HOW BOLUS HANKUS WAS SAVED.

[NOTE.—In 1378 Charles V, of France, was appealed to in the case of a man who was about to be hanged, when a girl in the crowd cried out that she would take him as her husband. Charles decreed that the man should be given to her. In no a similar case came before Charles V. The rope was around the criminal's neck, when a girl claimed him and stopped the execution. The king granted him release. Again, in 1400, eleven men were to be decapitated, and when the tenth man's head fell a girl came forward and asked that the eleventh man, a handsome fellow of 24, be given to her as her husband. She explained her point resolutely, and the man was remanded to prison, where he and the girl were married, and the prisoner was released.]

Bolus Hankus. That was his name.

It was a queer name, but Bolus couldn't help that. It is true he was at the christening, but he had no voice in the matter, and the name was imposed upon him.

He might have had it changed, according to the law made and provided in such cases, but Bolus was no lawyer.

Bolus was an honest man. What his youth had been no one in the little mining camp where this tale finds him, knew, and few cared to inquire. As a usual thing, pedigrees are not popular in mining camps.

In more civilized localities skeletons are kept in closets. In mining camps closets are scarce, and skeletons are hung to the limb of a tree.

Bolus may have had a skeleton. One old miner had even been so bold as to assert that flesh and blood couldn't stand such a name, but Bolus continued to live in his little cabin on the banks of the creek, and the limbs of the trees were tenantless.

His nature was almost as strange as his name, and there was a touch of refinement in it not observable in that of his companions.

He never swore as did the others, he very seldom drank, and a chew of tobacco never exhaled its golden juice in his mouth.

Others told stories. Bolus remained silent.

There were several women in the camp, tentative wives and sweethearts of the miners, but to these Bolus gave the entire roadway when by accident he met them.

He never in his talks, with the men, spoke against the sex, but there was a sinister look in his eyes when Dandy Tom, a pretty young man wearing the only paper collar and red necktie on the creek, branched out into a bit of sentiment with "lovely woman constant and true" as the elemental principle.

Bolus was not a popular favorite, and would no doubt have been defeated for any office in the gift of the people, but he staid, and that was much in his favor.

It is not every man who can stay in a mining camp.

One freezing cold day a rugged specimen of boy toiled through the snow, making for the Buckingham palace, the only liquor depository in the camp, excepting the persons of the miners.

Now and then a head was stuck out of a cabin door and a pair of questioning eyes followed the boy, but the piercing air shut the head back again and shut the door with a slam.

It was sad comforting to the boy, but he pushed on toward the saloon, knowing that it at least would be open to him.

He shrank back as he crossed the threshold, for a dozen rough voices shouted "Shut the door!" and the boy hurried to obey them, for fear they would change their minds.

It was Bolus who spoke, and his kindly voice reassured the newcomer.

The boy came forward, and Bolus, rising from the empty keg he was occupying near the big stove, put him in his place and told him to make himself at home.

It wasn't a company a mother would care to see her boy in, nor was it a store fit for an exhibition in a store window, but the consolation was a marked improvement on the cold without, and the boy held his hands up to the red-hot iron and turned his frozen ears toward the warmth.

"Well, Shivers," said Bolus, pleased with the boy's evident appreciation, "does it feel good?"

"Yes, sir," replied the visitor, looking up at him and casting a furtive glance around the circle of rough miners composing the loafing capital of the Buckingham, "but my name isn't Shivers."

"Oh! hain't it?" scornfully exclaimed Scandalous Jim, squirting a mouthful of tobacco juice on the stove.

"No, sir, it's Paul Seaton."

"Sit on ter thet, boys," roared Jim; "He's one o' them chicks as drops outen a novel an' fetches his purty cognomen along with 'em. Now look at here, young feller," he continued, "mebbe as how Paul Setting was yer name onct, but tain't so no more. Yer Shivers, just as Bolus called her, an' Shivers yer boun ter continuer of yer wanter continuer in this camp."

And Shivers it remained.

As he sat thawing himself it might be noted that he was a slender fellow of 17 years, with a skin in strong contrast to a porphyrhomous miners about him, in that he belonged to the species tenderfoot."

When the lad had been warmed inside and out, the men held a consultation as to what disposition should be made of him.

"He can't work," said Scandalous.

"Nor he hain't very purty," suggested Curly.

"He'll be expensive to raise," remarked Tight-skinned Joe.

"Is he wounded?" queried the Dandy.

"Don't do that, boys, don't," interposed Bolus. "The lad can't defend himself. If there ain't any objections I'll take him, and try to do the fair thing by him till he can take care of himself."

Shivers looked at him gratefully.

"Thank you," he said quietly, and put his dirty little hand into the brawny one of the miner.

"That's right, go to papa," sneered Jim.

"Shut up," said Bolus.

Jim shut up.

"We'll go now," continued Bolus to the boy, and he went out, followed by Shivers.

From that day forward the two were like brothers. The boy proved handy about the house, and the few women in the camp even praised his neatness in putting things to rights in the cabin.

When spring came, Shivers brought wild flowers from the hills and set them out around the yard, and had trailing vines festooned about the low walls until Bolus' cabin—as called the posey patch.

Bolus, too, underwent almost as great a change as his cabin, and he went so far one Sunday as to ask the Dandy for his paper collar, because Shivers wanted him to spruce up a little like as if he was going to church.

So time went until September came and all the hills put on their robes of red.

Then a dreadful change came to Bolus and Shivers, and the red of the hills ran down and splashed on the door of the pretty little posey patch, and the camp arose, and with a great shout proclaimed that Bolus had murdered a man and robbed the corpse.

It was not so bad to kill a man, but cold-blooded robbery was the depth of depravity, and Bolus had stolen the bag of dust the dead man had carried when last seen alive.

At least that was the universal opinion of the camp and universal opinion is law, or can be very readily converted into law.

Bolus had left the camp very early that morning on a prospecting trip up the valley, and no one was stirring to tell him that a dead man, with his skull crushed lay in the ravine back of his cabin. He was gone when the camp awoke; gone when the body was found; gone when Shivers crawled out of his little bed in the loft; gone when all the camp was wild to find him.

An angry, howling mob in front of the cabin was the first intimation Shivers received that anything was wrong, and he could tell nothing of the absent miner further than that he had gone.

Then the mob departed, and Shivers, with a moan, fell down on his knees and prayed.

He didn't know why, he only felt that nobody but the Lord could save Bolus, and he had his doubts about the presence of the Lord in that neighborhood, except where the flowers grew and the hills lifted their heads far above the wickedness of the camp.

At noon the mob returned, and in its midst was Bolus, white as the mist on the mountains, and shivering as the boy shivered that cold day when the miner re-christened him in the Buckingham.

He saw the boy and stretched out his hands to him in a helpless, blind way.

Shivers was driven into the cabin.

"Stay there," they said to him; "this is no boy's play. Bolus has taken a man's life and his money; we can only take his life, and that far he shall pay the penalty."

The prisoner was hurried to the ravine where the dead man still lay.

The flies had already sat down to the feast.

A rope was thrown over the limb of a tree, the same under whose shade Bolus and Shivers had sat and talked every pleasant evening since the leaves had come out in the spring, and Bolus was told his time had come.

"May I say a few words?" he asked of the leader.

"Mighty durn few," was the brief response.

"I am not guilty," he said firmly, "that is all," and he bowed his head to the noose.

Something in the man's face, something in the exceeding briefness of his defense, that something no man can explain, seemed to touch the crowd, to move it to reflect before acting, and an old miner, the judge, they always called him, stepped up on a barrel and spoke.

"Boys," he said, "'pears to me we're doin' this thing with too much ov a rush; 'pears as how we orter give Bolus a fightin' chance; 'tain't hardly squar fer fifty able-bodied men ter jump outer one, as we're doin', an' I thinks as how we orter do sumpthin' fer the pris'ner at the bar."

"Hang him! Hang him! that's the thing ter do," shouted a dozen fierce voices, and a woman shook her fist at the judge.

"No, tain't, boys," resumed the judge; "leastways not jist yit. Now, I've got a proposition fer make fer you. Way back yonder in the old French laws, thar's some section or measure or statoot or sumthin', no matter what, which says as how when a pris'ner is to be hung, if thar's a woman as will marry him, he don't hang. As betwixt bein' hung an' bein' married, I know thar ain't much choice, but I'm one in this crowd, an' I'd give Bolus the benefit ov the doubt."

The judge has been married twenty years.

His remarks affected the mob visibly, and a consultation was held, which resulted in an agreement to adopt the judge's suggestion.

The leader took the judge's place on the barrel, and announced the verdict.

"Now, ladies," he said, with a profound bow and a graceful wave of the hand, addressing the eight or ten women present, "the boys of the diggin' [illegible] yer, who are obliged to leave their homes to do a little business in a state of irritation. It presents itself to the customer as an incessant effort to invent reasons for enhancing the price which seems like dishonesty. Meanness is not necessarily an attribute of poverty, but it is apt to be associated with it, and it certainly is unfortunate that one can not be at the same time poor and generous. For instance, there are certain articles that are made to be sold together, a fact that the small dealer does not see fit to recognize, unless compelled.

For instance I remember purchasing a bottle of mucilage at Rome to which a brush had been originally attached as a part of the article itself. But the brush had been detached, and when it was required for had to be paid several mill for extra. The thing itself was of no consequence, but the manner of the transaction made it detestable, for I had seen it numberless times at hotels and railroad stations, and where it was possible to manipulate articles sold, or apportionate services rendered so as to extract a little more money. Business in the north of Italy runs in broader grooves, and there is no doubt that even in the benighted regions of Naples and Calabria it will take more enlightened forms when education becomes more general and a knowledge of the ways of other nations more widely diffused. — Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

College Professors with Business Tact.

A gentleman, discussing McClellan's career and what the soldier might have accomplished as an educator, laid stress upon the change which of late years has taken place in the character of the average college professor. There was a time when the very title was taken as indicative of a man without much else in his composition than book learning, sentimentalism, and theories. To have pointed out a college professor who at the same time was a practical business man would have been looked upon as the labeling of a phenomenon or the discovery of some freak strange enough to gladden the heart of Barnum.

All this is changed now, and in the faculties of Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Amherst, and other leading American colleges to-day are to be found professors who deserve high rank as practical, planning, dollar-making and dollar-keeping men. The theorist is not at the front any longer to an appreciable extent. In every college town now the professorships are filled with men of business tact. You will find them the owners of their own homes; you will see that local investments are in their names; you will find their opinion valued for their common-sense spirit by their fellow-townsmen, whose daily routine is trade.—New York Times.

The Study of the Spanish Language.

The study of Spanish has become the fashionable craze. Five years ago there were not forty people studying the language in this city. To-day there are over 1,000. The reason for this is the opening up of Mexico to Americans and the great volume of trade incident upon the completion of Mexican railroads. Merchants and railroads in this country find that they require salesmen and agents both in the United States and in Mexico who can speak the Spanish tongue fluently. The demand soon began to be accommodated, and now every railroad and every business house whose trade brings it into connection with Mexico has a number of employes who have mastered the speech of the "greasers." Then great numbers of ladies have taken up its study as a pastime, and not a few have become very proficient in its use. It is a melodious language and not difficult to acquire.—Chicago News "Rambler."

An Attractive English Watering Place.

One of the most attractive watering places in England now is Eastbourne, Sussex. It chiefly belongs to the duke of Devonshire, one of whose numerous seats, which he gives up to his only sister (married to the only son of the "young gallant Howard" of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage), is in the neighborhood. The duke has expended vast sums in a most judicious improvement of the place.

The Great Explosion.

Of great interest to the scientific world was the recent blowing up of Hell Gate, in Long Island sound. By it some nine acres of rock were rent from their foundations and scattered in fragments upon the bottom of the sound, ready to be dredged out by boats. The work is a United States government undertaking, and has been in progress altogether some ten years. Flood rock was a very ugly impediment to navigation of the sound. The engineers heavily combed it with holes drilled through and through it. These were plugged up with dynamite cartridges, until 250,000 pounds of this tremendous explosive were placed under water. They were connected with a station on shore by electrical appliances, so that when all was ready they could be discharged simultaneously. The key was touched off by a little daughter of Gen. Newton, of the United States engineer corps, who managed the work. Apportion of the Hell Gate rocks was blown up in the same manner nine years ago. The sons of the girl, then a baby of 2 years, exploded the mine.

A quarter of a million of people witnessed the explosion of Oct. 3. Acres of water rose in the air to a height of 150 feet. The earth was felt to quiver five miles away. When the acres of water subsided a stifling cloud of yellowish smoke and gas filled the air. There was no terrific sound, apparently, yet the effects were experienced afterwards more than seemed possible at the time. Many persons felt as though, somehow, their heart had ever had been subjected to a terrific strain. In some cases there were nausea and bleeding at the nose and ears several hours after the explosion. Now it is hoped that large ships will be able to pass New York through the sound.

How to Drink Sea Water.

Sea water has been converted into a beverage. A little citric acid or citrate of silver added to this clear liquid, chloride of silver is precipitated, and a harmless mineral water is produced. An ounce of citrate renders a half pint of water drinkable. Seven ounces would furnish a shipwrecked man with water for a week. The question is how to secure the citrate to the shipwrecked man. It is recommended that those who go to sea carry with them a bottle of citrate protected by an India rubber covering, or that such bottle should be furnished in life preservers. In the latter case, however, the people about to be shipwrecked must not leave the life preservers behind. In with presence of mind, they remember to take them, all the agonies of thirst pictured in nautical stories may remain mere fiction.

Facts of Interest.

The greater the depth of ocean water, the more salt it is.

Do not eat the meat of animals that have been worried and torn by dogs. It is sometimes poisonous.

A cloth with cork threads through it has been invented. It resists ordinary wear, and prevents the body from sinking in water.

Professor Nichols, editor of The Boston Journal of Chemistry, has discovered that alcohol is no longer a necessity in any of the arts or sciences.

The scientific list of Rutgers college, at New Brunswick, N. J., received the shock of the Hell Gate explosion just fifteen minutes before it occurred. This is considered by the report as a remarkable instance of the reconciliation of faith and science.

Commercial Instinct of the Italian.

The commercial instinct exists all over Italy, but in the south its exhibitions are [illegible] to have those who are obliged to suffer from them to be in a state of irritation. It presents itself to the customer as an incessant effort to invent reasons for enhancing the price which seems like dishonesty. Meanness is not necessarily an attribute of poverty, but it is apt to be associated with it, and it certainly is unfortunate that one can not be at the same time poor and generous. For instance, there are certain articles that are made to be sold together, a fact that the small dealer does not see fit to recognize, unless compelled.

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An Imperfect Poem.

Poet (to editor)—A poem, sir. I just dashed off.

Editor—Yes. I find only one trouble with it, sir.

Poet anxiously—And that is?

Editor—You didn't dash it far enough.

Among its attractions this year have been two men with a piano placed on a donkey cart. One wears green goggles and the other a bandage over his face, and their soft felt hats are drawn well over their faces. One is an admirable pianist, the other has a splendid voice, and they have the appearance and mien of persons of a high class. They draw big audiences.—London Letter.

A Breakwater to Cost $40,000,000.

Great improvements are being effected in Venezuela. The work of building a breakwater at Laguayra, on the coast, a few miles from Caracas, is to be begun at once. The entire breakwater will cost $40,000,000. Blocks of concrete weighing 500 tons each will be laid in the sea. No money will be taken from the public treasury. The London company agrees to accept a certain sum per package for all merchandise going over the breakwater for ninety-nine years.—Panama Dispatch.

Is the Planet Mars Inhabited?

An Italian astronomer declares that the planet Mars is peopled by intelligent beings, who are trying to attract attention from dwellers on this planet. He is now engaged in making experiments with a view to discover what the messages mean.

Beauties' Photographs in Argentina.

There is a law in the Argentine Republic making it an offense, punishable by imprisonment, to offer for sale the photographs of beauties, professional or otherwise.

The word "moonshiner" was originally "moonshouner."

AN INTERESTING COLLECTION

Of Indian Implements, Arrow and Lance Heads, Ornaments and Utensils.

One of the largest and most interesting collections of Indian relics in America is now on view in this city. They are the property of Dr. L. C. Washburn, and embrace over 2,000 different rare and valuable specimens. Probably the most interesting pieces in the collection are the axes. These are of all kinds and sizes, from the small, well preserved hatchet to the huge, clumsy affair used in felling trees. One, a small battle-axe, is of artistically recent make, the edge being quite sharp, while another, large, of the very hardest granite and containing hieroglyphics, is at least 700 years old. There are two wood-axes of Oriental shape, like those the Arabians used. The majority of the axes are of granite or black granite, with grooves or crosses near the head. A number of them are of flint so hard that nothing but a diamond can make an impression. They vary alike from and differ. One is a double bitted ax of large size. Another, and probably the last in point ax in the collection, is what is called an ancient pond granite, a very rare stone.

There are arrow and lance heads by the hundred, all of the hardest material, and many of the most beautiful workmanship; so beautiful, in fact, that it is doubtful if artisans of the present day could produce one of them. Most of the arrows are of flint and chert. They range in size from a quarter of an inch to nine inches in length, and from an eighth of an inch to four inches in width. There are war arrows, game arrows and fish arrows. The war arrows have sharp barbs on them, so that the flesh will be lacerated in their extracting; the game arrows have barbs or no barbs, allowing of easy extraction, and the fish arrows have barbs like the harpoon, calculated to resist all effort at extraction. These fish arrows are bent, also, so as to go directly into the water without glancing off. Some of the fine arrows have serrated edges, wonderfully done, with convex and concave sides. How the Indians could work such material in two different ways, as shown in the serrated edges, is a mystery. It must have been done with pounds and chipped there would have been a straight fracture.

But the rarest of all the arrow heads are a score or more made of sand, carnelian, chalcedony and moss agate, precious stones. These are really gems, and were probably the property of chiefs if, as is not improbable, they were not worn as ornaments. Some of these arrow, spear, and lance points are very old. The calcareous deposit in more than one indicates their age. Many of the pieces are of tinted flint, while some have been painted with a mineral paint. A collection of broken lance heads was found on an old battle field. The fight had evidently been a short, sharp one, as there were no arrow points about and as so many of the lance heads were broken.

A barrelful of the osseous remains of prehistoric warriors is a part of the collection. The craniums of the skulls are thick, and the skulls are not larger than those of 10-year-old boys of the present day. The foreheads are low and receding. On one of the skulls is a mark showing the impression of an arrow. One of the femurs exhibited has the fragment of an arrow head in it. The doctors find that the wound must have turned into a running sore, from the effects of which the owner of the femur died. There are indications of the attempt of nature to reject the flint and then to absorb it.

Pipes of various kinds are in the collection. The bowl of one pipe is so hard that it is impossible to make an impression on it. A genuine cigar-holder is shown also, showing that the Indians sometimes twisted their tobacco and smoked it. Then there are agricultural implements of all kinds, spades and hoes, and a great many which have no names now. There are mortars for pounding things in, smooth granite balls, flat stones highly polished, whetstones, anvils and trowels, all so smooth and hard that they must have been cut with a jewel and worn smooth with use. There are drills and awls of queer design; and lastly and really the most remarkable, plummets. The plummets are as smooth as bullets, and their density may be imagined when it is stated that they are made of meteoric iron ore. They are of perfect form and must have been used by the mound-builders in architectural work. In addition to these there are a number of queer ornaments and toys. One of these, and the second found in the United States, is a turtle chipped out of flint. Another, the only one in existence, is an Indian profile in flint.—[St. Louis Cor. New York Mail and Express.

"Cribbing" in Colleges.

A confession upon cribbing in colleges has revealed dark and devious ways in education. One man is said to squeeze through a tight place by writing memoranda on his polished boots and rubbing chalk into the marks. Trade dollars, smoothed on one side and inscribed with memoranda, aid the cribber. Another method is a paper in the sleeve, kept out of sight by an elastic, and drawn forward when needed. Writing on sleeve cuffs has fallen into disuse. But the happiest invention of all is a series of pockets all the way down the trousers legs, in which may be stowed away the greater part of a text-book.—[Chicago Times.

VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

—FOR—

SALE.

—o—

Having determined to settle up and change my business, the following property is for sale, the greater part of which is in and near Salisbury, N. C., now one of the growing cities of the State.

1st—The house and lot where I now live; a good brick house with ten rooms 18 feet square and 10 feet hall-way; two other brick buildings 16x32, 2 rooms each; fine brick dairy, 3 wells of water, 2 good large stock and forage barns, and other out-buildings; a large garden, about 4 acres in choice fruit trees, just in good bearing. The whole lot contains 15 acres, beautifully situated, the ground slightly decending from the dwelling at all points.

2nd—20 fine building lots 50x200 or larger to suit purchasers, adjoining the residence of J. S. McCubbins and others.

3rd—45 acres of land adjoining the above, between the Charlotte and Caldwell Roads, about one-half mile from city, well suited for building, manufacturing sites or truck farming. About 6 acres of good forest-timber on this tract.

4th—A house and lot just one mile from centre of city; lot contains 7 acres, house 3 rooms, well of good water; lies between the Charlotte and N. C. Railroad. This lot is well suited for manufactoring as a fair portion is on grade with R. R.

5th—80 acres of Land on East side of N. C. R. R., within 200 yards of the corporate limits of Salisbury, with 3 comfort houses which rent for $8 per month; a never failing stream of water runs nearly central through this; the part near railroad well suited for building-lots or manufactories, or the whole a good stock farm.

6th—80 acres on the West side of N C R R, one and one-fourth miles from the city. This tract lies near on a grade with railroad, and is well suited for truck farming, manufacturing sites, fair rounds. There is on this tract about ten acres wood land.

7th—9 building lots, 50x200 feet, on Fisher and Bank streets, in the great South Ward of Salisbury, adjoining the lots of James Linbarn, D A Atwell and others.

8th—26 acres of land on the Gold Hill or Stokes Ferry Road, East side, and on both sides of what is known as the Town Creek, just one mile from centre of town; about 15 acres of excellent meadow.

9th—182 acres. A very fine farm about three miles from Salisbury on the W N C R R, with 2 farm houses and other buildings; one good well of water. This tract has about 60 acres of the best of bottom land, most of which is in cultivation and meadow; the upland is fine tobacco and cotton land.

10th—100 acres on the Bringle's Ferry road, 14 miles from Salisbury, 3 from Gold Hill. All wood land.

GOLD MINE

11th—50 acres Placer gold mine tract, about 7 miles from Salisbury. This is valuable property. There are at least 10 acres on the place that will show gold to every shovel of surface dirt. There is also a vein of 12 or 15 inches showing gold. This property paid a Mr Goodman about ten thousand dollars some years ago by washing the surface not more than 150 feet square to a depth of 12 inches. With proper development I have no doubt but that it would be a fine paying property.

12th—1589 Acres. I have also a one-half interest in fine properties in the above number of acres in Rowan and Moore counties, having good veins of gold, silver, copper, iron, soapstone, roofing slate; also a large vein of fine Jasper stone.

All of the above named properties are positively for sale on reasonable and easy terms. All persons who desire to invest in or purchase will please give me a call before buying.

As reference in regard to the above, see Proprietors NORTH CAROLINA HERALD, J S McCubbins, Sr, Luke Blackmer, Esq, Davis & Wiley, Bankers, and M L Holmes, of Salisbury, N C, and S E Linton, Esq., of Charlotte.

S. R. HARRISON.

ANYTHING YOU WANT

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The old reliable R. J. Holmes, has just returned from New York, and other Northern Markets with the

heapest Goods Ever Bought.

DRESS GOODS. CLOTHING.
HATS & CAPS. BOOTS & SHOES.
GROCERIES. CROCKERY.

EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING

To be found in a General Store. Remember the fact that Holmes never sells anything that does not turn out as he represents it.

What you purchase is good, cheap and reliable.

—o—

Mortgages and Accounts.

Please remember that Mortgages and Store Accounts must be settled this Fall. Don't forget.

—o—

For Rent.

One of the New Brick Store Houses in the Holmes Block, on Main street. Fine Store Room. Four rooms above and cellar below. R. J. HOLMES.
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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, Stanly and Montgomery counties.

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FOR SALE

—BY—

J. M. HADEN,

Real Estate Ag't.

FARMS, MILLS, TOWN LOTS,

On the most Reasonable Terms.

If you want to buy, trade or sell, call on him at J. D. McNeely's store, Main Street, Salisbury, N. C. 1 6m.

JOS. ELLIOTT, of Atlanta, Ga. WORTH ELLIOTT, of Charlotte, N. C.

ELLIOTT & ELLIOTT,

Contractors and Builders,

Do a General Building Business in

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

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[illegible]

Prepared by Prof. A. Z. GERMAIN, for the Germain Notesco Medicine Company.

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General Passenger Office,

SALISBURY, N. C., Sept. 9th, 1885.

On and after the 8th inst., the following schedule will be operated by this Company.

WEST.

Main Line.	Train No. 1 Arr.	Train No. 1 Lev.	Train No. 3 Arr.	Train No. 3 Lev.
		A. M.		A. M.
Salisbury.		1 05		6 30
Statesville.	2 34	2 35	7 54	8 14
Newton.	3 43	3 48	10 02	10 07
Hickory.	4 08	4 10	11 47	11 55
Icard.	4 40	4 41	12 20	12 25
Morganton.	5 15	5 16	1 05	1 25
Marion.	6 39	6 39	2 20	2 30
Old Fort.	7 13	7 14	3 49	3 55
Round Knob.	7 51	8 01		
Black Mountain.	8 42	8 43	5 17	5 18
Coopers.	8 58	8 59	5 38	6 08
Spartanburg Junc.	9 21	9 21	6 43	6 47
Asheville.	9 59	9 59	6 57	P. M.
Alexanders.	10 12	10 13		
Marshall.	10 48	10 49		
Barnards.	11 12	11 13		
Warm Springs.	11 45			

EAST.

Main Line.	Train No. 2 Arr.	Train No. 2 Lev.	Train No. 4 Arr.	Train No. 4 Lev.
		P. M.		A. M.
Warm Springs.		3 15		
Barnards.	3 01	3 50		
Marshall.	4 11	4 12		
Alexanders.	4 38	4 39		
Asheville.	5 22	5 32		6 55
Spartanburg Junc.	5 41	5 41	7 07	7 07
Coopers.	6 06	6 06	7 36	7 55
Black Mountain.	6 19	6 20	8 20	8 43
Round Knob.	7 07	7 27		
Old Fort.	7 42	7 48	10 23	10 40
Marion.	8 13	8 12	11 25	11 35
Morganton.	9 10	9 10	1 09	1 50
Icard.	9 38	9 39	2 17	2 19
Hickory.	10 04	10 05	2 57	3 20
Newton.	10 33	10 33	4 03	4 05
Statesville.	11 29	11 30	5 46	5 50
Salisbury.	12 30	A. M.	7 30	P. M.

WEST. Train No. 7 Arr.	Train No. 7 Lev.	MURPHY DIV.	EAST. Train No. 8 Arr.	Train No. 8 Lev.
A. M.				P. M.
	9 40	Asheville.	4 20	
10 26	10 32	Hominy.	3 50	4 01
10 54	10 58	Turnpike.	3 37	3 39
11 21	11 26	Pigeon River.	3 12	3 17
11 31	11 34	Clyde.	2 45	2 47
12 19	12 20	Waynesville.	2 00	2 25
1 40	1 55	Hall.	12 33	12 37
2 28	2 29	Sylva.	11 36	11 55
2 39	2 41	Webster.	11 25	11 46
3 31	3 31	Whittier.	10 34	10 55
4 15	P. M.	Charleston.	A. M.	10 00

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.

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