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CONCORD, N. C., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1907.





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J. A. Wisener, of the Columbus laboratories 103 State street, Chicago, Ill.: "We submitted a jug of cocacola purchased in open market to a very careful analysis for cocaine and alcohol, and we failed to find any trace of

Dr. William M. Dehn, of the University of Illinois, stated, after analysis, that coca-cola does not contain any coccaine or other powerful alkaloids, and that physologieally it does not differ much from tea, coffee and such

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The Woman In the Alcove.

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN, thor of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Chapter I-Among the guests at a soci-y ball in New York are Miss Rita Van redale, who has studied nursing and who tells the story; her lover, Anson Duraud; Mrs. Fairbrother, who wears a magnificent diamond and a distinguished Englishman. Durand, who is a dealer in gems, is interested in the diamond. Rita ees the vision of a man reflected in a supper-room window. Mrs. Fairbrother found stabbed to death in an alcove. The diamond is missing.

Chapter II—The diamond is found in a

pair of Mrs. Fairbrother's gloves placed in Rita's hand-bag by Durand. Chapter III—Durand declares that Mrs. fairbrother asked him to hold her gloves vifhout his knowledge that the diamond was in them. After the murder, fearing

suspicion, he placed the gloves in Rita's bag. A splash of blood is discovered on Durand's shirt front. Chapter IV—The blood dropped on him, declares Durand, from a stiletto placed in lantern near the entrance to the alcove. fe mentions stepping on broken China near the doorway of the alcove.

Chapter V-Grey, the Englishman, hows great interest in the diamond, now in the possession of a police inspector. It is handed to him for inspection. A shrill cry is heard, and he drops it. A waiter nds it back. Grey explains the cry as the usual historical warning heard before the death of one of his family. He is worried about his daughter, who is ill at hotel. Grey declares that the stone in the inspector's possession is only paste. Defore her death, Mrs. Fairbrother received a warning note, handed in at the alcove window. She had been at odds with her husband, who is in the south-

Chapter VI Rita tries to account for the murder and the disappearance of the diamond. Fairbrother is ill with pneu-

CHAPTER VII.

OT to be outdone by the editor, I insert the article here with all its details, the importance of which I trust I have antici-

Santa Fe., N. M., April -. Arrived in Santa Fe, I inquired where Abner Fairbrother could be found. I was told that he was at his

Upon inquiring as to the location of the Placide, I was informed that it was fifteen miles or so distant in the nountains, and upon my expressing an intention of going there immediately, I was given what I thought very unneces-

Nursing Mothers and

Over-burdened Women In all stations of life, whose vigor and

vitality may have been undermined and broken - down by over - work, exacting social duties, the too frequent bearing of children, or other causes, will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the most potent, invigorating restorative strength-giver ever devised for their special benefit. Nursing mothers will find it especially valuable in sustaining their strength and promoting an abundant nourishment for the child. Expectant mothers too will find it a priceless too to prepare the system for baby's coming and rendering the ordeal comparatively painless. It can do no harm in any state, or condition of the lemale system.

Delicate, nervous, weak women, who suffer from frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down distress low down in the abdomen, or from painful or irregular monthly periods, gnawing or distressed sensation in stomach, dizzy or children, or other causes, will find in Dr.

tressed sensation in stomach, dizzy or faint spells, see imaginary specks or spots floating before eyes, have disagreeable, pelvic catarrhal drain, prolapsus, ante-version or retro-version or other displace-ments of womanly organs from weakness

ments of womanly organs from weakness of parts will, whether they experience many or only a few of the above symptoms, find relief and a permanent cure by using faithfully and fairly persistently Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This world-famed specific for woman's weaknesses and peculiar ailments is a pure glyceric extract of the choicest native, medicinal roots without a drop of alcohol in its make-up. All its ingredients printed in plain English on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. Pierce thus invites the fullest investigation of his formula knowing that it will be found to contain only the best agents known to the most advanced medical science of all the different schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar

weaknesses and allments.

If you want to know more about the composition and professional endorsement of the "Favorite Prescription," send postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffale, N. Y., for his free booklet treat-

ing of same. You can't afford to accept as a substitute for this remedy of known composition a secret nostrum of unknown composition. Don't do it.

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sary advice and then directed to a cer- leasing my grip upon the rein, I altain livery stable, where I was told I lowed my patient horse to proceed.

leggings was brought to me. "You will need these for your jour-

ney," said the man. "Journey!" I repeated. "Fifteen

The livery stable keeper, a half cocked up his shoulders with the re-"Three men as willing, but as inex-

perlenced as yourself, have attempted the same journey during the last week, and they all came back before they reached the divide. You will probably come back, too, but I shall give you as fair a start as if I knew you were going straight through."

"But a woman has done it," said I; 'a nurse from the hospital went up that very road last week." "Oh, women, they can do anything-

women who are nurses! But they don't start off alone. You are going "Yes," I remarked grimly. "Newspaper correspondents make their jour-

neys singly when they can." "Oh, you are a newspaper corre spondent! Why do so many men from the papers want to see that sick old man? Because he's so rich?"

"Don't you know?" I asked. He did not seem to. I wondered at his ignorance, but did not enlighten him.

"Follow the trail and ask your way from time to time. All the goatherds know where the Placide mine is." Such were his simple instructions as he headed my horse toward the canyon

But as I drew off he shouted out: "If you get stuck, leave it to the horse. He knows more about it than With a vague gesture toward the

northwest, he turned away, leaving me in contemplation of the grandest scen-

Fifteen miles! But those miles lay through the very heart of the moun tains, ranging anywhere from 6,000 to 7,000 feet high. In ten minutes the city and all signs of city life were out of sight. In five more I was seemingly as far removed from all civilization as if I had gone a hundred miles into

As my horse settled down to work, picking his way now here and now there, sometimes over the brown earth, hard and baked as in a thousand furnaces, and sometimes over the stunted grass whose needlelike stalks seemed never to have known moisture, I let my eyes roam to such peaks as were not cut off from view by the nearer hillsides and wondered whether the snow which capped them was whiter than any other or the blue of the sky bluer, that the two together had the effect upon me of cameo work on a huge and unapproachable scale.

Certainly the effect of these grand mountains, into which you leap without any preparation from the streets and market places of America's oldest

city, is such as is not easily described. We struck water now and then-narrow watercourses, which my horse followed in midstream-and, more interesting yet, goatherds with their flocks, Mexicans all, who seemed to understand no English, but were picturesque enough to look at and a welcome break in the extreme lonesomeness of the

I had been told that they would serve me as guides if I felt at all doubtful of the trail, and in one or two instances they proved to be of decided help. They could gesticulate if they could not speak English, and when I tried them with the one word Placide they would nod and point out which of the many side canyons I was to follow. But they always looked up as they did so, up, up till I took to looking up, too, and when, after miles multiplied indefinitely by the winding of the trail, I came out upon a ledge from which a full view of the opposite range could be had, and saw fronting me from the side of one of its tremendous peaks the gap of a vast hole not 200 feet from the snow line, I knew that, inaccessible as it looked, I was gazing up at the opening of Abner Fairbroth-

er's new mine, the Placide. The experience was a strange one The two ranges approached so nearly that it seemed as if a ball might be tossed from one to the other, but the chasm between was stupendous. I grew dizzy as I looked downward and saw the endless zigzags yet to be traversed step by step before the bottom of the canyon could be reached and then the equally interminable zigzags up the acclivity beyond, all of which I must trace, still step by step, before I could hope to arrive at the camp which from where I stood looked to be almost with-

in hall of my voice. I have described the mine as a hole. That was all I saw at first-a great black hole in the dark brown earth of the mountain side, from which ran down a still darker streak into the waste places far below it. But as I looked longer I saw that it was faced by a ledge cut out of the friable soil, on which I was now able to descry the onounced white of two or three tent tops and some other signs of life, encouraging enough to the eye of one whose lot it was to crawl like a fly up that tremendous mountain side.

Truly I could understand why those three men, probably newspaper correspondents like myself, had turned back to Santa Fe after a glance from my present outlook. But though I understood I did not mean to duplicate their

The sight of those tents, the thought of what one of them contained, in-

could get the right kind of a horse and Shortly after this I passed the disuch equipment as I stood in need of. vide—that is, where the water sheds

I thought I was equipped all right as both ways. Then the descent began. it was, but I said nothing and went on It was zigzag, just as the climb had to the livery stable. Here I was shown been, but I preferred the climb. I did a horse which I took to at once and not have the unfathomable spaces so was about to mount when a pair of constantly before me, nor was my imagination so active. It was fixed on heights to be attained rather than on valleys to roll into. However, I did not roll.

The Mexican saddle held me securely at whatever angle I was poised, and breed with a peculiarly pleasant smile, once the bottom was reached I found that I could face with considerable equanimity the corresponding ascent. Only as I saw how steep the climb bade fair to be I did not see how I was ever to come down again. Going

up was possible, but the descent-However, as what goes up must in the course of nature come down, I put this question aside and gave my horse his head, after encouraging him with a few blades of grass, which he seemed to find edible enough, though they had the look and something of the feel of spun glass.

How we got there you must ask this good animal, who took all the responsibility and did all the work. I merely clung and balanced, and at times, when he rounded the end of a zigzag, for instance, I even shut my eyes, though the prospect was magnificent. At last even his patience seemed to give out and he stopped and trembled. But before I could open my eyes on the abyss beneath he made another effort. I felt the brush of tree branches across my face and, looking up, saw before me the ledge or platform dotted with tents, at which I had looked with such longing from the opposite

Simultaneously I heard voices, and saw approaching a bronzed and bearded man with strongly marked Scotch features and a determined air.

"The doctor!" I involuntarily exclaimed, with a glance at the small and curious tent before which he stood

expectedly good English. "And who are you? Have you brought the mail and those medicines I sent for?"

"No," I replied with a propitiatory a smile as I could muster up in the face of his brusk forbidding expression. "I came on my own errand. I am a representative of the New York -, and I hope you will not deny me a word with Mr. Fairbrother."

With a gesture I hardly knew how to interpret he took my horse by the rein and led us on a few steps toward another large tent where he motioned me to descend. Then he laid his hand on my shoulder and, forcing me to meet his eye, said:

"You have made this journey-I be lieve you said from New York-to see Mr. Fairbrother, Why?" "Because Mr. Fairbrother is at pres ent the most sought for man in Amer-

ica," I returned boldly. "His wifeyou know about his wife"-"No. How should I know about his

wife? I know what his temperature



is and what his respiration is-but his wife? What about his wife? He don't know anything about her now himself; he is not allowed to read let-

have known, before you left Santa Fe, of Mrs. Fairbrother's foul and most mysterious murder in New York. It has been the theme of two continents for the last ten days."

He shrugged his shoulders, which might mean anything, and confined his reply to a repetition of my own

"Mrs, Fairbrother murdered!" he exclaimed, but in a suppressed voice, to which point was given by the cautious look he cast behind him at the tent which had drawn my attention. "He must not know it, man. I could not answer for his life if he received the least shock in his present critical condition. Murdered? When?"

"Ten days ago, at a ball in New York. It was after Mr. Fairbrother left the city. He was expected to return after hearing the news, but he seems to have kept straight on to his destination. He was not very fond of his wife-that is, they have not been living together for the last year. But he could not help feeling the shock of her death which he must have heard of somewhere along the route."

"He has said nothing in his delirium sible, just possible, that he didn't read the papers. He could not have been well for days before he reached Santa

"When were you called in to attend

man of great pluck. He held up till his foot touched this platform; then

"If he was as sick as that," I muttered, "why did he leave Santa Fe? He must have known what it would

"I don't think he did. This is his first visit to the mine. He evidently knew nothing of the difficulties of the road. But he would not stop. He wadetermined to reach the camp, even after he had been given a sight of it from the opposite mountain. He told them that he had once crossed the Sierras in midwinter. But he wasn't a

"Doctor, they don't know who killed his wife." "He didn't."

"I know, but under such circumstances every fact bearing on the event is of immense importance. There is one which Mr. Fairbrother only can make clear. It can be said in a

The grim doctor's eyes flashed angrily, and I stopped.

"Were you a detective from the district attorney's office in New York sent | the valley he had only to open his eyes on with special powers to examine him I should still say what I am going to of sky and mountain stretched out besay now. While Mr. Fairbrother's temperature and pulse remain where they now are no one shall see him and no ous. But I doubt if he would not gladone shall talk to him save myself and ly have exchanged it for a sight of his

I turned with a sick look of disappointment toward the road up which I had so lately come.

"Have I panted, sweltered, trembled for three mortal hours on the worst trail a man ever traversed to go back with nothing for my journey? That seems to me hard lines. Where is the manager of this mine?"

The doctor pointed toward a man bending over the edge of the great hole from which at that moment a line sack on his back, which he flung down before what looked like a furnace built

"That's he, Mr. Haines of Philadelphia. What do you want of him?" "Permission to stay the night. Mr. "I won't allow it, and I am master You couldn't stay here without talking, and talking makes excitement, and excitement is just what he cannot stand.

-that is, if my patient continues to improve. I am not sure that he will." "Let me spend that week here. I'll not talk any more than the dead. Maybe the manager will let me carry

A week from now I will see about it

"Look here," said the doctor, edging me farther and farther away from the tent he hardly let out of his sight for a moment. "You're a canny lad and shall have your bite and something to drink before you take your way back. But back you go before sunset and with this message: No man from any paper north or south will be received here till I hang out a blue flag. I say blue, for that is the color of my bandanna. When my patient is in a condition to discuss murder, I'll hoist it from his tent top. It can be seen from the divide, and if you want to camp there on the lookout well and good. As for the police, that's another matter. I will see them if they come, but they need not expect to talk to my patient. You may say so down there. It will save scrambling up this trail to no pur-

"You may count on me," said I. Trust a New York correspondent to do the right thing at the right time to head off the boys. But I doubt if they will believe me."

"In that case I shall have a barricade thrown up fifty feet down the mountain side," said he. "But the mail and your supplies?"

"Oh, the burros can make their way up. We shan't suffer."

"You are certainly master," I re-All this time I had been using my eyes. There was not much to see, but what there was was romantically interesting. Aside from the furnace and what was going on there, there was little else but a sleeping tent, a cooking tent and the small one I had come on first, which without the least doubt contained the sick man. This last tent was of a peculiar construction and showed the primitive nature of everything at this height. It consisted simply of a cloth thrown over a thing like "But you read the papers. You must a trapeze. This cloth did not even come to the ground on either side, but stopped short a foot or so from the flat mound of adohe which serves as a base or floor for hut or tent in New Mexico. The rear of the simple tent abutted on the mountain side. The opening was toward the valley. I felt an intense desire to look into this openng-so intense that I thought I would venture on an attempt to gratify it. Scrutinizing the resolute face of the man before me and fattering myself that I detected signs of humor underlying his professional bruskness, I asked, somewhat mournfully, if he would let me go away without so much as a glance at the man I had come so far to see. "A glimpse would satisfy me now," I assured him as the hint of a twinkle flashed in his eye. Surely there will be no harm in that.

I'll take it instead of supper." He smiled, but not encouragingly, and I was feeling very despondent indeed when the canvas on which our eyes were fixed suddenly shook, and the calm figure of a woman stepped out before us, clad in the simplest garb, but showing in every line of face to show that he knew it. It is pos- and form a character of mingled kindness and shrewdness. She was evidently on the lookout for the doctor, for she made a sign as she saw him and returned instantly into the tent. "Mr. Fairbrother has just fallen

asleep," he explained. "It isn't discipline and I shall have to apologize to place. It was thought he wouldn't Miss Serra, but if you will promise

turbance I will let you take the one peep you prefer to supper." "I promise," said I.

whispered a word to the nurse, then motioned me to look in. The sight I was given a bank at the extreme was a simple one, but to me very im | end of the long sleeping tent and turnpressive. The owner of palaces, a ed in with the rest. I expected to man to whom millions were as thou- sleep, but on finding that I could catch sands to such poor devils as myself, a sight of the sick tent from under the lay on an improvised bed of ever canvas I experienced such fascination greens, wrapped in a horse blanket and in watching this forbidden spot that with nothing better than another of midnight came before I had closed my these rolled up under his head. At his eyes. Then all desire to sleep left me, side sat his nurse on what looked like for the patient began to mean and presthe uneven stump of a tree. Close to ently to talk, and the stillness of the her hand was a tolerably flat stone, on solitary height being something abnorwhich I saw arranged a number of mal I could sometimes catch the very bottles and such other comforts as words. Devoid as they were of all ra-

care of the sufferer. That was all. In these few words I have told the whole story. To be sure, this simple tent, perched 7,000 feet and more above sea level, had one advantage which even his great house in New York could not offer. This was the outlook. Lying as he did facing to catch a full view of the panorama fore him. It was glorious; whether seen at morning, noon or night, glori-

were absolutely necessary to a proper

As I started to go a stir took place in the blanket wrapped about his chin, and I caught a glimpse of the iron gray head and hollow cheeks of the great financier. He was a very sick man. Even I could see that. Had I obtained the permission I sought and been allowed to ask him one of the many questions burning on my tongue I should have received only delirium for reply. There was no reaching that clouded intelligence now, and I felt tional meaning, they excited my curiof Mexicans was issuing, each with a grateful to the doctor for convincing osity to the burning point, for who me of it.

I told him so and thanked him quite thing bearing on the mystery? warmly when we were well away from But that fevered mind had recurred the tent, and his answer was almost to early scenes, and the babble which kindly, though he made no effort to came to my ears was all of mining hide his impatience and anxiety to see camps in the Rockles and the dicker me go. The looks he cast at the sun of horses. Perhaps the uneasy movewere significant, and having no wish to ment of my horse pulling at the end of here so far as my patient is concerned. antagonize him and every wish to visit his tether had disturbed him. Per the spot again I moved toward my hapshorse with the intention of untying But at the inner utterance of the

To my surprise the doctor held me on my elbow listening with all my ears

horse has hurt himself." the matter with the animal's left fore horse. I could catch sounds of an unfoot. As the doctor lifted it the manager came up. He agreed with the doc- ing up the trall. tor. I could not make the descent to Santa Fe on that horse that night. Did ed toward the doctor, who lay some I feel elated? Rather. I had no wish to descend. Yet I was far from fore- ing. He had started up, too, and in a seeing what the night was to bring to moment was out of the tent. I do not

I was turned over to the manage but not without a final injunction from the doctor. "Not a word to any one about your errand! Not a word about the New York tragedy, as you value Mr. Fairbrother's life!"

"Not a word," said I.

Leading the way to the opening, he novel but I refrain. I have more im-



second "perhaps" I found myself up

and staring with wide stretched eyes "You can't go tonight," said be. "Your at the thicket of stunted trees where the road debouched on the platform. It was true. There was something Something was astir there besides my mistakable nature. A rider was com-Stipping back into my place, I turn-

> two or three bunks nearer the openthink he had observed my action, for

(Continued on last page.)

Meantime the rate hearing is piling up a pretty bill of costs for somebody to pay. - Charlotte Observer.

What Everybody Says Is True Must Be So.

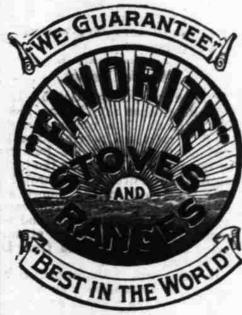
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