

# NORTH CAROLINA HERALD.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1886.

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VOL. I.

NORTH CAROLINA HERALD.

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**BERBAUM & EAMES,**  
EDS. AND PROP'RS.  
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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 seeking 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 Shops; one steam sash, 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 mining. The business men have the reputation of being the safest dealers in the State.

### MAYOR—E. B. NEAVE.

TOWN COMMISSIONERS:  
D. R. Julian, D. A. Atwell, P. P. McConny, James Barrett, Wm F. Snider, G. W. Gates, Kerr Craigie, R. J. Holmes.  
POLICE:  
R. M. Barringer and C. W. Pool.  
TOWN TAX COLLECTOR:  
Geo. Shaver.  
COUNTY OFFICERS:  
Sheriff, C. C. Kelder; Register, H. N. Woodson; Clerk of the Court, J. M. Horah; 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 6 00 a. m., and 7 05 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, South 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, Tyro 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 Watsonville, Monday and Friday, leave 7 00 a. m., arrive 6 00 p. m.  
Mail for Jackson Hill, Bringle, Pool, Milledgeville, Bain, Garfield, Healing Springs, Millertown, Ribbs Store, Chandler's Grove, leaves 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 3 p. m. Evening services at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting.

ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.  
Rev. Wm. Stouendennire, Pastor. Sunday services at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Evening services at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7 p. m.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.  
Rev. J. Rumpel, 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 EPISCOPAL CHURCH.  
Rev. F. J. Murdoch Rector. Sunday services—in morning at 11 a. m.; Sunday School at 3 p. m. Evening services at 7 p. m. Bible Class Wednesday evening at 7 30.

SALISBURY BAPTIST CHURCH.  
Rev. J. F. Tuttle, 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 SACRED 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.

### MARRIED.

They theme for to day with this rite,  
Though the subject I do not dread—  
But Mr. J. has married a wife,  
Herald I say for the red-head.

The masculine half is Russell J.  
The better half's Miss Russell C.,  
That is right Johnny, clear cut the way,  
For the good courting N. M. E.

I would have been a walter dear fair,  
But that's all past, please have no fears,  
For I now say, and still declare,  
That's been my fate for twenty years.

I wish you all things except downfalls  
And such things as trouble man's life;  
I wish you few and far between squalls,  
Both you and your excellent wife.

May no pair ever happier be  
Than this pair, who have been made one,  
May they ever in unity see  
The way laid out by God's own Son.

To all Double ones, and single, too—  
Stay single, or double up right,  
For some will raise a hulahalo,  
And then such things are hard to right.

El Dorado's yet well and hairy,  
Except the young married, I wot;  
They seem to be a sticky party—  
They're sick on love—if not then what?

### A DEBT OF HONOR.

#### Repairing a Dead Father's Error—The Romance in Russell Sage's Office.

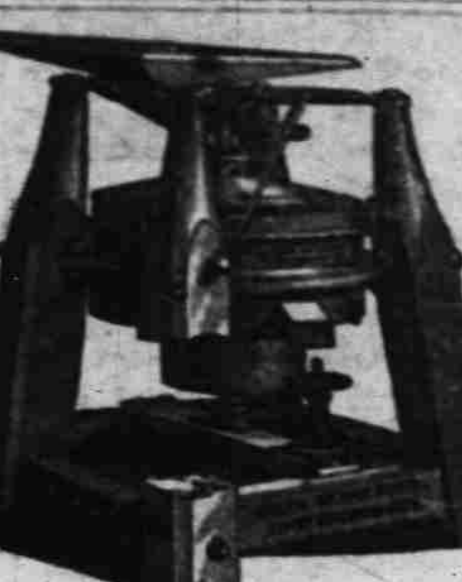
Something like a romance happened not long ago in the office of Russell Sage, the millionaire. Years ago, when Mr. Sage lived in Troy and represented that district in Congress, before he knew much of Wall street and before he was noted for his money, he had in his employ a man with whom he had been a schoolfellow and for whom he entertained feelings of warm friendship. But temptation fell in the clerk's way, and he was not strong enough to resist. The ambition to become rich suddenly overcame him, and, stifling honesty's instincts, he turned thief. His crime was not detected till, goaded by his shame, he himself made a clean breast of the whole story, and, pleading for compassion upon his wife and child, gave himself wholly up to Mr. Sage. Several thousand dollars had been embezzled and every penny of it was gone—frittered away in shortsighted speculations. The mercy he asked in the name of his wife and child was given. Russell Sage was never called a hard man in those days, and the innocent woman in danger of suffering through this sin had been one of his childhood's playmates; thus, for the sake of the innocent, the thief was forgiven and his wrongdoing never exposed. He promised much in the way of reparation; he would pay back to the very last cent, he said, the money that had been stolen. But his pledges never bore substantial fruit. He did seem to struggle hard for a time to regain lost footing, but the effort brought no satisfactory result, and within a year the appetite for strong drink had laid a heavy hand upon him, and from bad to worse he went headlong until the end was a pauper's grave. Mr. Sage and some others provided awhile for the support of the widow and orphan left behind, but friendly assistance was not long of consequence to the broken-hearted woman. A fever, whose fires were kindled by shame and sorrow ranking in her proud soul, did its work quickly. The husband had not been dead a month ere a grave was needed for her also. And a child, the son of a dishonest father, a waif without a relative in the world was left behind—left with a burden other than his own support to bear, charged with a duty pointed by a dying mother, the duty ahead of all other things, of repairing the wrong of his erring father. The lad, scarce in his teens, gave his word solemnly. This was many years ago. Russell Sage soon lost sight of the strapping farmer near Troy gave him a home for a time, but in a year or two he drifted away. What became of him thereafter nobody could ever say. He himself made the mystery plain the other day. Johnnie McCann, Mr. Sage's private secretary, was holding his regular matinee in an outer office with a throng of put and call brokers, when a stranger introduced, asking to be shown into Mr. Sage's private office. The put and call army leered; Secretary McCann explained that Mr. Sage was busy, but there was an earnestness in the caller's manner that induced special consideration, and as he was turning away the secretary volunteered to take in his card, if it would be a favor. The visitor wrote a name upon a bit of paper. Evidently Mr. Sage did not recognize the name as that of anybody in whom he had the slightest interest, and Mr. McCann was obliged to explain that Mr. Sage had too much business on hand to permit of interruption. At 3 o'clock the millionaire buttoned up his overcoat and made ready to go to his Fifth Avenue home; but he had not taken more than a step or two in the outside hallway when he was brought to halt. The visitor who had been denied admittance during business hours had waited to interrupt the magnate homeward bound. "I want to see you for a little while," said the stranger. "You have forgotten my name, I suppose, but you remember John Blank, of Troy, who was your clerk?" "Yes, yes," ejaculated the puzzled speculator. "Well," was the calm remark, "I am John Blank's son, and I've come to pay you his debt."

Russell Sage was late at dinner that night. Hours went by as he sat in his office and listened to the story of this man who had sought him on an errand so out of rhyme with the regular order of things in this world of ours to-day. It was an entertaining tale that summed up the career of this young man—a career at sea, in western mines and elsewhere, tinged with adventurous experience. Since he had been old enough to earn a penny he had hoarded it secretly, he said, to obey his mother's dying injunction to pay back what his father had taken. Once he had almost completed the sum required, when bad luck forced its utter loss, but he had not failed to pluck up courage anew, and cent by cent, dollar by dollar, he began a new accumulation, and now he was come to New York finally to wipe out the "debt," principal and interest. For some years past he had been a railway engineer on a western road. A few months ago a bit of bravery—a mere nothing, so he averred—won him the gratitude of passengers on his express train, who, but for the risk he took upon himself, might all have been killed; their appreciation had been shown by a well-filled purse of money, and later with a handsome watch with an inscription testifying to his bravery and devotion. He was now east, bringing the contents of that purse, his own savings and that watch, to give them all to Mr. Sage, asking only that the watch should be held for a little while till further savings should be accumulated to buy it back. The debt was paid now in full. "I have a sweetheart," said the younger man, "but till I had paid you what belonged to you I could never think of marrying." "Couldn't you?" said the other musingly. "Boy, you had a good mother; for her sake I want to make you a little present." There was a tremor in the voice of the man whom the world had learned to call hard; there was a fervor almost boyish in the handclasp that he gave the rougher hand of his visitor; and then the roll that a little while before had been laid upon his desk he picked up and jammed down deep into the overcoat pocket of his old clerk's son—jammed it so hard that the cheap and well worn materials of that overcoat seemed almost ready to give way into tatters. A Precedent. The situation in the Ohio Senate where a partisan minority is engaged in a high handed attempt at usurpation, recalls a somewhat similar occasion in Pennsylvania, which produced the "Buckshot War." When the public indignation broke out and volunteer military companies made their appearance at Harrisburg the conspirators to overthrow the legislative majority found it prudent to desist. Tradition relates that some of the conspirators, in their alarm, precipitately fled out of the back windows of the Senate chamber. Let us trust that this political outrage in Columbus will not lead to other acts of lawlessness.—Philadelphia Record.

### HABITUAL BORROWERS.

Mr. EDITOR:—I have often thought that no greater social pest exists in any community than the habitual borrower. Years ago, prior to the advent of hardware stores, there was some excuse for the custom. My recollection dates back to the time, when, within an area of five or ten miles square, there would probably be only one broadax, cross-cut saw, one froe, or one drawing-knife, and from sheer necessity, people were obliged to borrow such things, one from another; and, indeed, during those times, long ago, such tools as I have named, were by force of circumstances and common consent, deemed as held in common, to be used when needed by all the people within a community. During those early times such implements were not only very costly, but difficult to procure. Hence, one person kept a broadax, another a cross-cut saw, another a froe, &c., and these were freely lent by one neighbor to another throughout the whole community. But times have greatly changed. In every town or village now, there is at least one, and frequently several hardware stores, in which every imaginable variety of tool or implement can be purchased at a very low price, and not a shadow of excuse exists, to justify the borrowing habit now. Years ago, when I commenced business for myself, having seen and felt the annoyance attendant upon this borrowing habit, I determined to furnish myself with every needful tool and implement. I bought a full supply of farming implements, carpenters tools, blacksmith tools, and everything needful to successfully carry on a farm and keep implements &c., in repair. I took great pride in my tools and implements. I had a place for everything and kept everything in its place, so that if I wanted a certain tool, even on the darkest of nights I could go and place my hand upon it. I had fully made up my mind that when I needed a tool I would buy it, and that I would never either borrow or lend. But, like everybody else, I have been compelled to lend or else give offence, and consequently, to-day I have many tools scattered around the neighborhood that I have not the slightest idea where they are, nor in whose possession they are. I will give you a case or two of my own experience: Some years ago, I owned a fine lot of sheep, and in shearing time, I purchased a first-rate pair of sheep shears, and in a very few days after shearing my sheep, a near neighbor called and asked for the loan of my shears to shear his sheep. I told him I had just bought them, that they were very fine and costly, and I did not care to lend them. He insisted that he would take good care of them, and return them immediately. On those terms I let him have them. Next morning, before daylight, and before I had risen, he knocked at my door and said he had brought my shears home; I opened the door and he handed them to me. After daylight, I pulled the cob off the points, and one of the points had an inch broken off of it. They were utterly useless for anything. I had only used them once. I was once engaged in breaking up a piece of bottom lands. We were running four plows and teams. A spell of wet weather set in and we were stopped. We left our plows all sticking in the furrows. About a week later, the ground got in order and we all went out to plow again. The plow stock which I used was turned up side down, the shovel-lying beside it, and the heel screw gone. I had a neighbor who was good at borrowing. It struck me that he had my screw. He was plowing in sight, half a mile away. I raised a yell, I asked him if he had my screw, he said he had, I told him to fetch it immediately. He came running with it; said his screw had given out, and that mine was nearer than the shop, and he thought I would not care if he borrowed it. That man is now dead, and I hope has gone to the good place, though I confess that I consigned him to a different place at that time. At another time, my cross-cut and hand saw had both got out of

fix; I took them to a carpenter and had them jointed, filed and set, and put in first rate order, for which I paid seventy-five cents. I laid them away till needed; and before I had ever used either of them at all, they had been borrowed by Tom, Dick and Harry and battered-wanged around; sawed in nails, crooked and rusted up, at such a rate, that when I tried to use them I could do nothing with them. To-day I have four first rate augers, one smoothing plane, one pair smith's tongs, and a variety of tools that I know no more who has them than the man in the moon; and every neighbor I have is ready to swear that they have not had them. The truth is, they have been gone so long that they have changed ownership, and he who has them would swear to-day that they are his tools, &c. And thus it is; I might go on ad infinitum to the end of the chapter. I have had my claw hammer borrowed, the person promising to return it next day, and kept it more than a month, during which time I have needed it badly fifty times, or at least once every day. A man that can submit to being treated this way without saying bad words must be a better Christian than I am. There is another class who borrow books, especially novels, and never return them. I have now, what would make a pretty fair library, scattered around—God knows where. A young lawyer, about commencing business for himself, asked an old lawyer's advice. The old gentleman very solemnly said to him: "My son, the main thing for you to do is to get money. Get it honestly if you can, but get money!" So it is with these borrowers; they never think of a thing till the very moment they want it; then they run to a neighbor to borrow it. So they get it they care not from whence or from whom, but as to returning it, that is seldom thought of. They seem to imagine that all the property of the neighborhood belongs in common to the whole community, and that all they have to do is to get hold of it and use it as much and as long as they please, but as for buying, they never think of that. I have known men—farmers—in fair circumstances, who never owned a saw nor a claw hammer, though they had been farming for fifteen or twenty years. If they needed to drive a nail, they would do so with the poll of an axe, or with a rail-splitter's iron wedge, or even a rock, if it came handiest. But why multiply cases? I have experienced these things, ad nauseum, (to satisfy or disgust), for if anything borrows me more than another it is to look for a tool that I want immediately and find that it has been borrowed, and nobody can tell by whom. As I said above, in this day and time, when tools of every kind are so abundant and cheap, there is no excuse for borrowing, and no man who has self respect will do it, or if he does, he will return them. The whole practice should be abolished for the good of society. A NON-BORROWER. January 29th, 1886. The larger portion of Texas is under snow and cattle are dying in large numbers. The American Exhibition in London, which was to have been opened on the 1st of next May, has been postponed until the corresponding date in 1887. The bill authorizing the President to reinstate General Fitz John Porter as an officer of the army is to be favorably reported from the Military Committee. Considerable quantities of hematite ore from the iron mines near Cartersville, Ga., are shipped to Birmingham, Ala., where for many purposes they are indispensable. It is said that a strong syndicate is being formed to work the Bartow county mines once more. The Emperor William has just given order that in future prayers are to be offered for the German Navy at all the churches in the Empire.—London Truth. So far as the American Navy is concerned it may be said that for several years it has been past praying for.



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.

### TRIAL OF J. ROWAN DAVIS, OF BLACKMOUNT, 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 money refunded.  
**Opinion of the Judge.**  
Upon this verdict I find J. Rowan Davis guilty of selling Dry Goods, Notions, 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. Feb 4th—8m

### Mecklenburg Iron Works,

JOHN WILKES, Manager,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.  
ENGINES AND BOILERS  
OF ALL KIND.  
SAW AND GRIST MILLS.  
MINING AND PUMPING MACHINERY  
A SPECIALTY.

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS AND ESTIMATES.

1870 Established 1870.  
**A. C. HARRIS,**  
Family Groceries of all Kinds.  
CONFECTIONERY,  
TOYS,  
CIGARS,  
TOBACCO.  
TEAS and COFFEE,  
SUGAR,  
SPICES,  
CANNED GOODS.  
**EVERYTHING FRESH.**  
I am receiving crackers in fresh lots every week, consequently have no old stock. I am making a specialty of this line and can supply the wholesale trade. My new goods are arriving daily, and are being offered as cheap as any in the city. I want to supply all the families with first class goods at a reasonable cost. All goods delivered to any part of the city free of cost. Try me once. 13m

**Vatuable Town Property For Sale.**  
R. R. Crawford offers his Valuable Store Room 33x80 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 buggy house; on Emnis Street adjoining Mrs. Jerry Brown's residence. Also, one nice Building Lot on same street 80x400 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. 5-1f

**THE LOCK BRIDGE, THE MOCKSVILLE R. R. Salisbury Cotton Mill**  
Will build up just as E. C. Miller has built up his immense stock of Groceries Fruits.  
**CHRISTMAS GOODS and CANDY**  
Housekeepers will find a fresh lot of Baking Powders, Currants, Raisins, and Extracts of all flavors. It is as good as a CIRCUS.  
He has everything you can think of and more coming in every day. He has begun to climb to the top and will soon have as large a stock as any house in the city. 43m

**WILLIAMS BROWN. STOVES.**  
Cooking Stoves, Heating Stoves, Coal Stoves and Stoves of all kinds.  
If what you want is not in stock can order at short notice.  
**HOUSE ROOFING and GUTTERING**  
executed in a superior manner. Good workmen, and the best tools in the city.  
ON ALL KINDS OF COPPER WORK  
on short notice, still a specialty. A large stock of everything in my line always on hand. Old copper taken in exchange for work. 13m

**JOHN HATLEY. BLACKSMITH.**  
Shop four miles from Salisbury, on Bringle's Ferry Road, does Blacksmithing of all kinds. Horse Shoeing, and Buggy Repairing and Painting. Guarantees as good work as is done in the county, and at low rates. 5-2m

**A LIVERY BUSINESS.**  
Having important business that requires my attention in another place, it becomes necessary for me to close out my LIVERY BUSINESS IN SALISBURY.  
and I offer a splendid opportunity to any one wishing to engage in the business. The Stable was established years ago in the heart of the city—the only regular built stable with modern improvements in the place—on a beautiful street. Everything that pertains to a full equipment for the business is there and now running daily. Salisbury is rapidly increasing in wealth and population. This is a chance to secure a permanent and profitable business, which may not occur again. The stock and vehicles will be sold separately if desired. Call on E. K. JAMES, 207 1/2 W. F. SNIDER, Prop'r, Asheville, N. C. Or address, W. F. SNIDER, Prop'r, 131f