

NORTH CAROLINA HERALD.

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SALISBURY.

Salisbury is the very heart of the State, the junction of the Western Carolina and Richmond and Roanoke Railroads, 800 feet above level of the sea, 250 miles from the center of the richest coal and granite belt in the State, at the gateway of the Blue Ridge country, in the midst of a tobacco and cotton zone, and with a population of nearly 4,000, is fast becoming a commercial center. There are at present two banks, eleven churches, a tobacco factory, four tobacco shagging (warehouses), one woolen mill, two tanneries, four machine shops, one foundry, three hotels, two saloons, the Railroad Shop, one wash, door and blind factory, one business house, and one warehouse. New enterprises are being built, a building of a railroad from Salisbury to the South, a \$50,000 brick factory, and two tobacco factories. The opportunities for industrial development are real estate, timber, agriculture of tobacco, granite quarrying and mining. The business and the reputation of being the safest dealers in the State.

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ARE THE MAGISTRATES RESPONSIBLE FOR HIGH TAXES?

The following letter from the Statesville American applies so well to our vicinity that we publish it in as much as it furnishes food for thought:

STATESVILLE, Nov. 14, 1885.

EDITOR AMERICAN:—I notice an article in a late issue of a certain magazine's proceedings in Fredell county, and action of officers in adjacent county, of an official character, and altogether extraordinary. I also noticed in the Extraordinary of a late issue, a statement of the number of persons in our jail, and the high taxes we are paying. Now, I ask, who is responsible for these high taxes, if the magistrates of the county are not? It is undoubtedly so. At the last term of the Superior Court of this county (not the present) three capital cases were on hand, two in jail and one on bond. The Grand Jury failed to find a bill against two, and one was put on trial after a considerable time spent, and the judge dismissed the case. At the previous court, in February, we did have that had laid in jail two or three months under a charge of burglary and was committed by one of our city magistrates, the grand jury failed to find a bill. Now there are here four capital cases in which the parties were committed and bound and imprisoned by magistrates who are at our county seat. Each case, I suppose, cost the county \$50 or more—all which goes to make high taxes. Who, I ask, is responsible? Doubtless many other cases coming up from the various townships, pass off in the same way. The county must pay the cost, if only half fees are paid, and for those that are convicted, we are taxed fully.

And every now and then we see \$20 or \$30 allowed for taking prisoners to the penitentiary, to work for some other locality or railroad, instead of our own county roads. When all petty cases could be worked out, fine and costs, upon our public highways, so nearly for the citizens of the county. As the magistrates pay taxes according to the value of their property, and are not allowed to be reduced. Our lands are not yielding much revenue, as large tracts are lying idle, yet it must bear the burden of taxation. As I understand, the magistrates are guardians of our interests, and they ought to look well to the welfare of the tax-payers, and not allow frivolous or malicious cases to come into court. High taxes and hard times, has a tendency to keep out and drive off capitalists, and labor, and enterprise. The Landmark suggests the "whipping post"—that is in the past, and our constitution forbids, and if not, the tax-payers would have to compensate the sheriff for putting it on, and then turn loose the subject to become a degraded character and commit other violations, and we incur more cost for his punishment. Why not work all such characters with ball and chain upon our public roads, allowing so much per day until all fines and costs are paid. If there is not law for this, our wise law-makers ought to give us a statute with authority; and if there is, our magistrates ought to enforce it, in our interests, or "step down and out"—and say: "We are not competent to run the county government, with economy and common sense."

CITIZEN.

The Size of It.

The history of this country for the past quarter of a century makes interesting reading when correctly related, but it would be as fantastic and wonderful as a dime novel if such yarns as Mr. Dewey's narration of the Johnson-Grant controversy should find a place in it. Part of the story of Johnson's alleged "conspiracy" to admit the Southern States to their constitutional rights in the Union, hinged on the reported fact that a regiment of cavalry was being organized at Frederick, in this State, to support the President against Grant and Congress. On investigation, this regiment, according to the detective employed at the time at Grant's headquarters to look it up dwindled to one man, and he was drunk. Other organizations reported to exist in Maryland gave no better results. President Johnson's enemies would have been too glad to have found some evidence of an intention on the part of his friends to sustain on the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States. The powerful that they him were so and the fact of the existence of such an organization in the interest of the President. But there is no evidence of such a thing, and their whole was no more than a bunch of stand procedure, but proper colors.

"Didn't Know Mary."

We were winding down one of the mountain roads of Tennessee in a cart drawn by a mule, says the Detroit Free Press. The land was barren, the cabins no better than hovels, and it was a query how people made a bare living or were content to stay. By-and-by we came to a turn in the road where there was a trough to water horses and mules, and a cabin of a settler. The cabin was the poorest of all, and nothing around it indicated that the owner made any attempt to cultivate the soil. We reached the place just in time to witness a tableau. A woman, poorly dressed and her face bearing the look of one who had seen much worry and suffering, stood near the trough, and a stachel filled with clothing sat on the ground beside her. Five feet away stood her husband, a burly, tough-faced mountaineer, and he held a switch in his hand. Neither mind of us as we drove up, and it was a full minute before the husband said:

"Mary, I'll wallop ye!"
"Jim, ye daren't!" she replied.
"Mary, you can't leave me, no-how!"
"Jim, I'm gwine ter do it! I've starved and suffered till I'm clean gone! I'm going home."
"Mary, if you don't take up that satchel and march in I'll wallop ye good and stout!"
There were two of us beside the driver. The woman looked up and scanned our faces, as if to judge how far she might count on our help, and the driver said:

"Tan't rubble for strangers to mix in, Mary; and Jim's got a knife and would kill somebody. Better go in."
"Never!" she hissed.
"If you don't," said the husband, as he came a step nearer, "I'll make the fur fly. Take that!"
With a switch he brought the switch down across his shoulders and raised it again. She stood stock still for a minute and looked him in the eye, and then walked into the hovel.

"Rather peart, but the gal will cure her!" grinned her husband, as he drew the switch through his fingers.
His triumph was short-lived. In sixty seconds Mary reappeared. She had the mountaineer's heavy rifle in her hand, and as she came out she raised it on a level with the man's head.
"Jim, I won't you to git!"
"Noel!"
"Sartin!"
"Shoo! Can't do it!"
Click! Click!
"Mary, what yer going to do?"
"Kill ye like a wolf in yer tracks if ye don't walk away."
"Whar to?"
"Nobody keers. Go somewher—keep goin'—don't never come back! Hurry up, fur I'm going down the stage!"

He looked into her eyes and saw the change. Poverty and brutality had come to an end. Love had turned to disgust, and in place of fear was such bravery as he would not have looked for in a man on the road. He saw "shoot" in her eyes, but he still hesitated.
"Mary, drop that rifle!" he whispered.
"Jim, git! If you're here when I've finished counting twenty, I'll kill you as sure as there is a God in Heaven!"
He began backing away. When he had gone 20 feet he turned and walked. When he had gone 100 he halted, wheeled about, and after a long time muttered: "Wal, by gosh! Mary, let's make up!"
"Keep a gittin', Jim!" she replied, as she covered him with the rifle.

In five minutes he was out of sight up the road. The woman placed the gun and satchel in the cart, walked into the hovel to be seated with us, flames were creeping through a hundred crevices between the old dry logs. Without a word she climbed in and only once during the five-mile ride did she utter a word. At a bend in the road she looked back at a pyramid of smoke and flames wrought by her own hands, and said, as if to herself:
"Jim didn't know Mary, Jim didn't."
This honor leaves no room for hesitation and doubt.—Pittsburgh.

INTERESTING NOTES.

From Everywhere.

Mr. Hendricks is the fifth Vice President to die in office.

Alice Oates, ten years ago one of the queens of operi bouffe, is now singing in one of the low, beer garden, variety theatres of Baltimore.

The official vote of Pennsylvania is as follows: M. S. Quay, 324,694; C. B. Day, 231,235; Dan Spangler, 15,047; W. B. Whitney, 3,569. The total vote is 624,530, and Col. Quay's plurality 43,474.

A man in Forsyth county boasts that his boys are smart, because they have trapped over 100 partridges this Fall. It seems to us that their wit is improperly directed. He had better teach them to protect the birds and save the crops.—Leaving-ton Dispatch.

The New York World, owing to some personal grievance, finds fault with nearly every meritorious act done by the administration. In fact, it is endeavoring to outdo the Republican press in its criticisms so unjustly made.

A newspaper exchange says considerable excitement prevails in the southern part of Indiana over the capture of a ghost. An investigation revealed the fact that the ghost was nothing but a half-starved country editor in the creek washing his shirt by moonlight.

Rhode Island is unique in many respects but in none more than the lack of a Democratic newspaper. One which was started just before the Presidential election has just suspended publication. It is the only state in the union wherein one of the two great parties has no organ.

"Was Andrew Johnson accessory to Booth's crime?" asks the Springfield Union. Oh, undoubtedly. He also helped Benedict Arnold to escape, was Aaron Burr's right hand man in his little imperial scheme, and was all ready to rush in had the Guy Fawkes plot succeeded. A dangerous man was this Andy Johnson.—Boston Post.

The Old North State is booming under the influence of tobacco, and the property that the weed is bringing to it is something phenomenal, and the wonderful growth of more than a dozen towns has been the result of the cultivation of tobacco in their immediate sections. More than one hundred factories have been erected in the State during the past twelve months.—Norfolk News.

New York World: A colored clergyman of Burlington, N. J., sent four of his children to one of the public schools, and met opposition, thereto by bringing a suit in the Supreme court, resulting in a decision compelling the school to receive the colored children. Whereupon fifteen of the pupils withdrew from the school and the rest are devoting their energies to making things generally unpleasant for the colored children, whose father has been forced to appeal to the Trustees for their protection from insult. It would seem as if Messrs. Sherman, Logan, Foraker & Co., had prematurely abandoned the missionary field and that there was something to do for the colored brother a little this side of the Sunny South.

There were fourteen members of the Confederate cabinet—Benjamin, Bragg, Breckenridge, Mallory, Meminger, Randolph, Sedden, Trevelyan, Walker, Davis, Reagan, Toombs, Watts and Hunter. Of these only two now remain—Messrs. Davis, Reagan, Toombs, Watts and Hunter. Of the members of the original cabinet only two are living—Messrs. Reagan and Toombs. Mr. Hunter is not only an old man, but very much reduced in circumstances, as is shown by his acceptance of the place offered him by the President recently which pays only about \$600 a year. But few members of the Confederate cabinet are wealthy. Gen. Toombs, who lives near Atlanta, is one of them. Mr. Reagan is worth something but not very much. Messrs. Watts, of Alabama, and Davis, of this State, though well along now in years, continue in the practice of law at their respective homes. Mr. Davis is in active practice. Of those now dead, none except Benjamin died

wealthy.

He made a moderate fortune, as is well known, in the practice of law. Of the few members still living, each resides now in the State from which he was chosen for his cabinet position. Reagan in Texas, Hunter in Virginia, Watts in Alabama, Davis in North Carolina and Toombs in Georgia. Only the civil branches of the Confederate government are now represented, all the secretaries of war and the navy having passed away. Hunter and Toombs were secretaries of state, Davis and Watts attorney-generals and Reagan postmaster-general.

A Puzzle for 1885.

This is one of the curious things floating about: Take a piece of paper and upon it put in figures your age in years, dropping months, weeks and days. Multiply it by 2, then add to the result obtained the figures 3768; add 2, and then divide by 2. Subtract from the result obtained the number of your years on earth, and see if you do not obtain figures that you will not be likely to forget. Our readers should do some figuring. They will be surprised.

Silver and Gold.

The American Grocer contains a lengthy article on the commercial and monetary relations between gold and silver and the advantages of the general discussion which has arisen on this subject. In closing the American Grocer says: "We can not share in the opinion of those who predict a great calamity to the commercial world if Congress refuses to suspend the coinage of the standard dollar, and for several reasons:

1. In 1873 the amount of gold coin in the country was \$15,000,000, of which \$8,000,000 was owned by the United States treasury and National banks. On July 1, 1885, the country owned \$542,000,000 of gold coin, of which one half was held by the treasury and the banks.
2. The world owes this country on merchandise alone \$145,000,000. Europe is now buying American securities and thus largely increasing its indebtedness.
3. This is a growing country, developing in a phenomenal manner each year, and it seems to height of absurdity to argue that an addition of \$24,000,000 in silver to its currency, under the above conditions, is going to bring upon us disaster.

People should regard office as an opportunity of usefulness, not a means of livelihood, and should be prepared to resign it when occasion requires.—Andrew Jackson.

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