

THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES
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ESTABLISHED IN 1875.

THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES.

John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XVII.

CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1899.

NUMBER 16.

THE TIMES
STEAM BOOK AND JOB OFFICE
We keep on hand a full stock of
LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS, STATE-
MENTS, BILL HEADS, ENVEL-
OPES, TAGS, VISITING CARDS, WED-
DING INVITATIONS, ETC., ETC.
GOOD PRINTING ALWAYS PAYS

Strike For Your Altars and Your Fires.

Patriotism is always commendable, but in every breast there should be not only the desire to be a good citizen, but to be strong, able bodied and well fitted for the battle of life. To do this, pure blood is absolutely necessary, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one specific which cleanses the blood thoroughly. It acts equally well for both sexes and all ages.

Humor—"When I need a blood purifier I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured my humor and is excellent as a nerve tonic." Jesse Eaton, Stafford Springs, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

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RHEUMACIDE

Is rapidly taking the place of all other known remedies as a rheumatic cure, laxative, tonic and blood purifier. The reason is plain, for it

...CURES...

There is no better time to treat rheumatism than during the fall months. Cure yourself before the rigors of winter are felt. RHEUMACIDE costs but \$1 per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Secure it and cure your

RHEUMATISM

is rapidly taking the place of all other known remedies as a rheumatic cure, laxative, tonic and blood purifier. The reason is plain, for it

BABIES

are subject to colic, worms and stomach disorders. The right remedy for babies' ills—especially worms and stomach disorders—
Frois Vermifuge
has cured children for 50 years. Send for illustrated book on the ills and the remedy. One bottle mailed for 25 cents.
E. & S. FISK, Baltimore, Md.

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With the latest approved form of books, and every facility for handling accounts.

OFFERS A FIRST CLASS SERVICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Capital	\$50,000
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KEEP YOUR ACCOUNT WITH US.

Interest paid as agreed. Liberal accomodation made to all our customers.
J. M. ODELL, President.
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BAD BREATH

I have been using CASCARETS and am a much healthier man. My breath is sweet and clear. My digestion is perfect. After taking a few doses of Cascarets I feel like a new man. They are a great help in the family. Write for a free trial bottle.
112 Hittoborough St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

REGULATE THE BOWEL

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 10c. 50c. 1.00c.

CURE CONSTIPATION.

Write for Sample Copy, Chicago, Boston, New York, 25 CENTS.

NO-T-O-BAC gives to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Kodol

Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

Artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

J. P. GIBSON.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Best Cough Syrup. Taste Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

KICK HIM AGAIN.

Kick him again, He's down!
"The true he has confessed his sin, Crying, 'Unclean, unclean.'"
"The true he did not bid behind Extension's screen,
"The true his punishment has been For torturing of both."
"The loss of all that goes to make Existence on earth dear,
But what of that?
He's down!
And, being down, of course should be Benefited by hope and friends,
Shall penitence and punishment In this world make amends,
For having shocked our righteous souls With revelations grim,
Ouch depravity as dwells,
Of course, alone in him!
We who are pure
Must frown
Upon the sinner who allows His sin to find him out,
For such examples weaken faith
In all of us, no doubt,
"Be sure your sin will find you out,"
The motto is to-day,
Don't let him up when down,
There are not stones enough for all The sinless ones to cast,
But we can show our holy zeal
And use them while they last,
What right has he, a king dethroned,
To seek to kick us down again?
Through brave endeavor, toil and tears!
Kick him again, he's down!

SALE OF STAMPS.

Uncle Sam printed just a few postage stamps during the year 1898. The number of two-cent stamps issued during the year was about 2,000,000. Such a number, obviously, is beyond the grasp of the human mind, but perhaps the matter may be made more clear by putting it otherwise.

An ordinary two-cent stamp is exactly one inch square. From this fact, by a little calculation, it is easy to find out that the number of stamps of this denomination issued in 1898, placed end to end, would exceed a distance considerably exceeding 39,000 miles.

In other words, they would make a continuous strip of stamps, each one 1898 miles in length, from the City of His Country, stretching in a belt more than once and a half around the equator.

Of course, though the two-cent stamps are those principally used, there are others. Enough one-cent postage stamps were issued during the year 1898 to stretch from New York City, by way of Europe and Asia, to Bombay, India, if similarly arranged in one strip. All other stamps, as to production and sales, are of minor importance, comparatively speaking, but it is interesting to know that almost exactly one million of stamps were manufactured for the demand of 1898. Of \$5 stamps the production was equivalent to a little more than half a furlong, or about one-fifteenth of a mile.

Now, if all the postage stamps printed by the United States Government in 1898 were piled on top of another, as neatly as might be, without putting them under pressure, how high do you suppose the pile of them would be? There is no use guessing; you would never get it nearly right, unless you went to work to calculate it for yourself. The 3,500,000 stamps of all denominations printed during the current year—the statement of course, is approximate—would tower to an elevation of twenty-one miles. This is more than three times the height of the highest mountain in the world—Mount Everest, in the Himalayas. If the same number of stamps were piled up in the form of the ordinary sheets of 100 in each, it follows that the stack would be over a fifth of a mile high.

It appears from figures furnished by the Post Office Department that the average person in Massachusetts, including men and women and children, spends \$2.80 on postage stamps per annum. New York comes second, with an expenditure of \$2.27; the District of Columbia third, with \$2.16; Colorado is fourth, with \$1.93; and Connecticut is fifth, with \$1.80. The States ranking lowest in this regard are South Carolina, with 25 cents per capita; Mississippi, with 34 cents; Alabama, with 35 cents; Arkansas, with 37 cents; and North Carolina, with 41 cents.

Commercial Wit.

Four traveling men sat on the sidewalk in front of the Windsor the other night telling stories. The man who smoked stories had just finished a somnambulist tale.

"Reminds me of what the pickpocket said to his fellow prisoner," commented the man with the nasal blossom.

"What was that?"

"I am here, gentlemen," he said, "as the result of a moment of abstraction." The pun fell with a dull sickening thud. But the man who smoked stories said to the front again.

"Like the secretary," eh? There is some similarity here. He was there because of his habit of making lists of things."

The blossomy man refused to besient.

"But did you hear about the forger?"

"No. Why?"

"He was there on account of a simple desire to make a name for himself."

A New Story.

It chanced that the Miser and the Spendthrift took ship together.

En voyage the Spendthrift bought nut wine and sat long at the gaming table.

"The fool and his money soon part!" sighed the Miser.

Presently a storm arose and the ship foundered, and they were all cast into the water, and the Miser, having his gold in a belt around his waist, sank to the bottom.

"A fool and his money," observed the Spendthrift, sadly, for he was a generous soul, "don't always part!"

The Passing of Populism.

Washington Star.

In all the accounts we get of political conditions in the West there occurs practically the same statement as the decay of the Populist party. In Kansas it has all but disappeared. The divisions there are again under the name of the two old parties. In Idaho, Wyoming, the two Dakotas, even in Washington, the Republican and the Democratic seceders have in large numbers returned to their old associations. Only in Nebraska are the Populists now strong, and there they quite absorbed the Democrats, and are at head of the opposition to the Republicans.

BILL AMP'S LETTER.

"How small the part of what we all endure is that which kings or laws can cause or cure."

We made much ado over the money question, the tariff, the trusts, the combination of capital against labor and the greed and corruption of politicians, but after all our felicity depends upon ourselves and what we choose to make of our domestic life. Compared with happiness at home all other joys are trifles, transitory pleasures that come and go and leave us at last to take refuge in the domestic circle. A hundred years ago the poet wrote:

"If still happiness we prize
Within our breast this jewel lies,
From our own selves our joys must come
And that enduring place—our home."

How sadly sweet is the dream of hope to the boys who have exiled themselves to a foreign land; to the soldiers who have followed their husbands far away—to the soldiers who lie in the trenches in the distant islands of the sea, and to the wretched convicts who toil in the mines for life or for a term of miserable years.

To seek to complain about how much we complaining mortals have to be thankful for in this godly land. It is well for us all to sometimes take an invoice of what we have got that neither kings nor laws can take from us. The masses of our people have homes, the humble homes, comfortable homes, where, as William Pitt said, "The poorest man may bid defiance to the crown. It may be frail, its roof may shake, the wind may blow through it, the rain leak in, but the king of England cannot enter nor his forces more than we can." The masses of our people have good health, which is the chiefest of all the poor man's blessings. In this godly southern land we have pure air, good water, a temperate climate and a soil that responds easily and surely to the laborer's toil. Adam Smith said in his great work on the wealth of nations that a kind Providence had so ordained that the average labor of one man would support eight persons and give them all of the necessities, many of the comforts and some of the luxuries of life. How nicely this fits the average family—a man and his wife and six children. It there are more children the older ones are able to help, and as the man grows old and feeble the younger children have grown up to take his place. Of course, there are exceptions, for the wife may be sick, the farm horse get sick and die, or the hog take cholera or the house burn up, but most all of our ills are the result of indolence, imprudence or criminal conduct. If we violate a law of nature we are sure to suffer for it. If we spend more than we make we make and hold we chain ourselves to a hard master, for, as Solomon said, "The burgher is a servant to the lender." Frugal habits and contentment at home are cardinal virtues that insure happiness. There are the pleasures that affect the heart and being loved, the innocent sports of children or grandchildren, as they play around us; the sweet charm of music, even though it be a mother's song as she soothes her child to sleep; or looking up to heaven of bending gracefully to the God who made them.

"Flowers that weep without a wee,
And sigh without a crime."

Money for Southern Farmers.

Baltimore Star.

The effect of the recent advance of cotton and of the good grain crops in the South will be, according to the Manufacturers' Record's estimate, to put "at least \$75,000,000, possibly \$100,000,000," into the pockets of the Southern people over and above what they received for the same crops last year. Last year Western farmers got good prices for their grain and meat, while Southern farmers had to face a fall of the price of their cotton. This year both the West and South will be well off. The price of cotton is "in clover." The price of grain is "in clover." The price of meat is "in clover." The price of the products of Dixie, the mining, manufacturing and railroad interests of that section have greatly improved in recent years, with incidental benefit to the agricultural interests. It is highly gratifying to know that the latter interest is to benefit directly by the enhancement of the price of its product.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident is narrated by John Oliver, of Philadelphia, as follows: "I was in an awful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite, growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Then I was advised to use Electric Balm, and to my great joy, I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they robbed the grave of another victim."

No one should fail to try them. Only 50c., guaranteed, at Fetter's drug store.

A Political Postscript.

"Henry," he said to her troubled husband, "you know I have joined that new Progressive Club and I mean to take some intelligent part in its discussions. What do you think would be the quickest and surest way of purifying politics in Michigan and the entire country?"

"My dear, I should most certainly urge the propriety of a second deluge."

Courage without conscience is little better than cowardice.

Keep a good, clean dog, but don't let him lie by the fire. If you can't hire a servant, then do you or the boys make the fire and milk the cow. We-man has enough to do in nursing the little children and making their clothes and caring for them all the day and sometimes half the night. My contempt for a man who does not help his wife for no bounds. The catechism asks what is the chief duty of man? And the answer is, "To glorify God and enjoy him forever." That is good theory, but the fact is that a man's chief business is to raise children and to enjoy them. The world is working for children and our greatest pleasure and our greatest grief comes from them. What does politics or fame or money weigh compared with the death or the dishonor of a child. How does the great world shrink when affliction invades the family circle. The welfare of our children is the all-absorbing business of our life. The desire to see them well and happy in childhood and later on to be well mated and married and prospering in business and ornaments to the church and the community is the ideal hope of parents. "To glorify God and to enjoy him forever" is in a measure to be seen in another world. We trust the Lord and pray for Him, but our most constant devotion and anxiety is for our children. But why this moralizing. The poets have long since sang the sweet song of the rich reward to the righteous man when his children grew up like olive plants around his table. Our little orphan girl came home yesterday as proud as her Uncle Tom will be when he receives his thousand-dollar award for his services in the honor roll at school and her picture will get into the papers some of these days. Another grandchild got the second honor in another grade and the parents and we grand-parents are as proud as the children. We had no marks or honors when we went to school, except to get head in the Friday evening spelling class, when the whole school stood up in a semi-circle and contended for the highest place. My sweetheart generally held the fort and if I could climb to her side and hold her hand for a moment, I was content. But, ah! the beautiful books the children have now and the beautiful pictures. How we would have wondered and admired if we had had a small portion of them. The old blue-spelling book had five. I think that was the rudest book in the school, except to get head in the Friday evening spelling class, when the whole school stood up in a semi-circle and contended for the highest place. My sweetheart generally held the fort and if I could climb to her side and hold her hand for a moment, I was content. But, ah! the beautiful books the children have now and the beautiful pictures. How we would have wondered and admired if we had had a small portion of them. 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