

THE CONCORD TIMES.

John B. Sherrill, Editor and Owner.

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NUMBER 1.

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SAN JAMES LETTER.

Atlanta Journal.

I left home the 19th. Spent yesterday in Oklahoma City and lectured at their chautauquus last night, and am to speak here tonight and tomorrow night under the auspices of the "Civic Federation." I had a pleasant trip through the territories, but was surprised to see the crops so backward and so grassy. There will be no bumper crop in the southwest this year, either of corn, wheat or cotton. Too much rain in May and too dry in June, but it has been raining out here twenty-four to thirty-six hours, and still it rains.

I notice there is a general move along the line of enforcement of law, and the running down of hoodlums and grafters, and I notice the gang kicks and squeals and booms when you press them to the point where they must obey the law. I in common with all good citizens am watching the outcome of Governor Folk's effort in the enforcement of law. He is surely up against it. The St. Louis Republic yesterday published that "The grand jury splits on the Sunday closing," no true bills return on violations of dram shop law. The foreman of the grand jury makes a minor report to the court, as follows: "With no question as to the character and sufficiency of the evidence in those cases, and in justice to a large number of our citizens, of like occupation as the accused who, by common repute have, at financial loss, obeyed in letter and spirit the law, whose non-enforcement for many years had led them to regard as obsolete. I am willing to rest under the possible suspicion of what to me would be a flagrant violation of my official oath, and I think it my duty as foreman to file with my further belief that it would be useless to submit to us any other cases of this character, and that to my mind is sufficient cause for our immediate discharge and for the empanelling of a special grand jury to consider new cases of this class that may arise as well as those that this grand jury has passed upon. This statement, I am authorized to say, voices the sentiment of other members of this grand jury, as well as my own."

Of the twenty-two cases of alleged closing violations taken before the grand jury, all were ignored; not a single true bill being returned.

You see most of these names sound just like a fresh importation through Castle Garden. Then I notice that ten thousand citizens of St. Joe, Mo., have signed a petition to Governor Folk to let up on the Sunday closing. So the governor is up against a grand jury on one side and ten thousand citizens on the other. St. Louis county grand jury backing, and ten thousand citizens of St. John howling. Hence we say Governor Folk is up against it.

Now, I think I know what Governor Folk will do. I know what I would. I'd close those saloons every Sunday until the Sunday closing law of Missouri was repealed. If grand jury and courts failed I would declare the state under "martial law." I would suspend the writ of habeas corpus and declare the state in insurrection. I would enforce law at all costs, or resign. He can't afford to do anything less. He is pledged to the absolute enforcement of law, and has taken a solemn oath it shall be enforced.

All this leads me to say: First that the saloon not only makes drunkards and criminals and peepers of its patrons, but it makes criminals of its owner. Both sides of the saloon counter is breeding criminals and outlaws. In St. Joe the saloons have violated law until now ten thousand lawless citizens petition the governor to let lawlessness prevail uncontrolled. The saloons train men to be lawless, trains the citizen to be bad, and how far is it from the condition of things in St. Joe and St. Louis to anarchy? Of course, there are one hundred thousand citizens of St. Joe, who have not or would not sign the petition. "There are others" in St. Louis who have not been on the grand jury during this term of the court. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of others who have not been heard from yet.

I suppose there is no more of a howl among the liquor gang in those cities, than there was among the hoodlum gang, when Folk was after Ed. Butler and his crowd a few months ago.

The saloon is the most lawless thing this side of the gaping gate of hell. It makes more lawless citizens than any other influence in the world, and I am not abusing the saloon keeper. He is as good as his saloon and his saloon is as good as the law that authorizes its existence, and the law is as good as the legislature that enacted it, and the legislature is as good as the voters that put them into office, and so we see the whole matter rests with the people. The people must come to the front. This country must no longer be left to

demagogues in office, or rings and cliques in politics. We must eliminate vice and ignorance from the ballot box, and we must heed God's voice when He says: "When the wicked rule the people mourn."

Of course Georgia courts and grand juries have not gravitated to where Missouri courts are, but we have a lawless element all over Georgia and the south, who regard not God and care for no law, and if we let things run loose a while longer, our grand juries will back and our citizens will petition the governor to let them violate law. There never was a time when press and pulpit should speak out like the occasion now demands. Poor old Russia is the example of drunken lawlessness and she seems hopelessly doomed, no patriotism no courage, no manhood. She has a rotten dynasty and fattens on false pride and corruption.

Not so of the Japs; they are obedient to law, they are the most sober and patriotic nation on earth, and can whip anything that comes down the pike. America is drinking too much, and caring too little for law and order. We have a president; we have three or four great governors and we need 44 more bad. Let Georgia hear this and act upon it. There was never a day in the history of our grand old state when our people were so alert and when they were so determined and something is going to drop, and then, and then—so mote it be.

I go from Little Rock to Fort Smith, thence into Kansas, Iowa, Ohio, Illinois, etc.

Yours truly,
SAM P. JONES.

P. S.—I want to extend the right hand of fellowship to the legislature now. I may have to extend the right hand of foolishness later.

S. P. J.

Predicts His Death Day Before It Comes

The News-Herald published at Morganton, in its last issue prints the following strange story:

Nothing in Burke necrology has caused quite as much comment as the passing away of Mr. Alexander Perry, of Smoky Creek township. Mr. Perry was about 65 years of age and in apparent good health. One day last week he insisted that he would die in a day or two and had his wife to send for Mr. J. H. Huffman, with whom he wanted to consult as to some business matters.

In common with everybody in Burke, he had implicit faith in Mr. Huffman's integrity and fine sense, hence the desired interview. When Huffman reached Perry he found him in good health, but insisting he would die in 24 hours. Huffman tried to beguile him into the idea that he was all right and was not sick, and attempted to feel his pulse, but Perry drew back his hand and said: "My pulse are as good as yours. I did not say I was sick, but do say I will die in 24 hours." Huffman talked some business matters with him and was impressed with the idea that his mind was a little off on the death idea but clear in other respects. The business attended to, a short conversation followed and Huffman left. Early next morning Perry put on his best clothes and said: "I do not want to be pulled about after I am dead." Shortly after he was dressed he sent a second time for Huffman, went into his room, laid down on a bed and died before Huffman reached him.

His wife and sister were with him and while they believed his mind was unhinged, they were greatly shocked to find him dead. He was a quiet, industrious citizen of exemplary life and habits.

A Grim Tragedy is daily enacted, in thousands of homes, as Death claims, in each one, another victim of Consumption or Pneumonia. But when Coughs and Colds are properly treated, the tragedy is averted. F. G. Hensley, of Oaklawn, Md., writes: "My wife had the consumption, and three doctors gave her up. Finally she took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which cured her, and to-day she is well and strong." It kills the germs of all diseases. One dose relieves. Guaranteed at 50c and \$1.00 by all druggists. Trial bottle free.

It is reported from Cincinnati that Miss Allie Roosevelt, for whom a whole room has been reserved on the fast Pennsylvania train leaving that city, cancelled it a short time before the train was made up and took her departure on a train which left two hours later. Some of the newspapers are disposed to create a sensation out of the fact that Booker Washington and a party of colored bishops were passengers on the first mentioned train, but it was doubtless only a coincidence.—Mecon Telegraph.

It isn't good policy to bring about the things you are going to do.

AN OLD TRICK WORKED AGAIN.

Dr. Josh Taylor of Washington Was the Victim.

Washington Gazette.

One of the richest jokes that has been traveling around the city this morning is one on Dr. Josh Taylor, one of Washington's prominent medical people. It is too good to keep, and, by the way, it is an absolute fact also. Dr. Josh a few weeks ago made a flying trip, and all went well with the doctor until just before reaching Dayton, O., when he was approached by a bootleg stranger in the smoking car. The stranger had a roll of bills in his hands and asked the genial doctor if he thought it safe to mail so much in a letter on the car.

The doctor said he thought it would be unwise, as the bills were of small denomination.

The stranger, growing confidential, said that his grandmother in the next car had given him \$50 to send to his mother. He then asked Dr. Josh if he had any larger notes. The doctor replied that he had and dived down in his pants pockets and pulled out his roll and stripped two twenties and a ten off, which he gave the stranger. The doctor then proceeded to count the money he had exchanged and informed his quondam acquaintance that the change only amounted to \$47, being 88 shy, and handed it back to the stranger to count.

Sure enough, there was only \$47. The confidence man asked the doctor to excuse him for a moment as he would go in the next car and inform his grandmother that she had only given him \$47 instead of \$50. Before going, however, he placed the notes in an envelope and handed it over to Josh.

The doctor, thinking he would be back in a moment did not count the money over again. Just as the train was slowing up for Dayton, the doctor became suspicious and opened the envelope. Much to his chagrin and surprise he found that instead of \$47 in notes he had only some tissue paper.

The stranger is still looking for his grandmother, while Dr. Josh has only some paper for his greenbacks. Dr. Taylor's faith in human nature has been considerably shaken, and he states that he is not in the market any more for gold bricks. Ask him about the affair and see how he blushes, so delightfully, as the girls would say.

Buy It Now.

Now is the time to buy Chamberlain's Cough, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is certain to be needed sooner or later and when that time comes you will need it badly—you will need it quickly. Buy it now. It may save life. For sale by M. L. Marsh and D. D. Johnson.

Since that fateful day in June, last year, when 1,081 people lost their lives on the General Slocum, the hull of the burned steamer has been lying in the mud, at East Side, Camden. A curious citizen inspecting the remains of the boat a day or so ago, a special to The Baltimore Sun tells us, unearthed a number of bones of victims from the deep mud in the bottom of the hull.

Each time we ignore our better impulses, Satan rings up a fare.



WHEN YOU HAVE LOST YOUR GRIP

on the affairs of life and your business seems dull and your WITS are dull—take from 3 to 5 Rydala's Liver Tablets, one at a time, an hour apart, and you will be surprised the next morning to see how bright and clear everything will be. You will begin your day's work with so much added vim and vigor that you will naturally increase your business success by the weight of personality you will be able to infuse into every detail. The formula of Rydala's Liver Tablets is one of the most effective combinations known to modern medical science.

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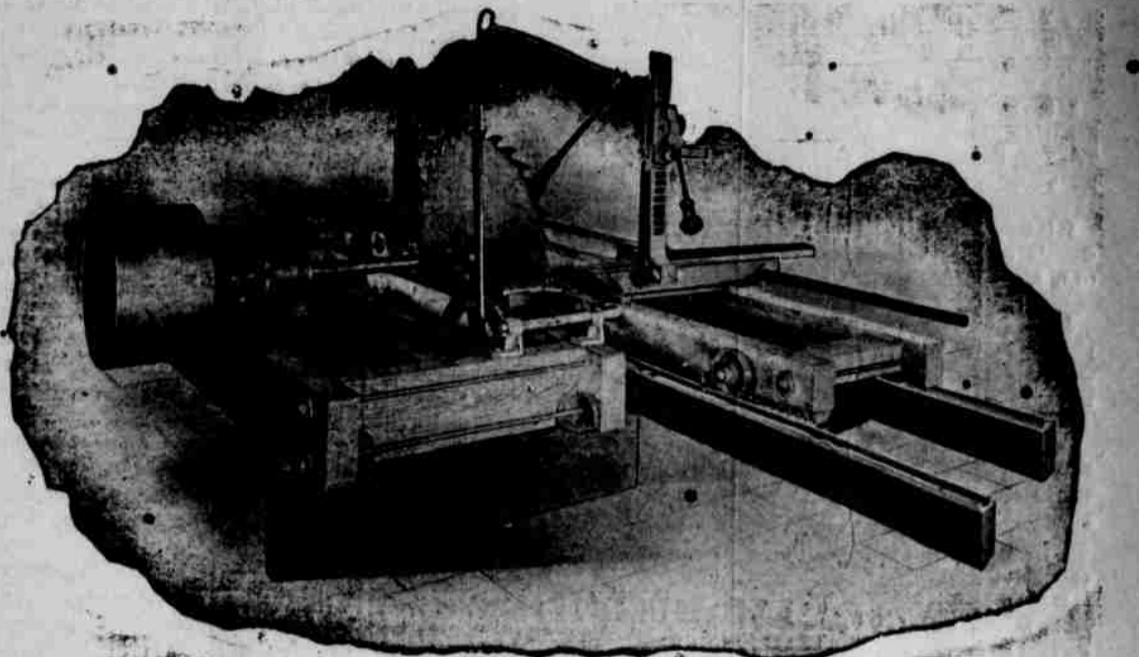
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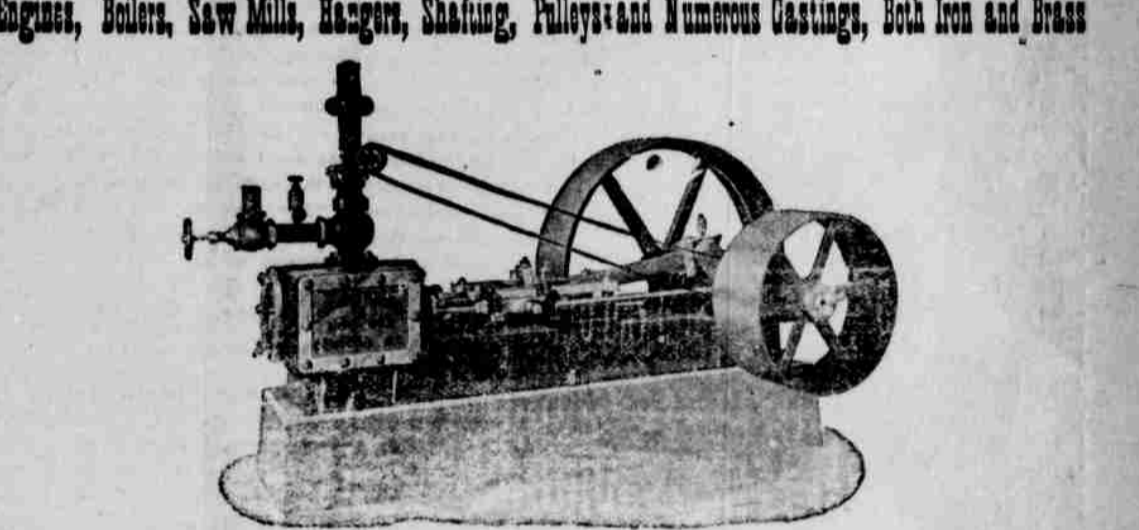
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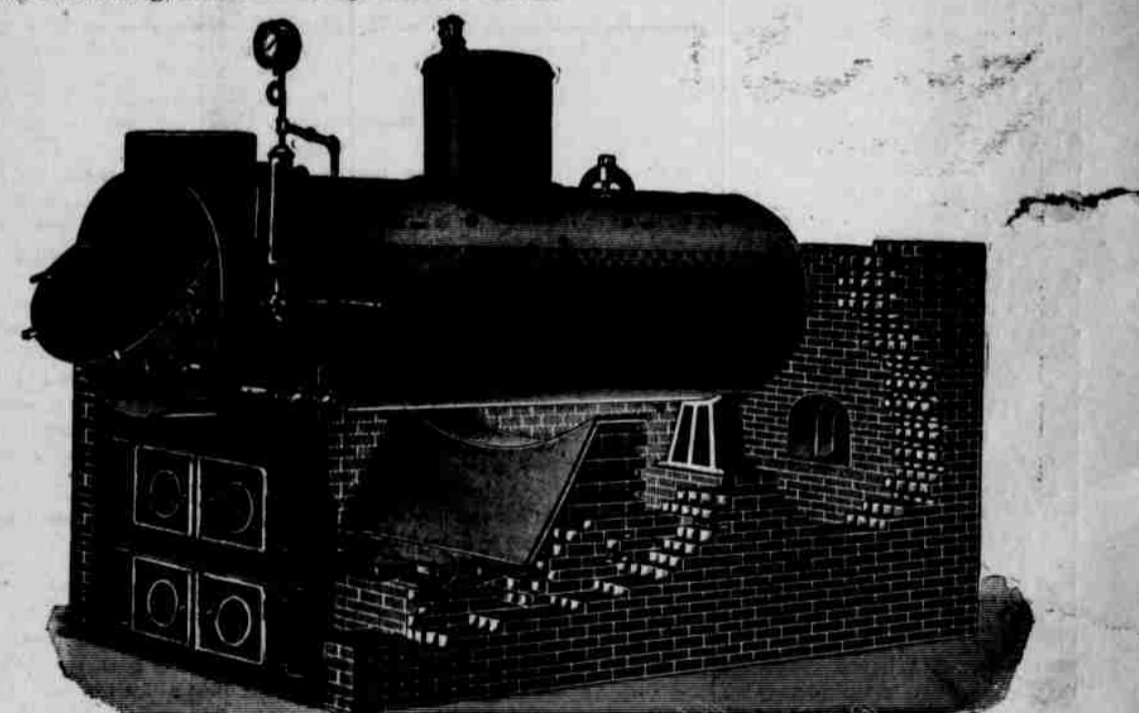
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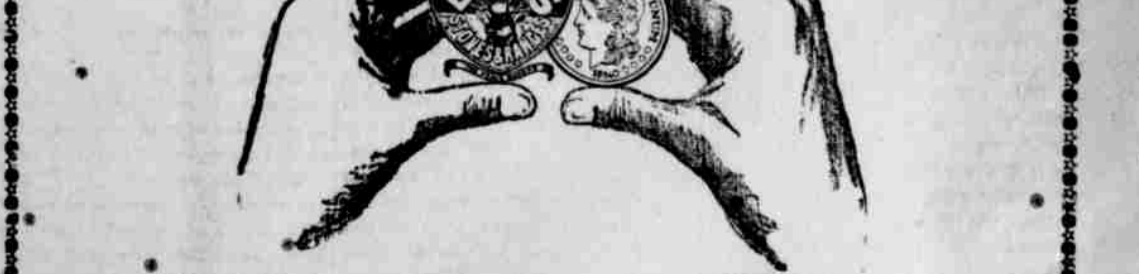
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