

Rates of Advertising:

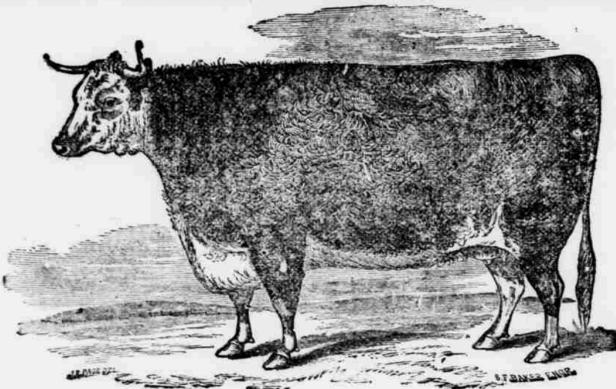
One square, one insertion,	\$.00
One square, one month,	1 00
One square, two months,	2 00
One square, three months,	2 50
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CABARRUS COUNTY
AGRICULTURAL & MECHANICAL

FAIR!
FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION!

CONCORD, N. C.,

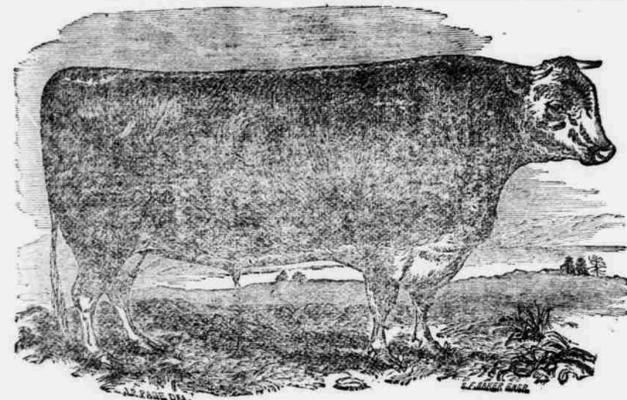
OCTOBER 9, 10, 11 and 12 1888.



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.

A. H. PROPST,
Architect and Contractor.

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

For Sale Cheap,

A SECOND HAND **OMNIBUS** with a capacity for twelve passengers, in good running order. Call at this office.

FURNITURE

CHEAP FOR CASH AT

M. E. CASTOR'S

FURNITURE STORE

Room Suites, Bureaus,

Burial Cases, Caskets, &c.

HOUSEHOLD 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.

M. E. CASTOR.

Sale of Valuable Land!

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Cabarrus county in the Special Proceedings of E. G. Irwin, Adm'r of John 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 land of J. A. Earnhardt, W. F. Cartright 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 Sarah 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. Title reserved until purchase money is paid in full.

CHAMPION
MOWER: REPAIRS.

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

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 LETICIA RITCHIE, Adm'rs of Aaron Ritchie, dec'd. Aug. 24, 1888.

Sale of Land.

By authority vested in me as Commissioner, by 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, D. 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 200 acres; the description and boundaries whereof are fully set forth in a deed, for said tract of land, from Daniel Barnhardt to Eyeline 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 sureties and title reserved till purchase money is paid in full.

Title to this land is perfect.

GEORGE L. PATTERSON, Commissioner August 16th., 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, chock full of the best sort of reading matter, news, market reports, and all that you cannot afford to be without it. Price \$1.50 a year. We will furnish the Weekly News and Observer until January 1st, 1889, for \$1.00 for sample copy.

GREAT BARGAINS!

In order to close out my stock of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, &c., 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.

A BRAVE RIDE.

A Southern Boy's Adventure in the Early Days of the Civil War.

By the side of a little stream, in the shade of an oak tree, Paul lay watching the cork bobbing up and down on the water at his feet. Far off in the distance a misty haze hung like a veil over the dark mass of trees on the mountain side. Over the fields of yellow grain swept agent breeze wafting from the distant meadows the soothing swish of the clumsy farm wagon as they toiled up the long hills, laden with the golden harvest.

The quiet rustling of the leaves, the subdued sounds of the distant reapers' call, the low droning of bees mingled into a soft, drowsy music, and Paul's eyes closed involuntarily. The cheerful tune of the supper horn, the whirr of a lark's wings close to his ear and the sudden splash of the fishing pole into the water were unnoticed.

This was the first summer of the civil war. North and South were ablaze with enthusiasm; the country was full of marching regiments, and troops of cavalry with singing bugles at their heads would dash through quiet village streets and speed away in the darkness to the distant battlefield.

Very quiet it was this sultry afternoon, and no one who looked at the peaceful farm house and the busy slaves harvesting in the fields would have imagined that a few miles away were two armies ready to begin the terrible drama of war.

The shadows of the old stone fences and dusty alderberry bushes lengthened across the road. The cows came slowly up from the pasture tinkling their mellow bells dreamily as they waded in the brook. The reapers, with their scythes across their shoulders, came homeward across the new-mown meadow singing some low sweet lullaby of old slavery days.

Presently there was a sound of horses' feet on the hard pike road. Closer and closer it came and the loud hoof-beats awoke Paul from his slumber. He raised himself on his elbow and peered through the tall grass to see who was coming.

Suddenly a loud yell broke on the still evening air. Paul sprang to his feet. Over the top of the hill just in front of him dashed four confederate horsemen, their horses reeking with sweat and flecked with foam. Almost at their heels charged half a dozen union cavalrymen. Three pistol shots rang out simultaneously, and one of the confederates threw up his arms, reeled for a moment in his saddle and then fell on the dusty wayside. The rest dashed forward with the union men close in the rear.

Down the rocky road, enveloped in a cloud of dust, they went, urging on their tired horses with shouts and turning fire on the foe, who sent laden messengers whizzing past their heads. So pursued and pursued galloped out of sight leaving the poor fellow mortally wounded by the way side with his faithful horse standing near.

Paul sprang over the low stone fence and approached the wounded man.

The confederate courier, for such he was lay on his side, one hand supporting his head and the other clasped tightly to his heart. His face was ghastly pale, the dark eyes quivered, his breath came slow and painfully and a violent tremor shook his frame. From a wound near the right temple a little stream of blood trickled slowly down, staining the gray jacket and settling in a crimson pool in the road.

Paul knelt by his side, raised his head tenderly, and rested it on his knee. The man closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them and fixed them on Paul's frightened face.

"Oh, sir," gasped Paul faintly, "is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing, nothing," murmured the man. "It's all over with me now," and he pointed to the wound in his forehead.

"Let me run to the house and get something for you or have them bring you up home on a wagon," pleaded Paul, as he wiped away the blood with his handkerchief.

"But the yankees will soon return and they will find my dispatches on me. They are important ones and had to be delivered by ten tonight, or else—we would lose the battle tomorrow."

"Couldn't they be sent, sir?" queried Paul, anxious to relieve him.

"There's no one to take them—at least no one I could trust, murmured the soldier. "And besides, the distance is over thirty miles and the yankees are before us on the road."

A bright thought struck Paul.

"I will take them, sir," he said quickly. "To whom are they to be delivered?"

"Colonel Raynor, Forty-third Virginia cavalry, at Rockville. But could you really undertake such a ride—thirty-five miles in four hours?" and the dying soldier looked anxiously at Paul.

"Yes, sir; I promise you I will do it," answered Paul bravely.

The man pointed to his vest pocket. Paul drew out from it a blood-stained packet of dispatches.

The man was very near the end now. With a grateful smile at the young face bending over him, he whispered faintly:

"Thank you, oh, thank you—you will save the men. Tell them why I could not come. Send my watch to my mother, whose address is on this letter. Tell them how I died—and bury me here—here."

The eyes closed, the hands dropped, the head fell back, and the brave courier lay dead by the roadside. Paul spread the cavalry cloak over the still form, thrust the dispatches in his pocket, sprang on the waiting charger and started down the road.

It was now about six o'clock. If he wished to keep his promise there was no time to lose. Should he go home first, it would be a great delay, and perhaps they would not let him go at all. So he determined to start immediately.

He called a negro man who stood in a field near by, telling him to run to the house, inform the family of what had happened, and have the soldier's body cared for immediately. Then touching the fiery horse with his heels, he dashed off down the road.

The horse, a blooded animal with arching neck, slender limbs, plunged forward as if stung and swept on at a hard gallop. Down they clattered, past the farm, over the wooden bridge, then out into the level road once more. It was growing dark rapidly. Low in the east were great banks of dark clouds, through which the lightning flashed, and in the distance could be heard the low rumble of thunder.

They neared a dark forest that loomed up before them. Paul was a brave boy, but he could not help glancing anxiously at the deep shadows of the woods, at the tall trees flitting by and listening to the dismal echoes his horse's footfalls awoke. Suddenly there came a flash of lightning and a tall oak, shivered from top to bottom, fell across the pathway. At the same time a loud clap of thunder shook the ground and died away in low reverberations over against the distant mountains.

Paul's horse reared on its haunches, paralyzed with fear; then, trembling in every limb with a wild neigh of terror, it made a flying leap over the prostrate tree and darted down the road with flying feet.

Paul knew his danger, but he was accustomed to riding, and he clung to the saddle with his head bent forward on the horse's neck. To keep the horse straight in the road was his object, and each moment bore them nearer their destination.

ed neck, quivering nostrils, limbs trembling with fear.

Out of the woods into the open road again, and Paul drew a sigh of relief. Before him were the twinkling lights of a village. Up the hill he came and down the long, narrow street, the iron hoofs striking fire from the stony pavement.

The shop windows looked like patches of light in the darkness, and he could see the clerks run to the door to see who the mad rider was.

As he left the village behind and trailed out into the country again, Paul heard the town clock slowly chiming seven. He had ridden ten miles in the last hour.

Still the mad pace was kept up as the horse flew by fields of corn, through low pasture lands and by farm houses perched on rocky hills, over rustic bridges that cracked beneath the beating hoofs, up muddy hills and down in low valleys through ankle-deep water that splashed horse and rider from head to foot.

He must have been riding at least half an hour longer, when at the turn of the road Paul caught sight of a man on horseback.

It was the picket of the union cavalrymen, who were resting and eating supper in a small cabin a few feet from the roadside.

"Halt!" cried the soldier, as Paul came galloping up. But the horse and rider dashed by without heeding the command. The picket raised his pistol, there was a crack, and a bullet whizzed by the boy's ear.

The soldier started in pursuit and the rest of the men ran to their horses and darted away after him. Paul heard them coming, heard the heavy splash of their galloping horses on the muddy road. But the pursuers were soon left behind, and Paul sped on alone through the night.

Just as he crossed the railroad track he heard the heavy rumbling of the approaching express, and the bright headlights burst in view around the curve. With a bound the horse cleared the track and sped onward.

It was five minutes of eight, Paul knew, for at that hour the train was due. In a few minutes more he was at the station, which was 18 miles from his home.

As he left behind him the long line of light from the car windows the horse began to slacken his paces, and his rider could hear the heavy breathing that was the first sign of exhaustion. He galloped still, but it was in a labored way, and Paul could see that his strength would not last much longer, so he pulled in the reins a little. The horse reared up to a swinging trot and Paul sat upright in the saddle.

The storm was now past and the dark clouds drifted by rapidly before the rising wind, leaving the drenched landscape flooded with silvery moonlight. Paul could see the corn lying prostrate in the flooded fields, the meadows gleaming in the watery light, with the overflowing brooks that washed over them, and now and then a fallen tree or overturned fence.

The horses trot grew slower and slower, Paul could feel the trembling limbs totter as they staggered onward. The heavy breathing grew shorter and quicker, the smoking flanks were covered with foam, and from the distended nostrils trickled a tiny stream of blood.

One mile, two miles, they crept on. The trot relaxed into a walk, the walk into a stagger. Then, with a loud half neigh, half-groan, the exhausted animal fell to the ground dead.

Paul sprang off as the horse rolled over and set out down the road at a run. Up and down hill, splashing through the streams, he hurried with but one thought in his mind—to deliver the dispatches in time. For more than a mile he ran, but his exertions began to tell on him and his legs began to weary. Once he slipped and fell, then sat for a moment breathless, but he sprang up and hastened forward.

His strength was beginning to fail him when before him he saw a light twinkling in a farm house. With the energy of desperation he ran forward and opening the door fell prostrate in the room.

A woman who was knitting near a crib screamed at the sight of the boy drenched to the skin, splattered with mud and sprinkled with blood, lying on the floor, but a soldier in the uniform of a confederate colonel sprang up from the chair in which he sat smoking, and lifting up the helpless form, laid it tenderly on a sofa.

"Oh, sir," gasped Paul, jerking the dispatches from his pocket, "take these, take these quick! Colonel Raynor. His courier was killed and I—I brought them!"

Colonel Raynor, for it was he, opened the papers, read them hastily, and calling an orderly from the next room, issued some hurried orders.

In the meantime the woman had poured a glass of wine down Paul's throat, and he soon regained strength enough to tell his story.

The next day he returned home on a fine bay horse, of which the colonel had made him a present for his services. The horse lived many years, and was always pointed out by Paul whenever he told the story of his terrible ride when he brought the dispatch that saved the battle.