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BRING YOUR WOOL TO THE Farmers' Store. And have it shipped to the Gwyn-Harkets, Wolen Mills... GREAT VICTORY OVER HIGH PRICES! THE FIRST BIG DEAL OF THE SUMMER SEASON

GENERAL MERCHANDISE. We are "loaded to the muzzle," and if our stock is not speedily reduced there is danger of an explosion... R. A. BROWN. P. S. Thanking you for past favors, I hope by fair dealing and reasonable prices to merit a continuance of the same.

NEW MILLINERY STORE. I would inform the ladies of Concord and surrounding country that I have opened a new Millinery Store At ALLISON'S CORNER, where they will find a well selected stock of Hats and Bennets

For Sale Cheap, A SEOND HAND OMNIBUS with a capacity for two passengers, in good running order. Call at this office. ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Jas. S. Parker, dec'd., all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make prompt payment...

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Having qualified as administrator of Erwin Allman, deceased, all persons owing said estate are hereby notified that they must make immediate payment or suit will be brought. GEORGE C. HEGLER, Adm'r.

FURNITURE CHEAP FOR CASH AT M. E. CASTOR'S FURNITURE STORE. Room Suites, Bureaus, Burial Cases, Caskets, &c. HOME MADE COFFINS, ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY.

ICE FOR SALE - AT - D. D. JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE. I will deliver at any time. Call and leave your orders.

DUELS AND THE CODE. Some Noted and Comical Fights. Cincinnati Enquirer. The recent duel between Gen. Boulanger and President Floquet calls to mind many similar incidents where insults have been avenged on the field of honor.

Gen. Boulanger called Floquet a liar, and they fought. This was a serious charge with serious results, but men have often fought for the most trivial causes.

President Lincoln was once challenged by Gen. Shields to fight a duel on account of a letter written in a newspaper reflecting on the General.

MOOSE'S Blood Renovator. This valuable Remedy is adapted to the following diseases arising from an impure blood. Rheumatic and Catarrhal diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples, Tetter, Ringworm, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Venereal, and all diseases of like character.

Queer Weapons.—There have been many queer weapons selected by duelists. A Missouri backwoodsman insisted on a combat with raw hides, limiting the time to half an hour's duration.

Gen. Jackson's Duel.—Gen. Jackson's marriage was the cause of a good deal of trouble, both to himself and the country. His wife was the cause of both his duels with Gov. Sevier in 1803, and the cause of his duel with Charles Dickinson afterward.

Gov. Wise's son, O. Jennings Wise, who was killed in the rebellion, fought a duel with Sherman Clemens, who was a member of Congress from Wheeling in 1871, and afterward a lawyer in St. Louis.

domy best to kill you. Good. I have in my house twenty loaves of siegbread, which I have kept for souvenirs. We will sit down and eat against each other. One of us is sure to die."

In the United States there have not been any dwelling parsons, yet a great many preachers carried their tools and were excellent shots.

When Egan and Curren met to decide their quarrel with the pistol's aid, the former complained that he might as well fire at a razor's edge as his adversary's thin body.

Noted fatal duels.—The four most noted fatal duels ever fought in the United States were those between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr at Weehawken, N. J., July 11, 1804.

All of the challenged parties in these duels were mortally wounded or killed. None of the others were injured except Barron, who though dangerously wounded, survived.

When Ed. C. Marshall, afterward Attorney-General for California, put in with "Grease on my knee, Red Eye, what did she grease her knee?"

Preachers' Duels.—It may seem strange that men of the cloth would fight duels, but so late as 1799, Rev. Henry Pate, an Episcopal clergyman, had fought and killed three men in duels.

In 1782 an Episcopal minister, named Rev. Bennett Allen, challenged and killed a Marylander named Lloyd Delany. The duel took place at Hyde Park, London, shortly before midnight, and was fought with pistols at eight paces.

INDIANS AND BUFFALOS. The Dangers of a N. C. Mountaineer Encountered. State Chronicle. "In the Summer of '44 I crossed the plains with the treasure wagons that carried the pay for our frontier army."

"There were six of the treasure wagons, continued he, and it required ten mules to draw each load of silver. Besides these there was a quarter master's train freighted with food and clothing and all that was needed for an army of men."

In those days the plains stretched away one vast unexplored wilderness. No railroad had come near the Mississippi, scarcely a village was in the interior, and across thousands of miles of western country the white man had never passed foot.

Our men relieved the tedious march with hunting, but the daily support of meat did not come without danger. For hardly had our backs been turned upon civilization when the Indians began to gather and from that time on they were rarely out of sight.

At night the animals were corralled. The heavy wagons were circled from rear and within this stockade the heavy wagons were provided with the means of escape.

The Fourth of July found us at Pawnee Fork in New Mexico just fifty miles from old Ft. Mann. At that time the day was red-lettered in a soldier's calendar. No military service was required of him. It was a rest day with a grand feast by the Government and his only duty was to eat and be glad.

We were out of our blankets early. Wagons had been truncheled back, barrels and boxes were handled by willing hands, and knapsacks were searched for hidden flasks or some dainty that would help to celebrate the day.

Suddenly there were screams and whoops and galloping. A shower of arrows fell among the wagons, the men ran to arms, the wounded reared and plunged, drums rattled and for a moment there was wild confusion. Another instant the dragons sprang to saddle and word of command. With whoop and scream a thousand Comanches dashed between them and the cattle and in a moment were stampeding the herd across the plain as fast as frightened beasts could travel.

through my bridle. Just then I saw a comrad cleave an Indian's head with his cutlass and as the Comanche fell backward the lad was run through with a lance from behind. If I fought I could never remember it. They said afterward that I did and there was blood upon my blade, but it seemed to me that I was in a dream, with strange noises in my ears, with horses and lances whirling in a wild dance before me.

By the time we reached camp the Comanches had disappeared with the cattle behind a rise in the prairie. The command did not dare to follow, they thought this dash a feint to draw them from the treasure. To guard it was their duty.

On the following day the cattle were found slaughtered and mutilated by loss of tails and tongues. It was now apparent that the Comanches were in the service of the Mexicans. For these evidences of destruction they received a bounty, and were right in supposing that large inducements had been offered for the destruction of our caravan.

Four days our caravan had been toiling along the north bank of the Arkansas river. Elsewhere upon the plain the water was gone. Vegetation had shriveled and parched under the intense sun. Here and there a few willows, a few cottonwoods, a few shrubs, and here and there a single tree, were all that remained of the day, look which way we would, the plain seemed one vast stretch of rippling water.

It was the morning of the 15th of July and Fort Mann was about twelve miles away. For several days no Indians had been sighted. By night the long, dangerous march would be over and the treasure safely lodged. On we toiled, the weary mules struggling with the wagons, and deep some times in sand. Frequent pauses were necessary, and it was while we rested in the forenoon that I heard a voice at front sing out "Cyclone!"

Men who have lived upon the plain know what the word means, and every eye was turned towards the west. There was no breath of air stirring, not a cloud in the sky, but far off on the horizon was a white line that seemed to roll, swell and rise, "Cyclone!" "Cyclone!"

The long line of dust had rolled nearer as we watched. It boiled up from the earth and turned like a great serpent in pain. It seemed to stretch from the river away to the eastward and was bearing directly upon us. Now and then a strange sound could be heard, low and rumbling like far away thunder. But the mules, quick to detect a storm, had taken no heed of danger, and the men who had been watching in silence began to comment on the slow pace of the blast.

Spurring his horse forward, I saw Love made towards a little sand hill that rose near by in the prairie. My heart never beat so fast. Some danger, tremendous, terrible, I knew not what, was coming upon me. I watched the office as he clambered the little mound and brought his glass to bear upon the dust cloud rapidly approaching. A moment he observed it, then waving his hand came spurring toward us as fast as horse could fly. "Buffalos! Buffalos! Buffalos and Comanches!"

crowded into a circle, the stock corralled, and every man stood rifle in hand. By this time the dust had rolled within a mile. The rattle had grown into a roar. The buffalo could be seen now under the cloud galloping madly towards us, urged on by the thousand screaming Comanches.

No sooner were they in range than our howitzers opened fire. We poured grape and canister amongst them as fast as men could load. The shot moved the beasts down like grain before a scythe, but the living rolled over the dead and trampled the dying. The furrows torn by the missiles closed up as though they had been fired into water.

Our officers redoubled their vigilance, and while we lay to for the wounded a detail was dispatched to Council Grove for cannon. By the time the injured men could ride we had four howitzers. Our little squad of blue coats had shown the Comanches that it would fight, and they were wary. They hovered around us as before, watching from afar, but never came within rifle range. A dozen dragons could scatter hundreds upon the open prairie. The Comanche is a brave and gallant fellow when he can act with whoop and dash, but he cannot stand and fight. They outnumbered us ten to one, but we kept in the open plain and watched.

I fought Comanches a dozen years, I saw Blunt's and followed Kit Carson in some of his wildest rides. I charged Rosecrans's battery across that open plain at Murfreesboro when a hundred cannon poured upon us, but never have I known an enemy as fierce and faced a charge of a hundred thousand buffalos."

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—Mrs. Fanny Ada Scott, a woman with a history, was found dead in her room in a boarding house this morning. She had succumbed to chloroform, which she had been in the habit of taking to get relief from neuralgia. She came to Memphis six years ago, and had gained a scanty livelihood by sewing. On more than one occasion when utterly destitute she was urged to apply to the authorities for assistance, but refused, saying that all she asked of charity was a decent funeral when the death she craved should come. Her maiden name was Fanny Ada Sparks. Her father was Gen. Sparks, prior to the war a man of wealth and high social position. He was at one time connected with the New Orleans press and the reputed author of that touching poem of the war, "Somebody's Darling."

Her first husband was Augustus A. Fowkes, of New Orleans, from whom she was divorced in 1867. Three years later she married Gen. Thos. M. Scott, who commanded the 12th Louisiana regiment during the war. He died three years later. Among Mrs. Scott's effects were found a number of letters from persons of distinction in the Confederacy, including Jefferson Davis and Joseph E. Johnston. It appears that Miss Sparks, must have been a Confederate spy, as mention is made of her being imprisoned by the Federals in Vicksburg and New Orleans during the war. Some time before death she told an acquaintance that she had papers of great historical value, which she proposed selling to the Government, but during her absence from home one day this person stole the documents, and Mrs. Scott could not recover them. From what she let fall in conversation these papers would throw a light on some of the dark passages of the war in the West, and deeply concern leading commanders on both sides.

The workmen of Indianapolis recently resolved that they are "unanimously opposed to the election of Benjamin Harrison to the Presidency, because his life and official record fully demonstrate that he is blindly wedded to the corporate powers of the country, and has no proper regard for the interests of labor."—World.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—The P. company and Col. L. V. O. accompanied by Internal Revenue Commissioner Miller, left Washington last night on a fishing excursion of two or three days in the vicinity of Clifton Forge, in the Blue Ridge mountains.