THE CONCORD TIMES.

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Worry

Almost Unnerved Me Heart Pains.

Short of Breath, Faint and Languid.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nervine Cured Me.

...five years since I was cured of ...by your Heart Cure and Nerv... just as sound as a dollar in ...day. For several years I had ...g with my heart. Breathing ...short and difficult at times, ...pains about the heart, sometimes ...l with fluttering would make ...and languid. The least excite... and worry would almost unnerve ... that the trouble was growing ...e time, and after trying many ...cribed by physicians without ..., I was induced to give your ...a trial. I was relieved the second ...after taking three or four bottles all ...were removed and have never ...of returning."—REV. GEO. W. ..., Chincoteague, Va.

...e many symptoms of heart disease, ...ly resemble those of more com... disorders as to frequently mis... ...nding physician. Often in cases ...e the stomach, kidneys, liver or ...affected. Again the symptoms ...e of weakened nerves, as tired ...essness, timidity, the patient is ...able and apt to worry without ...have the least suspicion that ...is weak study your symptoms and ...e of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, the ...rt and blood tonic, without a day's ...

...ggists sell and guarantee first bot... of Miles' Remedies. Send for free book ...s and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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...rtners, will practice law in Cabarrus, ...and adjoining counties, in the Supe... Supreme Courts of the State and in ...eral Courts. Office in court house. ...desiring to lend money can leave it ...or place it in Concord National Bank ...and we will lend it on good real es... ...rity free of charge to the depositor. ...make thorough examination of title to ...tered as security for loans. ...tgages foreclosed without expense to ...ners of same.

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Liability,

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HARD SOFT SMITH STEAM COAL

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K. L. Craven.

...GUARANTEED FOR ...ONSUMPTION ...ds without all else fails. ...ough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use ...time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

Fair Play

Little Bill had got the craze for using a slung shot. He had played hooky from school one day to cut the "crotch." He had crept softly into his father's library, opened the table drawer and extracted a rubber band to furnish the shooting force. He had cut the palm out of his sister's kid glove to make the "stone holder," and now he had left the schoolhouse behind him once more and was off in the green meadow after some frogs to shoot.

"Jug-a-rum, jug-a-rum!" croaked the frogs along the bank. "Knee-deep, knee-deep!" piped the "peepers."

Bill lay upon the bank and waited.

"WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT?"

"Hope they's a big bummer here," wished Bill to himself. "I've got a dinky round stone here to soak him with."

Presently a green head and two big eyes appeared above the green scum on the brook. Bill turned to get his "dinky stone" to put it in the slung shot; then he turned.

But what a sight met his eyes! These eyes nearly popped out of his head. He dropped the stone and tried to scream, but couldn't. There sat the frog, as large as a cow, looking severely at Bill with his big eyes. Presently it said:

"Why don't you soak him?"

Bill's tongue seemed tied.

"Better shoot before he jumps," continued the frog, with a horrible grin. "His legs will make a fine supper."

Bill tried to stammer out something about "Beg p-p-pardon; I didn't c-c-come out f-for you."

"No; you came for the little fellows who couldn't hit back," said the frog. "Why don't you take some one of your own size? Why don't you shoot at me now? I'm all ready."

"I couldn't kill you; you're too big," said Bill, getting a little used to things.

"That's just it," answered the frog. "It's because we're little things. Do you think, my brave boy, that if you were always little and I was always big you would shoot me? I guess not. Why don't you take a fellow of your size? But just give me that shooter. I guess you'll have no use for it further."

With a great gulp he swallowed the shooter, crotch and all, and dived into the brook kerchunk! At least this is the tale Bill told the teacher next day. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Wise Caterpillar

"Glad to see you back!" exclaimed Mr. Caterpillar when he met Mr. Bug on the street. "Have a good time?"

"Fine, fine!" replied Mr. Bug, smiling.

You see, Mr. Bug had just returned from his vacation, which he spent at

"GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK."

the seashore, and he was strolling along with his valise in hand when he met Mr. Caterpillar.

Of course he had a great deal to say about the many sights he saw and the many things he did, and he entertained Mr. Caterpillar for fully seven minutes in this manner.

"Well," said Mr. Caterpillar, "you certainly did have a good time, judging from what you say. I would have liked to have been along with you. But did you hear the news?"

"No," replied Mr. Bug.

"There's a man at your house to collect the rent."

"Oh, my!" cried Mr. Bug. "I haven't a cent!"

"And another to collect the grocer's bill."

"Wow!" cried Mr. Bug. "I haven't a penny!"

"And another to collect the doctor's bill."

"Whew!" cried Mr. Bug. "I haven't a copper!"

"Then I guess they'll send you to jail," declared Mr. Caterpillar. "But you will have one consolation—you had a good time while you were away spending your money. Goodby."

"Hold on!" cried Mr. Bug. "Don't leave me!"

"Oh, yes, I must," said Mr. Caterpillar. "I've got to take the money I saved by staying at home this year and pay my doctor and grocer and landlord."—Atlanta Constitution.

SAM JONES' LETTER.

Atlanta Journal.

I have just returned home from a short trip, with symptoms of grip, and a general cold in the head. With me, like most of other people, a bad cold always settles in the weakest point.

I come back and find cotton is leaping and bounding. I told you so. Cotton selling for 12¼ cents today in Cartersville, with prospects by 1st of March of 15 cents. I am still holding my crop, though I am sympathizing with the bears, yet, I won't help them by rushing my eight bales on to the market. Since I have looked over the cotton fields over many southern states the first of October, I have been convinced that there would not be a 10,000,000 bale crop this year, and I am still of the opinion that the first of March will see the price of cotton going up to 15 cents. I see they were talking about 25 cent cotton yesterday in New Orleans, but that means the factories will boycott the whole business at that price. I am willing to take 15 cents for my whole crop. Maybe I would sell at 14 3-4. In any event, cotton is king in the financial world today.

Christmas will soon be here again My, how the days and weeks and months fly by us. The last fifteen days of December are the hardest days of the year to get through. They bring us into the new year with receipts in hand from creditors, or pressing demands from creditors to come immediately and settle. Taxes, insurance—fire and life—the grocer, the hard ware merchants, the dry goods houses, the butcher, the doctor. The truth of the business is, the whole thing comes at you for a head-end collision the latter part of the year. Happy is the man who can get out of December into January with creditors satisfied, and the future bright. I don't propose to pay all I owe between now and January 1st, but my creditors know I am holding cotton, and they are willing to wait. What would I do but for my cotton crop? They would be on to me like a duck onto a June bug. Among a great many other things to be thankful for, I am thankful that I am a farmer, and can point with pride to my bales of cotton down under the shed in the barn lot, and meet my creditors with a courage almost equal to their fortitude. Woe unto the man that is in debt, and hasn't got his cotton to show his creditors.

I am glad to know that dirt is broken for the new depot. I knew all the time that it was coming. Atlanta will have a union station by and by, an ornament to the town, and a blessing to the traveling public. Of course, Atlanta had to talk and write about it, for and against. I keep telling you Atlanta is a talking and writing city. Atlanta can't cut a water melon without an oration, nor feel chilly in a street car without writing column after column of their sufferings and tortures. If ever Atlanta does get in real distress, I don't know how they are going to convince the public there is much the matter with them. A fellow that whoops and yells and howls over a wart on his nose, or a corn on his toe, won't get many people to listen to his wails when real suffering comes to him.

I leave tomorrow night for a two weeks' trip into Pennsylvania, Illinois, Wisconsin and Kansas. I hope debtor and creditor will have an easy pull to January 1st, and that we shall all have a time rejoicing the coming Christmas.

Yours truly,

SAM P. JONES.

Head About to Burst From Severe Bilious Attack.

"I had a severe bilious attack and felt like my head was about to burst when I got hold of a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tabets. I took a dose of them after supper and the next day felt like a new man and have been feeling happy ever since," says Mr. J. W. Smith of Juliff, Texas. For biliousness, stomach troubles and constipation these Tables have no equal. Price 25 cents. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

At the next Methodist General Conference an effort will be made, if present plans do not miscarry, to have the Discipline amended so as to remove the ban on card playing and dancing. Western Methodists are said to have originated this movement. It is claimed however, that many Methodists in New England—of all sections—favor allowing members to play cards, dance and go to the theater, and that a prominent Methodist clergyman of Boston, is one of the clerical directors of the Actors' Alliance.—Charlotte Observer.

Be Quick.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

CLEVER STUDENT HAD SPEECH READY.

Baltimore Sun.

An undergraduate student at Johns Hopkins University made a decided hit at a banquet not long ago in the presence of a small though very select body of distinguished railroad men. The young man in question had been invited to the dinner by virtue of his intimacy with the son, also a Johns Hopkins boy, of the president of a large railroad in the middle west. There were not very many gentlemen present, it being only an informal affair, and the toastmaster decided to call on everybody at the table for a speech. The older men were the first called, of course and when they had all said something the toastmaster turned to the son of the railroad president and smilingly requested him to make a speech. The young man begged to be excused, saying that he had brought his friend along to enable him to escape from such an emergency, adding that his friend was an excellent post-prandial speaker and had prepared a delightful speech, hoping that an opportunity would be given him to deliver it.

The guests began to look sympathetically at the young fellow, but he arose from the table perfectly calm and self-possessed and said:

"Gentleman my position just now reminds me of the fly in the following story: A fly got on the ear of a bull. The bull started off suddenly for a reason altogether unknown to the fly and tore down the road at an awful rate, leaving behind a suffocating trail of dust. He was snorting and roaring in a most ferocious manner, when the fly whispered into the bull's ear: 'Say, we're raising a lot of dust and noise, ain't we?'

"In the midst of all this wit and eloquence," added the young man, "I feel very much like that fly."

Hillsboro and Damascus.

Somewhere, at sometime, somebody wrote that "Hillsboro and Damascus are two places that never change." On this sort of epigram a good deal of fun one kind or another has been indulged in now and then. The Monroe Enquirer-Journal says that it never has been able to see that dear old town where time and its mutations are nothing? No cleverer people in the world, and they are satisfied. There is practically the same number of population, so a gentleman tells us, that there was a century ago. If they gain not, neither do they lose. The same old town clock that called together the Provisional Convention of 1775 still does duty. The bell has a hole in it as big as a peck measure, to be sure, but 'tis good yet. The local editor takes off two weeks in the year, one in summer and one at Christmas, and give his patrons only 50 issues a year. They'll be as well off a hundred years hence as if they were receiving fifty-two, says he. The county has never had but one Register of Deeds, for the simple reason that the man who was elected when this office was created, in 1868, still holds it. The town is yet using the cobble stones which Cornwallis laid in the streets.

Burglars are Foiled.

Special to Charlotte Observer.

CHINA GROVE, Dec. 7.—This morning at 2 o'clock burglars (four in number) made a futile effort to enter the China Grove Hardware Company's store at this place. Mr. Mike Winecoff, who sleeps on the second floor, heard a noise as though some one were breaking into the safe. Mr. Winecoff hurried down, and found that no one was in the store but that parties were on the outside battering at the door. Mr. Winecoff shot into the crowd and he believes that one of party was seriously wounded. One of the party soon after the first shot was fired gave a cry and his partners ran back to his rescue, carried him behind an adjoining building, and made their escape.

The Charlotte Observer says: "There is scarcely a case in the country's history in which a public man, without having sought to withdraw himself from the public gaze, has lost prominence and popularity as rapidly as ex-Senator David B. Hill of New York, has. * * * He is undoubtedly a fine political tactician, and while the country at large once regarded him as no more than a mere politician, his one term in the United States Senate convinced it quite to the contrary, for in point of ability he measured up creditably with the best there."

That Trobbing Headache.

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25 cents, money back if not cured. Sold by all druggist.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Charlotte Observer

President Roosevelt's annual message a document of some 17,000 words, which was transmitted to Congress yesterday, and which appears in full in today's Observer, is, like nearly all of Mr. Roosevelt's documents, well written. When that is said, however, little else remains, for the message is hardly more than a general review of the principal events connected with the government for the past year. As regards pensions and currency legislation the President merely reiterates his well-known views as often expressed, to-wit That no other class deserve so well of the country as the soldiers, and that it would be unwise at this time to reconstruct our entire monetary system. The forestry preservation of the government is endorsed and Congress urged to continue it. The President, in this matter, refers especially to the West, and makes no mention of the proposed Appalachian forest reserve. As to the boll weevil scourge the President suggests that Congress make prompt enactment of whatever remedial legislation its judgment may approve. Taking it all in all, the message is the usual recital put in perhaps the most readable shape possible, which is not, however, meant as a guarantee that it will pay a busy man to read it.

New Daily for Salisbury.

Special to Charlotte Observer.

SALISBURY, Dec. 7.—Important newspaper developments are taking place in Salisbury. A Washington special in yesterday's Observer announced that Mr. H. B. Varner, State commissioner of labor and printing and editor of that conspiciously successful newspaper, The Lexington Dispatch, had purchased The Truth-Index (semi-weekly), and would begin, on January 1, the publication of a newspaper to be known as The Salisbury Globe. The new paper will be issued weekly, in eight-page six column form. The Truth-Index printing plant does not pass to Mr. Varner, being retained by the proprietor, Mr. W. H. Stewart. By contract between Mr. Stewart and Mr. Varner, the former will print the paper at his present establishment on West Inniss street.

A similar news item of interest in this place is that a stock company is being formed to publish a new daily paper and do a general printing and publishing business. The company take over the existing large business of the Royal-Peeler Printing Company.

Some time ago The Observer editorially cited several instances of primitive superstition as an evidence of the fact that the heathen are at our doors. Further evidence is supplied by a recent actual occurrence in this city. A young colored woman was very ill, and it was believed that she had been bewitched. Relatives and friends had a conjuror to come from Winston and paid him $12 to take off the "goopher." The young woman's recovery which was not long delayed, was hailed as a complete demonstration of his supernatural powers.

Can't Tax Sewing Machines.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—The Supreme Court of the United States today decided that sewing machines may be sold and shipped into North Carolina without requiring the payment of the tax of $3.50 required on the manufacture and sale of those machines in the State. The opinion was rendered in the case of the Norfolk & Western Railroad Company vs. John R. Sims, sheriff of Person county, N. C. The case arose in connection with the purchase of a machine by Mrs. O. L. Satterfield, of Roxboro, in that State. She ordered it from Chicago, and it was sent "cash on delivery." There was an effort on the part of the authorities to collect the license, on the ground that, as the money was paid in North Carolina, the sale was really made there. The State court accepted this view of the case, but they were reversed by today's opinion, which held that the decision was an interference with interstate commerce, and that the sewing machine could not be taxed as long as it remained in the original package.

Driven to Desperation

Living at an out of the way place, remote from civilization, a family is often driven to desperation in case of accident, resulting in Burns, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, etc. Lay in a supply of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the best on earth. 25c at all Drug Stores.

Licking a boy to make him go to Sunday school is a first-class way of leading him to the devil.

When you want a pleasant purgative try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and produce no nausea, griping or other disagreeable effect. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

A friend is a man with whom you can go camping twice.

A TAR HEEL HUMORIST.

Washington Post

"Although Artemus Ward is dead, the South still has its humorists," said Mr. C. N. Vance, of North Carolina, at the Colonial. "There is one living in York county, South Carolina, that is the peer of them all. He is 'Squire' Willard O. Bailes, a man of many vocations and versatile talents. He runs a hotel and livery stable, and is a notary public, but his long suit, so to speak, is the tying of nuptial knots. He calls himself a professional nuptialist. He gets out a lot of choice literature advocating the advantage that will accrue to all couples who employ him to celebrate the rites of matrimony.

"Here is a quotation from one of his cards: 'It is nothing unusual to see a dozen persons get married at 'Squire Bailes' any Sunday. The better the day the better the deed. Take pleasure in having Bailes perform your gold and silver weddings. Love never dies. Don't trouble and worry for license. South Carolina has no license nor any troublesome questions to answer. Why get married at home? You hardly ever get married but once, and even your own folks like you better if you go away to have the knot tied.'

"Finally, as a clincher to persuasion, he drops into poetry:

"'I am situated most conveniently just across the State line,
Eleven miles south of Charlotte and one west of the Ville of Pine,
Call and see me, I am not hard to find,
My ceremony is easy, but binding and treatment kind.'"

A Modest Beginning

Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, a little while before the adjournment of the United States Senate last March, heard Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, scolding a page for carelessness in delivering cards.

"I will have you dismissed," said Senator Aldrich to the boy; "this card was given to you to deliver more than two hours ago and I have been here in my seat all the time. What is your name?"

"Gently, gently, Aldrich," Senator Gorman interrupted, laying his hand on the angry Rhode Islander's shoulder; "give the boy a show. I made the same mistake myself. Let it pass this time."

"You often made the same mistake?" echoed Senator Aldrich.

"Often," Senator Gorman replied. "Don't you know that I first entered the Senate as a page nearly fifty years ago? I have never forgotten those days. You have no idea what a hard time a page has, with a half dozen senators calling him at the same time and all of them in a hurry. He is bound to make mistakes. If I had been dismissed for a little delay in delivering a card, I should not, probably, be in the Senate today."

The Colleges Filled With a Lot of Toughs.

Raleigh Times

Having served as trustee of a college in this State for a number of years, and having lived in a college town for the past twenty years, we are convinced that there is no class of people in all this country who need taking down a "button hole" more than does a large per cent of the young men registered as students in North Carolina colleges. In these colleges you will find an element that is dangerously near anarchy and outlawry. They do not hesitate to hold up the authority of the college, when it runs counter to their wishes, destroy and mutilate its property, and visit all sorts of humiliating indignities upon a young man whose only crime is that he is spending his first year at college. These are not hasty conclusions, but are facts upon numerous examples, and are intended the guilty, and nobody else. To be convinced that these unwarranted practices of students are on the increase, you only have to read the papers, which tell about them in all sections of our country.

William M. Springer Dead.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—Former Representative, William M. Springer, of Illinois former Democratic leader, conspicuous in the House of Representatives, representing forty-fourth to fifty-second Congresses, inclusive, and, once chairman of the ways and means committee of the House, died at his residence in this city today, aged 64 years. His death was due to pneumonia contracted in Chicago on Thanksgiving Day.

He attended dinner there and was suddenly taken with a chill. He left Chicago the following day, and arrived here last Saturday afternoon. His family physician was immediately summoned, but Mr. Springer grew steadily worse. His condition became critical yesterday and a radical change for the worse occurred last night. He sank rapidly and passed away at 3:25 this morning.

GAMBLING THE WORST VICE

New York Journal.

Of all the vices to which men are addicted gambling is undoubtedly the worst.

Gambling has a worse effect on the mind and conscience even than drink.

The inveterate gambler cannot remain honest, he does not remain honest.

We talk earnestly to the young man with the gambling habit because many such young men are strong in ability and character and would render good service to the world if they could use their energies properly.

The gambling instinct is a perverted form of ambition, the most dangerous of human perversions.

Every young man who has genuine strength should think about gambling from his own point of view and his own pride should give him reason for stopping.

If you want success in life you should want it as a result of your own efforts, not as the result of any accident.

If you want to be prosperous you should have the ambition to be prosperous because you have worked hard not because some poor horse, lashed and spurred and overdriven, has happened to win when you bet on it.

The gambling instinct is weak as well as vicious. It is self-indulgent and contemptible, it represents the desire to get something for nothing.

A Special Request

We would like to send a sample copy of THE TIMES to every former Cabarrus resident who is now living in another county or State, with the hope of inducing them to subscribe. We ask our friends to hand or send us in the names of any once they can think of and we will gladly send them a copy.

—We will send THE TIMES and the semi weekly Charlotte Observer both one year for only $1.75, four papers a week for only this small sum.

You cannot drive a twopenny precept with tackhammer practice.

WHEN ASHCRAFT'S Condition Powders are fed to horses and mules, marked improvement will be seen after the first few doses. There is no doubt about it. The Powders, acting directly on the digestive organs, first thoroughly cleanses the stomach and bowels, correcting all disorders, and then good healthy appetite comes naturally and surely. It is the most powerful tonic and appetizer on the market to-day, and when once used horsemen will have no other.

Ashcraft's Powders produce that silky sheen of coat and hair so admired by horse fanciers. The Powders fatten but never bloat.

Always high grade and put up in doses—never in bulk.

By the use of three or four doses a week your horse or mule will not be subject to colic or any disease of the stomach and bowels.

"I had an old horse that was in very bad condition generally. He was thin and had a blood disease that was causing the hair to come off. I gave the horse three doses of Ashcraft's Condition Powders a day for seven days and fed him liberally. The appetite improved and fed him liberally. The appetite improved from the first few doses and the animal gained fifty two pounds in flesh during the week I gave it three doses a day. The general health of the animal was greatly improved by the use of the powders and he was made almost a new horse. I most heartily recommend Ashcraft's Condition Powders as I know they are a splendid tonic and appetizer.—C. C. SIKES, Livery-man, Monroe, N. C."

Ask for Ashcraft's Condition Powders. Package 25c. Sold by

M. L. MARSH

IMPORTANT

Do you expect to buy a

Steel Range, Cook Stove,

or any piece of of

Furniture

between now and Xmas? If so it is very important for you to see me before you do so.

No matter what others may say or offer you do not close until you see me.

My stock is complete and prices are low.

50 No. 7 Cook Stoves, with all fixtures for $9.00, until Xmas. Come and get prices.

'Phone 163. Chas. H. Shull, Low-Price Man.