

THE CONCORD TIMES.

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SAN JONES' LETTERS.

Atlanta Journal.
I was yesterday at the Maysville, Mo., chautauque, thirty miles east of St. Joe on the Rock Island railroad. I spoke at 3:30 in the afternoon and about 4 o'clock there came on us the most frightful storm I ever witnessed—wind, rain and thunder and lightning to beat the band. The great tent began to flap and founder and the six or seven thousand people began to stampede and such another getting up stairs ain't never been seen as we had for about an hour. When the storm, which was the worst I think I ever witnessed, was over all hands reported for duty and we gathered under the great tent and found no one was hurt and I talked to the drenched mass of people for an hour, and left them at 8 o'clock at night for this point. Altogether, that was a new and another experience of a platform man, going to and fro through the earth. In connection with all the great crowd, I was thankful to get out with a holeless hide. These storms in the west, like the crops of this year, are great but I like the crops the best.

I was in the great rain storm in southern Indiana the first of this week, but that was simply rain, but the damage done is way up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.
How we learn that we are in the hands of a great God when these storms turn loose upon the earth. How great nature is, and how small man is. How merciful God is and how mean we are. We see but for the merciful, masterful hand of God who directs the storm the children of men would perish by the thousands. In spite of storms, cyclones, shipwrecks, earthquakes, railroad disasters, pestilence and famine, God keeps the reins in his hands and still we live. But we are frequently reminded that in the midst of life we are mixed up with death.

The Georgia papers reach me more frequently these later days. I have read with interest and sorrow of the death of Hon. Evan Howell. He belongs in and to the history of all Georgia and few events in the past forty years or more but what he had to do with them if they meant the development of Atlanta and the well-being of Georgia. In all the sorrow Georgia does not sorrow too much and in all the eulogies they do not praise too much this noble man. Like all mortal men he was imperfect, but he had a thousand shining virtues to every fault. He threw a thousand rays of sunshine where he cast a single shadow. He helped the thing that was good and hindered the thing that was bad. If any man did not love Captain Howell it was because he did not know him. In common with all Georgians, I drop a tear and pluck the sweetest flower I can find and lay it on his grave.

Grady, Hemphill, Howell, all alike, belong to Atlanta's history, and these three deserved the honors bestowed upon them while they lived and the eulogies given after they left us were worthily given Atlanta has already laid in the bosom of her cemetery many of her noblest sons and daughters, and they are missed on all sides. Let the Evan Howell Park be the monument that Atlanta raises in memory of the big hearted man we mourn.

I fear the legislature is going to reach final adjournment before they do anything but pass an act entitled an act, not to act. The reform legislation we hoped for was not even considered seriously. When they would do good evil is continually before them, and what they would they do not, and what they would not do they do, and like the old brother in the experience meeting, they have so many obstacles and difficulties that they make but little progress. I am glad the raise in salaries does not reach the present crowd. This crowd is under-worked and over-paid now. Provision for the sale of the State road ought to have been made; the anti-jug law ought to have been enacted; the Australian ballot system ought to have been enacted; but neither went through. The other things they have done they could have left undone, and things would have moved along about as of yore. Go home, gentlemen, go home, and I hope you will never go where good folks don't go.

I notice the peace conference at Portsmouth has not broken up to date. Russia is the biggest old bulldozer in the universe. If Japan will hold her ground she will get all she asks, in my opinion, and if Russia don't come to terms, then let Japan drive her back across the desert, to where she belongs. The world don't need her in its business beyond certain lines. Russia provoked this war, and ought to be made foot the bill. Russia took that island away from the Japs and Japan ought to hold it now that she has it back again, and all other demands of the

Japs ought to go through intact. But I hope for peace between the two warring nations.
It is a constant joy and source of gratitude to me to look on the great growing crops of corn. It seems to me that we have corn to burn, so to speak. Surely the bumper crop of all our history, if seasons hold out and no disaster overtakes it.

For 57 days I have ridden over this country on this present tour, and I am sure I never saw the country and people more prosperous and happy. There is a glow on everything, and not a cloud in sight. I sometimes stop and wonder how long these times will continue. The crowds I meet daily at these great chautauque centers are larger than I ever witnessed. The trains and hotels are fuller and it looks sometimes like the whole of our population are on the move, either going somewhere or coming back home. To say the least of it, the country is not broke.

I have two more weeks of chautauque work, then I go home for a few days of rest, and I propose to go back into the evangelistic work largely this winter. With Excell as our singer, we are to begin evangelistic work in Music Hall, in Cincinnati, October 29, under the auspices of the Pastors' Alliance of Cincinnati. It was in that great building I held meetings twenty years ago with Bishop Joyce, who passed to his reward a few days ago. Those were great meetings, and to him I gave much of the credit. I trust we shall have even greater meetings this fall.
I get tired of travel and as homeseek as a roving tramp at times, then I get a new interest in travel and work, and go it again. I shall go from here into Ohio, thence back into Illinois and Missouri, and wind up at Elkhart, Ind., September 1st.

Yours truly,
SAM P. JONES.
P. S.—This is meant and intended as a written permit to the legislature to go home and stay there.
S. P. J.

A Personal Application.
When one of the large benefactors of Harvard College Library was a business man in Lawrence, a customer of his firm contracted a debt which ran along for a year or more without any signs of settlement. Several letters, says the Boston Herald, failed to bring about liquidation.
One day, while glancing over the religious notices in a local paper, Harvard's benefactor saw something which gave him an inspiration, and he went to his desk and wrote the following note to the debtor:

"Mr.—My Dear Sir. I see in the local press that you are to deliver an address on Friday evening before the Y. M. C. A., on 'The Sinner's Balance Account.' I enclose yours, as yet unbalanced, and trust that I may have the pleasure of attending your lecture. Yours truly,"
A check came by the next mail.

Bill Nye's Reply.
The late Bill Nye replied as follows to a correspondent who inquired about his habits of work and life:

"When the weather is such that I cannot exercise in the open air I have a heavy pair of dumbbells at my lodgings, which I use for holding the door open. I am also to be seen at a club and a pair of Indian clubs, with red handles. I owe much of my robust health to this."

"I do most of my writing in a sitting posture or in an autograph album. When I am engaged in thought I am employed in recovering from its effects. I am very genial and pleasant to be thrown among."
"I dress expensively, but not so as to attract attention. In the morning I wear morning dress, in the evening I wear evening dress and at night I wear night dress."

Fraud Exposed.
A few counterfeits have lately been making and trying to sell imitations of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, and other medicines, thereby defrauding the public. This is to warn you to beware of such people, who seek to profit through stealing the reputation of remedies which have been successfully curing disease, for over 35 years. A sure protection, to you, is our name on the wrapper. Look for it, on all Dr. King's or Bucklen's remedies, as all others are mere imitations. H. E. BUCKLEN & Co., Chicago Ill., and Windsor, Canada. All druggists.

The Wadesboro Messenger mentions that two children who died of whooping cough were buried the same day in that town recently, and that six or seven deaths have resulted from the disease in that community in the past few months.

He who loves men needs not to pry for power to love God.

SOCIAL EQUALITY IN THE NORTH

Mrs. W. H. Felton, in Atlanta Journal.

The presence of Booker Washington at the United States Hotel in Saratoga, N. Y., as the guest of John Wanamaker, formerly cabinet minister, under a Republican president, has the appearance of a political movement to my mind.

The fact that Booker conducted Mrs. Warburton to the dinner table indicates the quality of the political movement and the man behind it.

It favors of social equality as the bait to be dangled to negro voters in the next presidential race and of Mr. Wanamaker's yearning desire to be the candidate of the movement.

Mrs. Warburton, nee Wanamaker, is apparently willing to lend herself to her father's ambitions, and we may expect to hear the proclamation from the Wanamaker's in due time, announcing social equality as the basis plank in the platform of the Wanamaker candidate.

"Some people go as far as to condemn Booker, and assert his injury to himself and his cause by allowing himself entertained by the Wanamakers after this fashion.

That is all rot and nonsense. Booker understands how to butter Booker's bread. This is an advertisement for Booker's purposes. This reads well in England, where Rev. Alexander Bealer finds the negro in high feather as a rara avis in certain classes of society. Maybe Mistress Warburton has taken her cue from English negrophobists, and for my part I am not sorry to be able to understand the underlying principles of the Wanamaker tribe of both sexes.

I have often wondered why Hon. Matt Quay could move the State of Pennsylvania so often and so easily to discredit the pretensions of the Hon. John Wanamaker and the hardest and the meanest things possible of Senator Matt Stanley Quay.

When election time rolled around Hon. Matt was always on top and leaving Hon. John W. with an empty bag to hold. It was apparently a unanimous proceeding. Pennsylvania had many opportunities to honor Mr. Wanamaker, but somehow or somehow else Pennsylvania preferred to allow the Hon. John to run his department store, while somebody else was preferred to serve Pennsylvania. We may see more clearly now and understand the quality of a man's ambition who could condescend to put his own daughter in such an equivocal position for a political purpose.

There is nothing to hurt Booker in the business. He is not hurtable in this proceeding. He is simply being used by the Wanamaker family, men and women, to win votes among the colored people north and south.

I have never taken much stock in Booker's claims to patriotic conduct and duty. He is after getting fixed in money and in position to get more money. He sent his daughter to Vassar to mix with white folks. Booker aims to mix with white folks where white folks allow the mixture. His motives have not even been cleverly disguised. He has little use for negroes, except as money-making stepping stones for Booker's ambitions on certain lines. It makes me tired to hear people reproaching Booker for associating with Mrs. Warburton in the dining room of the United States hotel at Saratoga. It didn't lift Booker up in my estimation, nor did I think less of him. I am simply absorbed by disgust and contempt for the woman.

She pinned her own placard on herself. If Booker likes such company, to his hurt, it is evident she has small respect for her own race and color, so, there is no need of reproaching Booker, and I shall certainly waste no pity or reproaches on the woman.

They are only two of kind and simply an evidence of what one woman can do when she wants to be seen and felt in official position, and what many negroes would do if given the opportunity to find recognition and back in social equality with the white race.

There are said to be ninety thousand negroes in the State of Pennsylvania in a presidential race Mr. Wanamaker expects to lean upon the negro vote because the whites have indulged a habit of rejecting him when he essayed to lead in the State where he lives. We will see what it will lead to in the future.

But if he leans heavily on Booker he may miss his bid, for, as before said, Booker is simply for Booker and the money, and it is the habit of Booker to draw money out of the gullible cranks of the north and west.

Perhaps Booker will draw along as usual with the greatest contribution for Booker's benefit and Mr. Wanamaker will not be the first politician who went down in the gutter to find a vote and

came back besmirched without it. I hope and trust nobody in Georgia will set up a wall because Booker led Mrs. Warburton into the dinner table as her father's chief guest of honor. Water seeks its level and they are heartily welcome to all either got out of that dinner business.

I felt grieved that the President of the United States let down his high office in a similar search for colored votes, but as for the Wanamakers! Pheugh! They were doubtless entertained to their particular liking.

Good One of Wilder's Stories.

Marshall P. Wilder, at a dinner in St. Louis, was telling railroad stories. "One bright afternoon I was riding on Southern train," he said. "It was a hot, bright afternoon. The car was full of sunshine and dust, and the air that swept through the open door was warm and gritty and unrefreshing. Everybody was uncomfortable, a little boy who sat in front of me had his head poked out of the window all the time in search of coolness. Now and then, with some loud remark, he drew in his head, all coated with dust and soot."

"The train after a time struck a serpentine stretch of track, and began to rock from side to side. Now we were hurled to the right, now we were swung violently to the left. On we went with this crazy, rocking motion, and in the distance a tunnel appeared. As, always awaying violently, we drew near the tunnel, the boy in front drew in his dust grimed head quickly, and in wild excitement shouted: "By George, I believe we'll miss the hole!"

High Issue Orders on Love and Marriage.

John Alexander Dowie, of Zion City, has taken charge of the courtship and marriage of all Zionites in a ukase issued to the followers. The order decree continues: That each family shall bring a baby to the baptismal font each year, thus evangelizing by birthrite for the church and crusading against race suicide. That lovers shall not embrace or kiss each other before marriage. That no faithful member of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion shall marry without first obtaining the written consent of Apostle John Alexander Dowie II. That marriage performed by justices of the peace shall not be recognized by the church as legitimate.

Nothing on the Market Equal to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

This fact is well known to druggists everywhere, and nine out of ten will give their customers this preparation when the best is asked for. Mr. Obe Witmer, a prominent druggist of Joplin, Mo., in a circular to his customers, says: "There is nothing on the market in the way of patent medicine which equals Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaints. We sell and recommend the preparation." For sale by M. L. Marsh and D. D. Johnson.

Agonizing Burns

are instantly relieved, and perfectly healed, by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. C. Rivenbark, Jr., of Norfolk, Va., writes: "I burnt my knee dreadfully; that it blistered all over. Bucklen's Arnica Salve stopped the pain, and healed it without a scar." Also heals all wounds and sores. 25c at all druggists'.

Prosperity has its drawbacks.

Kansas is worried because its farmers are getting the gout.

Worship is but the voice of love.

HOW IS THE TIME TO GET WELL?

Nature Help, Mi-o-na Cure Stomach Troubles in Short Order.

The summer months are the best in the whole year for the treatment and cure of stomach troubles. The outdoor life, with natural exercise, the fruit and berries which are so freely eaten, all help to restore healthy action to the digestive organs.

Now when nature will aid Mi-o-na in curing indigestion and giving strength to the stomach and whole digestive system, is the best time to use this remarkable remedy.

If you suffer with headaches, indigestion, flatulency, specks before the eyes, fermentation, heart burn, dizziness, or have a variable appetite, and a general feeling of despondency or weakness, it shows clearly that the stomach is not digesting the food as it should.

Just one little tablet out of a 50 cent box of Mi-o-na for a few days and all this will be changed for the better, and health restored. Ask Gibson Drug Store to show you the Mi-o-na guarantee.

"Wasn't His Name.

An officious individual, who probably had in mind the ordinance of Councils requiring all vending carts and wagons to bear the owner's name and license number, seemed to be greatly concerned yesterday on beholding a vehicle on South Penn Square which bore only a few undecipherable hieroglyphics where the name should have been. Approaching the driver, he pointed to the faded lettering and remarked:

"My good fellow, do you know that your name is obliterated?" "What's that?" queried the teamster, pulling up. "I said your name is obliterated." "You're away off," reported the driver: "my name's O'Brien. Git ep!"

To Find His Size.

The late Tom Reed—Czar Reed—was, as everyone knows, a big man physically, and there were few men who wore larger collars. One hot day in the summer of 1901, Reed was in Portsmouth, and, having to wait over for a train, he decided to make an impromptu toilet, changing his collar, etc. So he hid himself to the nearest haberdasher's and began a survey of the collars displayed in the store.

"Waited on, sir?" queried one of the clerks.

"Not yet," responded Reed, and then added, "I would like a collar."

"What size?" piped the clerk.

"Size 20," answered Reed.

"We don't keep collars so large, but I think you can be accommodated at the store just around the corner."

Reed found the store around the corner to be a harness shop.

We learned not long ago that toward the close of the Mid-Summer Meeting at Jackson Springs, a spelling-bee was organized one night, and the crack spellers of the company faced each other in battle array. After a severe and thorough contest all the forces fell but four; and three out of the four who stood learned to spell in Webster's old "blue-back" spelling-book. We are not sure about the fourth—it is quite probable that she was also trained by that unrivalled text book—but we happen to know where the three learned to spell.—Charity and Children.

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For sale at Marsh's Drug Store

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