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THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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is never done, and it is especially wearing and wearisome to those whose blood is impure and unfit properly to tone, sustain, and renew the wasting of nerve, muscle and tissue. It is more because of this condition of the blood that women are run down,
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CHILLS
W. N. Hademan, President of the great Louisville Courier-Journal Company, says: "Dr. Winterswith's Chill Tonic cured two cases of chills in my family after many other remedies had failed."
Mr. G. K. Carr, the leading druggist of Clarksdale, Miss., says: "I have a good sale for Dr. Winterswith's Chill Tonic here, and the leading physicians of the town prescribe it largely.
"Our family physician recommends it highly," says Miss Annie May Broach, Fordyce, Ark.
"My family of six children cannot live without it," says Mr. Geo. W. Kirby, Forest City.
WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
Sold by Ramseur & Graham, China Grove.

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When in need of Fire Insurance, call and see us, or write. We represent only first-class Home and Foreign Companies.
Respectfully,
WOODHOUSE & HARRIS.

CLOTHING
I have opened out in the room next to Dr. Smoot's office a good line of
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
Overcoats and Suits.
at right prices. Come to see me.
C. M. LORE.
ct. 31—tf

MOTHERS
We have a book, prepared especially for you, which we mail free. It treats of the stomach disorders—worms, etc.—that every child is liable to and for which
Frey's Vermifuge
has been successfully used for a half century.
One bottle by mail for 25c.
R. S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

Sewing Machine Repairing.
I am now living on Church street, in rear of the Methodist church, and am ready at all times to do any kind of sewing machine repairing. I will attend any call in 50 miles of Concord.
Read the following testimonial:
CONCORD, N. C., Dec. 30, 1885.
This is to certify that Mr. D. W. Snider has done considerable sewing machine work for us and all of it was done in first-class workmanlike manner and satisfactory to us.
YORKE, WADSWORTH & CO.
Look for my sign. Respectfully
Jan. 9—tf. D. W. SNIDER.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Some folks eat to live and some live to eat, but most of us mix it about half and half. It depends somewhat upon appetite and appetite depends on health. Down here in Florida the warning bell is always a welcome sound, and the guests gather with alacrity around the festive board. Change of climate and change of diet and change from work to play begets an appetite that some have not known for months at home. About once a week they try the scales and boast of the pounds they have gained. They have their way and then have their weigh and are happy. There is no complaining at the table, no long, languishing faces, no recital of their daily pains or nightly woes, but all come with a bright good morning or a smiling noon or a grateful evening after

"The day is done and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night."

Our daily menu now includes Spanish mackerel or gulf trout and oysters, Florida beef or mutton, and Florida vegetables and fruits. Or we can get western meats when wanted. The guests eat anything and almost everything that is set before them. Chickens and eggs are abundant and we have a stall fed turkey for Sunday. The finest of oranges are sold here for 25 cents a dozen. Green peas and strawberries are in the market. Now, if there is any better bill of fare for the sick or the well I don't know where you will find it. I wish that my wife and the folks at home had as good. There are no flies or mosquitoes here, and no nets have been spread except for fish. Our old fisherman brought in 600 pounds of beautiful mackerel this morning that he caught last night. You will have to go the east coast for insects. A traveler told me that over there he saw the man who drives the tramway mule from the hotel to the station kill sixty big flies on the way in about fifteen minutes. He carries a paddle in one hand and knocks them right and left as he goes.

As every country has its fuma and its flora, so it has its special kinds of or food for man and beast. A friend of mine who boarded at a private house in London for three months says he never saw any rice upon the table nor any hominy or anything made of corn. The lady said she did not know that anybody ate rice except the Chinese, and as for corn she did not know that it was fit for anything but to feed to hogs and horses. Judge Hillyer, who is here, traveled in Europe last year, and says that wheat and rye are the universal cereals for bread and a joint, as they call it, of beef or mutton the common meat for the rich and the poor. Speaking of London reminds me that my friend said he went out in the city to buy a knife, and hunted in vain to find a store that had Rogers cutlery to sell. Most of the hardware merchants had never heard of Rogers or his cutlery. At last he found one who said: "Ah, yes, there is a Rogers' manufacturer at Birmingham who makes knives, etc., for the American trade." "But," said my friend, "the stamps on his knives and razors, 'cutlers to her majesty.'" He smiled and said: "Well, that is just one of the tricks of the trade and designed to catch the foreigners. There is no cutler to her majesty." Rogers' knives are a little higher over here than any other make, but how little we know of the tricks of the trade. The protective tariff makes all cutlery 50 per cent. higher than it is in England, and every man and every boy in the land helps to pay it, and still Mr. McKinley is not happy. The fishing is good now—one of our household, Mrs. Palmer, of Atlanta, caught eighteen sheepshead this morning in half an hour. She was so proud of it that she wouldn't let her husband bring them but carried the heavy string all the way home herself. She will keep us in fish hereafter. It is glorious fun to see a woman catch fish, but most of them want a feller around to take them off the hook and put on a fresh bait. The little town is looking up. Another new comer bought a lot this morning and is going to build right away. The broad gauge has come at last and now the traveler can come from almost anywhere without a change of cars. Less than a year ago Mr. Plant bought this narrow gauge road that runs from Sanford to Petersburg. It was a long, slow, tiresome road with a very light rail, and the cars rocked about till they made an old man sore trying to keep his perpendicular. But now it has long, new crossties and a heavy rail, with spacious cars with a Pullman attached, and makes good speed from the main line at Trilby. All along the line the people gave glad welcome to the first train that greeted them. It was the dawn of a new era and came on Sunday. Had it been on any other day we would have greeted it with fitting ceremonies. In fact we heard it was to come on Monday and I had prepared some broken remarks that would have pleased Mr. Plant and Mr. Wrenn and Mr. Jolly and the engineer and conductor and all concerned, and our people were to shout and hurrah and the ladies were to sing "Hail to the Chief," and throw flowers and kisses, and Mr. Wrenn was expected to make response and say some nice things to the ladies and kiss his hand to their smiles as the beautiful train rolled off. But railroad men say that the change must be made on Sunday for good reasons, and so my speech was not made and there were no ceremonies. Nevertheless we are all grateful to Mr. Plant and wish him long life and peace and happiness. Now, if he will give us another road—a short line of twenty-eight miles across the pine woods to Tampa—his system will be complete. The Tampa people and his Tampa hotel guests will be only too happy to come to Clear Water for health and rest and sport.

While writing of what kinds of food prevails among different people, I am reminded of something that General Phillips told me about North Georgia, where he lives, that he enjoined me not to tell, but I will. It seems that he and Mr. Eager, of Boston, started out on a tour to locate the North Georgia Railroad from Marietta. They made about forty miles the first day and found an humble farmhouse, where they asked to stay all night. The good woman looked alarmed, but said yes. Mr. Egan, being a Boston Yankee, brought some Boston tea with him, and just before supper got it out and asked the good woman to make him some tea. She looked at it curiously, but asked no questions. When the humble supper was ready and they were helping themselves to fried meat and soda biscuit she brought in a little plate of blue batter cakes and set it down by Mr. Eagan and said: "You diden't say how much you wanted the tea cooked and I never seed any of it before, and so I biled it and biled it, but it didn't seem to get done and so I made a batter and fried it." Egan turned red and the General bit his lips, and after supper they had to walk a quarter of a mile away to laugh as loud as they wanted to. Now, if anybody doubts this story they had better keep it io themselves, for Gen. Phillips fought all through the war and is not a man to be trifled with, but he told me that if I ever put it in print and it got circulated up in that good woman's country he would deny it and say that it was one of Bill Arp's lies. Let him do it if he wants to. I never promised not to tell it. Since the road has been built knowledge has been increased all along the line and the good women have quit frying tea.

BILL ARP.

Butler Takes the Bits.

RALEIGH, N. C., January 28.—Senator Butler's newspaper here will contain tomorrow the following editorial:

"Senator Pritchard said on the floor of the senate that North Carolina was a Republican state and that the Republicans would carry it with an honest election. If this is Senator Pritchard's opinion why should he want co-operation with the Populists in the coming campaign? We have an honest election law now and the next election will probably be fair. We note also that Senator Butler told the senate that North Carolina was a silver state and would not give a single electorial vote in the next election to any goldbug for president. Butler is right. North Carolina gives eleven votes for a President who stands right on the silver question. A majority of the votes in North Carolina indorse the resolutions adopted at the state silver convention last September that no man not avowedly for free silver should be supported. If the people's party shall co-operate with any other in the coming campaign it will be on the basis of this resolution. The people's party cannot co-operate with any party unless the latter is willing to co-operate on the principle and advance the great cause."

Politicians here say this throws down the gauntlet to the Republicans and that it is evident the latter party has rejected Butler's proposition to support only silver men and say further that it forces the silver issue squarely upon the Republicans and that the latter must accede to the Populists' demans or get no Populist votes.

A Bouncing Ball of Fire.

NIRVANA, Mich., January 29.—A remarkable phenomenon occured about half mile east of the Nirvana station last night. A large fire ball about the size of a bushel basket fell to earth at an angle of about twentwy degrees. When it struck the snow it arose and floated off at the same angle until it disappeared behind the hills.

It is thought to have been one of the meteoric bubbles which are sometimes seen in this latitude, varying in size from a half dollar to the one here mentioned and consisting of a phosphorescent inclosed by film.

In the year 1832 thousands of these meteoric bubbles fell throughout this section and many people thought the world was coming to an end.

Your Boy Won't Live a Month.

So Mr. Gilman Brown, of 34 Mill St., South Gardner, Mass., was told by the doctors. His son had lung trouble, following Typhoid Malaria, and he spent three hundred and seventy-five dollars, who finally gave him up, saying: "Your boy won't live a month." He tried Dr. King's New Discovery and a few bottles restored him to health and enabled him to go to work a perfectly well man. He says he owes his present good health to the use of Dr. King's New Discovery, and knows it to be the best in the world for Lung trouble. Trial Bottles Free at P. B. Fetzer's Drug Store.

Method in Her Answer.

Bridget (applying for a situation)—"Oh, yes mum. Oi lived in my last place three weeks, mum."

Mrs. Van Nobbs—"And why did you leave?"

Bridget—"Oi couldn't get along with her, she was so old and cranky."

Mrs. Van Mobbs—"But I may be old and cranky, too."

Bridget—"Cranky you may be, mum, for faces are sometimes deceivin'; but owld, niver!"

And Bridget got the place.

Since Secretary Morton assumed charged of the Department of Agriculture, he has saved out of the money appropriated by Congress for the support of that department $1,000,000, and a considerable sum will be added to that amount at the close of the current fiscal year. The House Committee on Agriculture has decided to utilize this money by erecting a new building for the Agricultural Department which has outgrown the one it now occupies, which was built when the department was only a small bureau of the Interior Department. It is proposed that work on the new building shall begin early in the coming fiscal year.

Senator Allison, of Iowa, has always been known as a dodger upon all financial questions, and now that he has allowed himself to be announced as a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination, he will dodge more than ever. The friends of the other candidates are determined to make him go on record either for or against that free coinage substitute for the House bond bill, or to openly convict him of dodging it.

The Aurora says that a farmer near Shelby has lived four years on rented land yet has made money notwithstanding the cry of "hard times." He says he has made $1,700 in that time, some of it by trading, with which he brought land and a mule.

REUNION IN OLD AGE.

A Widow of Thirty Years Marries the Man Who Deserted Her.

RALEIGH, N. C., January 15.—Some time in 1862 Henry Monk, a confederate, came to this city from Sampson county. He was detailed as a nurse in one of the hospitals and remained here until the war ended. While here he formed the acquaintance of a Miss Julia Seawell and in 1864 they were married. One child, a boy, Hugh, was born.

After the war Monk was employed by the Messrs. Adams, of this city, who were large buyers and dealers in cotton, to travel and buy cotton for them. Of course he was absent from his family from time to time during the cotton season, but they heard from him regularly and he came home as often as business would permit. But from one of these trips, in 1865, Monk did not return. His wife used all the means at the command of herself and friends to ascertain his whereabouts without finding any trace whatever of him. And so she and her son and all who knew Monk settled down to the belief that he had been killed for the money he was supposed to have carried with him on his business trips.

The widow Monk made a living with her needle for herself and son, and succeeded in giving him a fair education. The widow was a devout member of the Baptist church and she brought her boy up in that faith, and he was a shining light in the church and Sunday school. Twenty-four years passed away. The boy married and became a widower with one child—a girl. The widow, her son and grandchild went to live in Richmond, Va., because the son had then a lucrative position there with a former business man of Raleigh. For three years was peace, plenty and happiness.

The son embezzled money of his employer and ran away. His mother was crushed by disgrace and remained in Richmond, not having nerve to face her old friends in this city. After a short time the son was arrested in Denver, Col., was tried, convicted and sentenced to three years in penitentiary.

One day an old, gray-haired man called and asked to see Hugh Monk. The young prisoner was brought out with his cropped hair and striped clothes, and the old man threw his arms around him and cried as if his heart would break, and then went away without any explanation. These visits were repeated several times, but Hugh could not get any statement from his mysterious friend.

After Hugh had been in the penitentiary several months there came to the humble abode of Mrs. Monk a venerable old man. He refused to give his name. Mrs. Monk thought him a religious enthusiast and gave him the full history of her life. After this, at regular monthly intervals, a remittance came to Mrs. Monk that removed want and anxiety from her mind, and there was nothing lacking to restore peace and happiness to the fmily but the liberation of Hugh.

By good behavior he earned commutation, and at the end of twenty-seven months he stood on the streets of Richmond a free man, and his old gray-haired friend stood by his side. From the prison walls the pair went to Mrs. Monk. The grandchild had never been permitted to know of the crime and punishment of her father. The reunion of the mother and son and father and child may be imagined.

After this was over they all knelt down and the old man prayed. When they arose Mrs. Monk turned to him and asked if he would not tell her who he was. The answer was: "Julia, have I changed so much that you do not know your own husband—Henry Monk?" Mrs. Monk replied: "You ara not my husband unless you can satisfactorily explain the long desetion of your wife and child."

The explanation was that Monk had left a wife in Sampson county when he entered the confederate army and that she had been reported dead. He had married the second time in this belief. In his travels, buying cotton, he had learned that his first wife was not dead. Before the war ended she had eloped with another soldier into South Carolina. After much search Monk found his first wife near Charleston, and believing that he had been guilty of bigamy and that his second wife and child would be disgraced if he went back to Raleigh, he concluded not to return and went to Frederick, Md.

He managed to earn money and saved the greater portion of it under another name. He kept track of his family by reading the Raleigh papers. He followed their movements in Richmond and was horrified at the crime of his son. Monk then found that his first wife was dead. He began to visit his son in prison and went once to see his wife. The money she had received each month was sent by him.

The wife then clasped her long-lost husband to her bosom and wept. There was a second marriage of Monk and Julia. And in a thriving town in Colorado will be found the father and mother in comfortable circumstances in their declining years; the son, Hugh, employed in a responsible position, having told his employers of his downfall and punishment before they gave him work, and the grand daughter at school and budding into a good and beautiful woman.

The Increase in the Production of Gold.

There has been, as is well known, an enormous increase in the production of gold within the last two years. The production for 1893 throughout the world exceeded that of any of the years succeeding discoveries of gold in California and Australia, and competent authorities estimate the gold production of 1895 at nearly thirty per cent. above that of 1893. The retirement of silver currency in recent years has stimulated the production of gold, and the changes in the relative supplies of the two money metals are significant. Estimates for 1895 by the director of the United States Mint, based on reports by telegraph, indicate that the United States now leads all countries in the production of gold, with an output of about $48,000,000. The output in 1894 was $39,500,000, and in 1893 $35,955,000.

A ROW IN THE CAMP.

Harry Skinner and Marion Butler Part Company.

W. E. C. in Charlotte News.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—There is frost in the wind up here. Skinner went home last night a mad man. It can be put down as certain, if my well-based surmise is correct, that he and Butler have split irrevocably. Nor does the split come from considerations of political policy alone, that is, directly. At the silver convention, one morning last week, Skinner made a rattling speech, which gathered the big ones around him, and he was slated for a talk that night, but he did not talk. Whether he was choked off the programe or not by Butler, I have reason to think that Skinner thinks (but I have not seen Skinner) that Butler did the work, and out of sheer jealousy at that. For it is said that since Butler has been feeding on fashionable Q street tenderloin, his ambition has grown great, and one who should know, says that both his ambition and plans are well defined toward the Populist nomination for the Presidency. He even is said to believe that he could get the constitution changed to suit his eye in case he got it. Anyway my information is that he has burnt all bridges and has made a close alliance with Mott. Mott is openly accused of having left the Republican party to join Butler in a silver movement, and Skinner representing the Populists, resents this as equivalent to an attempt by Butler to disorganize the Populist party and deliver it bag and baggage to the Republican party. Yet his game will be to make it appear that he is bringing the Republican party to him. It is the eloquence of Mott to be taken to persuasively when he says that he is for silver against everything—even Republicanism—it may be put down that Mott is fusing with Butler to bring his crowd to the Republicans, and that the two will unite to displace Pritchard with Mott. I am told that Marshal Mott is disturbed at the remarks of Dr. Mott seemingly so far from the Republican party. But Marshall needn't worry. This last move, it is said, is the death knell of Populism in the State. The party will divide at once into Butler Populists—meaning Republicans, and Anti-Butler Populists. At the head of the Antis, it appears that Mr. Spier Whitaker has placed himself. The story goes so far as to credit Mr. Spier Whitaker with the authorship of the Wood letter, which is vouched for by a responsible party. It is entirely likely that Mr. Whitaker has hopes of getting the Democrats to meet him half-way with his Anti-Butlerites and conceding the gubernational nomination to him. How wild all these things read, and yet they are in the air. There is simply the devil to pay in the camp. Pritchard knows the whole game and had close conference with Skinner yesterday. Skinner's movement in the State will tell some kind of story. As to Whttaker's authorship of the Wood letter, it is thought that Mr. Wood is the brother of Dr. Wood, who it is said followed Dr. Grissom at the Raleigh assylum, through the influence of Whitaker. Moreover, I am told that Wood is a cousin of Whitaker's, and the letter is an open bid by Whitaker for Democratic help. The tried and true Democrats will hew to the line, listening to none of these clap-trap schemes, but the schemes are on the string for all that. There will be three district tickets in the field, and Jim Boyd expects confidently to capture the governorship, in fact appears to be buoyant over his prospects.

Thomas B. Reed at Home.

Charlotte Observer.

The New York Sun has an article in its Sunday issue under the caption, "Reed in His Native Town," which tells how the man whose adherents firmly believe he will be the next chief executive of the nation is regarded in his own home at Portland, Me. We learn from it that Speaker Reed was the son of a man of limited education, but of practical intelligence and above the average working man in address; but that the Speaker's mothers was a woman of remarkable brilliancy; keen, witty, sarcastic; of much beauty and all the qualties which in a different condition of life would have made her a social leader. The story of Mr. Reed's being educated by the Congressional church of Portland to be a minister, and of his subsequent aversion to such a life-mission, and his long, patient struggle as a school teacher to repay his benefactors is gone over again. We learn, too, that Mr. Reed's wife is a quiet, refined woman, of domestic tastes, and their only daughter, Miss Kitty Reed, cares nothing for the pleasuree of social life at home or in Washington, is studious and of great aid to her father in his correspondence and other mental work. Perhaps the most interesting statement of all, however, is that Mr. Reed is a total stranger, even by sight, to a large number of his fellow townsmen in sleepy, Puritanic Portland. It is asserted that he can walk daily from his house on Deering street to his office on Exchange street, a distance of half a mile, without accosting or being accosted by those he meets. A yarn is related of one of the oldest inhabitants, who, recently beholding the distinquished gentleman passing by, remarked: "That's a big man. I wonder who he is?" The reader has almost anticipated the statewhich follows: "A prophei is not without honor save in his own country."

"The Common People,"

as Abraham Lincold called them, do not care to agrue about their ailments. What they want is a medicine that will cure them. The simple, honest statement, "I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me," is the best argument in favor of this medicine, and this is what many thousands voluntalily say.

Hoods pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25 cents.

The Greensboro Record hears that B. F. White, postmaster at Lego, Guilford county, has joined the Seventh Day Adventists and refuses to give out or handle the mails on what is known as Saturday, claiming that it is the real Sabbath.

NEW TARIFF PROSPERITY.

Atlanta Journal.

The cry of industrial depression by reason of the new tariff which was so vociferously raised at the late manufacturer's convention was mainly wind.

The January report of the dividends on industrial and other securities held in Boston shows an aggregate of $13,242,000 this year, against only $12,355,000 reported in January, 1894.

This does not look much like disaster under the new tariff.

But the results reported at Fall River are still more striking. On a capitalization of $21,268,000 the mills in that city paid last year a dividend of 8.09 per cent. One of the best records prevous to this was made in 1892 when dividends averaged 7.36 per cent.

The Fall River mills have had the most prosperous period in their history since the new tariff went into effect, in spite of the fact that they have had to compete in many lines with the Southern mills which enjoy great natural advantages and which have also made excellent dividends under the present tariff.

When the Manufacturers' Association goes into the resolution business it should sprinkle a few facts through its highsounding phrases and its indignant "demands."

About Biltmore.

New York Press.

My old friend, Z—, who laid all the floors in Biltmore house, the North Carolina home of George Vanderbilt, amazes me with a description of that marvelous place in the mountains. The house stands in the midst of a tract of 70,000 acres of ground. Mr. Vanderbilt's holdings in the vicinage amount to over 100,000. Frederick Oimstead has done some fine landscape gardening, building rustic bridges over mountainous streams with striking effect.

The house has been five and a half years in building, and 11,000,000 brick were used in the construction, all made out of clay on the estate. A great deal of Indiana stone was used in addition, one piece weighing over three tons. The extreme length of Biltmore house is 375 feet, and width 192 feet. It contains 100 rooms and has three elevators. During Christmas week, when the housewarming party occupied it, eighty servants were required to keep it in order. It contains twenty-two bath rooms, besides a swimming pool sixty feet by thirty, with needle baths, sprays vapor rooms and all the equipment of a Turkish or Russian bath. It is one of the few private residences in the United States with a steam laundry. It is heated by steam, 15,000 feet of superficial indirect heating surface being required, while over twelve miles of steam pipes are used to connect the radiators with the 200-horse power boiler in the basement.

The National Silver Convention.

The silver men determined at their conference in Washington last week to hold a national convention in St. Louis on July 22. The basis of representation is altogether in favor of the States which have developed a strong sentiment in behalf of free coinage. Thus North Carolina is to have 75 delegates, while New York will have only 44, although the population of the latter is four times greater than that of the former. Georgia will be entitled to 50 delegates, while New Hampshire will have to be content with only 6. And so the ratio continues throughout the whole list. Florida, of all the Southern States, has the smallest representation, only three delegates being given to that State.

His Will Written on a Postal Card.

Philadelphia Times.

An odd will was yesterday presented for probate to Register of Wills Smithers. It was written on a postal card. The queer will was the last testament of John W. Crawley, who died a few days ago at St. Agnes' Hospital, leaving an estate valued at $500. While in the hospital the postal card will was written and addressed to Mrs. W. H. Bankert, of 315 Louisa street, Williamsport, Pa., and informing the person addressed that he had left his money to his nearest heirs and that she was to be his sole executrix. This was accepted by the Register as a will.

Kentucky Senatorial Deadlock.

FRANKFORT, KY., Jan. 26.—The Kentucky Legislature is still deadlocked, and, though four ballots have been taken, no election has been possible. It now appears there will be no election this session. The leader of Hon. W. Godfrey Hunter says that no other Republican can win, and the friends of Senator J. C. S. Blackburn swear that he is the only Democrat whose name will be considered. The two Populists in the General Assembly are split, one voting with the Republicans and one with the Democrats. Otherwise the two houses are tie on the joining ballot.

He Understood Her.

"How tired you look, my darling," exclaimed the little woman, as she met him at the door. "Come right in and rest yourself! I've made you a new pair of slippers, and if your head aches, I'll rub it with cologne—poor dear?"

All this time he had been regarding her suspiciously. Finally he said:

"I had really forgotten that Christmas was so near. Here's $20; it's the best I can do, Maria, umtil collections are better!"

Death of a Noted Colored Man.

Cuffer Mayo, a colored member of the noted radical Legislature of 1868 from Greenville county, better known as the author of the expression "de archives of gravity" died at his home near Oxford last week. The Oxford Ledger says: He was a Baptist preacher and reached the age 96 ere the summons came. Even the venerable Cuffy, and peace to his ashes, made a far better representative of the people, than the latter day saints, the Populists, under the guise of reformers.

Nervous women will find relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it enriches the blood and thus strengthens the nerves.

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

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

It is expected that when Gabriel blows his golden trumpet the Populist Party will not only denounce the composition of that instrument, but will decline to enter the New Jerusalem until the golden streets have been repaved with silver bricks.—The Ledger, Philadelphia.

The Hon. Marion Butler, the Endless Chain of Honey Cutts, says the New York Sun, was overcome by emotion on Saturday night. The thought that for a whole day he must deprive the Senate and the country of his daily six hours' speech churned in his heart until strong convulsion came. At midnight Saturday he dropped into a faint, and had to be carried away on an improvised stretcher composed of the hair mattresses wherewith the Hon. William Stewart and the Hon. Alfred Peffer protect their chins from their own winds. The industrious Tar Heel statesman soon came to himself and passed all yesterday in the composition of a fresh salmi of words, with which he hopes to regale the Senate today. Mr. Butler is a most worthy young man and as inspiring as an obituary; but he must try to rid himself of his bashfulness.

Senator Pritchard says that H. A. Gudger, of Buncombe, who, it is announced, will go to the Republican party, has been a Republican for two or three years. He was a Republican in early life but for many years has professed to be a strong Democrat. Now that he is to go back to the Republicans, however, Democratic newspapers are calling upon him to resign the office he is holding under a Democratic administration. This is right. If Gudger has any decency he will resign.—Statesville Landmark.

After Twenty-Three Years.

Salisbury Herald.

About 23 or 24 years ago Mr. "Dock" Bringle, then a young man, left his home in Morgan township, near Bringle's ferry. Since then no word was received from him by any of his relatives until about a month ago. Mr. Bringle wrote from South Carolina, where he has resided since leaving here asking information about his people. The correspondence has been kept up since. The news from his "old home" was so encouraging that Mr. Bringle decided to return. He arrived in Salisbury last night accompanied by his wife and son and will, we understand, remain here. Several relatives were at the depot to meet Mr. Bringle but not one in the crowd knew him, never having seen him that they remembered, and it was almost by accident that they found him.

Pleasant But Expensive.

There is a dentist in San Francisco who is noted for his musical tastes and his high charges. His ordinary fee is $15 per hour; his extraordinary fee is unknown. Some time ago a lady was in his chair, and the dentist was conversing with her while her mouth was filled with rubber dams and things. Carried away by his enthusiasm while talking of a certain song he offered to sing it for her. Taking an inarticulate rubber-intercepted sound for an affirmative, he skipped lightly to the piano, which stood in one corner of the operating room. There he toyed with Polymnia, the muse of music, doubtless much to his satisfaction, and, turning to his patient, asked how she liked it. "Very much indeed, doctor, came the reply in muffled tones, "but it would have been cheaper at a concert, for here it has cost me $3.75."

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 Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver Troubles they have been prrved invaluable. They are guaranteed 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 25c per box. Sold by P. B. Fetzer, Druggists.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
GOOD FOR EVERYBODY
and everyone needs it at all times of the year. Malaria is always about, and the only preventive and relief is to keep the Liver active. You must help the Liver a bit, and the best helper is the Old Friend, SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, the RED Z.
Mr. C. Himrod, of Lancaster, Ohio, says: "SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR broke a case of Malarial Fever of three years' standing for me, and less than one bottle did the business. I shall use it when in need, and recommend it."
Be sure that you get it. Always look for the RED Z on the package. And don't forget the word REGULATOR. It is SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, and there is only one, and every one who takes it is sure to be benefited. THE BENEFIT IS ALL IN THE REMEDY. Take it also for Biliousness and Sick Headache; both are caused by a sluggish Liver.
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Office Hours, 7 to 8 a. m., 1 to 2, and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone call, No. 67.
Sept. 20, '94.—1y.

C. H. BARNHARDT, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
MT. PLEASANT, N. C.
Calls received and promptly attended at all hours. Office at my home, late residence of Dr. J. W. Moose.
Dec. 26—6m.

DR. M. HOLDEN.
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,
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Offers his professsonal services to the citizens of Concord, and vicinity in the treatment of acute and chronic diseases. Office over Yorke's jewelry store on Main street, where he can be found at all hours day or night, when not professionally engaged. Feb. 21.—3m.

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