

NORTH CAROLINA HERALD.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

VOL. I.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1886.

NO. 16.

NORTH CAROLINA HERALD.

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Subscribers will be called on or notified when subscriptions are due.

In addition to our subscription list we mail a large number of every issue to all parts of North Carolina and the United States. Those having land for sale will find it to their advantage to advertise in the Herald, as we have a list of parties making inquiry for land, and to them we shall send our paper whenever land advertisements are inserted.

SALISBURY.

Situated in the very heart of the business portion of North Carolina, at the junction of the Western North Carolina and Richmond and Danville Railroads, 800 feet above the level of the sea, 250 miles inland, in the centre of the richest mineral and granite belt in the South, at the gateway of the Blue Ridge country, in the midst of a rich tobacco and cotton zone, and with a population of nearly 4,000, Salisbury is fast becoming a commercial centre. There are at present two banks, eleven churches, five tobacco factories, four tobacco exchanges (warehouses), one woolen mill, two tanneries, four machine shops, two foundries, three hotels, three newspapers, the Railroad Machine, Car and Locomotive Shop, one steam saw, door and blind factory, about 50 business houses, and gas works. New enterprises projected are the building of a railroad both North and South, a \$50,000 cotton factory, and two tobacco factories. The opportunities for investment are real estate, timber, manufacture of tobacco, granite, sawing and mowing. The business men have the reputation of being the safest dealers in the State.

MAYOR - E. B. NEAVE.

TOWN COMMISSIONERS:
D. H. Julius, D. A. Atwell, P. P. Merson, James Barrett, W. F. Salder, G. W. Gates, Kerr Craig, H. J. Holmes.
POLICE:
R. M. Barringer and C. W. Pool.
TOWN TAX COLLECTOR:
Geo. Shaver.
COUNTY OFFICERS:
Sheriff, C. C. Kilder, Register, H. N. Woodson, Clerk of the Court, J. M. Hotal, Representative, L. S. Overman, Congressman of 7th District—Hon. J. S. Henderson, Salisbury, N. C.

POST OFFICE DIRECTORY.

A. H. BOYDEN, P. M.
Mail going north, closes 9:00 a. m., and 7:00 p. m.
Mail going south, closes 10:40 a. m., and 9:00 p. m.
Mail going west, closes 9:00 p. m.
Mail for Mocksville, Jerusalem, Zeb, Smith River and Farmington, Sunday excepted, leave 7:00 a. m., arrive 6:00 p. m.
Mail for Albemarle, Gold Hill, Rockwell, Palmersville, and all post offices in Stanley county, Sunday excepted, leave 7:00 a. m., arrive 6:00 p. m.
Mail for Yadkin College, Tryn Shops, Bridge, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, leave 7:00 a. m., arrive 6:00 p. m.
Mail for Mt. Vernon, Woodleaf, Verbe, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, leave 7:00 a. m., arrive 6:00 p. m.
Mail for Hart and Watsonton, Monday and Friday, leave 7:00 a. m., arrive 6:00 p. m.
Mail for Jackson Hill, Brinkley, Pool, Millidgeville, Bain, Garfield, Healing Springs, Milton, Hillyers Store, Chandler's Grove, leave Monday and Friday at 7:00 a. m. Arrive Tuesday and Saturday at 2:30 p. m.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

METHODIST CHURCH.
Rev. T. W. Smith, Pastor. Sunday services at 11 a. m., Sunday School at 9 p. m. Evening services at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting.

ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Rev. Wm. Stoudermeir, Pastor. Sunday services at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 9 p. m. Evening services at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7 p. m.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Rev. J. Rump, D. D., Pastor. Sunday services—morning at 11 o'clock, Sunday School at 3 o'clock. Evening services at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

ST. LUKE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Rev. F. J. Munch, Rector. Sunday services—morning at 11 a. m., Sunday School at 9 p. m. Evening services at 7 p. m. Bible Class Wednesday evening at 7:30.

SALISBURY BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. J. F. Tait, Pastor. Services every Sunday except the third Sunday of every month. Morning services at 11 a. m.; Sunday School at 9 a. m.; evening services at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday at 7 p. m.

CHURCH OF THE SCHEM HEART (CATHOLIC).
Rev. Mark S. Gross, V. G., Pastor. Services on third Sunday of every month. Morning services at 11 a. m.; evening services at 7 p. m.

A MEDLEY.

Gay Xmas has come and vanished away,
With its frolic and fun about it;
Wee bacchus and merriment that day,
Well, may be they were—but I doubt it.

Several got married, 'tis very true,
They were really ely about it;
But did all get married that wanted to?
Well, may be they did—but I doubt it.

Did every one do what was right that day?
With love and charity about it?
Did you help the suffering and try to pray?
Well, may be you did—but I doubt it.

Did you thank your God for your life and health?
And ask Him to help you about it?
Did you pray hard for other people's health?
Well, may be you did—but I doubt it.

Did you speak kindly of all men that day?
As if they were to never part it?
Did you pray for their souls, as Christ said pray?
Well, may be you did—but I doubt it.

Did all husbands and wives, that day rejoice?
Were they truly content about it?
Were either stubborn in sleep or choice?
Well, may be they were—but I doubt it.

This poetry was written just in rhyme,
Will any of you try and beat it?
Don't you think you can by taking your time?
Well, may be you can—but I doubt it.

If a fellow wants to believe a guy,
He will go to his friends about it;
Can he find the friend, who will just then lead?
Well, may be he can—but I doubt it.

Does any one think, the Heavens is a bit?
With wisdom and knowledge about it?
Well, just such good people shut up their bit,
Well, may be they will—but I doubt it.

Will not fair maiden this poetry view,
And possibly answer it?
Then, could I refrain from a blizzard?
Well, may be I could—but I doubt it.

Edwards, N. C., Jan. 10th, '86.
Trev.

JACK OF DIAMONDS.

Exciting Western Camp Scene.

Any one who has seen the mining camps of the West as they were before the advent of railways, need not be told what the principle amusement place of this settlement was like. It was called "The Palace," and consisted of two large rooms facing the main street and connected by an archway. In one were two billiard tables and a restaurant; in the other a gorgeous bar for the sale of liquors, and tables where various games were played for money entirely without concealment or hindrance. Gaming, indeed, was the only form of recreation available to the miners, isolated from civilization.

My friend Lennox H., a vigorous son of the Old Dominion, was not a frequenter of this resort, but had wandered in there on the evening to which I refer, while waiting for the mail-stage to arrive from below, and had been at once attracted toward a table where sat a man named Morris, whom he knew as a pretty good, though far from industrious sort of a fellow, just beginning a game of poker with a stranger. It appeared that this stranger had challenged Morris to the game, and by mutual bantering the excessive amount of five dollars "ante" had been agreed upon. The betting indulged in at the start was extravagant, and a circle of spectators quickly gathered around the players.

It was apparent to all that this was to be an extraordinary game. The stakes were higher than he had ever known played for in that locality, and hundreds of dollars were passing back and forth, as the cards turned in favor of one or the other gamester.

The picture presented by the interior of a gambling saloon in a mining camp (or anywhere else) is not a pleasant one, and I do not propose to draw it in detail. You can imagine for yourself the ring of well-tanned, bearded, not always clean faces, hidden under slouched hats, and set above coarse garments of woolen or reddish canvas, which silently closed about this table and its two men, half illuminated by the hanging oil-lamp. If you have no real scene of this kind in your memory by which to help the imagination, so much better for you!

Among those who watched most intently was the young Virginian. He forgot that he was only waiting for the mail, and became wholly lost in noting how this great game went on, where hundreds of dollars were changing hands as the cards flew nervously back and forth across the green cloth.

At first Morris won in more cases than he lost, as though the fickle goddess of "luck" were on his side. Then, when an unusually large amount of money—as represented by the heap of chips—lay on the table, the stranger won; and Len-

who stood near him, and therefore just opposite Morris, caught a flash of surprise in the latter's eyes as though he had not expected it to go that way.

The next hand Morris lost again; and the next and then a third time. All three were large stakes, and reduced his winnings to almost nothing.

It was now his deal, and Len. thought he could see an expression of some desperate purpose in Morris's closely drawn lips. He shuffled the cards long and carefully and then dealt them rapidly without offering them to be "cut" by his opponent—an omission of which the stranger had been once or twice guilty. Len. thought he detected a suppressed exclamation of delight as the unknown player took up his hand and glanced warily at the little figures in the corner of each card.

It was his duty to name the stake, and, declining to "draw," he set a pile of chips equal to one hundred dollars in the centre of the table. Morris put twice as much beside it. The stranger met this and went three hundred "better." All the chips Morris had left were not equal to this call, but he advanced all he had and took from his pocket a big roll of bank bills from which he selected enough to "see" that amount and "go a thousand better."

The spectators were trembling with suppressed excitement—exchanging significant glances, but uttering not even a whispered syllable. Playing like this had never been seen in this little camp.

Before laying the thousand dollars upon the table Morris said to his opponent:

"If you have a jack, and will give it to me, after I discard, I will put down this thousand dollars, and another on top of it, too, if you can't."

This was an innovation in poker, but all right if agreed to. The stranger shot a glance at his antagonist, reconsidered his hand and pondered for half a minute. He had a jack and could spare it without essentially weakening his own strength. It was possible, so far as he could see, to calculate precisely the utmost effect the card could have in strengthening his antagonist.

Drawing the Jack of Diamonds from the five in his hand he gave it up, falling, with all his effort at self-control, to conceal the delight he felt, for he had jumped to a certain conclusion.

"Toss out your ducats!" he exclaimed, "I'll go my bottom dollar against you on this yere hand!"

"There's the money," said Morris, laying down some bills weighed with double eagles. "That calls you—what have you got?"

"Four Queens!" yelled the man, spreading his cards and reaching with his left hand for the stakes.

Before he could touch a coin, the spectators saw four aces and a jack (now the rose was plain) flung upon the table, while Morris grasped the stranger's extended wrist with a grip of iron, shouting,

"Hands off! My money!"

While the words were yet on Morris's lips, Lennox, close beside the unknown gambler, saw him snatch a revolver from his lap and lift it above the table. To reach out and strike the half-extended arm was an instinctive action, done in a twinkling of time. The weapon exploded out its aim had been spoiled, and the ball, instead of piercing Morris's head, crashed into the great mirror behind the bar.

With a yell the stranger whirled the pistol toward my friend; but ere he could get it into range some one dealt him a stunning blow unannounced by the hanging oil-lamp. He fell and again his quick revolver was emptied harmlessly. All this was the work of a second or two—a time too short to reckon, but filled with tumult.

When Len. glanced around as the gambler fell, not one of the circles of lookers-on remained. Three or four lay flat on the floor where they had dropped. A face or two peered over the billiard table. One man had shrunk half way behind a whiskey cask, and three more had leaped behind the bar where the white-aproned keeper was no longer visible. Under the stove two valorous miners were wedged fast together in a vain attempt to hide where there was not shelter enough for one. At this side of the round table, his left

hand covering the money, Morris stood like a statue, calm and defiant. Last of all Len.'s swift glance rested on the face of the only other person on his feet in the whole room—the man who felled the gambler by a single blow. He too was a stranger, tall, slender and wiry, with thin features and a short reddish beard. He was dressed in gray, wore a little round straw hat and carried a small travelling bag slung over his shoulders by a strap. His hands were encased in kid gloves, the one on the right hand split clear across the knuckles which showed through the rent, sharp, bony and somewhat red with the force of the hard blow they had given. One foot was forward, his shoulders braced, his arm drawn back and his whole posture showed training and readiness for the next incident.

An instant later the tableau was dissolved. Men rose from their places of refuge against flying bullets and rushed toward the small group at the table.

The prostrate stranger opened his eyes and slowly picked himself up.

"Hold him," shouted Morris, "I've got something to say to this yere court!"

Two or three stalwart fellows seized the culprit and turned him toward his opponent.

"There lies his cards," thundered Morris, "and here's mine. I've got the biggest hand, haint I?"

"It's a cheat—he stacked the cards," the stranger shouted.

"Of course I did," answered Morris coolly. "I know who I was playing with! I'll bet a horse he's got some cards up his sleeve now."

"Search him!" cried a voice. At this the gambler grew furious, but was overpowered while a couple of miners turned out his pockets. They found a pack of cards, which, on being held up to the light, were seen to be slyly marked.

"I told you so," sneered Morris. "It takes a coyote to catch a coyote!"

"What'll we do with him?" asked the man who held his collar and confiscated his pistol.

"Hang him!" cried two or three.

"Don't trouble yourself, gentlemen," remarked the quiet voice of the person in gray whose blow had knocked the stranger down at this critical instant. "I'm a special agent of the Post Office Department, and I arrest this man for robbing the United States mails."

Thus, hardly an hour from its beginning, ended the great game of the Palace.

Claims on A Democratic Administration.

[Texas Sitings.]

An applicant for a Texas post-office is absolutely certain that Cleveland will give it to him. As there are about twenty in hot pursuit of the office, we had the curiosity to know what made him so positive.

"Are you the widow of deceased Democratic army officer with a family to support, as was the case with Mrs. Mulligan, at Chicago?" we asked.

He replied that he had never tried to be anybody's widow.

"Did you stump for Cleveland?"

"No; but you see I've made personal sacrifice for Cleveland."

"How so?"

"It's confidential, remember."

"Certainly; honor bright."

"Well, I lost five gallons of whiskey and \$50 worth of cigars betting on Blaine. I have sent on the receipted bills with my application."

Don't Read Much.

"The people of Richmond don't read much. The Northern people are the people who read the most," said C. F. Johnston, the newsdealer, under the head of "Random Notes," in the *Sunday State* editorially, "that Richmonders are far behind Northerners in this respect. A Yankee's wife are sharp because he keeps up with the current events."

Our contemporary is right—the daily newspaper is part of each Yankee's breakfast or lunch. This is demonstrated, especially in the great cities of the North. Whether one enters them by rail or steamboat he will discover the stavedores and other laboring men armed with

one or more morning or afternoon papers. The thirst for information is stronger than the appetite for beer, and it is common as day to see truckmen, carters, bootblacks and others perusing the different journals while waiting for their "turns" for employment. The Northern bootblack polishes his mind as well as boots and shoes, and will readily make an expenditure for a newspaper before purchasing a paper collar. In the South, we regret to say, thousands of families never know the news in their own vicinity, except through the medium of their neighbor's paper. —*Norfolk Virginian.*

INTERESTING NOTES.

From Everywhere.

For the first time in the history of Boston a colored man has just been appointed a police.

A gifted poet writes: "The devil arose from his little bed and washed his face and combed his head." We hope not to be considered profane if we ask where in hell he got his water. —*N. Y. Graphic.*

In the National House of Representatives there are 41 Johns, 27 James, 40 Williams, 21 Charles, 17 Thomases, and 10 Georges. The Senate statistics are not at hand, but there are a Thomas and a Jeremiah in the basement, we believe.—*Exchange.*

Among the distinguished dead last year are ex-President General Grant, Vice-President Hendricks, ex-Senators Gwinn, Fenton, Sharon and Toombs, ex-Secretary Thompson, ex-Gov. B. Brax Brown, Cardinal McCloskey, Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Dr. S. I. Prime, Dr. Benj. F. Teft, Sir Moses Montefiore, Dr. Schickel, the African explorer, Franz Abt, the composer; Gens. McClellan, McDowell and McDougal; John McCullough, the tragedian, Col. Burnaby, Dr. Joseph Alden, Sebnyster Colfax, Richard Grant White, F. J. Feargus ("Ingh Conwy"), Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, Hinton Rowan Helper, Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings"), Wm. H. Vanderbilt and Dr. John C. Draper.

A gentleman went by train one day to see his favorite daughter off. Securing her a seat, he passed out and went round to her window to say a parting word. The daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a "prim" old maid took the seat and moved up to the window. Unaware of the important change inside, the gentleman hurriedly put his face up to the window and said: "One more kiss, sweet pet!" In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the passionate injunction: "Be off, you gray-headed wretch!" —*N. Y. Ledger.*

The only member of Congress who voted against the bill to pension Mrs. Grant at \$5,000 a year was Wm. T. Pricer, a Republican, from Wisconsin. Recently he has written a letter to the Chicago Inter-Ocean defending his vote, from which we take the following extract:

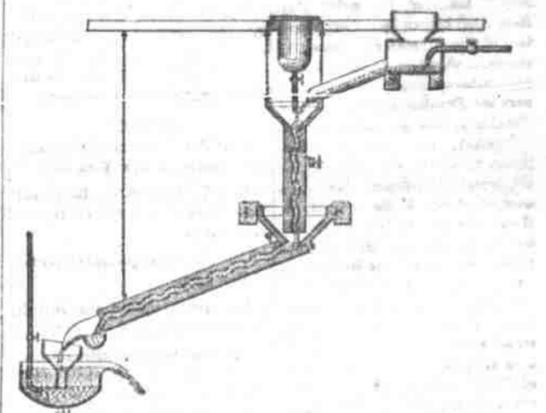
"Mrs. Grant has never rendered any service to the government, does not propose to do so, and is not an object of charity, as it is generally understood that she has a property and income of from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000. As the widow of our greatest general, she should, in my judgment, be cared for by the Government, and if needy, she should be relieved, side by side and equally with every other widow of every other soldier who served in the Union army. As the widow of an ex-President of the United States who received \$400,000 for eight years' service as President, and who, while acting as such officer, voted a bill to equalize the bounties of soldiers, and signed a bill increasing his own salary from \$25,000 to \$50,000 per annum, we owe her nothing. She is, no doubt, in all respects, a most estimable lady, and there is just a little doubt that there are in every school district in every Northern State many women who are suffering in poverty, who were and are as loyal, loving, lovable, who parted with husbands to whom they were as much attached, and made other sacrifices for the common good as great as she.



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.

SAVE YOUR GOLD BY THIS SIMPLE METHOD!



The above represents the method in successful operation at a mine in this State. For particulars, address

A. B. TRIPLER, Hannersville, Randolph Co., N. C.

TRIAL OF J. ROWAN DAVIS, OF BLACKMOR, N. C.

A SEPERATE VERDICT FROM EACH JUROR.

No. 1 and 2—We find that J. ROWAN DAVIS' STORE is the cheapest in the county.
3 and 4—We find that his goods are among the best manufactured.
5 and 6—We find that every customer is treated well at Davis's.
7 and 8—We find that every one gets their money's worth and is satisfied at Davis's.
9 and 10—We find that his store is the most popular one in the county for bargains.
11 and 12—We agree with the other Jurymen, and add that he carries the best stock of Boots and Shoes, all warranted solid leather or 100% refunded.

Opinion of the Judge.
Upon this verdict I find J. Rowan Davis guilty of selling Dry Goods, Notion, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Crockery, Hardware, Groceries and General Merchandise as cheap as Salisbury, Concord or Mooreville, and sentence him to hard labor at his business to supply the wants of the good people of Steele and surrounding Townships with first class goods at living prices.
Nov 1, '85, 4:30

Mecklenburg Iron Works,

JOHN WILKES, Manager,
CHRO TTE, N. C.

ENGINES AND BOILERS OF ALL KIND.

SAW AND GRIST MILLS.

MINING AND PUMPING MCHINERY A SPECIALTY.

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS AND ESTIMATES.

MORTGAGE SALE Valuable Town Property

Valuable Lands. For Sale.

Pursuant to the provisions of a mortgage, registered in Book No. 63, page 117, made by Mrs. Mary Hackett for the protection and benefit of the undersigned, on the 15th day of March, 1881, in which she has forfeited, the undersigned will sell at public sale for cash, at the Court House in Salisbury, on the

1st day of February, 1886,

the following property, to-wit: 240 acres of land in Salisbury township, adjoining the lands of Dr. I. W. Jones. These M. Kerns, Mrs. Sarah Johnson and others, conveyed by the said Mrs. Mary Hackett to satisfy the debt mentioned in said mortgage.

This the 1st day of January, 1886.

TOBIAS KESLER,
By Jno. BRAND, Agt. 1886

R. R. Crawford offers his Valuable Store Room 32x50 feet with a good Dwelling House up stairs, built of brick, located on Main Street just two doors from Murphy Corner, above Boyden Hotel.

One new brick two story Dwelling House with nice shade, good kitchen, smoke house, wash house, wood house, large garden and stable, carriage and butchery house, on East Street adjoining Mrs. Jerry Brown's residence.

Also, one nice Building Lot on same street 30x400 feet.

All this property will be sold cheap and privately.

For any further information, call at this office, or address

R. R. CRAWFORD,
Winston, N. C.