, and one will be sent you free.