THE CONCORD TIMES.

John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner. PUBLISHED TWICE A WEEK. $1.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XXI. CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 14, 1904. NUMBER 81.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root** is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.

Home of Swamp-Root.

CAPITAL $50,000

Surplus and Undivided Profits,

$28,000.00.

CABARRUS SAVINGS BANK

Removed to new office in the Morris Building nearly opposite the Postoffice.

CALL TO SEE US.

D. F. CANNON, President. H. I. WOODHOUSE, Cashier.
MARTIN ROGER, Vice-President. C. W. SWINK, Teller.

M. J. Corl W. W. Flowe
J. C. Wadsworth. R. L. McConnaughey

CORL & WADSWORTH CO.

R. L. McConnaughey, Manager.

Livery, Sale and Feed Stables

Will keep on hand at all times Horses and Mules for sale for cash or credit. Our livery will have good road horses and as nice line of Carriages and Landeaus as can be found in this part of the country. Jan. 22.

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.

G. G. Richmond. Thos. W. Smith.

G. G. RICHMOND & CO.

1882—1904.

GENERAL INSURANCE OFFICE.

Carrying all lines of business.

Companies all sound after Baltimore fire.

We thank you for past favors, and ask a continnance of your business.

Rear room City Hall.

The North-Western Line Russia-Japan Atlas.

Send ten cents in stamps for Russo-Japanese War Atlas issued by The Chicago & North-Western R'y. Three fine colored maps, each 14x20; bound in convenient form for reference. The Eastern situation shown in detail, with tables showing relative military and naval strength and financial resources of Russia and Japan. W. A. Cox, 601 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Map of the World.

A beautiful map, valuable for reference, printed on heavy paper, 42x64 inches, mounted on rollers; edges bound in cloth, showing our new island possessions, The Trans-Siberian Railway, Pacific Ocean cables, railway lines and other features of Japan, China, Manchuria, Korea and the Far East. Sent on receipt of 25 cents in stamps by W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago, Ill.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

FISH'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

STOPPED HIS OWN FUNERAL.

Negro Broke Open His Coffin and Created a Sensation.

To awake and find himself in a coffin, bound up with grave clothes in a hearse and on the perilous edge of the cemetery—this was the experience a year ago of Joe Smith, the negro porter of J. L. Onarato's real estate office, says the New Crleans Picayune.

Had Joe awakened from his trance 10 minutes later he would have found himself buried alive—stretched out in the eternal darkness beneath the ground, and heard the dull clump of clods of earth falling upon his head, felt the deadly chill of the underground creeping upon him and seen the awful eyes of death creep closer and closer upon him until at length, unable to move, he suffocated to death in the rigid confines of his tomb, or went raging mad and died in a wild agony of terror. Ten minutes was all that stood between him and this awful fate, and still Joe speaks of it unmoved, and even chuckles when he pictures what might have been. His hair is not gray, nor would one suppose on looking at him that he had come so close to the living hell.

That many men are buried alive is a growing opinion. How many living souls are yearly doomed to such awful agony no man can know. But there are many men in this town who, wake up in the night time with the terrible remembrance that their child, their sister, their brother or their wife died in the morning and was buried before night, only a few hours apart, and there are at least three men in New Orleans to-day, high and respected in business and professional circles, whose hair is white with the fear that their loved ones woke up afterward in the darkness.

Joe Smith had a habit of falling into trances ever since he was 7 years old. His first trance occurred at that age, and lasted for 12 hours. His second occurred some 12 years afterward and lasted for 20 hours, and his last occurred a year and a half ago and lasted for 36 hours. Had the last trance endured but a few moments longer Joe would have had no more.

Joe tells his story without the faintest show of reluctance, and even seemed mildly proud to have it appear in the paper. "I jes' drapped off for a sleep'," said Joe, "jes' a ord'nar sleep, 'cuz de weather was hot en' I'd been wu'kin. When I woke up I couldn't see. 'Twas all dark 'round 'bout, and I smelt sump'n like er pine board. I tried to move an' I hit against a board. I tried to raitch up my han' an' my han' hit sump'n hard, I tried to open my mouth an' I foun' my jaw was tied. Then I felt a joltin' an' a stumblin' an' a shakin' along, an' I knowed I was in a coffin an' boun' fer de graveyard.

"Den I raitch up my han' an break de glass over my face. Den I use all my strenth an' break de board over de top of de coffin an' I rise up."

Here Joe paused to chuckle and a luminous grin spread over his face. "I b'long to three societies," he said, "an' every member of every society was followin' dat hearse. We was just tuinin' frum Canal street into Rampart dat time, an' dey was a crowd 'roun'. But when I bruk through that 'n' bust out de hearse, all wropped in grave clothes an' with er handkerchief roun' my jaws an' sort o' wild look in my eyes, in a minute I was all alone on Rampart street."

"What's the matter, Joe? Did your friends leave you?" inquired the listener.

"Dem niggers had 'nough," said Joe. "All de same," he continued a minute later, "next time I die I'm gwine be mighty certin for shore I am dead befo' they gwine bury me. I'll hant 'em shore; I'll hant any doctor thet calls me dead befo' my spirit's in heaben, sho's I'm alive right now—I will."

Viewed as a Pastime.

The man from Chicago looked with scorn at the Brambleville ticket agent as he handed out a dollar bill and pushed it through the opening.

"You've got a pretty lot of citizens to allow themselves to be charged at the rate of five cents a mile from here down to Bushby on a miserable little crawling one-horse branch road," he said, bitingly.

The ticket agent looked at him with a calmness which nothing could disturb.

"I'd like to call your attention to one fact before you go on usin' any more language," he said, mildly, "and that is that while it may be five cents a mile, it's only thirty-five cents an hour!"

Tommy—"Say, do you have family prayers at your house every morning?"

Harry—"No; we only have 'em just before we go to bed. We ain't afraid of anything in the daytime."

SOUTHERNERS BUILT FIRST AMERICAN RAILROAD.

We present below some significant facts, from the address of Dr. White, of the University of Georgia, delivered at the commencement exercises of the Louisiana State University, as taken from The Atlanta Constitution, which show that the old South did something more than produce patriots, soldiers and statesmen:

"The first railroad laid in America was financed by southern capital, engineered by southern skill, constructed by southern labor, and operated upon southern soil by southern enterprise. The first steamship that crossed the Atlantic was built with southern money, owned by southern merchants, manned by southern seamen and sailed from a southern port. The first systematic and accurate exploration of the great interior body of this continent was made under southern leadership by southern pioneers—and the nation will be called to celebrate the centennary of its accomplishment in Portland, Ore., a twelve-month hence. The first accurate chart of the complex currents of the great Atlantic, and the first delineation of safe lines of transit across its stormy bosom were plotted by a southern sailor, and remain today the trusted guides of all the mariners of the seas.

"A greater value of precious metal has been won from southern mines by the skilled labor of southern miners than has been taken from the famed Eldorado of the west by hordes of adventurers from all the world. The first cargo of Peruvian guano which entered an American port was applied intelligently to the fertilization of southern farms. The first purely industrial journal in America was edited by a southern man and issued from a southern press. Before Liebig wrote of agricultural chemistry a Virginia country-gentleman was contributor to southern newspapers of the results of careful experiments with soils and crops. Before Morrill entered public life a Georgia gentleman endowed a chair of agriculture in the university of his state—the first substantial provision for applied science made in the curriculum of any American institution of learning. Before Hatch was known a Virginia gentleman dedicated his large private fortune to research and education in the local industries of his state.

"The first great technical school in America (if not in time, certainly in importance), although established in New England, was the conception and the creation of a southern man, born and then living in the south, who was called to its founding and direction for the first decades of its existence and until his death; still foremost among the institutions of its class, it is today largely officered by men of southern birth. It was a southern country doctor who first dared test the lethal antidote to pain and gave the world, in anesthesia, release from suffering incalculable; and the 'old-field school,' dear to the traditions of the south, for all the derision in which it now is held, was, at least, as honest in its purpose and as thorough in its work as many of the alien "systems" which have been planted upon its ruins."

Not What She Expected.

An English lord was recently dining with a family in New York. The hostess's little girl, says the Children's Visitor, sat opposite the lord and stared solemnly.

"Are you an English lord, really and truly, sir?" she said at last.

"Yes," he answered, laughing, "really and truly."

"I never saw an English lord before," she said. "I've always wanted to."

"And now you're satisfied, aren't you?" said the young man, gaily.

"No, I'm not satisfied," responded the little girl, "I'm disappointed."

Sued by His Doctor.

"A doctor here has sued me for $12.50, which I claimed was excessive for a case of cholera morbus," says R. White, of Coachella, Cal. "At the trial he praised his medical skill and medicine. I asked him if it was not Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy he used as I had good reason to believe it was, and he would not say under oath that it was not." No doctor could use a better remedy than this in case of cholera morbus, it never fails. Sold by M. L. Marsh.

A dispatch from Asheville, says that Mary Virginia Rhodes, one of the heirs to Cecil Rhodes' estate in South Africa, has been found in Asheville. She is now Mrs. Baker, a missionary who has been engaged in work at Black Mountain for some years.

The Knoxville, Tenn., Sentinel is of the opinion that Mr. Bryan will not bolt, and "will stand with the Democracy, and after exercising his great influence toward a platform such as he desires, will, like a good Democrat, accept the result and support the ticket."

THE COUNTERSIGN.

Youth's Companion.

The farm was a lonely one, and the farmer's wife, a gentle, timid creature, lived in dread of tramps. Three times a year, when the farmer went to town for a day and a night, the night was a sleepless one for the poor little woman. They kept no hired man except in the haying season.

"Nobody ever has come!" grumbled the farmer, when his wife poured forth her fears.

"No, but some one might," she protested. And sure enough, one evening the dreaded happened.

It was late November, and cold. The ground was frozen, and the wind, as the farmer's wife expressed it, "was cruel." It was seven o'clock at night, the house was barred and bolted, the two children were getting ready for bed.

There was a loud knock at the door, followed by a succession of brisk raps.

"Who is there?" quavered the farmer's wife, through the keyhole.

"I want a bed for the night," said a man's hoarse voice.

"Go away! Go away!" cried the farmer's wife, in terror.

"You wouldn't turn a man off this kind of weather, I hope?" said the voice on the other side of the door, and then the stranger coughed distressfully.

The farmer's wife looked to the chain on the door, drew the bolts, and opened the door the width of the chain. By the light of the lamp which she carried she saw that the stranger was roughly clad and unshaven. "I'm here alone with my children," she said, firmly, "and I am not going to risk letting any one in."

The man hesitated a moment, then thrust his hand into his coat pocket, drew forth a little book and handed it to her.

"For the sake of this, won't you trust me?" he asked.

She took the little book. It was worn and thumbed and old. It was a Bible. Without a word she unfastened the chain and let the stranger in.

The next morning, after he had helped her with the chores, he thanked her and bade her good-by, and as they shook hand she said:

"I might have been a bad one, for sure, and only trying to blind you with my Bible."

"I know. I thought of that," she answered, calmly. "But you had the countersign. I had to trust to God that you had come by it honestly."

Effect of Suspicion Cure.

"I would be very happy if my husband would not spend so many of his evenings at the club," said Mrs. June Bride, with a sigh.

"Why don't you try the suspicion cure?" said her intimate friend.

"What in the name of Susan B. Anthony is the suspicion cure?" said Mrs. June Bride.

"Well, my husband once got into the habit of spending his evening at his club and I worried myself ill. Then I changed my tactics. Instead of asking him to remain at home, I urged him to go to his club. The way he raised his eyebrows the first time I suggested it showed me that I was on the right track.

"One night he said he had a severe headache, and would remain at home. I opposed the idea, and insisted that an evening at the club would make him for a headache. He gave me a hard look, but acted on the suggestion. I knew that he would be back within an hour, so I made an elaborate toilet. He returned as I expected, with a plea that his head was worse. I ignored his question concerning my elaborate toilet. He hasn't been away for an evening since. It is almost like the honeymoon, only he appears to have something on his mind."

Thrown From a Wagon.

Mr. George K. Babcock was thrown from his wagon and severely bruised. He applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely and says it is the best liniment he ever used. Mr. Babcock is a well-known citizen of North Plain, Conn. There is nothing equal to Pain Balm for sprains and bruises. It will effect a cure in one-third the time required by any other treatment. For sale by M. L. Marsh.

That Was All For Him.

"How old are you, madam?" asked the young lawyer who was doing a cross-examination stunt.

"I'm old enough to know that no gentleman would ask a lady how old she is," replied the female witness, sweetly.

And the court let it go at that.

Those Mine Builders.

It was at St. Petersburg.

"Your excelleny," ventured the prime minister, "we must raise another fund to build warships."

The Czar smiled a wan smile.

"All right," he responded, "and I suppose it will be a sinking fund."

COUNTY PRIDE.

Charity and Children.

In conversation with an observant man not long ago he remarked that the very names of certain counties in North Carolina carry with them a peculiar interest, wholly foreign to the names of other counties. "For instance," he remarked, 'who can speak the names of these counties without something of a thrill: Scotland, Guilford, Mecklenburg, Robeson, Buncombe?—and there are many more that belong in this list. But who is ever stirred at the mention of Davie, Davidson, Moore, Wake or Columbus?' We believe there is something in what the man said and we believe there is a reason for it. We have lived in Davidson county for years, and while it is a good county and contains many excellent people, there has never been cultivated a wholesome and healthful county pride that is absolutely essential among the citizens, if the county is to take the high place occupied by those we have named. A citizen of Scotland would be mortified if he were put down as from Robeson, and a Robesonian would be equally indignant with Scotland after his name. No citizen of Mecklenburg would sail under the banner of Guilford, while a Guilford man would scorn to be called a Mecklenburger. But a Davidson citizen would not feel outraged to be classed with the Randolph people, and a man from Moore would not fight if he were put down as from Montgomery. We heartily believe the "prominent" counties are so largely because of the loyalty and and patriotic pride of their citizenship; and the more of this love of home we have the stronger and better we make our home sections. This map looks like a small matter, but there is a good deal in it when we come think it over.

Getting a Good Start.

"Miss Sophie," beloved benefactress of half the poor of Orleans, sat at her desk writing when an elderly woman who had made many previous demands upon her was ushered in.

"O Miss Sophie," she said, breathlessly, "I want to borrow a dollar, please, right away."

"What do you need the money for, Ermagarde?"

"Well, now, you see, I'm going to get married, and I need it for the license."

"But if the man you are to marry cannot pay for the license, how is he going to support you?"

"That's just what I want to explain to you, Miss Sophie. You see to-morrow is Thanksgiving, and we are coming to your free dinner. Then you always give us something to take home, and in the evening the Kings' Daughters are going to have a basket distribution, and we shall each get one. That will keep us a week easily, and by that time we'll be on our feet."

Don't Phone During a Thunder Storm.

The Greensboro Record comes forward with some practical experience with the telephone and advice as to the use of it, and it is well worth notice. It says:

"We must be permitted to remark once more—do not try to telephone to this print shop during a thunder storm. During the business hours of the day some one sits right by the phone, ready to answer in second, but in time of a storm he is not there nor anywhere near, and if he were and heard the bell he would not answer it, for in times when electricity is performing, the answering man is not supposed to know a man's ring at the bell from the work of lightning. He tried it once years ago and that was a. p. A streak of lighting switched off and did a regular skirt dance all round the room, but it was as nothing compared to the dance the answering man did. So—don't ring us up when it is thundering and lightning.

A Frightened Horse.

Running like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable Salve handy and there's none as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Burns, Cuts, Sores, Eczema and Piles, disappear quickly under its soothing effect. 25c at all Druggists.

Teacher—"Come here, Johnny. Who helped you with your lesson?"

Johnny—"Didn't nobody hely me."

Teacher—"Be careful and tell the truth, Diden't Willie Jones help you?"

Johnny—"No, ma'am he didn't help me. He did it all by himself."

A man has to have a license to keep gunpower, and it is interesting to note that he also requires a license to keep a wife.

Molly—Have you seen Mabel's engagement ring? Dolly—Seen it? Why, I wore it all last summer.

UNRUFFLED MINDS.

"When Emerson's library was burning in Concord," says Louisa M. Alcott, "I went to him as he stood with the firelight on his strong, sweet face, and endeavored to express my sympathy for the loss of his most valued possessions, but he answered cherrily, 'Never mind, Louisa; see what a beautiful blaze they make! We will enjoy that now.' The lesson was one never forgotten, and in the varied losses that have come to me I have learned to look for something beautiful and bright." A much more homely instance of philosophy, and of a kind that the average man is frequently called upon to practice, is related by a Chicago newspaper. It describes a man racing down the steps leading to the train-shed at the Northwestern Station, just as a train was pulling out. "He was stout and perspiring," says the "News," "and his arms were filled with bundles. Everybody got out of his way as he chased the rear car down the long platform, some shouting advice and pleasant comment after him. Some sportively inclined people offered bets in a loud voice on his chances of catching the train, and others laughed at his grim determination. But he caught it and was hoisted up on the platform by a trainman without the loss of a bundle. He shook his fist at the cheering crowd behind him, and went inside the car with the blessed sense of having won. It was only when the conductor came around for his ticket that he learned that he was on the Milwaukee Division train, bound for Evanston, without a stop, when he should have been moving toward Park Ridge, which lies in a different direction. Most men would have said something ugly. This man only smiled. 'There's one comfort about it,' said he; 'those idiots in the station will never know how I fooled them. They think I caught the right train.' "

Penalty of Haste.

Samuel Untermyer, who is to conduct the defence of the Amalgamated Copper Company against the suits of Thomas W. Lawson, is a foe to hasty measures of all kinds.

"It is best," Mr. Untermyer said at a recent dinner in New York, "to go slow always—to go slow—to keep cool, to be calm.

"I remember to have a heard of a cartain police official who once came to grief through his hasty and rash methods.

"There was a tumult of some sort in this man's town. The populace was angry, and an outbreak of some kind was feared.

"Well, in the midst of these alarms the police official was walking homeward very late one night. As he passed a certain tall post, he saw a placaed on it.

"'Ha!' he said to himself, 'this is a placard of a revolutionary, anarchistic nature. I'll tear it down.'

"And accordingly, thought he was a heavy man and long past middle age, the official climed to the top of the tall pole, tore off the placard, and descended with it in his teeth.

"Safe on the ground agan, he struck a match to read the paper. It contained, he found, the words, 'Fresh paint.' "

A Costly Mistake.

Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake, but you'll never be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Headache, Liver or Bowel troubles They are gentle, yet thorough. 25c at all Druggists.

The Master—Well, Pat, did you plant those carnations from London wide apart as I told you? Pat—Faith and I did, sorr; I put half of 'em in your honor's garden and t'other half in me own!

STANDARD FOR 40 YEARS

Wintersmith's Chill Cure Guaranteed to Cure

CHILLS

DENGUE, AGUE, LAGRIPPE,

Bilious Fever and all other Malarial Ills.

50c and $1.00 Bottles

Ask your Druggist for testimonials from people who have been cured.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Academic Department, Law, Medicine, Pharmacy.

Free tuition to teachers and to ministers sons. Scholarships and loans for the needy

620 STUDENTS. 67 INSTRUCTORS.

New Dormitories, Gymnasium, Water Works, Central Heating System.

The Fall term begins Sept. 5, 1904. Address

FRANCIS P. VENABLE, PRESIDENT
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

June 10-4t.

For Sale or Trade.

Four complete stocks of Hardware, A1 goods, at wholesale prices, with discounts off. Have never been placed on shelves and are new, bright and clean. Carefully selected for general store.

PRICES:

No. 1, $3,000 No. 2, $ 6,000
No. 3, $9,000. No. 4, $12,000

Basis of trade: ¾ trade for real estate in North Carolina, ¼ cash in one years' time without interest. No storage charges if trade is made one year from date. See

BEATTY & PATTERSON,
Real Estate Agents, - Concord, N. C.

Sale of Valuable Lands

IN

Cabarrus and Mecklenburg Counties.

By virtue of an order and judgment of the superior court of Stanly county, N. C., in the special proceedings entitled, R. J. Caldwell and wife, M. E. Caldwell, Lane Black, J. E. Kluttz and others, heirs at law of Jane E. Kluttz, dec'd, against H. L. Kluttz, DeLette Kluttz, Swindell Kluttz and others, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder the following described real estate, to wit:

FIRST TRACT, lying and being in Mecklenburg county, adjoining the lands of J. R. Kluttz, C. A. Seborn and others, and known as the Russell land and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a p o, C. A. Seborn's corner, and runs with his line S 44 E 163 poles to a hickory and stone; thence with J. R. Kluttz's line as follows: 1st S 46 W 23 poles to a stone by a p o, then 2nd S 12½ E 100 poles to a stone pile in old line; thence S 60 W 18 poles to a large p o, David Helm's corner; thence with two of his lines N 30½ W 60 poles to a stone by a dogwood; then S 27½ W 22½ poles to a stone by a pine; thence N (76½) now 78 W 280 poles to a stone, p o down; thence N 3 E 28 poles to a large p o stump; thence due east 111 poles to a stone pile, W. R. Small's corner; thence N 46 E 106 poles to a stone on the west bank of the branch by a sycamore; thence N 47 W 66 poles to a stone thence N 46 E 175½ poles to a stone on the east edge of the branch; thence S 39 E 61 3 5 poles to the beginning, containing 224 acres.

SECOND TRACT, lying and being in Cabarrus county, adjoining the lands of Widow Shinn, Joe Kluttz and others, it being Jane E. Kluttz, dec'd, home place and bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a large p o, David Helm's corner, and runs with seven of his lines as follows: S 40 W 26 2 5 poles to a forked sweetgum on the north bank of Clear creek; thence S 34 E 9 3 5 poles crossing the creek to a poplar; thence S 18 E 18 poles to a stone where a p o stood; thence S 34 E 32 poles to a p o stump, thence S 52 E 37 poles to a p o stump, near Helm's house; thence S 47 E 40 poles to a stone and pine stump; thence S 55 E 113 poles to a stone on the west bank of a branch by an elm; thence down the meanders of the branch about as follows, N 47 E 8 poles; thence S 61 E 26 poles; thence N 88 E 16 poles; thence N 52 E 16 poles; thence S 80 E 6 poles; thence S 56 E 22 poles; thence N 39 E 7 poles to a white-oak stump on the south bank of the branch, R. H. McManus' corner; thence with his line N 25 E 61 poles to a p o, McManus & Small's corner; thence N 48 W 47 poles to a p o; thence N 82 W 40¾ poles to a hickory; thence N 69 W 44 poles to a small cedar; thence N 31 E 69 poles to a stone by a spanish oak; thence N 27 W 46 poles to an ash; thence S 82 W 30 poles crossing the creek to a hickory, N. J. McManus' corner; thence with two of his lines as follows. 1st. N 55 W 32 poles to a stone near the creek; thence N 35 W 31 poles to a large sweet gum; thence S (69) now 63 W 128 poles to the beginning, containing 243 acres.

The sale will be made on Wednesday, the 29th day of June, 1904, in No. 10 township, Cabarrus county, N. C., on the premises, at the old homestead of Jane E. Kluttz, dec'd, now occupied by Lane Black. The bid on the first tract will begin at $2,520.00, and the bid on the second tract will begin at $2,576.50. The sale will not be left open again, but will be closed out on day of sale. Terms of sale: One-third cash on day of sale, one third within six months from date of sale, and the remainder within twelve months from date of sale, together with interest on the deferred payments. Rents for the year 1904, excepted and reserved, and title retained until all the purchase money is paid.

This the 28th day of May, 1904.

J. R. PRICE, Attorney. S. B. KLUTTZ, Commissioner.

"Silver Plate that Wears."

YOUR SPOONS

Forks, etc., will be perfection in durability, beauty of design and brilliancy of finish, if they are selected from patterns stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Remember "1847"—take no substitute. There are other Rogers, but, like all imitations, they lack the merit and value identified with the original and genuine.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Send for Catalog No. 75-B. INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT.

The Rosebud Reservation

lands are open in July. Full particulars as to date of registration, drawing and final entry, and as to character of soil and climate requirements of the U. S. homestead laws, map, etc., are contained in a pamphlet "New Homes in the West" issued by the Passenger Department, Chicago & North-Western Ry. Send 2 cent stamp for copy or call on any ticket agent The North-Western Line. W. A. COX, 601 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gin Outfit for Sale.

Two 60-saw gins, feeders and condensers, one screw press. Will be sold separately or together at a low price, for cash or on time. aCll on Patterson Mfg. Company, China Grove, N. C., or J. W. CANNON, Concord, N. C.

May 27—2 m.