Western North Carolina Rail Road Co.

GENERAL PASSENGER OFFICE,

Salisbury, N. C., Sept. 5th, 1885.

On and after the 6th inst., the following Schedule will be operated by this Company:

WEST. Train No. 1 Arv	Train No. 1 Leav	Train No. 3 Arv	Train No. 3 Leav	Main Line	EAST. Train No. 2 Arv	Train No. 2 Leav	Train No. 4 Arv	Train No. 4 Leav
	A. M.		A. M.					
	1.25		6.30	SALISBURY	12.30	A. M.	7.30	P. M.
9.34	2.35	7.54	8.14	STATESVILLE	11.29	11.30	5.30	5.50
6.43	3.44	10.02	10.07	NEWTON	10.33	10.33	4.00	4.05
4.09	4.10	11.07	11.25	HICKORY	10.04	10.05	2.57	3.20
4.40	4.41	12.20	12.25	ICARD	9.38	9.38	2.17	2.19
5.15	5.16	1 05	1.25	MORGANTON	9.10	9.10	1.09	1.30
6.33	6.33	2.59	2.59	MARION	8.12	8.12	11.35	11.35
7.13	7.14	3.49	3.55	OLD FORT	7.42	7.42	10.23	10.40
7.51	8.01			ROUND KNOB	7.07	7.27		
8.42	8.43	5.17	5.18	BLACK MOUNTAIN	6.19	6.22	8.20	8.43
8.56	8.56	5.38	6.06	COOPER'S	6.06	6.06	7.55	7.55
9.21	9.21	6.45	6.47	SPARTANBURG JU	5.41	5.41	7.07	7.07
9.39	9.39	6.57	P. M.	ASHEVILLE	5.22	5.32		6.55
10.13	10.13			ALEXANDERS	4.48	4.49		A. M.
10.48	10.49			MARSHALL	4 11	4.12		
11.12	11.12			BARNARDS	3.50	3.50		
12.45				WARM SPRINGS		3.15 PM		

WEST. Train No. 9	*Murphy Division.*	EAST. Train No. 8	
8.00 A. M.	ASHEVILLE	4 39	P. M.
10.20	HOMINY	3 59	4 01
10.54	TURNPIKE	3 37	3 39
11.21	PIGEON RIVER	3 12	3 17
11.51	CLYDE	2 45	2 47
12.12	WAYNESVILLE	2 00	2 25
1.49	HALL	12 34	12 35
2.28	SYLVA	11 56	11 57
2.39	WEBSTER	11 45	11 46
3.31	WHITTIER	10 54	10 55
4.15 P. M.	CHARLESTON	A. M.	10 09

☞ Round Knob is Breakfast station for Train No. 1, and Supper station for Train No. 2.

Trains Nos. 1, 2, 7 and 8, run daily.

Trains Nos. 3 and 4, run daily except Sunday.

V. E. McBEE, Supt. W. A. TURK, A. G. P. A.

SALE OF

2031½ ACRES VALUABLE LAND.

Under and by authority of a Consent Decree of Rowan Superior Court made at November Term, 1885, I will offer at public sale at the Court-House door in the town of Salisbury, **On Monday the 1st day of February, 1886,** the following described tracts of land, formerly owned by Wm. S. Macay, Esq., situated in Rowan County.

Lot No. 1.

Adjoining the corporate limits of the Town of Salisbury, and the lands of W. T. Thomason, M. L. Holmes and others, containing 17½ acres.

Lot No. 2.

Adjoining the above described Lot No. 1, and the lands of W. T. Thomason and Edwin Shaver and others, containing 33 acres.

Lot No. 3.

Adjoining the lands of Edwin Shaver, and lying between the Statesville public road, and the W. N. C. R. R., near the corporate limits of Salisbury, containing 21 acres.

Lot No. 4.

Known as the Wilson Tract, adjoining the lands of T. J. and P. P. Meroney and William Howard and others, about half a mile from the corporate limits of the town of Salisbury, containing 14 acres.

Lot No. 5.

Lying between the W. N. C. R. R. and the New Mocksville road, adjoining the lands of R. Trexler, Whitehead, Barker, and others, about half a mile from the corporate limits of the town of Salisbury, containing 85 acres.

Lot No. 6.

Known as the "Castle Tract," adjoining the lands of Benton Ludwig, T. J. and P. P. Meroney and others, and in about a mile of the corporate limits of Salisbury, 350 acres.

Lot No. 7.

Known as the "Pond Tract," adjoining the lands of Wm. Murdoch, Benton Ludwig, and Ann McNeely, and about 1½ miles from Salisbury, containing 351 acres,—the finest bottom lands in the County.

Lot No. 8.

Known as the "Wise Tract," lying about six miles from Salisbury, between Statesville public road and the Sherill's Ford public road, adjoining the lands of John Gourley, John Y. Rice, M. A. Agner and others, containing 885 acres.

LOT NO. 9, Known as the "Sutfin Tract," on the Statesville public road, and near the Water Tank on the W. N. C. R. R. about 7 miles from Salisbury, adjoining the lands of John Gourley, M. A. Agner and others, containing 275 acres.

☞ The larger lots will be sub-divided if necessary, and sold in lots to suit purchasers. Every variety of the finest timber, cotton, tobacco, and grain producing lands, are included in the various lots above advertised, and the finest bottom lands in this section, well ditched and drained. Comfortable buildings, tenant-houses, tobacco barnes, &c., on the large tracts.

Survey and plots of the lands may be seen at the office of the Commissioner.

TERMS—The purchaser to pay one-third cash on the confirmation of the sale, the balance in two equal instalments at the end of six and twelve months, interest on the deferred payments at the rate of eight per cent. per annum from the date of confirmation of sale. Title to be reserved till all the purchase money is paid.

Salisbury, N. C., January 1st, 1886. **Theo. F. Kluttz,** *Com'r.*

The Terror.

HE WAS A BAD MAN AND DID NOT CARE TO DIE.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A burly form—a thick neck—face covered with bristles—hands covered with hair—a voice like the bellow of a bull—a natural swagger to his gait—eyes like a mad dog's—mouth no cleaner than a hog's—a blustering, roaring, malicious brute!

Such was the Terror.

A mile away from the little town he halted his horse and braced his courage with half a pint of whisky. It was a fluid which would have killed a dog; he smacked his lips over it. He pulled out his revolvers and saw that they were loaded and in order. He drew his bowie knife from its sheath and tried its keen edge.

He was going to capture the town and run it.

This thick-necked human brute, this swaggering, drunken, boasting, fighting beast, proposed to intimidate, overawe, shoot, slay and kill. The people had never seen him; he would show himself off. Some of them had never heard of him; he would see that they remembered his name and the date of his visit.

In this town men were at work on the streets—in the shops. Women sat in their doors or passed to and fro. From the open windows of the school house came the voices of the children as lessons were recited. It was an hour of peace.

"Yi! Yi! Yi! Shoot! Crack! Bang!"

The Terror had struck the town. In five minutes he had captured it. Two men lay dead in front of the store—another at the door of the blacksmith shop—two more were groaning with grievous wounds.

"Whoop! waugh? Come out, ye skulks! I'm the only and original Terror? Hundreds imitate me—no one equals my style! Who owns this bloody town? Whar hev yer fightin' men hid away? Whoop! Heven't ye got a woman in this town who can aim a gun? Waugh! ye set of babies!"

There was a woman. Her husband was the first man shot, and her eyes were upon him as he fell. She did not scream out or faint away. Her face turned whiter than chalk—she gasped for breath two or three times, and then her teeth shut hard. The sewing fell from her hand, and she rose up, walked into the bedroom, and was back in a moment with a rifle. Kneeling down at the window she pushed the barrel over the sill, aimed straight at the Terror's head, and pulled the trigger.

"Whoop! Waugh! They call me the Terror! Come out and see me and shake—!"

He threw up his arms as the rifle cracked, and lurched out of the saddle to the ground, the bullet raking his skull. Three or four men ran to him at once, and finding that he was wounded and stunned they tied him stout and fast.

"Say, men," he called as his senses came back, "What does this mean? Come, untie me! I was only in fun, you know, I'm the best hearted fellow in the world; would'nt harm a chicken."

"You must die!"

It was the voice of the woman who had fired the shot, and she held the rifle in her hands. Twenty feet away was the lifeless body of her husband. She did not even look at it.

"You do not mean it!" gasped the Terror. "You wouldn't murder me for my little joke!"

"Get a rope!"

The voice of the woman had the ring of steel in it and her eyes had such a stony, merciless look that men retreated a step. A rope was brought.

"For God's sake don't murder me!" whined the Terror. "Oh! you won't—you can't—you don't dare to! I am sorry I took your town—won't never do such a thing again! Say! you can have my horse and shooters!"

The woman made a noose with her own hands.

"Throw the free end over that limb!" she commanded.

"Oh! have mercy! I'm an innocent man! This woman is crazy—keep her away!"

With her own hands she placed the noose over his head, and then stepped back and said:

"Every one take hold!"

"Oh! you musn't! I'm a bad man! I want time to repent! I can't die this—"

"Pull him up!"

Twenty strong arms walked away with the rope, and the Terrror was pulled ten feet from the ground. He kicked—struggled—whirled 'round and 'round and died the death of a dog.

Not until all was over did the woman's stony gaze leave his face. When the body hung limp and lifeless she turned away, walked over to that of her husband, and sinking down beside it she mourned and wept and could not be comforted. She was a woman again.

Half a mile below the town is a headboard beside the highway. On it is engraved:

"THE TERROR."
"Humbled to the Dust by Woman."

And you have the story just as they told it to me.

Death is the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell.

Jupiter and the Moon.

THE OCCULTATION OF THE PRINCE OF PLANETS—A BEAUTIFUL PHENOMENON IN THE HEAVENS.

Charleston News and Courier.

Owing to the unseasonable hour at which the occultation performance of Jupiter was given Monday morning, there was but a small house present, but those who got up to attend the display and those who were up all night thoroughly enjoyed all the good points of the sideral drama. When a performance is announced by the astronomers there is never a cancelling of engagements, and as in the present instance, when the grand act of Jupiter and the moon was announced there should have been not the slightest fear of a disappointment. Therefore Jupiter came to time and so did Diana, as our plain moon was beautifully called many centuries ago.

The occultation took place at 4 o'clock and was a most interesting and edifying phenomenon. Jupiter was traveling east at the rate of several thousand miles per hour, the moon was "going the same way" at terrific speed, and the earth was turning round on its axis at the rate of exactly one thousand miles in sixty minutes. Just about 4 o'clock the moon, or poetically speaking, Diana, had nearly caught up with Jupiter, and the latter was just hanging on the east edge of the "silvery orb of night." Gradually the moon stole over the face of the planet and the great event was an accomplished fact. Jupiter had been eclipsed and the differential calculus had been vindicated.

Considered as a race between a moon and a planet the odds at the first blush would appear to be in favor of the planet, but it is just possible that the gallantry of Jupiter, who it will be remembered married his own and the wives of all the other godlike gentlemen who dwelt on Olympus, "held up" as it were, and allowed the "Queen of Night" to pass. It will be some time before these celestial worthies meet again in the social circles of planetary life. Those who did not see the phenomenon will have merely the satisfaction of knowing that the next "bumb show" has been reserved for their great grandchildren.

Turtle-Egg and Alligator Hunting on Santa Rosa Island.

Santa Rosa Island is a sand key of the Gulf of Mexico, forty miles long, and varying in breadth from a fifth of a mile to over a mile across; it is the breakwater of Pensacola harbor, and receives the shock of the rolling seas of the gulf, which often break against it in fury, while the waters of the bay within are as still as a mill-pond, and scarce a ripple washes the beach of the city front seven miles away, though the water at the city is as salt as that in the center of the gulf. The sea beach of the island is a gently sloping expanse of white sands, back and forth on which the advancing and receding waves will glide for hundreds of feet. You can stand where no water is one moment, and the next be struggling waist deep against a surging wave that is climbing up the strand. This beach is the incubator of the great turtles of the gulf. Its gradual incline, the easily excavated sands beyond, and the warm southern exposure, adapt it to their approach, the making of nests, and hatching of their eggs. So they resort to it for this purpose, and in due time the young turtles are hatched, unless the eggs are captured by the various creatures, biped and quadruped, who seek them in the season. From Pensacola over to the island is about seven miles, and as the land breeze of the night sets fair across the bay, it is a pleasant trip of moonlight nights to run over on a sail boat, land on the bay-shore, walk across the island, which is not a third of a mile wide opposite the city, and seek for "turtle crawls" on the gulf-beach, or bathe luxuriously in the surf. The "crawls" show on the sand where the under shell has been dragged along, and following this up to a point above the wash of the highest waves, the nest is found, usually about two and a half feet below the surface. A single nest will contain from 100 to 300 eggs. At Sabine Pass, on Santa Rosa Island, alligators are found by the ten thousand, and are killed in large numbers by hunters who frequent the place.

Worthless Worry.

Some people gather all the briars and thorns and nettles for a hundred yards on each side of their pathway, and pile them up in steep and mountainous like heaps before their footsteps, only to make life's journey more difficult, more toilsome and more perplexing. And these same people will begin to jump and jump and jump before they get within a hundred yards of a ditch, and expend and waste so much needless effort and worry; and it is frequently the case after jumping so hard they find that the hedge line which indicated the existence of a big, deep, dangerous ditch was nothing more than a little ravine, and that a single step would place them on the other side. So, reader, don't go out of your way to collect troubles, and for your own peace and comfort don't try to jump over a difficulty until it is right before you.—*Wilson Mirror.*

A Minister Elopes.

Ministers are mortal, and from the Greensboro *North State* we glean the following particulars of the elopement of Rev. M. E. Hammer, with a Mrs. Parrish. Hammer is a preacher in the Methodist Protestant Church, and served the past year on the Haw River Circuit, coming to Greensboro on Nov. 30th. He bought three railroad tickets to Little Rock, Ark. That night he boarded the train at High Point, and with him went Mrs. Parrish, her 17-year old son and a two-year old daughter. Mrs. Parrish is the wife of an honest, industrious citizen of Guilford, residing near Freeman's Mill. Hammer and Mrs. P. have been suspected of intimacy for some time. Hammer left a wife and several small children.—Winston *Sentinel.*

Christmas Day.

The earliest mention of the 25th of December as Christmas day is found in an ancient catalogue of church festivals about 354 A. D. And it is surprising to see with what alacrity the date was received and the Nativity celebrated throughout Christendom. It seems as if the world had been waiting for this festival of divine and human childhood and was ready to welcome it at once with songs of joy. In the year 360 it was celebrated in Rome by vast multitudes thronging the churches. Twenty years later Antioch had taken it up with great popular enthusiasm. And in a little more than fifty years from its earliest suggestion the observance of December 25th as the day of the Nativity had become the universal practice of Christians. St. Chrysostom, in a Christmas sermon preached at Antioch, called it the fundamental feast, or the root from which all other Christian festivals grow.

It takes two women, his mother and his wife, to make a great man.

A Snow Slide.

DENVER, COL., Dec. 23. A special to the News says: A snow slide came down the mountain into Minnesota gulch yesterday afternoon, sweeping everything before it. The slide struck the mouth of the Prodigal Son mine, filling an 85 foot shaft and burying Buck Harvy and Jim Scales, who were working at the bottom of the shaft at the time of the accident. The snow was packed so tight that it was found to be impossible to move the bucket, which went to the bottom when struck by the snow. A rescuing party is at work, but all hope of reaching the imprisoned men before life shall have become extinct, has been abandoned.

STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."

More Money Needed.

The Committee in charge of the construction of the pedestal and the erection of the Statue, **in order to raise funds for its completion,** have prepared, from model furnished by the artist, a *perfect fac-simile* Miniature Statuette, which they are delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at the following prices:

No. 1 Statuette, *six inches in height,*—the Statue bronzed; Pedestal, nickel-silvered,—at **One Dollar each,** delivered.

No. 2 Statuette, in same metal, *twelve inches high,* beautifully bronzed and nickeled, at **Five Dollars each,** delivered.

No. 3 Statuette, *twelve inches high,* finely chased, Statue bronzed, Pedestal, **Heavily Silver-Plated,** WITH PLUSH STAND, at **Ten Dollars each,** delivered.

Much time and money have been spent in perfecting the Statuettes, and they are much improved over the first sent out. The Committee have received from subscribers many letters of commendation.

The *New York World* Fund of $100,000 completes the Pedestal, but it is estimated that $40,000 is yet needed to pay for the iron fastenings and the erection of the Statue.

Liberal subscriptions for the Miniature Statuettes will produce the desired amount.

Address, with remittance,

RICHARD BUTLER, Secretary,
American Committee of the Statue of Liberty,
33 Mercer Street, New York.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.