

# THE TRIBUNE.

Daily and Semi-Weekly

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JAS. F. HURLEY.

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### Publishers' Announcement.

The office of THE TRIBUNE is in the brick row, No. 53 Union St. Phone 144. Advertising Rates can be had at the office. Copy for changes must be in by 10 o'clock a. m.

THE TRIBUNE is delivered by carriers to every portion of the city. We keep in delivering the papers and are subscribers to report all irregularities promptly to this office.

Changes of the name, Resolutions of Respect and similar articles are charged for at the rate of 5 cents per line—this in all cases.

CONCORD, N. C. April 17, 1906.

Congressman Kitchen, of the fifth district, is opposed to the fast mail appropriation for the Southern which assures us the 97 service. Some of Mr Kitchen's friends are very much displeased at this action, but in as much as he goes on record as being opposed to subsidies at all times it could scarcely be expected that he could support this measure and be consistent. The section which this mail benefits gets very little and having learned to appreciate the service does not want to see it discontinued.

Our good friend, Mr W M Weddington, wants to know "how come" a few things the Southern does. The only reply we could make, as a suggestion, is that life is too short to try to get on to all the curves of a railroad or to try to provoke an explanation.

Governor Glenn spends Sunday in Concord and will be heard with much interest by Concord people. Concord has a cordial welcome for the chief executive.

The Tar Heel has never spared Butler and this week's issue flays him worse than ever. The Republicans certainly have Butler about properly sized up.

Infanticide is murder without a chance at the plea of self defense.

The base ball reports are coming in daily.

### A SPLENDID INSTITUTION.

The Cabarrus B. L. & Savings Association to Increase Its Capital Stock—Doubling Present Stock.

Mr. J. M. Hendrix, the Secretary and Treasurer of the Cabarrus County Building and Loan Association, who is now doing some very clever advertising in the Tribune, is an enthusiast on building and loan. He believes in it, and when he talks it sincerity is plainly stamped on every word. Mr. Hendrix is free to confess that he is enthusiastic in believing in the good of the idea and has a volume of information and facts at his command. The association Mr. Hendrix represents is eight years old and has never lost a dollar, though it has made dollars for the shareholders. The Cabarrus is capitalized at \$25,000 and is going to increase this, doubling that amount. This is necessary to accommodate the demand. Mr. Hendrix likes to talk, when, in a quiet way, you get him once begun, on the beauties and benefits of a home-making, home-building associations such as he represents. The fact that in eight years not a dollar has been lost, that many homes have been built, and that the stock must be increased to accommodate the demands—these things speak largely and prove the usefulness of these most splendid institutions. Already many shares of the new stock have been spoken for, and as soon as the 2,500 additional shares are authorized many more will go. This is a splendid institution and to talk to men like Mr. Hendrix makes one think the more of it.

Don't fool yourself that because a woman talks all the time she hasn't any sense open for fresh goods.

A word of advice to our friends.

## An Angel

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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Margaret came from the orchard whistling cheerily, a heaped basket of jewel red apples poised carefully upon her bare brown head. Miss Prudence Heathcote, her aunt and guardian, frowned at the whistling, but had to smile a bit when Margaret broke out: "Now, Prudence, precious, come at me with the saying about whistling girls and crowing hens! I know you hate my sole musical accomplishment, but this day is enough to set a graven image whistling, even dancing, if it was of anything softer than granite. You ought to be out in it. The orchard is a place enchanted. I didn't know until now things so prosaic as apple and cider making could set themselves to music."

"H-m!" Miss Prudence said. "H-m! May I ask if Jimmy Blair is out there, as he promised to be?"

"Of course! A gentleman keeps his promises, doesn't he?" Margaret answered, tossing her head, but flushing in spite of herself.

Again Miss Prudence said "H-m!" There appeared to be nothing else to say. But after two breaths she got up and moved toward the kitchen, sighing out: "And of course he'll be here to dinner. That means cooking things. Men do have such atrocious appetites."

"I'm glad they do," Margaret retorted shamelessly. "I've got one to match anybody. Oh, Aunty Prue, do make a point of putting! Make it very rich and have lots of thick, sweet, real lemon sauce."

"Go 'way, you baggage!" Miss Prudence said over her shoulder. "Who told you what Jimmy likes best? I've the greatest mind to make dried apple pies, just to see if he would know the difference," smiling at Margaret as she spoke the last sentence.

Margaret blushed very red and began to pout. "You mean Jimmy is so gone on me he's not in his right mind," she said. "But you're all wrong, Aunty Prue. I-I don't believe he cares for me a bit—hardly. Not that way, at least. All this week he's been as kind as could be, but distant—as if he was afraid I wouldn't understand."

"Then there's mischief afoot, what sort I've got to find out," Miss Prudence said vigorously, her hand on the door knob, "for if ever any lad was clean out of his head, clean idiotic about a girl of a thing, it was Jimmy about you, all last week and all the weeks before it, since you came to stay with me."

"Mischief afoot, but where?" she kept mentally repeating to herself as she whisked about the trim kitchen, her brows puckered, her eyes introspective. On the surface she could see nothing. Naturally had opened any right or wrong to be interfering but soon the note Jimmy was an orphan the same as her Peggy. Moreover, he had never had the least shadow of an entanglement. True, various and sundry young women had been setting their caps at him, pretty caps, modestly so—but he had overlooked them all—unless it were—Miss Prue gave a great start. There was the root of the trouble; its name, Vidella Bane. Jimmy had rather made up to her in the weeks just before Peggy came. Now that she thought of it, he had squirmed Della to church two Sundays running, besides buying many things for her at the strawberry supper and fair. And Della, it was well known, wanted to marry and settle herself. She had three younger sisters crowding her in the home nest. Naturally she would do what she could to hold Jimmy, the best chance in all Easton town.

But how she had done it Miss Prudence could not fathom, although she studied the problem almost to the detriment of her dinner. She sat down to it still puzzled. Jimmy greeted her and the dinner rapturously and talked a great deal of his appetite and of many other things, but somehow did not eat with his usual zest, although he made a fair meal. Nobody with a palate could help doing that with such things as Miss Prudence set before him. Jimmy assured Margaret more than once that if such cooking ran in the family her future husband was the luckiest fellow alive.

"I think so too. That's why it's so provoking not to have him come along," Margaret said at last. "Only think, Jimmy, I'm almost twenty-one and have never had a real business beau! Isn't it shameful when Aunty Prue is going to will me all her pretty dishes and the Heathcote silver? Fancy an heiress without a sweetheart!"

"Such destitution is painful—so painful I hardly believe it exists," Jimmy said, turning away his head, then breaking inconspicuously into talk of something else.

Miss Prudence, watching him, saw that his teeth had set before he could speak. Of the seeing came enlightenment in part. She meant to make it whole before she was much older. So as soon as dinner was over she sent Margaret upon an errand and herself drew Jimmy on to the barn with a pretext of wanting his advice as to the new hayloft and stalls. She was a straight speaking person, womanly, withal courageous. So as soon as they were inside the stall space she wheeled upon Jimmy, asking plumply, "What cock and bull story has Della Bane told you?"

"What she had told me anything?" Jimmy returned. "Besides, she didn't need to. My eyes are fairly trustworthy."

"Sure of it?" Miss Prudence asked.

"If you are, please to tell me what

STATE FARM, CITY OF TOLEDO, OHIO, LEVY'S COURT.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is holder in fee of the farm of F. J. Cheney & Co., situate within the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said farm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every acre of said farm that cannot be owned by the said F. J. Cheney & Co., FRANK J. CHENEY, President of said farm, and that said farm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every acre of said farm that cannot be owned by the said F. J. Cheney & Co., FRANK J. CHENEY, President of said farm, and that said farm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every acre of said farm that cannot be owned by the said F. J. Cheney & Co., FRANK J. CHENEY, President of said farm.

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L. KEARNS, Concord, N. C.

they have told you about my Peggy. I know you think you've got a grievance—no, not exactly a grievance, but a hurt."

"It is a hurt, but I don't blame her for it. I can't—she—she must have met the other fellow first," Jimmy said, turning a way his head. Miss Prudence stamped her foot. "What other fellow?" she demanded.

Jimmy answered miserably: "The one I saw her kissing and hugging Saturday out under the chestnut tree. She was all dressed up, in white and low necked, and they were carrying on like mad, else I shouldn't have seen them. I—I started to go up when I heard her talking, but after I caught a word or two sneaked away, like a whipped hound."

"No doubt," Miss Prudence said angrily, "but tell me this—where did you sneak to? Went straight home, I reckon, and after supper over to the Banquets. That right?" Jimmy nodded.

"Now tell me straight what Miss Della told you and how she came to do it."

"I won't," Jimmy said stoutly. "I'm no tattler. I'd seen enough and Della saw it had made me mighty miserable. All she did was to set me right—let me know Margaret was—"

"Playing, play acting with her?" Miss Prudence broke in. "Did she tell you that—tell you how the girls have been practicing against the church social? Della was dressed up in man's clothes and my Peggy playing sweetheart to her. I know. I was there, up on the big dead trunk, holding the play book and laughing fit to kill. Now, don't you wish you had sneaked the other way?"

"You—you don't mean there isn't any other fellow?" Jimmy cried incredulously.

Miss Prudence sniffed. "Of course I don't mean any such thing. There are twenty other fellows—bound to be with a girl like Margaret—but I don't believe she likes any of them best unless it is the very chuckyhead I'm talking to right now."

"Miss Prudence," Jimmy ejaculated, then caught her right in his arms. He was shaking like a leaf, as near to laughing as to crying.

Thus Margaret came upon them and called out roughly: "Is it to be real by Uncle Jimmy? Well, I don't mind so long as we have you in the family."

"It's to be anything in the world you say," Jimmy said, darting to her. Then as he caught both her hands and laid them against his breast, he turned a burning face upon Miss Prudence, saying: "Peggy is sweet enough, pretty enough, for anything, but when it comes to looking like an angel to a man in trouble, why, she'll never be in it with our Aunty Prue!"

### The Great Headache Cure Bromo-Pepsin

"Note the Word Pepsin"

Cures Headache, Indigestion, Insomnia, Nervousness On the Spot.

No Opiates. Absolutely Harmless

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FOR SALE—One 40-horse power boiler, 1 25-horse power engine, 1 25-horse power boiler, 1 20-horse power engine, 1 saw mill outfit, 1 24-inch planer, 1 9-inch, 4 sided molding machine; 1 lathe, 18-inch swing, 8 1/2-foot bed; 1 22 1/2 inch Barnes drill press. W A BRATTON, Concord, N. C., at Missouri power plant, west of depot. 4 4 4 d and w

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Chickens, Eggs and Butter received from the country every day. The D J Bost Co.

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WANTED—To rent rooms in home with family close to my work, or would rent small cottage. Apply to Mrs Ida Harbaugh

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L. KEARNS, Concord, N. C.

## No Operation

Mrs. Malinda Akers, of Basham, Va., writes: "I had what doctors call 'prolapse,' and couldn't stand straight. I had pain in my back and shoulders, and was very irregular and profuse. Doctors said an operation was needed, but I couldn't bear the thought of the knife. After taking three bottles of Wine of Cardui, I could walk around. Can now do my housework and am in splendid health."

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| <b>Jap Silk Waists</b>  | <b>New Line of Battenberg.</b>                 |
| White is the word this year. We are bountifully prepared to liberally supply you every want. White Jap Silk Waist... <b>\$2.50 and \$3.00</b> | Collars from... <b>10c to \$1.50</b>           |
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| Donzella Organdies at... <b>10c</b>   | White Pique Belts at... <b>25c</b>             |
| 36-inch Black Taffeta at... <b>59c</b>  | Brown Linen— <b>12 1/2c, 15c, 20c and 25c</b>  |
| Blue and Black Voils at... <b>50c</b>   | Persian Lawn <b>15c, 20c and 25c</b>           |
| Blue and Black Voils at... <b>\$1.00</b>  | Linen Suitings— <b>110c, 12 1/2c and 15c</b>   |
| Black Canvas Cloth <b>50c and 89c</b>   | 1 Case Apron Check Gingham at <b>5c</b>        |
|   | 1 Case Dress Gingham at... <b>5c</b>           |
|   | 1 Case Fancy Prints at... <b>5c</b>            |

**DRY-HEATH-MILLER CO.**  
H. L. SIMMONS, : : : : Manager.

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### CASH STORE

We have just received a nice line of **SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY** which is ready for your inspection.

**Have you seen our big stock of shoes?**

There has never been a larger or more UP-TO-DATE line of shoes shown in this city. We are offering them at prices that are moving them.

Be sure you see our line of Clothing before you buy.....

RESPECTFULLY,  
**The Dayvault Co.**  
P. S.  
We have just received a car of RED C OIL. This oil makes a LIGHT.

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DAILY SUNDAY SEMI WEEKLY

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Obstinate racking coughs that settle on the lungs and may develop into Pneumonia over night are quickly cured by

## FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

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Given Up to Me With Croup.  
Mrs. F. L. Corlier, of Manassas, Ky., writes: "My three-year old girl had a severe case of croup; the doctor said she could not live and I gave her up to die. I went to the store and got a bottle of FOLEY'S Honey and Tar. The first dose gave quick relief and saved her life."

Editor Cured of Lung Trouble.  
W. L. Straub, Editor of St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times, writes: "When coming across the bay from Port Tampa I got wet and caught a cold that affected my throat and lungs. I neglected it, thinking I would soon recover, but I kept getting worse, until I bought a bottle of FOLEY'S Honey and Tar, and it cured me completely."

Three sizes—1c, 5c, \$1.00. The 5c size contains two and one-half times as much as the small size and the \$1.00 bottle almost six times as much. Refuse Substitutes.

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