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Take Your Watch to W. C. Correll, Jeweler. I live just what I preach. There ain't never a lie been told on me that I didn't jump up and crack my heels together and say, "Thank God, that's a lie."

RED HOT SERMON BY SAM JONES.

MAISON, Ga. Nov. 14.—In a drenching rain through muddy streets two thousand people crowded into the prohibition tent here yesterday afternoon to hear Sam Jones preach to men only, and while they laughed and cried alternately at the speaker's wit and pathos, the rain beat through the leaking tent and a flood tide poured under the tent flaps and covered the sawdust floor with an inch of water.

"Hit's er raining now," said Mr. Jones, as the steady stream of men poured into the tent, "and you might just as well enjoy it while you can, for hit's er going to be powerful dry in Macon in two weeks."

This introductory remark caught the crowd and the audience answered the preacher with a mighty outburst of applause. The sermon was even more unique than Sam Jones usually preaches on.

"Now, here, do you want to take up a collection for the campaign fund. I want you to go down into your pockets and give twenty-five and fifty cents each. Say, I think there must have been a stranger in town last night, 'cause somebody put a dollar in the basket."

"Here are some good, dry seats over here," said Mr. Jones to several gentlemen who were standing where the water was falling. "You fellows what are going to vote for whiskey can stay out there in the rain."

"I want the prayers and sympathy of everybody in this tent. I am frail as the feeblest man in the hearing of my voice—as frail and weak as any mortal man alive. My heart beats for humanity and during the fifty-one years of my life I have always made it a rule to fight for the bottom dog."

"If you want to find Sam Jones, always go and scratch under the bottom dog and if Sam Jones ain't there you can just say he has gone to dinner and will be back in a few minutes. I'm for the under dog and always will hear me, end?"

"I never call names, but I call you by your numbers and when I touch a fellow's number you will hear his bell ring. 'I ain't got nothing against anybody in Macon. Now, listen, bud. Not a thing I love every one of you poor boys and I've got the best feelings in the world for you. 'I feel like the boy felt when his sweetheart told him she would have him, and he said he didn't have nuthin' agin nobody. That's the way I feel today. 'One time I was sick and I went to the doctor. I told him I was sick and he told me I was bilious. He gave me two or three pills to take and the next morning I went to him and told him I was better. He said, 'You ain't never tuck nothin' back. I just won't tuck it back now. A fellow told me once that if I didn't tuck something back I had said, that he would mash me into the earth. I told him to just go ahead and mash, as I had never been mashed before and wanted the see how it felt. 'You can hear lots of people talk about making anybody leave town, but when a committee is wanted to make no man leave town, you won't serve on the committee, now will you? No. I know you ain't er going to make no man leave when he is a telling the truth. 'I'm powerful, careful what I say. If I tell a lie on it hurts Sam Jones, but when I tell the truth it hurts you, and you are the fellow I am after hurting, do you hear that? 'The second question is, 'Do you mean kindly to me what you say? 'The third question is, 'Do you live as you pray? 'I live just what I preach. There ain't never a lie been told on me that I didn't jump up and crack my heels together and say, 'Thank God, that's a lie.' 'I am honest, that's what I am, bud, and my wife ain't no cleaner than I am. I ain't perfect, though, and can't be when I talk to the crowds that I have to. Could I

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Only a reminiscence. The veterans do not naturally love to recall the dark side of the civil war. They do not nurse their wrath to keep it warm, as did Sam O'Shaughnessy's which. They are too busy in making a living to spare much time to memories of marches and battles and hard-tack and ragged clothes. But they do indulge in little war incidents and accidents when they meet a comrade and something reminds them of something. The four-year war was full of heroism and thrilling events, but I believe the aftermath, the patching up of peace, was more provoking and discouraging and of longer continuance than the war itself.

"As iron sharpens iron so does a man's face his friend," said Sam Jones. "It is only a reminiscence that I am going to relate. I met the old gentleman yesterday, and as we grasped hands our minds and memories went back to the troubled days of 1865 when first we met, one dark and dreary night. 'Who was in the work with you?' 'Wrecked at the door. 'Talk low,' said I; 'they are after your brother to take him back to Virginia and try him for klukxing those scoundrels. I have brought him over here and hid him in my ginhouse loft, under the straw. Don't let anybody see you at the door where he is.' It was about daybreak, and the old gentleman was in his night clothes. 'Lord, help us,' said he. 'Are you telling me the truth? Who are you? Let me light a candle.' 'He hurried to the home and a sad-faced wife and six pitiful children grouped around me. The wife couldn't see me into the house, and there lay her husband, bleared-eyed and bloated—dead drunk."

"Listen here, brother, sin wasn't only dragging that man to hell, but it was carrying with it a sweet wife and children to poverty and pauperism. 'You fellows what are some of you miserable people who say, 'If I want to drink, it ain't any of Sam Jones' business.' You lying scoundrel, you. 'Ain't it your mother's business and your wife's business and your children's business and your sweetheart's business? 'Taint it, you flop-eared dog. Tell me it's nobody's business. Hear me now. 'Say here, you listen now. There was a man in St. Louis who was asked to give \$100 with which to aid the prohibition fight. He said he didn't drink, and his wife didn't drink, and his only child, a daughter didn't drink, and he refused to make the contribution, saying it wasn't his business if anybody else got drunk."

"The next morning this same man walked down to the depot to meet the B. and O. train. The train was due at 8 o'clock but it did not come at the time. The man waited five minutes, then ten and thirty minutes, when he asked the train dispatcher why the train was late. 'There has been an awful wreck,' said the dispatcher. 'My God! my wife and daughter are on that train!' screamed the thoroughly frantic man. 'He went to the scene of the wreck on a fast train. The first person he saw was the body of the drunken engineer, covered with blood. He found the bodies of his wife and daughter fearfully and horribly mangled. The next day he gave \$1,000 to the prohibition cause, but his delay had cost him his family and fortune and happiness. 'Here, you little narrow-eyed, pigeon-toed, box-ankled, poodle-head thing, what do you mean when you tell me it ain't my business and your business when anybody drinks? You are so little that when you die they won't have to bury you, for there won't be enough of you to stink. 'Anything that curses my wife, my child, my mother, my home and my country is my business, and thank God for it, too, that I know it's my business. 'Yes, and some of you little scoundrels will say: 'Sam Jones, you don't live in Macon and ain't in this fight.' 'No, I don't live in Macon and I thank God I don't. If the devil finds out you Macon people ain't got what he wants you order it for him. The only difference between Macon and hell is that there are some good people in Macon and you've got a river down here, and hell ain't got either. 'The devil gets anything in Macon he wants by a two-thirds majority. Now ain't that so? If a man should run for mayor of Macon with the ten commandments as his platform and another man should run with Macon's past history and record as his platform he would win by two to one over the good man. 'I ain't got any hope for this country until the good people get in front. 'And you little dog prohibitionist out there in front of me. You are running with your tail between your legs. 'Carl your tail upon your back, hold your head up and be a man. I'd rather cut my tail off than to be running around with it between my legs. 'And you little flop-eared hound, you, what er you want to cuss for, anyhow? You dirty-mouthed dog—if you want to get cured of cussing just go home and get your wife and your mother to cuss some. That'll cure you—that'll puke a dog—I mean it'll puke you. 'I know a man who used to cuss all the time. He would go home and cuss everything and everybody. One day he went home and dinner wasn't ready. 'Ain't that damned dinner ready yet?' he roared to his wife. 'Poor woman—marry, too, she went out into the kitchen and soon returned. 'No, the damned dinner ain't ready,' she said, 'fire's gone to hell and damnation is to play.' 'The man was dumfounded; but it cured him and he ain't cussed a cuss since. 'I want a cussing car on the railroads. We've got a baggage car, and a mail car and an express car and a sleeping car, but I want a cussing car on every railroad so they can black-mouthed cussing dogs into it for the protection of the decent people."

POPULISTS SCARCER IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Cor. Raleigh Constitution. RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 27.—As is well known, the Populist party in North Carolina has simply ceased to exist. With the Republican leaders the question is what has become of their party? Colonel Keog, who ought to know, says the Democrats are in the saddle for twenty-five years. The Republicans in not a few cases appear to think the elimination of the negro vote their only hope. This means that they favor the white Republican party.

It was said directly after the election that next August there would be a popular vote on disfranchisement of ignorant voters, but it now appears that there cannot be a constitutional convention or a popular vote before 1900 ends. Ex-Senator Jarvis declares that no convention can be called until the people have sanctioned it and that their judgment cannot be taken before the general election in November, 1900; while on the other hand, should the legislature, at its session which begins next January, propose any alteration in the constitution it cannot be passed upon by the people before the general election in 1900. This makes one thing quite clear and that is there will be no constitutional amendment. Instead, the legislature will enact a careful election law. This is the opinion of Democratic State Chairman F. M. Simmons: He said so in response to a direct question. He says he favors the election law plan. The direct aim and purpose is to protect the eastern and other counties in which the negroes preponderate, from black domination. A county government law will still further carry out the plan. The Supreme Court has decided that the legislature has no power to alter the constitution for one county and another or another county. For instance, for a negro county the legislature can elect magistrates and the latter can then elect county commissioners and other officers for the county. The legislature also acknowledged that this could be done. The Republican and Populist State chairmen say they conferred and agreed that it must and should be done. But the mass of the white voters do not believe the fusionists would do this. They fear the Democrats would. It explains the big vote.

The Democratic papers are prompt in their expressions of thanks to the white Republicans and the Populists who at the "white men's call" came forward and made victory certain. One of the leading Republican papers in fact, the organ of the eastern Republicans, puts the case very well indeed. It says: "It was not in the full sense a Democratic victory, for it is conceded that but for the aid rendered by thousands of white Republicans all over the State, the white men would have been defeated. The negroes of the State, who are in retirement from politics. Strange things may happen in the next two years, but surely none so strange as their return to any sort of favor with any party. "The sentiment is strong against the negro in politics; it is far stronger against his white advisers. Usually after a campaign there is oblivion so far as things done during the campaign are concerned, but this time there is manifest a disposition to hold the leaders of the negroes to strict accountability and to punish frauds perpetrated during the campaign. The Republicans posed as the party of "ballot box purity," yet there is no telling how many frauds it perpetrated. Mitchell court is the stronghold of white Republicanism. It is a striking commentary that it is the worst county in the State, and that though it is said that there have been within its borders over 150 murders since 1865, there has not been a legal execution. At one precinct in Mitchell the election managers were drunk on election day and did not count the ballots until the day following, and then the number was greater than the precinct registration. Governor Russell absolutely refuses to talk about the result of the election, of the riot at Wilmington (or rather the revolution there), or of the threat of Governor Tanner, of Illinois, in refusing to allow negro laborers to enter that State. To all inquiries the governor replies that the time has not come for him to talk. Wilmington "blasted the negroes" in regard to getting rid of negro office holders and of negro insolence. Some towns followed its lead. It was thought Newbern would do so, but so far it is quiet there, the whites making the expatriated Wilmington agitators move on. It now turns out that one of these was Manly, a brother of the Wilmington editor, and that this Manly is the fellow who was set upon and beaten in the postoffice at Norfolk.

Senator Butler has retired from the newspaper life, it is learned. He contends himself now with attacking "mob-nopolies." He thinks this to be the issue in the next campaign. Ex-Senator Jarvis says the people of this State will, in 1900, be called on to pass upon great national questions. Senator Fritchard will this week issue an address to the Republican party. He will give his views on its future policy and

Lock-Jaw. Lock-jaw, or tetanus, is a disease which, unfortunately, is more read than seen; yet it is not very rare, at least in its mild form. It occurs more frequently in children than in older people, and often in boys than in girls; but this is probably only because they are more liable to cut and scratch themselves, for it is after such injuries that lockjaw usually occurs. The disease is more common in some countries than in others, England being one of the countries, and Cuban another, in which it prevails to a much greater extent than in the United States. Here, too, some states and some portions of states have an unenviable preeminence in this regard. The trouble usually begins with a stiffness and tendency to contraction in the muscles which bring the teeth together, and with the progress of the disease it becomes impossible to open the mouth—hence the popular name, "lock-jaw." The other muscles of the face soon become affected in the same way, and are thereby rendered incapable of more than a feeble contraction. According to one or another set of muscles is the strongest or most firmly contracted, the arms and legs will be thrown into constrained positions, and the body will be bent forward, or backward, or to one side. When these spasms—which are usually painful—are very severe and recur frequently or even become continuous, tetanus is usually fatal. Fortunately, however, this is the less common form of the disease. In the usual milder variety the spasms are less severe and less frequent, and soon, with proper care, begin to become less and less marked until they finally cease entirely. Lockjaw is caused by a poison secreted by a fungus which is found in the soil, especially in that near stables and in manure heaps. This poison, which is somewhat like strychnine in its effects, is absorbed into the system through a wound made with a rusty nail or other dirty object, or through a wound which has been soiled with earth or bound up with a dirty rag. Sometimes, especially in tropical countries like Cuba, the disease comes on after a wetting or a sudden chill, even when there is no wound of the skin so far as can be seen, or it may follow insect bites. A person with lockjaw must keep perfectly quiet and shielded from anything that may bring on a paroxysm, such as a touch, a jolt of the bed, or the sound of a door closing. The treatment follows entirely to the physician, for tetanus is too serious a malady to be treated by the patient. The forms may continue for two weeks before recovery is complete.

Mr. C. M. Dixon, a well known merchant of Pleasant Ridge, Fulton Co., Pa., has a little girl who is frequently threatened with croup, but when the first symptoms appear, his wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which always affords prompt relief. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by M. L. Marsh & Co.

Had Noticed It. "Have you ever noticed that men and their wives generally go to look alike after they have been married for a few years?" "Oh, yes. Both of them nearly always have the same sad expression."

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