

THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor and Publisher.

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NUMBER 85.

Is Your Money

making money for you? Our Certificates of Deposit bear four per cent. interest, and are payable on demand without notice.

Good service and absolute security is the only basis upon which this Bank solicits your banking business.

CITIZENS BANK & TRUST COMPANY

CONCORD, N. C.
A. JONES YORKE, President.
M. L. MARSH, Vice President.
CHAS. B. WAGONER, Cashier.
JOHN FOX, Assistant Cashier.

OUR INVITATION.

Twice each week we pay for this space for the privilege only of inviting you once again to become a depositor of our bank.

The person who reads about us 104 times a year ought to know us at least 104 times better than if he had read of us but once. The letter he knows us the more likely he is to like us and our business methods.

YOUR ACCOUNT, LARGE OR SMALL, IS URGENTLY SOLICITED AND RESPECTFULLY INVITED.

The Concord National Bank

We extend a cordial invitation to Farmers to call and get a copy of our

FARMER'S ALMANAC for 1909

containing list of county officers for North Carolina and other interesting and useful information. Gotten out especially for our farmer friends. We have handed out a number, but have a few hundred still on hand. Call and get one.

CABARRUS SAVINGS BANK

Capital \$96,000.00 Surplus and Profits \$40,000.00
Assets over half a million dollars.
H. I. WOODHOUSE, Pres. C. W. SWINK, Cashier.

HEADQUARTERS FOR SOUTHERNERS IN NEW YORK CITY.

BROADWAY CENTRAL HOTEL

Broadway and Third Streets, New York City.

Only New York Hotel Making a Specialty of the American Plan.

RATES (American Plan, \$2.50 Up.
European Plan, \$1.00 Up.

Our Table is the Foundation of Our Enormous Business. Send for Comprehensive Map of New York, Free.

DAN. C. WEBB, Proprietor, of Charleston, S. C.

FERTILIZERS

We have in our warehouses at

CONCORD AND KANNAPOLIS

a large stock of Fertilizers, consisting of

All Grades of Ammoniated Goods, Acid Phosphate, German Kainit, Cotton Seed Meal; also Nitrate of Soda and Muriate of Potash.

See us before buying, and we will save you money.

WHITE-MORRISON-FLOWE CO.,

Agents for Simpkins' Prolific Cotton Seed.

If You Want to BUY

If You Want to SELL

Real Estate

JNO. K. PATTERSON & CO.

THE POWER OF AN ENDLESS LIFE.

Youth's Companion.

It was just after Easter, and a half-dozen men lingered after their luncheon at the club, discussing a matter which had been committed to them, and for the consideration of which they had come together. They found themselves in agreement sooner than they expected, and the report which the chairman of the committee had drafted was approved without modification and signed by all; and so there was a little unexpected time at the end of the meal in which none of those ordinarily busy men made haste to go. They had got into conversation about Easter, and the topic had reached a level of general interest.

There never had been a more perfect day, they all agreed. The air had been balmy, the grass had been green, the birds had sung, the churches had been filled to overflowing, and the day had left a most pleasant memory.

But what had the day really meant? There was some quotation of sermons, either as heard or as reported in the newspapers, and some comment on the change of emphasis in Easter preaching now and in former years. And there was some tendency to agree that the hope of personal immortality seemed less large in the mind of the man of to-day than in the mind of men of other generations.

"After all," said one, "the question is not how long we live, but how well. This life is quite as long as most men make good use of, and I don't know but it is as long as I care for. One world at a time is enough, and if there is any other, it will take care of itself when it comes."

Others spoke in the same vein, and this appeared to be the general feeling among the men present.

Near the end of them spoke who had been a silent yet deeply interested hearer of all that the rest had said. Said he:

"Two weeks ago I was called back to the old home by a message that my mother was dying; and I sat for the greater part of the two days that elapsed until the end came, holding her hand on one side, while my father held the other hand."

"She was conscious to the end. She faced death without fear, though she was a somewhat timid woman."

"Those were sad hours, but beautiful hours; and she was able to live over with us the years of the past, and to tell us her hopes and her wishes."

"We had never realized before—no man can realize until he goes through it—that experience—what the fulness of life is."

"We saw the change approaching. My father, who had walked by her side for more than fifty years, said, 'She is nearing the shore; she is nearing the shore!' Then came the last breath, and the death-rattle, and my sister cried, 'Oh, what is it?' for she had never heard that terrible sound before."

"What is it—this thing we call death? It is a beautiful thing—my mother's death was; yet it is an ominous and a terrible thing. What is it? And what is there beyond it?"

"I agree with what you have been saying, yet it is not all I want. I came to this Easter-time with a deep yearning for a word of positive comfort—and I have heard it—the clear faith of my mother reaffirmed in the words, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' I believe in the immortality of the soul. I believe in my mother's religion. And this has been for me a beautiful Easter."

There was something in this bit of a business man's heart that made all academic discussion seem out of place. The conference ended, and as each man passed out he took the hand of the man who had last spoken but few of them said anything.

THE BOLT.

Charity and Children.

Party regularity is an excellent thing when the party is what it ought to be. It is fine to see a man stand by his party, his lodge or his church when he can do so and keep his conscience. But there come times when he must turn sadly away from the organization that has heretofore commanded his allegiance, and declare his independence. We have just had a striking example of this in the recent contest before the primaries in Raleigh. The party in power had become corrupt. The affairs of the city were shamefully mismanaged. The public revenues were wasted in salaries and in various forms of graft. The sturdy citizenship, after a period of amazing patience and forbearance arose in their might and swept the field. They were in a sense "bolters," but the time had come to bolt. Nothing else, under the circumstances, could have been done. The honorable and the manly thing to do was precisely what the good citizens did, and the old officials were ignominiously defeated. In former days party regularity was a name to conjure by. The lash of the boss rang loud and clear, and in self-defense good men were forced to swallow pills that they need not and will not swallow under the new and better dispensation. The colored vote, usually on the side of the vicious and corrupt, is no longer a menace, and men are free to consult their own consciences rather than the political exigencies of the time. A bolter who bolts for a good cause and because he will not endorse by his vote a bad or incompetent candidate is a benefactor to his country and not a renegade. The old time party boss lost his power when the amendment to the constitution that disfranchised the colored voter was ratified by the people. The South has suffered more, perhaps, than any other section of our country because of the peculiar political conditions with which we had to deal. But the time has come at last when a man need no longer vote for a candidate he knows to be corrupt because he belongs to his party. Under the new conditions, party loyalty can be as strong and true as ever; but party slavery is a thing of the past.

CURED BRONCHITIS.

Mrs. Hopkins Says Her Life Saved—Choked and Gasped for Breath.

"Some five years ago I was taken with a bad attack of bronchitis. I was affected with a bronchial cough and cold, the cough was generally much more apparent at night, and I would wake up choking and gasping for breath, and there seemed to be a terrible stoppage in my throat and tubes. My throat was tender and irritable, and had an aching sensation, which was especially bad at times. I doctored and used several remedies, but received no permanent relief until I used Hyomei. This remedy is certainly infallible, and it saved my life, and I accord it the credit which it deserves. There is nothing too strong for me to say regarding Hyomei."—Mrs. Ada Hopkins, 8 Outer Avenue, Coldwater, Mich., August 23, 1908.

Gibson Drug Store sells Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) and they guarantee it to cure bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, croup, hay fever, coughs and colds, or money back.

The price for a complete outfit is only \$1.00, which includes a bottle of Hyomei and a neat hard rubber inhaler.

His Sign Down.

A disheveled man, much the worse for liquor, staggered out of a Maine "speak-easy" and laboriously propped himself against the door. For a while he glibly surveyed the passerby, and he collapsed in a heap on the sidewalk. A moment later he was snoring.

A hurrying pedestrian paused, reflectively surveyed the fallen man for a few seconds, and then poked his head in the door.

"Oh, Frank," he called. "Frank, come out here a minute."

Presently the proprietor of the joint, smoking a fat cigar, emerged. He blinked in the bright sunlight.

"Hello, Hud," he said, pleasantly. "What's up?"

Hud jerked his thumb toward the slumberer on the sidewalk.

"Yer sign has fell down," he explained, and briskly resumed his walk uptown.

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ROADS SENTIMENT GROWING.

Lexington Dispatch.

The growth of sentiment for good roads in Davidson county is truly amazing. The Dispatch has never seen such a demonstration for anything in this county. A trip out into the country will convince any man that the farmers are determined to put an end to their mud tax and to build decent highways over which they can haul their products to market, or on which they can travel with ease if only for pleasure. People are stirred up as they have never been on a public question before. The Davidson roads at this time are fearful. It is really dangerous to travel some of them at night.

Time and again in the past the Dispatch has tried to draw people out and get them to write letters to us, on the subject of road improvement; but with poor success. No-body seemed interested. This spring the whole county is struggling through the mud to put in a word for better roads. In the light of past apathy, the present situation is little short of a revolution.

Let's just simply get right down to it, gentlemen, map out a campaign, adopt our plans, vote bonds, select good men to co-operate with the county commissioners in spending the money to the best advantage and build good roads in Davidson county. There isn't but one way to go at it, and that is the right way, and now is the time. There ought to be a preliminary meeting of representative farmers and business men in the court house, and committees appointed to take up the various phases of the work. The merchants of Lexington and Thomasville, the Farmers' Union, and farmers from every section ought to meet and agree on something, and then pit it in for a good roads campaign. Meanwhile let every citizen do something to advance the cause.

Here to "Get Through."

Atlanta Constitution.

The Mulberry News has a story of a school teacher who reproved a girl pupil for not knowing her geography lesson:

"The next day the child's mother appeared on the scene and let go of this philippic: 'I guess you don't know it all. I send my little girl here to school so that she gets through. I want her to get through so she gets a man. You never mind about geography. I don't care, just so she gets through. I want her to get through. My other daughter, she didn't know geography and she got through, and she got a good man all right. Lots of girls, they don't know geography, and they get men. You tell you—(and she pointed her finger directly at the teacher), you ain't got no man at all and can't get none. What's this geography good for, anyhow? You just see my daughter gets through school and I'll learn geography to her.'"

Her Influence Lived After Her.

Philadelphia Press.

Ascum—Your wife's been dead over a year now. I should think you'd look around for another, and get a good one this time.

Henpek—My! I'd like to, but I wouldn't dare.

Ascum—Why not?

Henpek—Because Maria told me if I did she'd come back and haunt me.

People past middle life usually have some kidney or bladder disorder that saps the vitality, which is naturally lower in old age. Foley's Kidney Remedy corrects urinary troubles, stimulates the kidneys, and restores strength and vigor. It cures uric acid troubles by strengthening the kidneys so they will strain out the uric acid that settles in the muscles and joints causing rheumatism. Gibson Drug Store.

BALDNESS UNKNOWN.

One of the most prominent druggists in America made a statement a few days ago which has caused a great deal of discussion among scientists in the medical press.

He said: "If the new hair grower, Parisian Sage, increases its sales as it has during the past year, it will be used by nearly every man, woman and child in America within eight years."

And when Parisian Sage is used almost universally, dandruff will disappear and with its departure baldness, itching scalp, splitting hair and all scalp diseases will follow and twenty years from now a bald head will be a rarity."

There's only one way to cure dandruff and that is to kill the germ. There is only one hair preparation that will kill the germs, and that is Parisian Sage. It is guaranteed to cure dandruff, stop falling hair and itching of the scalp in two weeks, or money back.

It is the most pleasant and invigorating tonic, and is not sticky or greasy. Only 50 cents for a large bottle at Gibson Drug Store or direct by express, all charges prepaid by the American makers, Giroux Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE POSTPONED BAPTIZING.

Atlanta Constitution.

The old colored brother prefaced his sermon with the following remarks:

"I well knows dat some er you has travelled fur ter see de baptizin' today, but I has ter announce dat dar won't be no baptizin'. Five big alligators has been seen swimmin' down de five logs in de millpond; havin' des crawled out fum der long winter sleep; an' hit stan's ter reason dat w'en a alligator sleeps all winter he's mighty hungry w'en he wakes up. Hit may be dat Providence will protect de canderdates fer de baptizin', but hit's my opinion dat ter waste into a millpond 'wid five hungry alligators playin' possum 'n' de log, would be flyin' in de face er Providence!"

Permanently relieves constipation and indigestion. Regulates the bowels, builds up waste tissue. Makes pure blood. You grow strong, healthy and robust. Ho lister's Rocky Mountain Tea, the safest, nicest Spring tonic. 85 cents. Gibson Drug Store.

OLD FASHIONED COURTING.

Uncle Joe Cannon.

"Courting?" Why, bless you, my boy, the young fellows of today do not know the meaning of that word! When a young man would walk five or even ten miles through the snow or rain and mud, freeze his ears and fingers, and face the danger of wildcats, to see his girl, and that too in the general living-room with the family, he was entitled to admit that he was courting. And that was the rule, not the exception. The young fellows would start out Sunday afternoon to see their sweethearts, and no weather was to bad to keep them at home. It might be too cold or too muddy to take out a horse; but in that case he would go on foot, and he would go through as much hardship to see his girl as did knights of old to rescue fair maids in castles bold. But it was his devotion, his courting; and when he won that girl he stuck to her through thick and thin, through good report and evil report, obeying the scriptural injunction that what God has joined together no man should put asunder. There were no marriages of convenience and few hasty marriages then. The courting was long and there were no divorcees to follow. The young people might meet often at the singing-school, or the dance, or the husking bee; but these did not take the place of regular courting.

"The courting was on Sunday night and the young man went religiously to see his girl and remained so until midnight with the object of his affection, even though her father and mother and the younger children were present to share the visit; and when he went home, either through the storm or under the bright starlight, he walked the earth as a conqueror, for he had been in presence that to him represented the real poem of life. He had been courting! And that is all we need, to bring safe and sane ideas of marriage—courting—courting in the true sense of the word, the man seeking, if not serving, like Jacob, seven years for the object of his affection. Then he will stick to her and she to him through life. There wep some old fashions that have not been improved upon, and one of them is the old way of courting."

Up Before the Bar.

N. H. Brown, an attorney of Pittsfield, Vt., writes: "We have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for years and find them a good family medicine we wouldn't be without them." For Chills, Constipation, Biliousness or Sick Headache they work wonders. 25c at all drug stores.

Wife—Several men I rejected are now wealthier than you.

Hubby—That's why they are.

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THE NEW HATS.

Charlotte People's Paper.

The designer, or architect, of the ladies' hats this season should, if the hats are used as they can be, receive a royalty on every one sold, as long as the style continues stylish.

First style we call the cap. Besides a head covering it's the correct size and shape for capping wheat shocks; or it can be used for a calf shed. The hat is about the size of a 1200-pound sea turtle's shell. If two ladies enter the same street car they will be required to take seats in front of the car, otherwise there will not be room to pass them.

The second style, they fit any head, waste basket style, we notice is the coming-down to the shoulders; and a meal sack, trim them to suit your respective tastes. When not on the head these can be used for carrying fruit from the orchard, eggs from the barn, corn to the hogs, chips, cotton seed out to the field, is also fine and useful at later digging time to load the wagon, is nice to set in the corner to keep the shovel, poker, and tongs in. Every female in the country should have one of these; in city they can be used for market baskets, coal scuttles, kennels for poodle dogs, waste baskets and the like.

The third style for want of an official name, we call the head gear. Outside of their utility as head gear they are the correct shape for ladies' work baskets; for setting hens and geese they are dandies as they hold 15 to 18 eggs, with plenty of space room left for the hen or goose, are nice too for haking the Xmas cake.

A fellow who lives up the Stateville road that has no or read about Ananias says his best girl bought a roll of crepe-paper and some headed tacks, then took a chopping block, turned it upside down and tacked the paper around it put it on her head and said she was ready for Easter.

If you have any doubt about the truth of what we have said call and see the hats.

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