

NORTH CAROLINA HERALD.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

VOL. I.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1885.

NO. 2.

BEALL, H. C. BOST, J. B. FOARD.

OFFICE OF

Farmer's Brick Warehouse.

BEALL, BOST & FOARD,

Proprietors.

Salisbury, Sept. 30th, 1885.

THE TOBACCO PLANTERS OF ROWAN AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.

Opening this, our first annual Circular, we desire to call your attention to a few facts, in relation to our market:

At the close of last tobacco year there was not an organized firm in Salisbury with a full purpose to work tobacco this coming year, but the contrary those working here then were preparing to leave. This was the friends of the market in a state of uncertainty as to its future, after a while, through the energy and push of a very few individuals one firm was found ready to undertake the working, mainly to perpetuate the hope of establishing permanently a good market at this place for a while another good willing soul came in. Then another was induced, through much persuasion, to try here. Those constituted the manufacturing force of the present season. Several firms of Leaf men were organized out of the friends who were willing to take the risk of raising you a first-class market at home. Many of you know how it succeeded. You have only to compare bills with those who sold at other markets to find out how well, from this small beginning, prices were held up through the entire season. We come to you to-day with bills of cheer.

Salisbury as a Tobacco Market is no longer an experiment; it is a certainty. The

FARMER'S WAREHOUSE

has sold more than twice the amount of tobacco ever sold in Salisbury before in one season. We have sent nearly or quite all of our friends home happy and pleased with their prices.

The manufacturers have been able to dispose of their goods such a way as to encourage them to double their capacities for the coming season. The Warehousemen have shown on their own floor a displayed samples of your tobacco to buyers on other markets in such a manner as to induce them to become buyers on our floor next season. We say in full confidence to all who are looking to Salisbury as a market, come doubting nothing, for all things will be found in the line of completion for handling the very large crop of tobacco grown in year, and a corps of eager buyers ready to pay the highest market price for every pound of it.

We desire to call your attention to the fact that the crop to be marketed at Salisbury this season is not only the largest, but by far the best ever offered here. The crop in the bright tobacco belt of North Carolina and Virginia is not a good one, hence we expect not only the new manufacturers, and the new Leaf men who have assured us of their coming, but others will seek the types of tobacco, raised by them wherever they may be found. Give us your good tobacco, and we promise you plenty of buyers, and the highest prices for all grades.

We thank you heartily for past favors. We promise the best efforts of our enlarged experience to further your interests in every particular.

Come straight to the FARMER'S WAREHOUSE, located in the central business part of town, and is the Headquarters of the seller, Headquarters of the buyers, and the Headquarters of high prices. Here you will find the proprietors ready to help you; here you will find new conveniences and water on the lot for you. Here you will find the

FARMER'S FRIEND,

JOHN SHEPPARD,

the shrewdest auctioneer who will get you the highest prices for your tobacco; here you will find comfort, health, happiness, and substantial benefits offered no where else in the market, which shall be to you and to all that depend upon you. We will always be glad to see you.

With thanks, Your friends,

BEALL, BOST & FOARD

Prop's.

NORTH CAROLINA HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

BUEBBAUM & JAMES,
EDS. AND PROP'S.

Subscription Rates:
One year if paid in advance, \$1.50
Six months, .75
Three months, .40
Subscribers will be called on or notified when subscriptions are due.

HOW FATHER CONQUERED.

We were a minister's children. Jamie, twelve, slight, straight as an arrow, with the peculiar golden light in the gray eyes that betokens hot temper and brilliant intellect, and masses of fine black hair pushed back from a high, white forehead. Bright, handsome Jamie, how I loved him with an unquestioning devotion that taught me early to yield my wishes and desires to his imperious will and to shield him from all things, right or wrong, from the severe judgments of our father. I look back now with a feeling of admiration for the homely little Dot, only seven, with her long, lanky braids and great eager eyes, so true to her boy hero.

Of course the familiar expression that ministers' children are worse than any other had often been repeated before us, and as people evidently expected us to be little heathens we tried hard not to disappoint any one. Lessons on the total depravity of ministers' children in general and we two in particular were as daily food to us. We knew that we were very bad, but we managed to be quite comfortable for such terrible sinners.

Among father's few worldly goods was a beautiful horse, fleet as the wind, and the pride of his heart. Jamie had often taken me with him to the pasture to lead "Flighty" backward and forward. And on rare occasions when we had gained permission to drive the horse for father, we had grown bold and lengthened our drive, always receiving punishment for our boldness, but counting it well worth a whipping to hold the reins and hear the air rush against our faces as Flighty sped down the street. One fine morning that shone out clear as crystal, father spoke of the day as well fitted for shopping in Cleveland a few miles distant, and as he spoke of train time to mother announced his intention of going by rail. Oh! the winks and nods and sly motions that told the story so plainly to me, and how helpful we grew; of their comfort how solicitous.

At last, with terrible warning of wrath to be visited upon us if we ventured to disobey any of father's commands, we watched them aboard the train, and saw it sweep off down the track, with the fluttering pennons of smoke beckoning gaily to us. Being back through the grassy lanes, tossing books and slates into a fence corner, with my pink sun-bonnet on top of the pile, Jamie crowned my lanky braids with his sailor hat and calling me a jolly tar, helped me to pack our lunch. Before kind sister M—who would come and get dinner and in just guard over the paragon could reach there, we had packed our basket, harnessed our beautiful Flighty to the carriage and were off for a day in the woods. Oh, the dinner in the Old Maid's Kitchen, a rare to be found on the banks of the Cayuga River, famous now as the Switzerland of America. The long drive down the road that stretched away in the distance like a silver wire. The depths of cool living green, that lay like a shadow in a barretine. The moss, the violets, the new sounds we heard, the new visions we saw. The delicious coolness of the spring we discovered. The dreams we dreamed of the future. Oh! that summer day. As it waned we collected our treasures and unfastening Flighty from the tree where she had been made safe, we led her to the carriage, and depositing our burdens we drove gaily homeward.

Did we feel a presentiment that this delightful wickedness was soon to end that we finished our other wise quiet sort of disobedience by racing through the village streets, hurrying like young Indians and passing every team with a challenge to follow if they could? Flighty was a thoroughbred and perfectly trained. She kept her head beauti-

fully, or my story might have had another ending. As we drove up to the gate with a grand flourish, the whistle of the train in the distance warned us that our hour of reckoning was close at hand.

After tea I was invited to the study and questioned as to the day's wickedness. I answered respectfully, and after being reprimanded, was banished to my room. Soon after, I heard father's heavy step in the hall and Jamie's light footfalls following. Leaning far out of my gable window, I watched them entering the barn. It was a glorious star-lit night, and the silvery whiteness of the moonlight wrapped the world in its spell. Once I thought I heard the pleading voice of my brother. I could hear no more, and slipping out into the hall, stole down stairs and out to the barn. The lantern was hardly needed, for both front and rear doors being open, the moonlight lay in great bars, white and translucent, giving weird brilliance to the space of the floor, and leaving the corners in shadow. Creeping through the rear door I stood motionless, watching.

What I saw is painted in my memory as clearly as if years had not dimmed the fire of those luminous eyes, or bowed with weight of care the proud, uplifted head. Father was standing where the light from the lantern, suspended above, fell full on the hair just tinged with gray, and brought into relief the massive forehead and stern blue eye. His mouth was quivering strangely, and the hand that held the carriage whip seemed shaking with irresolution. For the first time in my recollection father hesitated to do what he considered his duty and met the fearless glance of his only son with such yearning tenderness on his strong old face as I had never seen there.

"James, my son, do you remember my commands this morning?"
"Yes, sir."
"You remember the penalty of your disobedience?"
"Yes, sir."
"You knew that you must suffer it, do you not?"
"Yes, sir."
"Take off your jacket and your vest."

Jamie obeyed, hung them on a peg and came back to his position before father with a hard sullen expression on his face that showed a spirit to be won, never compelled by blows. Perhaps father saw this, for his hand failed to fall in punishment and his great strong arm stole around the boy's shoulders and folded him closely to father's side. "Jamie! Jamie! my lad, why do you grieve your old father so?"

If an angel had spoken we could not have been more awe-stricken. Father, who seldom caressed, who was so severe, so stern—Father was crying! Jamie was crushed by this sort of thing, and stammered his excuses, and when he felt the tears on his upturned face his heart melted.

"Oh, pa, I didn't know you could feel so bad. Don't, pa, don't!"
"Boy, did you think I loved to whip you? Don't you know every blow on your tender flesh makes a deeper, sorer mark on your father's heart. My son! my only son!"

His voice faltered and broke. I shall never forget the tenderness that thrilled every word as he talked.

"I cannot break my word, Jamie; I told you if you disobeyed punishment must follow. Now, my boy, many a time with aching heart have I whipped you, and it seems to have had no lasting effect. I cannot whip you to-night, and I dare not break my word. Take this whip, sir."

Jamie took the whip, and father quickly laid aside his worn black coat, then his vest, hanging beside Jamie's; and turning his broad shoulders to the wondering lad, his voice rang like a clarion:
"James, someone must suffer. I can't whip you. You must whip me, Strike, sir!"
The boy stood as if turned to stone.
"Do you hear me, Jamie? Strike!"
While as death grew Jamie's face; his mouth twitched nervously. The whip fell to the floor, and with a cry that came right from his heart, Jamie went down on his knees.
"Oh, pa, you may kill me, but I never can strike you!"
How he begged for forgiveness,

passionately pleading: "I can't, pa. Anything but that!"

What promises of future obedience! But father's will was iron. He would not break his word. His had said so many lashes, and they must be paid. Puzzled and stirred to the depths, what could he do?

What little white-gowned figure is this that creeps out of the shadows and throws itself at his feet, while a child's shrill voice pipes:
"Oh, papa, I have been so wicked; I coaxed Jamie; truly, truly, I did! Whip me, papa, and let Jamie go!"

Now if you think this was not an act of heroism I am sorry for you; and then perhaps your father was not a minister.

He lifted his forlorn little daughter from the floor, and with no way out of the dilemma seemed to present itself, Jamie stood by in shame and humiliation while father's hand fell in punishment on his little sister.

Father carried me to my room in his arms, and when I felt his tears splash on my hair, a new feeling of love that understands was born in my heart.

If Jamie had been writing this record of long ago, he would have closed with the announcement that never from that day did we venture to run away with Flighty, and as our eyes grew accustomed to see the love written in every line of father's face, we grew to watch for the smile of approval and weep over his displeasure.

But alas! I must add one more testimony to the weakness of my sex, and just whisper, how early the next morning, standing on the veranda, where the lilacs swung their fragrant clusters against the study window, I ventured to say:
"Jamie, don't you almost wish, when papa's back was right in front of you, so, that you had just given him a couple of good cuts—he has given you so many?"

Jamie had no chance to reply, for the lilacs were held aside from the window and father's voice called "daughter." Trembling little wretch, I need not have feared. Father was one of those rare men who have learned to let well enough alone, and only kissed me with his unusual tenderness as he led me out to breakfast.

MARY L. WRIGHT.

INTERESTING NOTES.

From Everywhere.

It seems that the Democrats of Massachusetts have had enough of Butler.

Whittier, the poet, will not allow anybody to claim kin with him. He says that Clark Whittier, of North Carolina, is not his brother.

Secretary Manning expresses the opinion that President Cleveland will go to New York in November to vote the Democratic ticket.

President Cleveland has shocked the mugsumpaw fraternity by announcing that he wants to see Hill elected governor of New York.

The New York mugsumps are in a sad fix. The Democrats don't want 'em, and the Republicans won't have 'em.

The steady appointment of Democratic postmasters shows that civil service reform is making considerable advance since Dorman Eaton hauled in the horns.

\$30,800,000 in gold, \$48,800,000 in silver—total, \$79,600,000—being the product of the precious metals resulting from the mines of the United States in 1884.

Among the Indian tribes one in four die of consumption, a larger portion than among the white or colored races. Consumption is more prevalent among the Irish than any other race.

The crumbling away of the obelisk at Central Park, New York, proves that Egyptian obelisks can not stand the American climate. To survive intact they need the warmth of their native land. The New York summer ought to be all that the present specimen could desire, but his winter weather may well be trying; and while an obelisk might not look well in daffodils, thick clothes, an aster overcoat, and a sealin cap and mittens, those articles of apparel appear to be necessary to preserve.



J. R. KEEN,

SELLS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS TO BE FOUND IN THE STATE. GIVE HIM A TRIAL BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE.

WILLIAMS BROWN STOVES.

Cooking Stoves, Heating Stoves, Coal Stoves and Stoves of all kinds. If what you want is not in stock we order at short notice.

LEE S. OVERMAN,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Salisbury, N. C. Practices in State and Federal Courts. Will attend the court of Rowan, Davidson, Iredell, Cabarrus, Sturdy and Montgomery counties.

ELLIOTT & ELLIOTT,

Contractors and Builders.

Do a General Building Business in WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

Fine Residences

A SPECIALTY.

Livery Stable,

JOHN G. HEILIG, Prop'r.

MT. VERNON HOTEL,

SALISBURY, N. C.

Situated near the Junction of the R. & D. and W. N. C. Railroads. Newly furnished and first-class. GAS AND ELECTRIC BELLS. Large, comfortable rooms on Main Street. Excellent country fare or continental. Free attention paid to all customers.

NEW STORE.

Having opened a New Store two doors above the Court House, I propose to keep a first class stock of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

MEAT, FISH, CHICKENS, EGGS, BUTTER, and all kinds of Country Produce. Also Cigars, Tobacco and Snuff. A first class line of cheap Confectionaries. I make a specialty of dealing in Fresh Fish every Friday morning.

FOR SALE

BY

J. M. HADEN,

Real Estate Ag't.

FARM, MILLS, TOWN LOTS. On the most desirable tracts.

THE GREAT EXTERNAL REMEDY

KLUTZ'S TOBACCO LINIMENT

FOR Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, Pains, Aches, &c.

Combining the Wonderful Curative Virtues of Tobacco, with other approved ingredients, making a Marvelous Compound for the Relief of human suffering. RELIEF GUARANTEED. ITS ACTION IS WONDERFUL.

Suffer no longer. Be humbugged with quick-cure-alls no longer. Tobacco is Nature's Great Remedy. It has been used in a curative way from the days of Walter Raleigh down, and has worked many a marvelous cure and saved many a valuable life. In the "Tobacco Liniment" its virtues are scientifically extracted, combined with other valuable medicinal agents, and confidently offered to the public, not as a cure-all, but as a safe, powerful and effective External Remedy, applicable wherever there is pain to be relieved.

In large bottles at only 25 cents. For sale by all Druggists. Ask for it, and insist upon having it. Don't be put off with worthless substitutes. Try it, and you will be thankful for having had it brought to your attention.

THEO. F. KLUTZ & CO.,

Proprietors, WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, SALISBURY, N. C.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE North Carolina Herald. Only \$1.50 per Year.