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THE CONCORD TIMES.

John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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THE CONCORD WEEKLY TIMES
Leading Paper in This Section.
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Women suffering from female troubles and weakness, and from irregular or painful menses, ought not to lose hope if doctors cannot help them. Physicians are so busy with other diseases that they do not understand fully the peculiar ailments and the delicate organism of woman. What the sufferer ought to do is to give a fair trial to

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Parties desiring to lend money can leave it with us or place it in Concord National Bank for us, and we will lend it on good real estate security free of charge to the depositor.
We make thorough examination of title to lands offered as security for loans.
Mortgages foreclosed without expense to owners of same.

TRIED AND PROVED.
Like the old lady's Bible verses marked "T. and P."
Mrs. Grier's Real Hair Restorer
is being constantly tried and proved.
"Miss Mary Douglass Womack, of Farmville, Va., writes from Brooklyn, N. Y.: "The R. H. R. is perfectly splendid for dandruff and falling hair; send me six bottles."
Miss Violet Sowers, Shanghai, China, writes "My hair was falling out fearfully, and scalp had become shiny. After using your Restorer, given me by your daughter, Mrs. Blain, the hair grew out beautifully and the scalp became healthy and free from scurf."
50 Cents at all Drug Stores.

W. C. Correll,
JEWELER.
Since the first of the year I have been receiving new goods and adding to my stock constantly. I am showing all the new, up-to-date .... things for the approaching Spring business.
Diamonds, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Etc.,
of this Season's Design.
W. C. CORRELL,
THE JEWELER.

KING'S MOUNTAIN.

(Colonel Ferguson and his forces of British and Tories were defeated by the patriots at King's Mountain, N. C., October 7, 1780. The Tory leaders were hanged immediately after the battle.)

Hark! through the gorge of the valley,
'Tis the bugle that tells of the foe;
Our own quickly sounds for the rally,
And we sweep down the rifle, and go.
Down the fine heights now wind they together,
As the mountain brooks flow to the vale,
And now, as they group on the heather,
The keen scout delivers his tale:

"The British—the Tories are on us;
And now is the moment to prove
To the women whose virtues have won us,
That our virtues are worthy their love!
They have swept the vast valley below us,
With fire, to the hills from the sea:
And here would they seek to o'ertarrow us
In a realm which our eagle makes free!"

Grim dashed they away as they sounded—
The hunters to hem in the prey—
And with Deckard's long-rifle surrounded,
Then the British arose fast to the fray;
And never, with arms of more vigor,
Did their bayonets press through the strife
Where, with every swift pull of the trigger,
The sharpshooters dashed out a life!

'Twas the meeting of eagles and lions,
'Twas the rushing of tempests and waves,
Insolent triumph against patriot defiance,
Born freemen against sycophant slaves;
Scotch Ferguson sounding his whistle,
As from danger to danger he flies,
Feels the moral that lies in Scotch thistle,
With its "touch me who dare!" and he dies.

An hour, and the battle is over;
The eagles are rending the prey;
The serpents seek flight into cover,
But the terror still stands in the way;
More dreadful the doom that on treason
Avenges the wrong of the state;
And the oak for many a season
Bears its fruit for the vultures of fate.

—W. Gilmore Simms.

THE SECRET.

He was said to be sharp as a lynex;
His brain was not troubled with kynx.
He advertised well
His coffers to swell,
Which was the whole secret, methynx.

A MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY.

A Young Girl Accuses Her Recreant Lover of a Double Murder.

News and Observer.

Facts in regard to what is believed to have been a foul murder have just come to light in Cherokee county.

In December, 1899, Chas. Mason and John Sherman, two men who had been working for the Hisor Lumber Company, at Tellico, in Cherokee county, started across the mountains for their home in Graham county, with several months' pay in their pockets. They had been drinking freely that day; and as some weeks had elapsed and no news was received of them, the supposition was that they had been frozen to death, though there were whispers of foul play. A short while afterwards a party from Murphy were hunting deer in the mountains when their driver discovered the skeletons of two men. By the clothing still clinging to the bones the deer driver recognized the missing men. In the clothing only a small sum of money was found. As it was the opinion of all at the time that the men had lost their way and had been frozen to death, the bones were buried, and now what promises to be the sequel comes to light.

The Murphy correspondent of the Asheville Gazette gives the following recently discovered facts touching the death of the men:

"Working at the same place with Mason and Sherman was a young man, Chas. Dunboye, who did not bear the best of reputations. Under promise of marriage he had seduced the young daughter of a mountaineer, whose veracity had never been doubted. This girl now states that on the day of the disappearance of the two men, she saw Dunboye strap a revolver around his waist, and take the trail into the mountains through which the two men soon followed. She did not see her lover for several days, when in a confidential mood and swearing her to secrecy, he told her that he had bushwhacked the men, that in their drunken condition it was an easy matter to kill and rob them; that as soon as matters became quiet he would marry her and they would have a good time on the money.

"Nearly a year followed and the mystery of the death of the two men was fading from the minds of all except the parties directly concerned and the loved ones at home, when Dunboye becoming tired of the girl deserted her, but not till he had told her that he would serve her as the two men whom he had murdered, if she told about the matter. After he deserted her and failing to make good his promise to marry her, and about to become a mother, she went before a magistrate and made affidavit as to the above.

The bones were exhumed and after a careful examination what was thought to be bullet marks were found on them. Warrants were taken out for the young man upon circumstantial evidence and the girl's sworn testimony, but he had fled and up to the present has not been apprehended, though it is thought that he is in hiding in some of the almost inaccessible mountains near the Tennessee line."

Turned Black, Then Died.

Nashville, Ga., Special.

Emmett Everet, the young white man mentioned a few days ago in The Constitution as gradually turning black, died at his home in this county. He was about twenty-one years of age and had been undergoing a change of color for about three and a half years. He was a comely, blue-eyed, fair-haired boy, when suddenly the metamorphosis began to take place. His skin first assumed a yellowish hue, then grew darker until his death, at which time he was a deep bronze color. One physician has advanced the ingenious theory that the change of color was caused by the inhalation of the fumes of wood alcohol and its consequent action upon the kidneys. This position is supported by the fact that he was for some time engaged in its manufacture. His death is said to have been caused by the same agency that brought about the change of color. This phenomenon will no doubt furnish food for much scientific reflection and speculation. The strangest phase of the case is that his general health did not seem to be affected up to a month before his death.

Miss Florence Newman, who has been a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism, says Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the only remedy that affords her relief. Miss Newman is a much respected resident of the village of Gray, N. Y., and makes this statement for the benefit of others similarly afflicted. This liniment is for sale by M. L. Marsh.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

"Fret not thyself because of evildoers. Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way and bringeth wicked devices to pass." There is good philosophy and much comfort in that psalm. Its frequent perusal will fortify us against trouble and leave us calm and serene at least for a time. But I don't believe that David had as many things to exasperate him as we do. Now here is a Chicago religious paper sent to me to disturb my tranquility. It contains a sermon recently delivered by the editor to a large congregation of his followers and they said amen and amen at every malediction that he uttered against our people. I don't fret myself about what a northern preacher says nor a northern editor writes, but I don't like that amen and amen from the saints, and it grieves me to realize that the more malignant an editor is against us the more subscribers his paper gets. Now this Chicago editor says in his sermon:

"If I were president when the next lynching takes place in the south I would put a cordon around that district and hang a hundred of them and I would shoot a hundred. Worthy of cannibals are the horrible things carried on in the south. As sure as you live these eight million negroes will one day burst loose. It it is to be blood for blood, then woe to you in the black belt. You southerners with your rebellious pride still left you lynch the poor negro for the very crime that your fathers committed on their slaves. There is one voice that will speak if all others are silent. (Applause.) When the time comes we will do more than speak. God will judge you—you whited sepulchers who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. I have been told that I have lost friends at the south. I never had any. They were never worthy of my friendship. They were neither Christians nor good citizens. I hear the march of eight million Ethiopians, and it will be an awful day when the burst loose in the black belt."

My wife says that I had better take the flowers out of the greenhouse and maybe that will relieve me. I see that the first rose of summer has come forth in all its crimson beauty. A pair of tiny sparrows are drinking at the fountain in the front yard. They are yellow and black, akin to the canaries. A mockingbird is singing in a neighbor's garden. Our flock of pigeons is sailing around in graceful curves. The peacock is strutting and spreading his magnificent tail and is happy in his vanity. The dog lies lazily on the blue grass and everything is happy that God has made except some miserable people who are never happy unless they are abusing something or finding fault with their neighbors. What a slack-trough the south is to that class up north. They can differ with each other in politics and the tariff and religion and the Philippine war, but when they get tired of quarrelling they say, "Well, now, let's hold up awhile and abuse those nigger killers down south." That's a harmonizer. Another preacher, Dr. Gunsaulus, delivered the oration at Galena in honor of General Grant's birthday and made it appear that Grant was the author and finisher of emancipation and negro suffrage and it would be scarilege to permit the ballot to be taken away from him while the shadow of that monument is over the nation. Oh, my country! What an idiot! Everybody who reads his history knows that Grant was a slave owner and lived off the hire of his negroes up to the very day of their freedom—and he uniformly declared he was not fighting for the negro, but for the union. Let the reverend gentleman read in Appleton's "Cyclopedia of American Biography" where General Grant's old father wrote to him at St. Louis in May, 1860, that if he couldent live off the hire of his negroes he had better move to Galena and work in the tanyard. But I will take a brief rest again in the garden, for my wife says the potato bugs have come and I had better get ready to poison them. She says they are almost as pestiferous as yankee preachers and are much nearer to us. My garden is a clay subsoil and bakes very quickly after a rain, and it keeps me moving quite lively to prevent a crust that will not let the little plants come up. It has always been a mystery to me how a little tender plant can upheave a clod that will weigh half a pound.

But about those preachers who are so distressed about the negro. I wish to remark that the same paper that gave Dr. Gunsaulus's sentiments about the negro had in the next column in large headlines a press dispatch from Conellsville, Pa., an account of a fiendish crime committed by eight negroes upon Mr. McMillan and his wife, shooting him and subjecting her to an outrage worse than death and left them both for dead. I hope the posse has got the negroes and lynched them by this time. Do you reckon I would have refused to help lynch the brutes if I had been there and if that Chicago preacher had been there and refused a helping hand I would have said "Now, boys, let's hang him up by the legs to give him time to repent—the cowardly dog who would not avenge a woman's honor." That's my faith and part of my religion, and I've been on that line ever since these outrages begun. I rejoice over every lynching of a brute and our woods are full of good citizens of the same mind. Governor Candler may purge his own record about lynching and denounce that Philadelphia editor who lied on him, but I am not governor—and am not a target to be shot at and I am free to say that a man who would wait for the slow, uncertain process of the law and the courts to avenge our wives and daughters is no man at all and has my scorn and contempt. I think I had better read a psalm or go out and plant some more beans, for my wife says she wants a succession of crops of all these leguminous vegetables. I think that is what she called them.

It is that same puritanical set of preachers who brought on the war, and we thought the next generation would have more sense and let us alone since slavery was abolished, but like fathers like sons and they are yet miserable as long as Mordecai is sitting at the gate. Some of our writers and orators declare that peace and brotherly love now prevails, but it is like the game of "three card monte," now you see it and now you don't see it. Henry Grady made a great speech in Boston and fairly captured his audience, but in less than two weeks the Boston preachers were belittling his effort and howling at the south for its bad faith to the fifteenth amendment. The race problem is still their capital stock and it has spread from New England to Chicago and the great west. The G. A. R's. have appointed a committee to write up a history of the civil war, and the next thing will be to force it into the public schools. The G. A. R's. are a power in the land and their creed is to draw more pensions and bigger ones, but I can't understand how they can look a confederate soldier in the face and boast of anything. If it took four of us to whip one of them I'd never brag about it nor ask for a pension, and if it was given me I would conscientiously pour it back in the jug. When God created Adam He planted a garden for him and put him in it to keep it and dress it and that was innocent and manly, and so I will go out and dig some and turn the hydrant loose, for it is awful dry. Wish I could turn it loose on those preachers. Since Bishop Candler exclaimed in big head lines, "Oh, for one more breath of Puritanism!" I've been perusing history. Of course he dident mean those Puritans who came to New England and went to importing negroes and robbing the Indians and burning witches. Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson have eleven volumes of American literature and the second is devoted to those horrible witchcraft times when Increase Mather and Cotton Mather and Samuel Sewall and other saints had helpless women arrested and tried and hung for witchcraft. The whole procedure is in this volume and it makes the heart sick to read how the poor creatures begged for their lives and in their last moments on the gallows denied their guilt. How as many as eight were hung at one time and many more at various times and how old Judge Sewall afterwards repented and the twelve jurymen repented and published their repentance and asked God to forgive their great sin, etc. One woman, Mary Watkins, who was a hired servant, a white woman, was tried, but the evidence was not quite sufficient to convict, and so they did not hang her, but sent her off to Virginia to be sold as a slave. This is only a little scrap of New England history, and if any of their descendants is ashamed of it they have never said so to me. Those northern brethren are awful slow on apologies. But I must go and stick the sweet peas and hurry up the flowers for the June wedding. Our neighbor's pretty daughter is to be married and they are singing to me—

"Bring flowers, bring flowers, for the bride to wear,
They are born to blush in her shining hair."

BILL ARP.

Is The Revenue Act Invalid?

WILMINGTON, N. C., May. 7.—It is learned upon what is considered good authority that able counsel in Wilmington has been employed to resist the enforcement of the present revenue law on the ground that its manner of passage by the last General Assembly was in conflict with section 14, Article 1 of the Constitution. It is claimed by counsel employed that reliable information is in hand that when the bill came up for second reading in the Senate it was weighted down with thirty-six amendments and after it went back to the House many of the amendments were concurred in and others rejected; that even when the bill came back to the Senate as amened it was only read one time and passed one reading and was afterwards ratified. If this information is correct, leading lawyers say the whole revenue act is invalid as the Supreme Court of North Carolina has several times decided that unless a bill of this character passed there readings on seporate days and the nays recorded in the second reading, the bill is void. If this opinion is correct the revenue will be derived under the act of 1899.

AYCOCK SAYS THE LAW IS GOOD.

Raleigh Cor. Charlotte Observer.

Your correspondent to-day interview Governor Aycock in regard to the revenue act, its alleged unconstitutionality, etc. The Governor said: "I have no doubt the act is all right. My belief is that even though the facts be as started the courts will sustain it as a valid law. If they do not, then there never has been a valid law since that provision went into the constitution, that is since 1860. Section 23, article 2, of the constitution, says: "All bills and resolutions of a legislative nature shall be read three times in each house before they pass into laws." Almost every bill is amended on its second or third reading and the amendment is not read three times, and never has been so read. According to this constitution as to the reading of amendments no valid act by Congress regarding revenue has been passed. The constitution equally requires that all bills of whatever nature be read three several times, and there is scarcely a law on the statue books which was not amended on second or third reading, in vital points. If then these several readings have to be had after the amendment then there is hardly any law which properly passed. If the decision in the 126 N. C. Supreme Court Reports is law then almost no statutes have been properly passed."

Old Soldier's Experience.

M. M. Austin, a civil war veteran, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "My wife was sick a long time in spite of good doctor's treatment, but was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills, which worked wonders for her health." They always do. Try them. Only 25c at Fetzer's drug store.

Merchant—Are your habits all correct?
Applicant for Position—Yes, sir.
Merchant (after a pause)—Do you drink.
Applicant (absently)—Thanks. Don't care if I do.

PINEVILLE STORIES.

"A Night in a Graveyard."

By Major Joseph Jones.

About two years ago the people of Pineville were almost alarmed out of their senses by a ghost what made its appearance every night in the graveyard. The niggers seed it first, and they told sich terrible tales about it that the wimmen and children was afaid to go to bed in the dark for a month, and you couldn't git a nigger to go a hundred yards from the house after dark not for all Georgy. It made a monstrous talk for more'n ten miles round the settlement, and everybody was anxious to find out whose ghost it was and what it wanted. Old Mr. Walker, what had been cheated out of all his property by the lawyers, hadn't been dead a great while, and as he was a monstrous curious old chap anyhow the general opinion was that the old man had come back for something.

Sammy Stonestreet seed the ghost, and Bob Moreland seed it, and old Miss Curloo seed it, when she was comin to town to see her daughter Nancy, the night she had her baby, and they all gave the same account the niggers did, about its being dressed in white, and talkin to itself, and cryin and walkin about among the toombstones. Bob Moreland said he heard it sneeze two or three times, jest as natural as any human, and cry ever so pitiful.

A good many of the boys sed they was gwine too watch for it some night and speak to it; but somehow their hearts always failed 'em about dark, and nobody didn't go.

One day Bill Wilson come to town, and was about half corned down to Mr. Harleys's store, when the boys got to banterin him about the ghost.

"Ding'd if I don't see who it is," ses Bill; "I ain't afraid of no ghost that ever walked on the face of the yearth."

With that some of 'em offered to bet him five dollars that he dassent go inside the graveyard after dark.

"Done!" ses Bill, "jest plank up yer money. But I'm to go jest as I've a mind to?"

"Yes," ses the boys.

——"And shoot the ghost if I see it?" ses he.

"To be shore."

"And I'm to have a bottle of old Jimmaky, to keep me company?"

"Yes," ses all of 'em.

"Nuf sed," ses Bill. "Put up the stakes in Mr. Harley's hands.

The money was staked and the business all fixed in no time.

"Now," ses Bill, "giv me a pair of pistols and let me load 'em good myself, and I'll show you whether I'm afraid of ghosts."

Captain Skinner's big brass horse-pistols was sent for, and Bill loaded one of 'em up to the muzzle, and after gettin a bottle of licker in his pocket, and takin two or three more good stout horns to raise his courage, he waited till it was dark. Everybody in town was wide awake to see how the thing would turn out, and some of the wimmin was monstrous consarned for Bill, for fear he'd git carried off by the ghost shore enough.

Just about dark Bill sot out for the grave yard, with a whole heap of fellers, who went to see him to the gate, so he couldn't give 'em no dodge.

"Look out now, Bill; you know ghosts is monstrous dangerous things to fool with. Keep your eyes skinned, Bill, or you're a goner," sed the boys as they was leavin him at the gate.

"Never you mind," ses Bill. "But remember, I'm to shoot, and——"

"To be shore," ses all of 'em.

Bill marched into the middle of the graveyard, brave as a lyon, singing "Shiny night" as loud as loud he could—but monstrous out of tune—and tuck a seat on one of the gravestones.

The graveyard in Pineville stands on the side of a hill about half a mile from town. The fence is a monstrous high post and rail fence, whar ther is a pine thicket of about a acre, in which ther aint no graves.

The night was pretty dark, and Bill thought it was monstrous cold, so he kept takin drinks every now and then to keep himself warm, and singin all the songs and salm tunes he know'd to keep awake. Sometimes he thought he heard something down in the bushes, and then his hair would sort o' crawl up, and he would hold his breath and grab hold of his pistol what he held cocked in his lap, ready to shoot. But it was so dark that he could see nothin ten steps off. Two or three times he felt like backing out and goin home; but he know'd that wouldn't never do; so he'd take another drink and strike up another tune. Bimeby he got so sleepy that he couldn't tell whether he was singin "Up in a balloon boys," or "I'm bound for the promised land"; and bimeby he only sung a word here and thar, without bein very perticklar what song it belonged to.

He was so bominable sleepy and corned together, that he couldn't keep awake, and in spite of his fears, he begun to nod a little.

Jest then something sneezed.

"Ugh!" ses Bill; "what's that?".

But he soon come to the conclusion that he must been sneezin in his sleep; and after secin that his pistol was safe and takin another drink, he was soon in the land of Nod agin.

About this time old Mr. Jenkins's gang of goats come out of the thicket, whar they had got through the gap in the graveyard fence, and with old white Bellshazer in the the lead, come smellin about whar Bill was watchin for the ghost.

Old Bellshazer is a monstrous big goat, and one of the oudaciousest 'old cusses to butt in 'all Georgy, and the old rascal, secin Bill settin thar all alone by himself, he goes up and smells at him. Bill nodded to him in his sleep. The goat stepped back a step or two and Bill nodded agin. The old feller tuck it for a banter shore enough, and comin forward and risin up on his hind legs a little, he tuck deliberate aim, and sprang! he tuck Bill right between the eyes, knockin him and his horse-pistol off at the same time.

Bang! goes the pistol, roarin out on the still night air, like a young five-pounder, so every body in the town heard it, and the next minit you mought heard Bill hollerin "Murder! murder!" for more'n a mile.

The whole town was roused in no time, and everybody that could go was out to the graveyard as quick as they could git thar.

Thar was Bill Wilson layin sprawled out on the ground, with his nose knocked as flat as a pancake, and both eyes bunged up so he could't tell daylight from dark.

The goat was skeered as bad as Bill was at the pistol, and was gone before he fairly touched the ground. Bob Moreland and Tom Stallins, who had gone out to skeer Bill, havin tuck care to change the pistol what he loaded for one that had no bullets in it, got thar jest in time to see his encounter with old Bellshazer. They was the first ones to git to him, but it was so dark and they was rapped up in white sheets so Bill did know 'em. The more they talked to him and shuck him, the louder he hollered, till they thought he would go into a fit.

After a while he kind o' come to his senses. Somebody struck a light, and Bill seed whar he was. He swore he was wide awake all the time and that when the ghost come up to him he tuck a fair crack at it, when all of a sudden a clap of thunder and lightnin knocked him clean out of his senses.

Bob Moreland tried to explain to him how it was. But it was all no use. He swore the ghost was six foot high, and that he smelled the brimstone and seed the lightnin just as plain as he ever seed lightnin in his life.

The next day Bill claimed the stakes, and everybody said he ought to have the money, which was give up to him. But you may depend Bill Wilson wouldn't have sich another ghost-fight, not for all the money in Georgy.

The fence was mended whar it was broke in the thicket, and ther has never been any more ghosts seed in that graveyard ever sense.

The New Jacksonville.

Baltimore Sun.

In spite of the appalling disaster at Jacksonville the people of that city display a brave spirit and are hopefully looking to the future. American grit and determination were never more admirably illustrated than in the two Southern cities Galveston and Jacksonville. A day or two after the storm which swept over their city the people of Galveston announced their intention to rebuild. Jacksonville has been almost wiped out by fire, yet the citizens of the Florida metropolis are already planning the new city which is to rise from the ashes of the old. This is the cheery note which the Jacksonville Times-Union of Monday sounds:

"This morning the new Jacksonville is born. * * * Many hearts are heavy and some mourn a deeper loss that that which comes from the destruction of property, but the weak-hearted are not to be found among us, and it would seem also that weariness is unknown. * * * To work with high spirits and willing hands. The new Jacksonville is born this morning and we who write and we who read stand about to assist at the christening."

This is the spirit which dares all things and overcomes all obstacles. A community animated by such a spirit does not waste time in mourning over disaster, but sets sturdily to work to repair its losses. This is evidently what Jacksonville intends to do. No doubt the new city to be built on the site of the old will be in every way worthy of such a community. Probably the wooden structures will be replaced with brick buildings, and if this be the lesson Jacksonville learns from the disaster it will be fireproof in the future. Possibly the conflagration will result in better water facilities in the future, in a modern drainage system—indeed, in such an equipment in all respects as becomes a twentieth century city. Jacksonville has the best wishes of the American people, who admire the pluck and energy of its citizens. Good luck to the "new Jacksonville."

Beware of a Cough.

A cough is not a disease but a symptom. Consumption and bronchitis, which are the most dangerous and fatal diseases, have for their first indication a persistent cough, and if properly treated as soon as this cough appears are easily cured. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has proven wonderfully successful, and gained its wide reputation, and extensive sale by its success in curing the diseases which cause coughing. If it is not beneficial it will not cost you a cent. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

"Taxed to Death."

No country enjoys so many blessings of government as the one we live in, in spite of the robbery of the trusts and the exactions of monopoly. Writing to the Monroe Journal from Paris, Mr. A. M. Stack says that when the farmers "bring the products of their farms, their beef, chickens, eggs, etc., to Paris for sale, they must pay a tax on them. The tax on a chicken is eight cents. The people here are taxed to death. That accounts partly for the exorbitant prices of everything." Such taxation would not be tolerated here.

A man never thinks he is as bad as he really is.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Made from pure cream of tartar.
Safeguards the food against alum.
Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

FROM POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.

Benjamin Franklin.

Never spare the parson's wine nor the baker's pudding.

Visits should be short, like a winter's day.

Lest you're too troublesome, hasten away.

A house without a woman and fire-light is like a body without soul or spirit.

Kings and bears often worry their keepers.

Light purse, heavy heart.

He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.

Ne'er take a wife till thou hast a house (and a fire) to put her in.

He's gone, and forgot nothing but to say farewell to his creditors.

Love well, whip well.

Great talkers, little doers.

A rich rogue is like a fat hog, who never does good till as dead as a log.

The favor of the great is no inheritance.

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

Beware of the young doctor and the old barber.

He has chang'd his one-ey'd horse for a blind one.

The poor have little, beggars none; the rich too much, enough, not one.

Eat to live, and not live to eat.

After thee days men grow weary of a winch, a guest, and weather rainy.

The lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals.

The proof of woman, gold: the proof of man, a woman.

After feasts made, the maker scratches his head.

Many estates are spent in the getting.

Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting.

He that lieth down with dogs shall rise up with fleas.

A fat kitchen, a lean will.

Distrust and caution are the parents of security.

Tongue double bring trouble.

Take counsel in wine, but resolve afterwards in water.

He that drinks fast pays slow.

Great famine when wolves eat wolves.

A good wife lost is God.s gift lost.

A taught horse, and a woman to teach, and teachers practicing what they preach.

He is ill clothed that is bare of virtue.

Men and melons are hard to know.

He's the best physician that knows the worthlessness of the most medicines.

Beware of meat twice boil'd, and an old foe reconcil'd.

A fine genius in his own country is like gold in the mine.

There is no little enemy.

The heart of the fool is in his mouth, but the mouth of the wise man is in his heart.

The old man has given all to his son. O fool! to undress thyself before thou art going to bed.

Cheese and salt meat should be sparingly eat.

Doors and walls are fools paper.

Anoint a villain and he'll stab you; stab him, and he'll anoint you.

Keep your mouth wet, feet dry.

He has lost his boots, but sav'd his spurs.

Where bread is wanting, all's to be sold.

There is neither honor nor gain got in dealing with a villain.

Snowy winter, a plentiful harvest.

Nothing more like a fool than a drunken man.

He that lives carnally won't live enternally.

Innocence is its own defense.

Never mind it, she'll be sober afore the holidays.

Gossip From Billville.

Atlanta Constitution

How thankful we should be for one day's rest in seven. All we have to do on the Sabbath is—split the wood, light the fire, dress the children, feed the mule, read the paper, figure up how much we've lost during the past week, and then go cheerfully to meeting!

We are in great hopes that Mr. Carnegie will endow the town library. At present the library consists of seven dictionaries, four volums of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," five novels and fifteen officers and directors.

Major Jones, who was bitten by a rattlesnake Tuesday last, had fine presence of mind to drink a gallon and a half of corn whiskey on the spot. He has recovered from the bite, but there is no telling when he will recover from the spree.

Very few northern committees come to Billville to meddle with the race problem. The only race problm here is—how can white and black keep two miles ahead of the sheriff.

Was Burying Himself Alive.

New York Sun, 9th.

Late yesterday afternoon the attention of workmen in Calvary Cemetery, Long Island City, was attracted to a newly opened grave by hearing groans and prayers ascend from it. They found a man in it buried to his armpits and trying to burrow under the earth altogether. He told the workmen that he was tired of life and wanted to rest in peace.

They dug him out, and a policeman took him before Magistrate Healy, who committed him to the County Jail. He told the Magistrate that he was John Healy, but refused to give his address. It is thought that he is mentally unsound.

It Saved His Leg.

P. A. Danforth, of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For Ulcers, Wounds, Piles, it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Sold by P. B. Fetzer druggist.

Mrs. Hetty Green was in Boston the other day, and when invited to attend a theatre declined, saying that, though she is the richest woman on this country, she "hadn't any clothes good enough."

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours, a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and $1. sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

Home of Swamp-Root.

THE
Concord National Bank.
With the latest approved form of books and every facility for handling accounts,
OFFERS A
FIRST CLASS SERVICE
TO THE PUBLIC.

Capital,	$50,000
Profit,	22,000
Individual responsibility of Shareholders,	50,000

KEEP YOUR ACCOUNT WITH US.
Interest paid as agreed. Liberal accommodation to all our customers.
J. M. ODELL, President.
D. B. COLTRANE, Cashier.

1847.——1901
THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE
OF PHILADELPHIA,
can give you the most profitable policy. Rates 10 to 20 per cent. lower than other companies. All policies from date of issue without restriction as to residence, travel, occupation, cause or manner of death.
Contain Cash, Surrender, Loan, Paid up, and Automatic Extension Values. Non-forfeitable after three payments.
Will be pleased to give fuller information to any desiring to consider a contract of Life or Endowment insurance.
Correspondence solicited.
Thos. W. Smith,
AGENT,
AT CONCORD, N. C.
March 7, 1901.

DO YOU SUFFER
FROM
CONSTIPATION AND BILIOUSNESS?
85 per cent. of the human family do. If so, try
Indian Herb Liver Pills
They will give you brighter eyes, a clear complexion, a better appetite. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by
GIBSON DRUG STORE
Jan. 1—1y

Pearls Found in Vermont.

Everyone is talking about the "Green Mountain Pearls." Did you know that they cure liver troubles, constipation, bad digestion, nausea, dull headache, dizziness and foul breath? There never was a pill sold which acted so quickly and gently, and they don't gripe one bit. A trial is all we ask—we know what the result will be.

D. D. JOHNSON.

Does Your Stomach Trouble You?

The first thing to do when you find your stomach "out of order" is to be careful about your eating for a few days and use

DR. CARLSTEDT'S GERMAN LIVER POWDER.

Common sense will tell you that to cure stomach troubles a medicine must be used that will strengthen the digestive organs, and such a remedy is Dr. Carlstedt's German Liver Powder. It goes right to the root of the difficulty and is the only easy, safe and reliable remedy on the market for the treatment of this disease.

For sale by all druggists and dealers generally or by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents; 5 bottles $1.00.

Made Only By The CARLSTEDT MED. CO., Evansville, ... Ind.

For sale at Gibson Drug Store.