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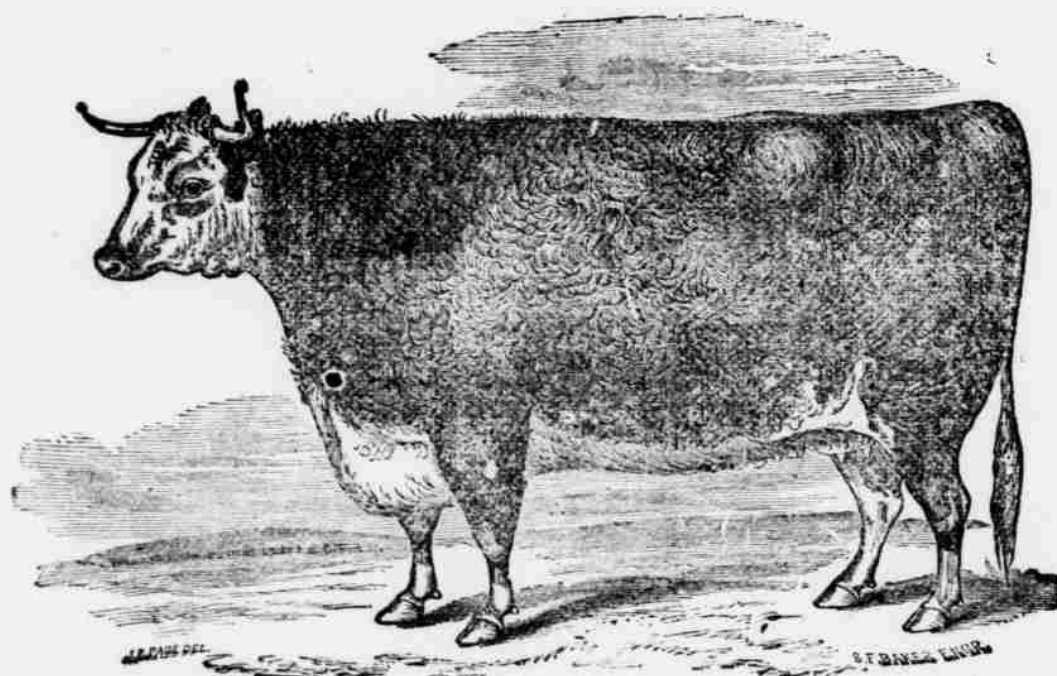
CABARRUS COUNTY AGRICULTURAL & MECHANICAL

FAIR!

FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION!

CONCORD, N. C.,

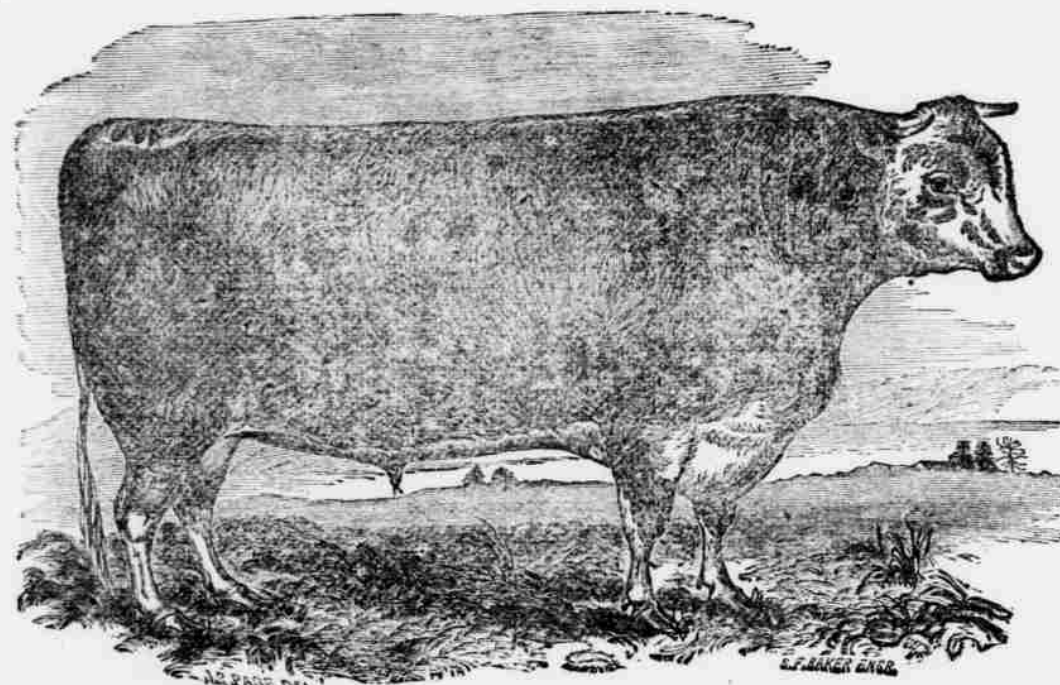
OCTOBER 9, 10, 11 and 12, 1888.



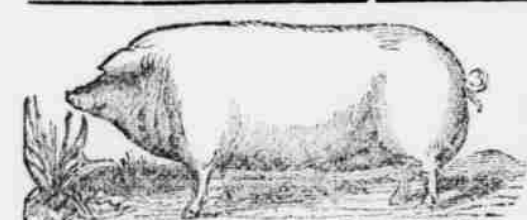
A large and varied exhibit of Stock, Poultry, Farm and Dairy Products, Fruits, Flowers, Ladies' Fancy Work, Machinery, &c., &c.



A well-constructed track for the trials of speed. One or more trotting matches each day. Running races by well-trained horses. Mule races on Friday afternoon.



Gates opened each day at 9 o'clock a. m., and closed at 5 o'clock p. m. Premium list furnished on application. The railroads will give the usual low rates. Come each day and bring your families. **Genuine Agricultural Fair.**



Much to see and much to please. Everybody come. A good time all around may be expected.

One or more addresses each day. Music by a well-trained band.

Single admission, 50 cents; Children under 15 years of age, 25 cents; under 8 years, free. Season tickets, till 25th of September, \$1.00.

H. C. McALLISTER,
President.H. T. J. LUDWIG,
Secretary.H. A. BLACKWELDER,
Treasurer.

LOW PRICES.

THE FALL TRADE

Will soon open, and R. A. BROWN, as usual, is fully prepared to sell every thing in the line of

Dry Goods, Groceries,

—AND—

General Merchandise

—AT—

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

—O—

He is now receiving a Full Stock of Fall and Winter Goods—such as the people need and will have. He will not be undersold, and takes for his motto LOW PRICES. His line of Dry Goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes are no Shoddy Articles or second hand purchases, but the Price will raise a regular RACKET in the Market.

GROCERIES

of the very best quality for every customer. The very best grades of

FLOUR A SPECIALTY,

and always in Stock. Be sure to call on him if you want Bargains. Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods, at Cash Prices. Do not sell before you see him. And now thanking you for the very liberal patronage so freely bestowed heretofore, and asking a continuance of the same. I am Very Respectfully,

R. A. BROWN

Sale of Valuable Land!

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Cabarrus county in the Special Proceedings of F. G. Irwin, Adm'r of J. H. A. Baker, deceased, vs. J. P. Baker and others, I, as Commissioner, will sell at public auction, in front of the court house door in Concord, on the

First Monday in October,

1888, at one o'clock p. m., a tract of land situated in No. 3 Township, said county, containing fifty acres more or less, and adjoining the lands of J. A. Barnhardt, W. F. Curdison and others, it being a part of what was the home place of said John A. Baker. I will also sell the reversion in the dower of Susan A. Baker, said dower consisting of 24 1/2 acres and being a part of said home place.

Terms of sale: One-third cash, balance on six months time with 8 per cent interest per annum from day of sale, secured by good bond. Life reserved until purchase money is paid in full.

E. G. IRWIN, Commissioner.

By W. G. Means, Any

Aug. 13, 1888.

The Weekly

News-Observer.

The Weekly News and Observer is a long ways the best paper ever published in North Carolina. It is a credit to the people and to the State. The people should take a pride in it. It should be in every family. It is an eight page paper, packed full of the best sort of reading matter, news, market reports, and all that. You cannot afford to be without it. Price \$1.25 a year. We will furnish the Weekly News and Observer until January 1st, 1889, for \$1.00 per copy. Address: News and Observer Co., Raleigh, N. C.

GREAT BARGAINS!

In order to close out my stock of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, &c., I will offer great inducements to purchasers until the same is disposed of. Call and see me. I mean just what I say.

Mrs. J. M. CRSS.

NOTICE:

The undersigned having taken out letters of administration on the estate of Aaron Ritchie, dec'd, all persons who are indebted to said estate are hereby notified to come forward and settle, and all persons holding claims against the said estate will present them for payment within twelve months of this notice, or the same will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

S. M. RITCHIE and LITTLE RITCHIE, Adm'r of Aaron Ritchie, dec'd. Aug. 24, 1888.

A. H. PROPST, Architect and Contractor.

Plans and specifications of buildings made in any style. All contracts for buildings faithfully carried out. Office in Caton's building, up stairs.

FURNITURE

CHEAP FOR CASH AT

M. E. CASTOR'S

FURNITURE STORE

Room Suits, Bureaus,

Burial Cases, Caskets, &c.

HO-1-DE COFFINS, ALL KINDS

A SPECIALTY.

I do not sell for cost, but for a small profit. Come and examine my line of goods. Old furniture repaired.

12 M. E. CASTOR.

Sale of Land.

By authority vested in me as Commissioner, by a decree to sell land for partition, filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Cabarrus county, on the 16th day of August, 1888, in a Special Proceeding, wherein Paul Barnhardt and others are Plaintiffs and Paul Barnhardt, Guarlian, P. W. Ury, Guardian, and others are Defendants, I will sell, by public auction, at the Court House door in Concord, N. C., on Monday, the 1st day of October, 1888, a tract of land, known as the home place of Daniel Barnhardt, deceased, in No. 9 township, Cabarrus county, containing 240 acres; the description and boundaries whereof are fully set forth in a deed, for said tract of land, from Daniel Barnhardt to Evelyn Barnhardt, recorded in Book No. 28 page 399, in the office of the Register of Deeds for Cabarrus county.

Terms of Sale:—One fourth of the purchase money in cash, balance payable twelve months after date of sale, secured by note, at eight per cent interest, with good securities and title reserved till purchase money is paid in full.

Title to this land is perfect. GEORGE L. PATTERSON, Commissioner.

August 16th, 1888.

CHAMPION

MOWER: REPAIRS.

I still keep on hand a stock of Champion Mowers. Repairs. My old customers will find me at the old stand, Allison's corner.

—at— C. R. WHITE.

For Sale Cheap,

A SECOND HAND OMNIBUS

with a capacity for two passengers, in good running order. Call at this office.

A Breezy Bear Story.

One afternoon in September, I was toiling over a rocky trail in the Smoky mountains, which range of the Blue Ridge separates a girl about thirteen years of age, bare-headed and barefooted, and having a single garment made of cheap stuff, suddenly jumped into the road a few feet from me, fell down and rolled over and lost her hold on a bundle of roots and barks, and was up and off like a shot. She passed me without seeming to see me, and next minute a bear came rolling out of the bushes upon the spot she had covered. I had a big revolver handy, and Bruin was dead before he could suspect how my hair stood on end and my legs wobbled. He wasn't fifteen feet away, and he looked as big as a yearling calf, and even if I did shoot him with my eyes shut he would have been ashamed of me if I had failed to kill him with six bullets. He was kicking his last when the girl came back regarded him a moment with bulging eyes, and then said: "Lord! but I thought I was a goner! Who be yu'?" "Oh, I happened along here. Why didn't you scream?" "Couldn't. Hadn't wind 'nuff." "How far did he chase you?" "A right smart." "Who are you?" "Sis'm. Come up to my house." She picked up the lost bundle and started on ahead, and a quarter of a mile away we came to a cave and the inevitable mountaineer's cabin. The cave was the same, surroundings the same as a score of others. Aye! The gaunt, miserably dressed woman stood in the door, two children rolled on the ground and a big dog slouched out of the cabin and growled fiercely at the approach of a stranger. Susan led me straight to the door, and as we halted at the threshold she exclaimed:

HE KILLED THE BEAR.

"Bar was chasin' me. He 'un killed it with his popper."

As soon as the matter was understood the three of us went back and made a litter, and after a hard tug we got the bear to the cabin. We had just arrived when the husband came home, having been off on a hunt, and the girl braced up, got a rest for her back against the house and told the story as follows:

"Got my roots 'ed up. Bar come for me. Took a run. Met he 'un. He 'un never run 'tall. Heard him shoot—pop! pop! Went back. Bar dead. Told he 'un to come and see we 'un. Give him yer paw, pop." "Stranger," said the man as he came to me with outstretched hand, "put it there! Reckon you saved the gal's life, for shuah. Mam, give him your paw."

"I see thankful, shore I am," she said as we shook hands.

I wanted to go five miles further up the trail to Uncle Joe Billing's place, but there was a general protest on the instant, and the mountaineer exclaimed:

"Stranger, do yu' think we 'uns are heathen? We's poor, and forlorn 'un' shuckles, but we's got feelings. Yu's got to stop right here till tomorrow."

"Deed he has!" added his wife. "Nobody as saves our Sue from a bar, is gwine to walk off like that."

"I thought I was done gone when I heard him go pop! pop!" said Susan, "and the bar fell down in a heap."

Then there came a period of silence, with every one looking full at me. I knew what was coming. It had come a dozen times in a fortnight. The man was uneasy, while the wife looked puzzled. By and by the husband hesitatingly began:

"Who are you, anyhow?" "Stranger, we 'uns is thankful to yu' 'uns, but—but—"

"It don't make no difference, I say!" exclaimed Susan.

"Yes he do," replied the father, as he pulled a long piece of bark from the log.

"Stranger, we 'uns want to know if—if—"

He couldn't get it out. "You want to know what I am doing here?" I suggested.

"That's it."

"Well, I'm traveling for health and to see how you people live."

"Whar from?" "Michigan."

"Then yu' 'un is a Yank."

"And you fit into the war?" "Yes."

"And you walloped us?" "Yes."

"And you ain't no spy?" "Never."

"Stranger, I believe you! Put it thar! Nobody who fit into the war would be mean 'nuff to come spyin'."

Just feel right at home. All we've got belongs to you."

DOUBTED THE CENSUS FIGURES.

In the evening three or four mountaineers dropped in, one of whom was accompanied by his wife. The woman used their snuff sticks as the men lighted their pipes, and as a starter the host turned to me with:

"Stranger, whar is that Michigan?"

North of Ohio.

"Many people up thar?"

Plenty.

"Twenty thousand?"

"Detroit alone has ten times that many."

He winked at each man in turn, and heard the visiting female exclaim to herself:

"Oh, Lord! please forgive him for lyin'."

"Been on a steamboat?"

Yes.

"More'n one?"

Fifty, I presume.

He winked again, and the visiting female sighed: "Oh, my soul! what a dreadful liar!"

"Mebbe you hev seen the ocean?" remarked one of the men after a signal to all the rest that he would draw me out.

I have.

"Reg'lar ocean?"

Yes.

There was three whistles of astonishment, and the female visitor clapped hands and appealed:

"Oh, Lord! don't lay it up agin him this time, fur he killed the bar."

HE'D SEEN THE PRESIDENT.

It was now the turn for the old man who had thus far preserved the strictest silence. He cleared his throat, uncrossed his legs and observed:

"And I reckon you may hev saw the President?"

Yes, sir.

"What, you hev?" exclaimed all in chorus.

"Certainly, and shaken hands with him."

"Oh, Lord! Oh, my soul! but how has he got the nerve to lie so?" whispered the woman while the others uttered a sort of a groan over my wickedness.

There was a deep silence for several minutes, and then the visiting female leaned forward and said to her husband across the room:

"Joseph, ax him about balloons and telephones."

"I have seen a balloon," I replied. "Lands! but listen to him!"

"And I have talked through a telephone."

"How many times?" "Five hundred."

The women dropped their snuff sticks and each man started up. They looked from one to the other and then at me, and by and by the visiting female slipped off her chair with the words:

"Poor and needy fellow-sinners let us pray for him!"

And I am writing you the solemn truth when I tell you that the prayer went clear around the room, and it was all for my benefit.

Next day when I was ready to go the mountaineer gave me a hearty shake of the hand, called the children up to bid me good-by, and as I started off he whispered:

"If ye stop with any of the boys to-night, cut it off short whar ye saw the ocean. The hull of it is too much for one dose."—Detroit Free Press.

Fifteen New Cases.

Fernandina is in a bad shape. Fifteen new cases are reported this morning, but it is very hard to get any details from the place. Fernandina has at least been declared infected with yellow fever and by the time this is read, the island city will be almost depopulated, unless the people are cut off from a place of safety by the cruel and unnecessary quarantine at certain local points. It is more than probable that the refugees will find no accessible place that great and unnecessary suffering will result. During the past thirty days the fever seems to have been doing its worst there. It has claimed several victims, if the reports that reach us have any foundation, but the character of the disease seemed to have rather been mistaken by the local physicians and the board of Health, or a proper announcement of the facts del berately suppressed with a view to deceiving the public. This forenoon's report is about the same as yesterday's. There are only two deaths reported: Carl Johnson, a clerk in H. T. Boyd's store called "France Joe."

When the Republicans were in power they gave us high taxes and no free schools.

What they gave us once, we may expect from them again if they get back in power.

Shut Up in an English Railroad Car With a Madman.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

On my way from Wales to London I met with one of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed. We were in a railway train going at a terrific velocity. There are two or three locomotives in England celebrated for speed. One they call the Flying Dutchman. Another they name the Yorkshire Devil. We were flying behind one of these locomotives sixty miles an hour. There were five of us—four gentlemen and a lady—in an English car, which is a different thing, as most people know, from the American car, the English car holding comfortably only about eight persons, four of them occupying one seat facing the four on the other. We halted at the depot.

A gentleman came to the door, and stood a moment as if not knowing whether to come in or stay out. The conductor compelling him to decide immediately, he got in. He was finely gloved and every way well dressed. Seated he took out his knife and began the attempt of splitting a sheet of paper edgewise, and at this act intently engaged for perhaps an hour. The suspicion of all in the car was aroused in regard to him, when suddenly he arose and looked around at his fellow passengers, and the fact was revealed by his eye and manner that he was a madman. The lady in the car (she was unaccompanied) became frenzied with fright and rushed to the door as if about to jump out. Planting my feet against the door, I made that death leap impossible.

A look of horror was on all the faces, and the question with each was: "What will the madman do next?" A madman unarmed is alarming, but a madman with an open knife is terrific. In the demonic strength that comes to such a one he might make sad havoc in that flying railway train, or he might spring out of the door, as once or twice he attempted. It was a question between retaining the foaming fury in our company or letting him dash his life out on the rocks. Also it might be a question between his life and the life of one or more in the train. Our own safety said, "Let him go." Our humanity said, "Keep him back from instant death, and humanity triumphed. The bell-rope reaching to the locomotive in England railway trains is outside of the car and near the roof and difficult to reach. I gave it two or three stout pulls, but there was no slackening of speed.

Another passenger repeated the attempt without getting any recognition. We might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind by pulling a boy's kitestring. When an English engineer starts his train he stops for nothing short of a collision, and the bell rope on the outside edges of the car is only to make passengers feel comfortable at the idea that they can stop the train if they want to, and as it is not once in a thousand times any one is willing to risk his arm and reach out of the window long enough to work the rope, the delusion is seldom broken. To rid ourselves of our dangerous associate seemed impossible. Then there came a struggle as to which should have supremacy of that car, right reason or dementia. The demonic moved around the car as if it belonged to him and all the rest of us were intruders. Then he dropped in convulsions across the lap of one of the passengers.

At the moment, when we thought the horror had climaxed, the tragedy was intensified. We plunged into midnight darkness of one of those long tunnels for which England railway travel is celebrated. Minutes seemed hours. Can you imagine a worse position than to be fastened in a railway carriage, eight feet by six, in a tunnel of complete darkness, with a maniac? May the occurrence never be repeated. We knew not what moment he might dash upon us or what way. We waited for the light, and waited while the hair lifted upon the scalp and the blood ran cold. When, at last, the light looked in at the windows, we found the afflicted man lying helplessly across one of the passengers. When the train halted it did not take us long, after handing over the poor unfortunate for medical treatment, to disembark and move into another car.

A youngster sat watching his mother while she pitted cherries. She inadvertently passed one without removing the stone. Hopeful immediately picked it up with the remark, Here's one you didn't nibble, mamma.—Exchange.