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VOLUME XIX. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1901. NUMBER 2.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Like the old lady's Bible verses marked "T. and P,"
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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."
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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.
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FROM "THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP."

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hope of future years,
Is hanging breathless on that fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not such sudden sound and shock,
'Tis but the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!
—H. W. Longfellow.

THE ONE THOUGHT.

We have most of us heard of that sweet wedded bliss—
Of two hearts that are beating as one,
And two souls with a single thought sealed with a kiss—
And have wondered, perhaps, how 'twas done.

But to those who have been by experience taught
This effect is not hard to explain;
For in most of the cases that one "single" thought
Is—"I wish I was single again!"

"I KILLED YOUR BROTHER."

The late Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, says Success, were close personal friends of Stuart Robson. During the "off" season of affairs theatrical Robson often entertained his distinguished colleagues at his summer home on Long Island. On one such occasion the trio after dinner took their seats on the piazza, when Booth, as usual, lapsed into silent reveie, while the others began to relate stories anent professional experiences. Finally the conversation turned on "dead-heads." Robson had just finished an especially funny tale about one of these managerial bete noirs, when the voice of Booth was heard thus:

"I think, gentlemen, that I can give you an anecdote about one of the tribe that is probably unique."

"Let's hear it, Edwin, by all means," said Barrett.

Booth fixed his somber eyes on the sunset and began: "It was during the first visit that I made to the South after the close of the Civil War. We were playing in a little town in Alabama. In my mail one morning I found a letter which ran somthing like this:

'DEAR SIR: My wife and self have always been great admirers of you. We want to see you play very much, but cannot afford to buy our tickets. Will you please send us a couple of seats? I am sure you will not refuse this request when I tell you that I am the United States soldier that shot and killed your brother, who assassinated President Lincoln.

"I investigated and found that the man's statement was correct."

Booth's auditors gasped as his tragic tones boomed out the unexpected sequel to the tale. There was a dead silence for a full minute. Then Robson managed to ask:

"What did you do, Edwin?"

"I sent him the tickets," answered the actor, his eyes still fixed on the glowing western horizon.

The grewsome recital had been made without a trace of emotion save for a deepening of the gloom which marked Booth's facial expression faom the day of the tragedy. Robson told the writer that the actor unquestionably realized that if his brother had reached Washington alive he would have met a terrible fate at the hands of the mob, and hence he felt grateful to the man who, with a rifle ball, averted this possibility.

New Railway Wonder.

Atlanta Journal.

It has not been long since about a mile a minute was considered the practical limit of railway speed. Now greater speed than that is attained almost every day on many railroads in the United States and there are some on which trains go 60 miles an hour on regular schedules. This is flying, but it does not satisfy the ambiton to annihilate space.

The faster we go the greater the craze for still more rapid locomotion seems to become.

The most ambitious attempt in this direction is soon to be made in England.

Some months ago a company applied for a franchise to operate a railway between Manchester and Liverpool. Electricity is to be the motive power.

Railway charters are always hard to get from parliament and there was special difficulty in this case, owing to the fact that the company seeking the franchise announced that it intended to run its trains at speeds ranging from 100 to 150 miles an hour. This seemed to many members of the parliamentary committee to be reckless and dangerous and the charter was held up quite a while. The projectors, however, succeeded in convincing the committee that they will construct their line so that 100 or even 150 miles an hour will be no more risky than 50 to 60 miles an hour is on ordinary railroads. The franchise has been granted and the wonderful railroad will be completed within a few months.

The trains are to be run on one rail. There is a short line in Germany built on this plan on which a speed of 90 miles an hour has been occasionally obtained, but the proposed English railroad will average a much grater rate than that. If its builders are not greatly mistaken in their calculations they will make the fastest of our steam railway trains seem like slow coaches indeed.

Fight With a Catamount.

Williamsport, Pa., Special.

James Weller was nearly killed by a catamount while riding his bicycle along the river road, near Farrandsville, last night. When passing a cliff the animal sprang from the rocks and landed on his back. The force of the collision threw Weller from the wheel down an embankment into the water.

The catamount retained its clutch on Weller, and a desperate fight ensued.

The animal bit a piece out of Weller's cheek and clawed his face, neck arms and hands in a horrible manner, tore pieces out of his back and ripped his shirt off. When the animal gave up the battle Weller was in a state of collapse.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

This horrid, torrid weather reminds me of what Henry Ward Beecher said in his church one sweltering day in July. He took no text. He wiped the perspiration from his brow and looking solemnly at the large congregation, said: "It is hot today. It is damned hot. It is as hot as hell!" Everybody was amazed and shocked until he added, "That is the language I heard two young men use at the door of the church as I passed them. My young friends, it is not as hot as hell." Then in a low, earnest tone he pictured the torments of hell and the certain fate of the wicked until the atmosphere of the church seemed to be cool and pleasant in comparison. The ladies ceased to move their fans and everybody was still and solemn as a funeral. It was something like Jonathan Edwards at Northampton when he got his hearers so wrought up and alarmed that they groaned in fear and grasped the posts and braces to keep from sinking into hell, and another preacher in the pulpit begged Mr. Edwards to stop. "Stop, Mr. Edwards; stop now and tell them of the mercy and love of God." What wonderful power is in the words of an eloquent, earnest man. Mr. Beecher was all of that—a gifted, eloquent, man. I heard him preach twice before the war and was profoundly impressed. I looked upon him as the impersonation of the man of God. Later on, when he began his vindictive war upon the south and said that Sharp's rifles were better than Bibles for John Brown in Kansas and it was a crime to shoot at a slaveholder and miss him, I wonder at my infatuation with the man and exclaimed with Isaiah, "How are the mighty fallen," And still later when Tilton charged him with alienating and seducing his wife and it took two months to try the case and the jury two days to make up a verdict, which virtually said, "He is not guilty, but he must not do so any more," I was mortified at my own weakness in becoming his idolater and resolved to worship no man again while he lived. A great man's character cannot be made up until after he is dead.

But I was ruminating how easy it is for a young man to say damn and damn it, I'll be damned and even to take the name of God in vain. Damn is a more convenient and expressive word than doggon or dingnation or blamed and it shows a defiance of the devil and a self-conceit in the man who uses it. But it is a very handy expletive and when a young man gets in the habit of using it he rarely reforms. He knows that it is not good manners, for he does not use it in the presence of ladies or preachers or his parents. Nevertheless there are some good people who think damn it without saying it. I heard a good story the other day on Colonel Livingston, our member of congress from the Atlanta district. Last summer he was sent over to West Virginia to speak and help the Democrats in their canvass. He ventured into a pretty hot Republican town and was haranguing and electrifying a large audience, and while scarifying the Republicans and this fighting administration a soft, half done Irish potato took him kerzip right between the eyes. It knocked off his spectacles and flattened into mush all over his classic countenance. It surprised and shocked him, of course. Recovering his glasses he wiped the sticky stuff from his face and said with excited tone, "My friends, I have been—I have been a consistent—a consistent member of the Presbyterian church—the Presbyterian church, I say for more than—more than fifty years—yes, fifty odd years, and have tried to live—tried to live in harmony with all men—with all men, but if the dirty, doggond, dadblamed puppy who threw that potato will stand up or raise his right hand I'll be—I'll be dadblasted if I don't stop speaking long enough to come down and lick the hair and hide off of him in two minutes by the clock." As nobody rose or raised a hand the colonel resumed his broken remarks, but declares that he never came as near cursing since he joined the church.

This thing of cursing is of very ancient origin. Sometimes it was done by proxy. Balak, the king of Moab, hired Balaam to curse Israel, and some of us veterans remember when we, too, wanted to hire a cussin man to expend our wrath upon the yankees. Peter cursed and swore when accused of being one of the disciples. It is probable that he said "I'll be damned if I am," or perhaps worse. Soldiers and sailors have in all ages been profane—the very class that are in greatest peril and should have the greatest reverence for their maker. Uncle Toby says "Our army swore terribly in Flankers." And Uncle Toby himself swore an oath when he found the sick soldier lying and dying at his gate. "He shall not die, by God," he said, and the "accusing spirit flew up to heaven with the oath and blushed as he gave it in. The recording angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever." That is beautiful, isent it? Verily, charity hideth a multitude of sins.

But this is enough on this subject. It is too hot to work in the garden and so I get in the shade of the vines on my verandah and ruminate. Judge Griggs, our honored member of congress, tells that story on Colonel Livingston and he told another that will make the old men forget that it is hot, for they never get too old to enjoy any story that has a pretty woman in it. One of the last cases brought before the judge was a young unsophisticated country boy who was charged with an assault upon a bonnie country girl in that he had caught her at the spring and hugged and kissed her against her will. Her mother saw it from her piazza and heard her scream and saw him run away to the field where he was plowing. She was very indignant, and prosecuted him. She was the witness and so was the girl, but the girl dident seem very vindictive. She said he dident hurt her but took her by surprise. She had filled her bucket and was about to go back when he caught her and hugged her and kissed her right on her mouth. The solicitor closed his case. The young man was put up to make his statement, and all he said was that she looked so sweet and pretty he couldent help it, and he dident believe that Miss Molly was very mad about it nohow, for she went off singing of a hyme. "What hyme was she singing?" asked the judge. "I don't know," he said. "What hyme were you singing, Miss Molly?" asked the judge. She smiled and said it was "The Lord Will Provide." The judge charged the jury very mildly, and told them that an assault implied malice, etc., but as the jury couldent see where the malice came in, they came back with this verdict: "We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty, as there was no malice or hate in it, and we recommend him to the mercy of the court." This story reminds me of John Riley's verdict in the Pass case. Good old Jonn Riley, the foreman of The Rome Courier's pressroom for years and years, and the foreman of the jury in the case of the state against Romulus Pass for hog stealing. Pass had been suspected of killing Wallis Warren's shoats as they ran in the woods, and so Wallis laid for him and one evening about dusk, when he heard a rifle shot, he slipped up and caught Pass in the very act of putting the shoat in a sack. Wallis dident go to the war and managed to save his stock. Pass went, and left his wife and three little children to the mercy of God and the community. When he returned he found there was nothing left to live on, and one of the children had died. Judge Wright volunteered to defend him, and introduced no evidence, but had the last speech. I will never forget the tender pathos of that speech—his picture of a poor soldier returning home to find desolation and despair. He never alluded to the evidence, but had the jury and the court in tears. The judge charged them as fairly as he could, and they retired. In a brief time they came in with this verdict: "Whereas, the late, unhappy war reduced many of our brave soldiers and their families to want and poverty by reason of which they were forced at times to wander in the woods for such game as they could find in order to keep the wolf from the door and their little ones from starvation; therefore, we, the jury, find the defendant not guilty. John Riley, foreman."

"By gracious!" said Wallis, "they found Pass guilty and then pardoned him." Judge Wright never lost a case where he had the last speech and a woman or a poor man was his clent.

But it is getting a little cooler now as the sun nears the horizon. I must stop and turn the water loose on my garden. The city has no water meters yet, and I can steal water with impunity, but as the nigger preacher said to his flock, "You musent be cotched stealin' chickens—cotched, I say."

BILL ARP.

Winston-Wadesboro Road.

Winston News.

It is said that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is behind the movement to build the Winston-Wadesboro railroad. As is known by many, the Pennsylvania owns a controlling interest in the Norfolk and Western connection would prove a valuable feeder for the latter road. This is just what the Norfolk and Western, as well as Winston-Salem, has been wanting for years. The amount of coal shipped from the mines in Virginia and West Virginia and given to the Southern Railway here would be worth a great deal to the new road.

Another reason given for the belief that the Pennsylvania and Norfolk and Western are interested in the plan to build a road south from Winston-Salem is the improvements being made on the roadbed of the Winston-Salem division of the Norfolk and Western. It is said that no less than $2,000,000 will have been expended when all the steel bridges and the work begun on the road are completed.

Couldn't Move Him.

It was late, and getting later.

However, that did not stop the sound of muffed voices in the parlor.

Meanwhile the gas meter worked steadily.

The pater endured it as long as he could and then resolved on heroic measures.

"Phyllis," he called from the head of the stairs, "has the morning paper come yet?"

"No, sir," replied the funny man on the Daily Bugle, "we are holding the form for an important decision."

And the pater went back to bed wondering if they would keep house or live with him.

The Best Remedy for Stomach and Bowel Troubles.

"I have been in the drug business for twenty years and have sold most all of the proprietary medicines of any note. Among the entire lift I have never found anything to equal Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for all stomach and bowel troubles," says O. W. Wakefield, of Columbus, Ga. "This remedy cured two severe cases of cholera morbus in my family and I have recommended and sold hundreds of bottles of it to my customers to their entire satisfaction. It affords a quick and sure cure in a pleasant form." For sale by M. L. Marsh.

There is no family medicine so favorably known as Pain-Killer. For over sixty years it has been used by Missionaries in all parts of the world, not only to counteract the climatic influences on their families, but for the cure of all diseases of the bowels, and for wounds, burns, bruises, etc. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. Price 25 and 50 cents.

"Now, dear," said mamma, giving final instructions to Elsie, who is going to take tea with a playmate, "when you are asked if you will have something you must say, 'Yes, thank you,' and if you don't want it you must say"—"Oh, you needn't bother about that," Elsie interrupted. "I don't expect to refuse anything."

The Durham Herald says that in listing taxes Marion Butler gave in more money on deposit than any other man in Raleigh.

SAM JONES TELLS WHY KENTUCKIANS DRINK LIQUOR.

Atlanta Journal.

In company with wife and two daughters I spent five days on our Kentucky farm, returning here this morning. I am rusticated, sunburnt and pretty well toughened up for the seven or eight weeks' chautauqua engagements which I begin in Louisana the last of this week. I never have seen old Kentucky when her pastures and harvest fields and tobacco and corn crops were more beautiful and promising. I have never seen horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, so fat and sleek. The weather was intensely hot, and I would move around early in the morning and late in the evening. After all, when it comes to colts and calves, hogs and lambs, blue grass and clover, give me old Kentucky. Her people are a noble people, but her stock is immense. A man can take a blue grass farm in Kentucky and make a living easier than he can anywhere under the shining sun. A man can take a half dozen good brood mares, a dozen good short-horned cows, a half dozen good brood sows, and a hundred sheep, and sit around in the shade on his farm and live like a prince off the product of his farm with just one crippled negro to do the work. No wonder those fellows up there drink liquor, they have got too much leisure. Leisure and liquor go together. A fellow that can do nothing and keep sober is a genius. I have more respect for a fellow out of a job and don't want a job, when he is drunk, than I have for a sober fellow going round doing nothing. I have some hopes for the drunken fellow that if he ever quits drinking he will go to work, but a fellow sober and loafing there is very little outlook for him.

They are beginning to harvest in Kentucky. The wheat crop is a little short this year compared with the crop of last year. I suppose the puts and calls of the wheat exchange have the thing down pretty fine, and no doubt wheat will settle down somewhere between 60 and 70 cents and remain there.

The crops of north Georgia are leaping and bounding also. A few more days of drought, though, will tell on them. They have had too much rain if anything in Kentucky and Tennessee. When the thermometer is hitting it at about 100 in the shade and the sun getting in his work there has got to be more or less rain mixed up with the conditition of things or crops and folks wilt and wither.

On my chautauqua tour I go from Louisiana to Colorado; from Colorado back into Kansas, Illinois, etc. I will give your readers a weekly letter while I am en route along the lines of the most important things I see and hear on my tour. It was a source of regret to me that I did not have an opportunity of attending the Barnesville, Jacksonville, Valdosta and other Georgia chautauquas, but their applications were in too late; my time was all engaged. I hope the Georgia chautauquas will all flourish and grow. There are now about one hundred and fifty chautauquas in the United States. Georgia has five of these, and I believe they are are all vigorous, growing ones. They are occasions of pleasure and profit, of reunion of the people, and instruction of the masses. No community has carried on their chautauqua occasions for ten years without marked improvement on the minds and hearts of the people. The masses are brought in contact with the leading speakers and platform men of the world, and listen to words that not only interest but instruct them. I believe parents could do no wiser, better thing than to carry their children and let them sit under the voices of men who will tell them things that wil be worth much to them in the years to come. The Georgia chautauquas all have good programs and have on their list of engagements the very best. I speak for them a large patronage and great success. Georgia furnishes much talent herself on the chautauqua platform—General Gordon, John Temple Graves, dear old Ham, Charley Lane, Editor Bayne, etc., and they take well everywhere and please the people.

Yours, off for a long trip.

SAM P. JONES.

P. S.—Pullman never cuts rates on his sleepers. His conductors have no right to cut the chairman of our railroad commission. As a citizen of Georgia I protest against a one sided cut. S. P. J.

A Few Bits of Practical Advice for Hot Weather.

Now that the mercury is rising steadily toward the top of the thermometer, too much care cannot be exercised in the avoidance of sunstroke.

The first thing for the feeble and the anæmic to remember is that they need a tonic. Just what that tonic is may best be told by the family doctor.

Due regulation—also under medical advice—of the excretory organs is another most important consideration.

Select your diet with regard to the absence of heating properties.

Take daily sponge baths. Avoid excessive exertion.

Sleep eight hours daily. Use an umbrella when walking in the sun.

Have your outer garments of material as light as possible and your underwear of gauze or linen mesh, which will facilitate prespiration.

Avoid stimulants.

The Tennessee law for the protection of sheep has gone into effect. It provides that the name and description of every dog shall be filed with the county treasurer and that the owner must pay a license. "Failure means death to the dog, and thousands are being slaughtered. One good feature of the law is that if a dog kills sheep the owner of the sheep can kill the dog and get damages from its owner."

A Poor Millionaire.

Lately starved in London because he could not digest his food. Early use of Dr. King's New Life Pills would have saved him. They strengthen the stomach, aid digestion, promote assimilation, improve appetite. Price 25c. Money back if not satisfied. Sold by P. B. Fetzer, druggist.

HOPE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

A New York official has recently made a report, showing what is being done for consumptives by the different states and nations. He says that in Germany nearly 100 sanitariums have been established in the last few years for the treatment of consumptives, with a capacity of 5,000.

England has probably 3,000 beds for consumptives in her various sanitariums for their benefit.

In France about 2,800 beds for tuberculosis subjects existed when the present movement began, and sanitariums in nine of the cities of France have been built or are being built, while the French government is about completing a sanitarium at Agincourt at an outlay of a million francs.

Five sanitariums have been established in Russia, under the leadership of the Czar, and a number are under way.

In Italy, in Norway, in Denmark, in Sweden, in Switzerland, Austria, in Hungary, Poland, in Spain, in Portugal, in Holland and in Canada sanitariums for the treatment of consumptives have been established.

In the United States the national government has established sanitariums in New Mexico for the treatment of tubercular marine hospital patients, and for consumptives of its army.

The state of New York has at present 10 sanitariums for consumptives under private management, and one projected sanitarium to be supported by the state. They have an aggregate of 600 beds.

Of the above named 10, three are situated in the city of New York.

The board of estimate and apportionment appropriated for these three institutions in 1901 $70,010. Of this amount the Seton hospital, Spuyten Duyvil, received $30,000; St. Joseph's hospital, 143rd street and St. Ann's avenue, $34,010, and the Brooklyn Home for Consumptives, Kingston avenue, Brooklyn, $6,000.

The state of New York appropriated $50,000 during the last session of the legislature for the hospital site, and is asked to appropriate $100,000 during the present session of the legislature for buildings and maintenance.

As True as Gospel.

People say nothing can offend as deeply as people who say too much.

There is only one thing that wins a battle, and that is straight shooting.

The slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient if it produces amendment, and the greatest is sufficient if it does not.

We prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character.

Every now and then a man's mind is stretched by a new idea of sensation, and never shirks back to its former dimensions.

You might as well expect one wave of the sea to be precisely the same as next wave of the sea as to expect that there would be no change of circumstances.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.

Blessed is the calamity that makes us humble; though so repugnant thereto is our nature, in our present state, that after a while it is to be feared a second and sharper calimity in having become so humble.

The most satisfying thing in life is love and sympathy; but these, like fame, must come spontaneously and indirectly, if they come at all, and not be sought as a specific end or direct aim in themselves.

Call it happiness or call it blessedness, the life whose end is righteousness is a life which satisfies, and which one is not willing but glad to live; its ways are ways of pleasantness and its paths are peace.

On the Wrong Scent.

First Little Girl (at a fashionable seaside resort)—I'm glad to get 'quainted with you, 'cause you're nice.

Second Little Girl—So'm I with you. That's what we come for. Mamma says so herself.

"To get 'quainted?"

"Yes, with nice people—people in society, you know."

"Why, that's just what mamma wants. We're to get 'quainted with people in society."

"Ain't you in society at home?"

"No. You are, aren't you?"

"No. We've been, rakin' and scrapin' the whole winter to come here and get 'quainted with people in society, you know."

"So've we."

"Then your folks ain't anybody at home?"

"No."

"Neither are we."

"Then there ain't much use in us gettin' 'quainted, is there?"

"S'pose not."

"Good by."

McKnight May Be Wanted in Ohio.

Greensboro Dispatch.

Information in the hands of the officers here lead them to believe that H. P. MacKnight, who was the central figure in the sensational slander suit from High Point, which was tried here last week, is an ex-convict and a swindler of note. A letter from John T. Norris, a detective of Springfield, Ohio, who was here a few months ago on business connected with the gold brick case, says that McKnight is in all probability the H. P. McKnight who has served three terms in the Ohio Penitentiary. He enclosed a photograph of the prisoner, which is a splendid likeness of High Point's erstwhile healer.

When this information reached Greensboro MacKnight was out of town and at last account he had not reported to give his side of the case.

Lost By a Head.

Pat—Arrah, now, but railways are a moighty foine invention, anyway.

Friend—I shouldn't have thought you could see much to admire in them, Pat, seeing that you lost your leg in a railroad accident.

Pat—Faith, and didn't Oi get $200 damages? Begorra, if it had only been my head Oi'd have owned the foine.

THE PENSION LAW.

Raleigh Post.

The rush, we may properly call it, which occured in every county in the State on Monday of those desiring to take advantage of the new pension act can truly be said to have been pathetic. Under the old law the rolls contained the names of something over 5,000 soldiers and widows. The new law is popularly supposed to have removed all restrictions and provided for every one who served as a soldier as well as all widows of soldiers. The result was that a number were rejected by the examining boards, much to their disappointment.

Certain disabilities must still be shown to entitle a soldier to get on the roll, and these are "to be incapacitated for manual labor," and to be "now disabled from any cause to peform manual labor." All who have lost limbs, one or both, are entitled to a fixed sum, but only others who lost an eye in the service, or who "from any cause" are totally incapacitated or are unable to perform manual labor" are entitled to a pension. Those "able to peform" manual labor are not entitled to a pension. This should be understood by all, as it is only to those coming within the terms mentioned whom the county boards can place on the list. From the best information as yet obtainable there must have been between 15,000 and 20,000 applicants—soldiers and widows—throughout the State, and it is thought the number admitted will quite double that heretofore pensioned.

We wish the State was able to give a good pension to every soldier and widow of a soldier, enough to assure them of at least the comforts of life. As it is, however, only those totally or materially dependent can be provided even the pittance now appropriated.

Western Preachers Keep Cool and Expound Scripture.

St. Louis Dispatch.

Rev. James N. Crutcher, pastor of the Compton Heights Christian Church in St. Louis, appeared in his pulpit Sunday night in a white shirt waist and preached on "Fads in Religion" to a congregation composed largely of coatless men and hatless women.

This departure from the old form of starched shirts and coats and heavy hats was for the sake of comfort and to keep up the attendance of the congregation during the hot weather. The church, which is at St. Vincent and California avenues, has a large auditorium with great windows on every side. Ordinarily it is cool and has proved inviting to large congregations in warm weather. But the sweltering heat of the last few weeks has been discouraging.

The pastor, who is 26 years old, believed that the only way to hold his congregation was to make the people comfortable. So he announced that Sunday night he would appear in a shirt waist. He invited men to attend in the same attire, and women to come without their hats.

Sunday morning a number of young men were in the congregation in shirt waists. They appeared so cool and comfortable that in the evening all the men in the congregation followed the example. A number of women with their hair dressed in attractive modes sat with their hats in their laps and several came bareheaded.

Before the pastor appeared in the pulpit there was an increasing hum of discussion on the innovation. Everybody watched the entrance to see who would be the next to take advantage of the invitation. At first a few old men came with their coats on. But one of them, failing to find comfort in a fan, removed his coat. He was followed by the others. Then the young men came, more than had attended any evening service at the church for several weeks, in pretty shirt waists. As the congregation grew it became evident that everybody in it had yielded to the heat.

At the morning service several of the older male members said they disapproved of the idea, but when they saw the increased attendance in the evening they expressed themselves as satisfied that the shirt waist plan was a good one.

A record prepared by the American Wool and Cotton Reporter shows that textile mill construction during the first six months of the year 1901 was considerably greater than the last half of the preceding year. During the first half of the year 1901 the number of new mills constructed or that are intended to be constructed amount to 261, a gain of 37 over the last six months of 1900. Of the 261 mills, 143 are devoted to the manufacture of cotton, 35 to wool, 58 to knit goods, hosiery, etc., and 25 to miscellaneous purposes, such as silk, linen and jute manufacturing and bleaching, finishing, etc. North Carolina leads with 45 new mills and Georgia comes next with 36.

It Dazzles The World.

No Discovery in medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It's severest tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pleurisy and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored to perfect health. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and Whooping Cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by P. B. Fetzer who guarantees satisfaction or will refund money. Large bottles 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

Tuesday Maud Strickland, 14 yearold daughter of a farmer living near Smithfield, Johnson county, was outraged by a negro, Jim Bailey, as she was returning from the field where she had taken her father's dinner. The negro was captured and at 10 o'clock that night, while being taken to Smithfield to jail, was taken in charge by a mob and hanged.

When you want a modern, up-to-date physic, try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price, 25 cents. Sample free at Marsh's drug store.

BAD BLOOD, BAD COMPLEXION.
The skin is the seat of an almost endless variety of diseases. They are known by various names, but are all due to the same cause, acid and other poisons in the blood that irritate and interfere with the proper action of the skin.
To have a smooth, soft skin, free from all eruptions, the blood must be kept pure and healthy. The many preparations of arsenic and potash and the large number of face powders and lotions generally used in this class of diseases cover up for a short time, but cannot remove permanently the ugly blotches and the red, disfiguring pimples.
Eternal vigilance is the price of a beautiful complexion when such remedies are relied on.
Mr. H. T. Stoke, 4744 Lucas Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., says: "My daughter was afflicted for years with a disfiguring eruption on her face, which resisted all treatment. She was taken by two celebrated health springs, but received no benefit. Many medicines were prescribed, but without result, until we tried S. S. S., and from the time the first bottle was taken the eruption began to disappear. A dozen bottles cured her completely and left her skin perfectly smooth and free from every trace of the disease, and as the embarrassing disease has ever returned."
S. S. S. is a positive, unfailing cure for the worst forms of skin troubles. It is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable.
Bad blood makes bad complexions.
SSS purifies and invigorates the old and makes new, rich blood that nourishes the body and keeps the skin active and healthy and in proper condition to perform its part towards carrying off the impurities from the body.
If you have Eczema, Tetter, Acne, Salt Rheum, Psoriasis, or your skin is rough and pimply, send for our book on Blood and Skin Diseases and write our physicians about your case. No charge whatever for this service.
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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
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KEEP YOUR ACCOUNT WITH US.
Interest paid as agreed. Liberal accommodation to all our customers.
M. ODELL, President,
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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—tf.

Presbyterian College FOR WOMEN,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Situation—Centre of city, few blocks from stores and churches.
Building—New, equipped with all necessary to health and comfort. Two girls in a room.
Table—Special attention to fare.
Faculty—Trained teachers only.
Standard—Advanced to that of first-class Colleges of the Middle States.
Music and Art—Teachers trained in best American and European schools.
Charges—From $50 to $60 lower than any school of the same grade in the South.
REV. J. R. BRIDGES, D. D., President.
July 5—3m.

RUPTURE
Write to the Mohawk Remedy Co., Rome, N. Y., and they will tell you how you can cure your rupture or hernia and the only way they can possibly be cured. Free of Charge. It will cost you but one cent. Don't wait, you will never regret it.

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.