

SALTS IF BACKACHE AND KIDNEYS HURT

Drink lots of water and stop eating meat for a while if your bladder troubles you.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and laggard. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells, your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is hot you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then set fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and causes a delightful, refreshing lithia-water drink.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

305 acres of land on both sides of China Grove and Organ Church public road, from three to four miles east of Kannapolis, Landis and China Grove, two story, 12 room dwelling; two double barns, two tenant dwellings, several out-buildings, quarter of mile to good school, two and three miles to churches; 75 acres in cultivation; 20 acres meadow; 175 acres in fine virgin pine and oak timber; 40-acre pasture wired in, good orchard. The land lies well and produces fine cotton and grain.

JOHN K. PATTERSON.

WHEN BUILDING

Be assured that your plumbing equipment can be satisfactory in every respect if you make your selection from our display of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures.

Z. B. GRADY
Plumbing.

FOR SALE

Five-room on east side of North Union street, lot 56x185 feet, \$1,500. Four-room cottage on West Depot street at a bargain.

Two story dwelling on East Depot street, lot 91 feet front and contains about one acre, cheap at \$1,500.

JOHN K. PATTERSON, Real Estate Agent.

Sleeping Car Service Between Charlotte and Asheville.

Effective Monday, June 8th, Southern Railway will operate a sleeping car between Charlotte and Asheville via Salisbury. This car will be open to receive passengers at Charlotte at 9:30 p. m., and will arrive at Black Mountain at 9:25 a. m., and Asheville at 10:00 a. m. following morning. Returning the car will leave Asheville at 7:00 p. m., Black Mountain at 7:45 p. m. This will be a great accommodation, as can spend the day at home and be in Western North Carolina the following morning, making the trip at night.

R. H. DeBUTTS, D. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

FOR SALE

Sixty-six acres, two and half miles east of Concord, fronting on two public roads, good dwelling, double barn and several out-buildings. The cultivated land is red and lies well. Five acres bottom, and plenty of timber.

JNO. K. PATTERSON.

NORFOLK SOUTHERN RAILROAD

Schedule Effective June 11, 1914.

No. 32 leave Charlotte 4:50 p. m. Leave Star 8:05 p. m., arriving Asheville 9:10 p. m.

No. 32 connects at Star with No. 73 arriving Jackson Springs 9:12 p. m. and Aberdeen 10:00 p. m.

No. 71 leave Asheville 7:25 a. m., arriving Charlotte 11:45 a. m.

No. 70 leave Aberdeen 6:35 a. m. Leave Jackson Springs 7:23 a. m. connecting at Star for Charlotte.

Week-end tickets to Jackson J. F. MITCHELL, T. P. A., Raleigh, N. C.

H. S. LEARD, G. P. A., Norfolk, Va.

HOTEL MARIE ANTONETTE
NEW YORK

BROADWAY AT 66th STREET

A high-grade hotel conducted on the European plan at moderate prices.

Subway at the hotel entrance—Broadway surface cars and Fifth Avenue bus pass the door.

Woolley & Graffam, Props., 410 Broadway, N. Y.

LIST OF CONTESTANTS AND HOW THEY STAND.

DISTRICT NO. 1.

This district includes all of the territory within the limits of the city of Concord.

Miss Cooper Muller	39,000
W. T. Jerome	5,980
Miss Irene McConnell	23,900
W. B. Musgrave	5,240
W. J. Williams	5,000
A. W. Wilson	5,219
Miss Helen Suther	19,959
James Henderson	5,239
Miss Helen Kentz	47,310
J. B. Harty	5,219
Miss Emma Moore	5,139
Carl Spears	9,099
E. H. Falbert	5,149
M. A. Tolson	5,040
Miss Constance Chine	15,109
Miss Jennie Morrison	20,430
John W. Cline	5,289
Miss Lela Bruton	108,230
H. U. Rogers	5,219
E. B. Grady	5,389
Mary B. Correll	5,399
C. Hartman	5,130
Mrs. Zeh Moore	5,370
Mrs. Ida Hodson	45,430
A. Robinson	5,189
James E. Baker	5,250
F. C. Felt	5,450
D. J. P. Bunn	113,780
E. C. Turner	5,179
W. L. Lutz	5,239
Miss Dolly Fowkes	9,250
Miss Mary Parrnell	30,940
Miss Mattie Jones	5,220
L. Lighton Brown	51,820
Miss Ora Honeycutt	5,239
G. L. Fisher	5,230
Miss Maude Gibson	15,200
Frank Carroll	5,123
Miss Lena Fisher	15,279
Miss Helen Fisher	36,289
Rev. C. P. MacLaughlin	5,200
Miss Helen Werner	5,230
Miss Winnie Frieze	15,470
Miss Myrtle Patterson	9,610

DISTRICT NO. 2.

This district includes all of the territory on side of the city of Concord.

Concord, R. F. D. No. 1.

John F. Oehler	5,210
Miss Virginia Harris	9,750
Miss Lavina Fisher	55,000
Miss Emma Bonds	5,230
Miss Annie Cannon	5,140
Miss Mary Bramley	5,220
Miss Maud MacLaughlin	15,130
Miss Estella Crowell	5,430
J. Ivey Cline	19,070
F. Davis Bramley	5,130

Concord, R. F. D. No. 2.

Miss Mary Rankin	25,180
John Welsh	10,430
J. D. Frazier	5,210
J. L. Gorman	5,180
John Welch	10,249
J. A. Stroud	10,400
M. O. Bradford	7,310
S. M. Stone	5,210
T. H. Ridenhour	5,280
Dan Emerson	9,040
H. B. Emerson	5,230
Robert Johnson	120,200
Dr. G. J. Gouger	5,140
Miss Ella Mae Rumble	5,810
Miss Beulah Bradford	5,140
Miss Mamie Snow	19,210
Miss M. J. Pharr	7,230

Concord, R. F. D. No. 3.

Miss Mary Eamhardt	201,530
C. M. Misener	5,140
P. M. Misener	5,470
W. N. Cline	75,540
Miss Bessie Thompson	35,830
Miss Ida Blackwelder	10,040
Miss Blanch Sanford	5,810
D. B. Grant	5,400
B. B. Cantor	5,050
M. H. Carter	9,240

Concord, R. F. D. No. 4.

M. W. Allman	5,170
J. H. Barrier	5,240
J. W. Walker	5,410
J. A. Watts	5,230
Miss Beatrice Beason	32,240
Miss Leola Carter	5,620
H. C. Ridenhour	5,140
Miss Mamie Barrier	25,210
Miss Lillian Clue	5,300
B. L. Crowell	5,140
John A. Suther	35,410
Mrs. A. W. Goodman	13,340

Concord, R. F. D. No. 5.

J. E. Carter	5,140
A. H. Litaker	31,480
Bismark Wether	15,310
J. L. D. Barringer	5,240
Mrs. Vance Cline	7,120
Miss Nell Grier	5,040
Miss Florence Barnhardt	5,030
Miss Jewell Deal	35,720
Bene Lefler	11,040

Concord, R. F. D. No. 6.

T. L. Boat	9,020
Frank Piarr	5,150
J. B. Price	5,040
W. P. Legend	5,140
P. P. Stallings	5,290
Miss Elizabeth Gouley	37,460

Concord, R. F. D. No. 7.

C. W. Best	5,240
J. M. White	5,230
Miss Fannie Boat	5,170

Kannapolis.

Mrs. Maud Richardson	5,280
Mrs. W. C. Graham	170,920
Mrs. C. M. Powell	5,090
Miss Sarah Henderson	5,110
Miss Lois MacDonald	5,210
Miss Nell Haynes	40,060
Mrs. H. L. Lips	5,210
Miss Hortense Butler	35,140
Miss Pearl Patterson	15,410
Miss Ruth Montgomery	15,230
Mrs. Raymond Phillips	5,400
Miss L. S. Eddleman	5,260
Miss Mary Hawkins	9,250
Miss Nellie McClamrock	49,230
John G. Sloan	5,400
J. W. Stratford	20,500
H. L. McBrey	5,000
T. P. Moore	5,200
Charles H. Folt	25,000
Miss Ruth Propst	10,060
Miss Ollie Cantor	35,200
Miss Ruth Waugh	5,300
Miss Amanda Culp	7,190
Miss Lela Cooke	10,000

TAPS AND REVELLE

By EDWARD MARSHALL.

(Overnight.)

Clear and high and silvery, clearing—with a smooth cry as of insistent woe—the uproar of the city's traffic down by the Twenty-third street ferris, rose the call of Berger's bugle, playing "Taps" as he sought among the tenements and butcher shops and boarding houses for knives and shears to grind.

It carried to the ears of Bloom, in his little shanty at the pier-end, where he was "chief shipping clerk at dock" for a great hardware firm, a flood of memories, all sad—of nights upon far southern battle fields when joy of war was wholly gone from the blue fighters, and men sank in sleep of absolute, death-like exhaustion.

Not one bright reminiscence came to Bloom, the aged veteran, at sound of that intense, pathetic call.

"Why does he play 'Taps'?" he cried. "Great Lord! Why 'Taps'?" He moved uneasily upon his stool.

"Ach," he said, so loudly that he drew attention from the youths on two high stools who, as his assistants, occupied the little dockhouse with him. "Is death so far away that old men, such as him and me, must keep ourselves reminded of it with a horn?"

He rose, acutely irritated, and went to a little window which looked out upon the swirling waters of the slip, foul and greasy as the tide paused at the turn. The two clerks, rebellious at being forced to work under an old man, grinned, for they could see the son of the company's president coming up the dock and they knew the methods of that youth.

Their little hearts, not yet developed and expanded by the long pulsations of deep sorrow and experience, leaped with an exultation which they did not know was mean. If young Fuhrstadt but looked in white Bloom was leafing, things might progress upon that dock! Bloom was the only real old fogey left about the place. Young Fuhrstadt, since his aged father had been forced to stay at home because of rheumatism, had wiped the others all away. But, that day he did not look in as he passed.

Later, at the small restaurant where, daily, they had luncheon, Bloom met Berger.

"Man," he said to him, "why is it that you always play 'Taps'?"

"And why not?" Berger answered. "It is slow and easy. Those other calls, they are too nimble. 'Taps' brings trade as well as would the 'Reveille'."

"True," said Bloom, "you were a cook in army days, no bugler. You learned late. And 'Taps' is slow and easy. I understand. I often wondered."

"That is how it is," said Berger.

Next day, Bloom again went to the window for a moment, and young Fuhrstadt did look in. He was amazed. "Hi, you!" he cried.

Bloom quickly turned, although he felt no fear. He thought himself a fixture on the dock.

"Is it something I can do?" he asked.

"Yes," was the sarcastic answer, "get to work."

The two youths bent above their books, smothering laughter.

Bloom felt that he was standing in the middle of the ruin of all things.

Anger first, then panic, seized him. Was he, then, who had believed himself secure, to lose his chance of earning his small livelihood? Was the fact that he had been the tent-mate of young Fuhrstadt's father 40 years and more ago, not to be considered?

"No, no," Berger had answered to a query. "That would be charity. It would be bitterest of all."

Down in his boarding house at Bloom, white-faced, having reached a great decision. It was a young man's world. In it was no place for veterans, for "has-beens," he quoted bitterly from the young clerks.

It was no place for him, so on the table lay an old-time pistol, newly loaded. He had faced death, many times, in the old days, without a tremor, when he was young, with everything before him. Should he falter now, when nothing was before him?

He had raised the pistol to his forehead, when a thought came to him: Berger would be passing presently with his call of "Taps."

It would be fitting that he wait for the slow bugle notes; they would be music most appropriate to his old ears as he was steeled to start upon the last long sleep, prepared to have "Lights out" forever for his dim old eyes. Yes, he would wait.

Berger's lips bothered him as he went downtown in the underground. He could feel that they had swollen that afternoon, even beyond the thick proportions to which the previous night of practicing upon his bugle softly in the back yard of the tenement he lived in, had brought them in the morning.

"Ach! Bloom will be surprised," he told himself.

And Bloom was not finding waiting tedious. Putting from it with relief, until the time should come to take it up appropriately, the thought of death, his mind dwelt on far memories.

He placed small keepakes of his good old wife in the breast pocket of his coat—the pocket nearest to his heart. He wrote a brief farewell to Berger, and another to the gray commander of his post in the Grand Army. The letter to the commander said:

"I'm waiting now for Berger to go by, and play 'Taps' on his bugle. It kind of comes to me that as I go to sleep it will be nice to hear that 'Taps' call blown. 'Reveille' is for young men. 'Taps'—that is the call for us—for me, and, pretty soon, for you and all the rest. Good-by, I bid you."

Then he waited five, ten, fifteen minutes. He fingered the pistol calmly. Its chill touch did not worry him. It was to be the instrument of his release, an old man, from a young man's world.

There was a brilliant smile on Berger's face as he went to get his scissors grinding outfit and his bugle; his step was almost jaunty as he passed out upon the street with them, and hurried briskly toward Bloom's boarding house. As, nearing, he raised the bugle to his lips he had to kill a smile in order to conform to the small brass multipiece.

"Ah!" he was thinking, "here is a surprise for Bloom!"

At the first soft quaver of the throny, brazen call, the pistol which had been hanging loosely in Bloom's hand twitched as the muscles of his fingers and his lean old wrist contracted. He glanced about the room to see that everything was in good order.

He had forgotten nothing, he assured himself. Now, as soon as "Taps" was finished—

But—what?

Those which were coming through the open window were not the long and mournful notes his ears had been expecting. It could not, after all, be Berger who was playing.

Some coaching party probably had wandered to the dingy side street, or some ingenious auto-horn had been de-livered which accurately counterfeited lip-blown bugle calls.

No, not the notes of "Taps," quick and sharp and shrill, they reached him, without a hint of sadness.

"Triumphantly they sang of hope and energy and joy, declaring birth of a new day. No farewell was that call, but greeting—loud, melodious, inspiring."

"It's 'Reveille'!" he muttered. "Reveille!"

There was a clatter on the stairs. Berger entered gaily.

"Did I play it good?" he cried. "It may be braced you up a little, huh? It braced me up a whole lot to play it. Yes, it did."

Splendid Concord Property FOR SALE

We offer for sale the following very valuable real estate in the city of Concord:

The well known residence of the late Judge Montgomery on North Union Street, size of lot, 82x224 feet. This splendid home has 10 big rooms, besides two bath rooms. Barn and outhouses. Price \$6,500.

One vacant lot on south side of the above, adjoining W. G. Meais, size 60x224. Price \$3,500.

One vacant lot on north side, adjoining C. J. Harris, size of lot 60x224. Price \$3,500.

One house and lot on Church street, lot 69x115 feet. This house is entirely new and has five rooms besides bath room. Has sewerage and electric lights. Price \$1,750.

One small house and lot on Church street, size of lot, 60x117. Price \$350. Rents for 75 cents a week.

One small house and lot on Church street, adjoining the above, size of lot, 60x119. Price \$300. Rents for 75 cents a week.

SOUTHERN LOAN & TRUST COMPANY, J. B. SHERRILL, Concord, N. C.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Hedgehorn" bicycle furnished by us. Our Rider Agents everywhere are making money fast. Write for full particulars and special offer of \$10.00 MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve your bicycle. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance, prepaid freight, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent. We furnish the highest grade bicycles in a factory price and reasonable special offers.

FACTORY PRICES—possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profits by buying direct from us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our unbound of factory prices and reasonable special offers.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models. The wonderful low price we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles at \$10.00. We are making money fast. Write for our latest catalogue. **COASTER BRAKES**, single wheels, imported rubber tubes and pads, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at half the regular retail price.

\$10.00 Hedgehorn Puncture-Proof \$4.80

Self-healing Tires to SADDLE, ONLY

The regular retail price of these tires is \$10.00 per pair, but to introduce them we will give a sample pair for \$4.80 with order \$4.80.

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Paths, tracks or glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year. We are making money fast. Write for our latest catalogue. **COASTER BRAKES**, single wheels, imported rubber tubes and pads, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at half the regular retail price.

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The net average repair cost of the Hup owner is less than 2 mills per mile. That's one striking instance of Hup economy.

But Hup economy also includes low gasoline cost, low oil cost, low tire cost. It includes, too, low depreciation.

These Hup reasons are important—let us give them to you.

Hup owners figure the latter at one cent a mile. Prove these facts for yourself. Ask any Hup owner. Then give us a chance to tell you—Why the Hupmobile costs less to run—Why the Hupmobile commands a higher second-hand price—Why the Hupmobile is "The Car of the American Family."

Cabarrus Motor Co.

Concord, N. C.

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