

# NORTH CAROLINA HERALD.

VOL. I.

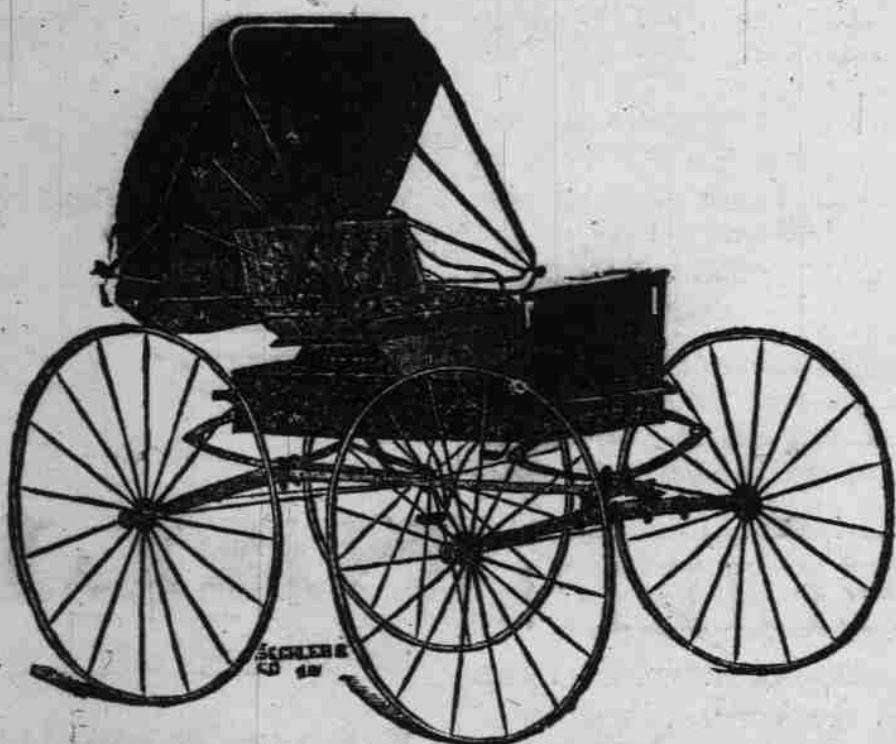
SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1886.

NO. 29.

FOR  
**COTTON**  
USE THE OLD RELIABLE  
**SEA FOWL,**  
OR THE  
**Owl Brand,**  
**Anchor Brand,**  
OR THE  
**ARLINGTON**  
**GUANO!**  
FOR COMPOSTING  
USE ONLY  
**"ROYSTER'S HIGH GRADE"**  
**Acid Phosphate.**  
SOLD ONLY BY  
**J. D. GASKILL.**  
**FARMERS:**  
Buy your Guano from parties, to whom you can sell your Cotton and Tobacco. It will be to your advantage.

**COME AT LAST!**  
THE RIGHT PRICES ON HARDWARE.

We are daily receiving our large stock of Hardware, Chattanooga & Dixie Plows, Double and Single Plow Stocks, the celebrated Studbaker and Tennessee Wagons, Threshing Machines and Horse Powers, Osborne and Champion Mowing Machines, Folding Reapers and Self Binders, the celebrated Thomas Hay Rakes, Telegraph Straw Cutters, Barbed Fence Wire, Buggy and Wagon Material, Paints and Oils for Painting Houses, Corn Shellers, Grain Drills.



We carry one of the **Largest Stock of Buggies in the State**, and have bought 150 more that will be here in a few days. We have learned from experience that a real good buggy will sell for a small sum much better than a cheap one will sell for a small sum, and we have now made arrangements which enables us to sell one of the best Buggies in existence at about the same price as cheap grades.



Our aim is to down the high prices on all kinds of Farming Implements, Hardware, Buggies and Wagons, and give the good old farmers, who support us all a showing. **TO THE GOLD MINERS.** We carry a full stock of Atlas, Giant Powder, Black Powder, Fuse, Caps, Steel &c., and will guarantee prices as cheap as anywhere in the State. We pay freight on all Powder to the nearest railroad station.

**LADIES DEPARTMENT.**



**A NOVEL WITHIN ITSELF.**  
THE CELEBRATED  
**DAVIS SEWING MACHINE.**  
The Lightest Running Sewing Machine Made  
Does all kinds of work without any busting. There has been \$50 reward offered to any machine that will follow the Davis through its variety of work without busting. Other agents will tell you they can do anything on their machines the Davis can do. Why don't they take in this reward, why they can't do it.  
We invite all to call and see our stock through and see how ready we always are to give you low prices.

**IMMEDIATELY AT RITCHIE,**  
SALISBURY, N. C.

## THE ARCHDRUID.

**RISE FOR THE DAY IS PASSING.**  
My soul awake! behold the hour has come  
When thou with listless trifling must have done—  
No longer canst thou dally, as of old  
The Cupans dalled with their manifold  
And soft entrancing pleasures; but thou must  
Take up, and bear thy manhood's God-sent trust.  
Encounter all the perils of this life.  
Its ceaseless, raging, all devouring strife!  
Its joys, its woes, its triumphs and defeats.  
And thou shalt learn that mortal life repeats  
To all, the sweetness and the bitterness  
In some degree; and to thyself no less  
Shall come thy destined share of weal and woe  
In thy short journey in this world below.  
Go forth! and boldly thrice among them  
Thy fellow men, and strive thou in the throng  
Of eager struggling toilers to attain  
The foremost place; but if thou canst not gain  
That which thou dost desire, do not repine;  
With what thou hast, then gratefully en-  
dure  
Thy life, and ever seek to do thy best,  
Nor let regret thine onward course arrest.  
Toll on! for be thou sure the Will Divine  
Will ever send the best for thee and thine.  
Toll on! and ever seek thy help from Him  
Whose guiding Lamp shall never become dim.  
So be assured that if thy life be passed  
In upright, honest toil unto the last,  
That light will shine upon thy weary face,  
And its reflected glory, to that place  
Shall gain thine entrance, where thy  
troubled breast  
Shall cease to throb, and be for aye at rest.

## PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

**The Safety of Building Associations Conducted on Correct Principles.**  
Washington Office.  
Of late stockholders in the various building associations in this city have been rather uneasy over their investments, owing to the trouble that has occurred in the financial management of a certain building association in Georgetown. With a view of learning something of building associations and their advantages to stockholders, a Critic reporter to-day interviewed Mr. John J. Edson, who is an acknowledged reference in such matters.  
"There is no better way of saving money," said Mr. Edson, "and getting a home easily than by investing in a building association. It is a perfectly safe investment if the stockholders elect careful, shrewd officers. The reason that some associations get into trouble is because the officers have their own private business to attend to and can only work for the association at odd times, and thus do not look after the interests of the association as should be done. The cause of the trouble in one association here lately was, I understand, because the profits did not warrant the paying of eight per cent. on withdrawals and \$700 a year expenses.  
"A competent finance committee, well paid for their services, is an indispensable necessity of a well organized building association. In the Equitable Association there is such a committee, who receive adequate monthly compensation for their services and responsibilities. Their duties are itemized and printed. An examination and report must be made monthly, and the report signed before the committee can draw their salaries; consequently the reports are always ready at the monthly meetings of the board. The Equitable has been in existence a little over six years. We have issued 20,000 shares, the full quota allowed by our constitution. We have made about 800 loans to our shareholders to pay for their property, amounting to over \$1,200,000; have foreclosed but one mortgage, and have never lost a dollar. Our receipts since we commenced business have been over \$1,700,000. The average amount paid or saved on stock by the shareholders is \$8 per month, or 26 cents a day; the lowest is \$2.50 a month, or 8 cents a day, and the highest is \$75 a month, or \$2.50 a day.  
"To give an idea of how extensive the business is here, there are some 15,000 shareholders in building associations in Washington whose monthly payments amount to from \$115,000 to \$130,000. In our association the monthly receipts average \$45,000. We have an active reserve fund for the protection of shareholders, such as is required by law of all banks and insurance companies.  
"The question of interest allowed on voluntary withdrawals before shares mature is a very important consideration in successfully conducting a building association. In my opinion no association can safely pay over 4 per cent. interest per annum on voluntary withdrawals and carry out the true object for which building associations are organized.  
"Smuggler," the famous trotting stallion, whose record of 2:15 1/2 for several years the best ever made, has been sold for \$1,050 to a man in Hornellsville, N. Y. He is a Kansas horse and first came into notice at Olathe, where he was purchased by Captain Tough and put into severe training. He made the circuit of the Missouri Valley races for several years and was finally taken east by Bud Doble and sold for \$45,000. He was 20 years old.

## THE ARCHDRUID.

**The High Priest of the Ancient English Religion.**  
[London, Telegraph].  
Old Christmas day was the eight-sixth anniversary of the birth of the birth of Myfyr Morganiog, Archdruid of the British isles. Wales has never been without its representative of the Gwyddon (chief bard of the laureate of Britain), whose duty it was to sing with his harp that ancient tune known as "The Monarchy of Britain" before the army on the eve of its entering upon a campaign. The old religion becoming unpopular, by degrees his office was forgotten. On the evening of his natal anniversary the Archdruid was visited by one of his disciples, who thus narrated what took place.  
"He sits to-day, a white-haired and white-bearded aged priest, alone in an upper chamber in a street in Pontybridd. I took with me to him a presentation from a most generous, noble lord. It was the gift of a Christian chieftain to the chief druid. The moment I entered the lonely cell of the druid, the noble old man with flowing beard stood up to meet me, and with extended hand, said, with sparkling eyes, 'Bloddyn newdy Dda' (Good New Year.) He then uttered a druidic prayer for all blessings to descend on the house of Bute, and the home of Sir W. T. Lewis was not forgotten by him who is preparing for 'Cych Y Gwynfyd' (the Circle of the Holy World.) He said, 'I shall be 86 to-morrow. I am in a hurry to finish my writings for the benefit of the whole world—writing which will restore the Welsh people to the van of the nations of the earth. My writings can be compared to work of a man engaged in clearing away rubbish which had fallen into a spring of water. Oh, the rubbish! Oh, the stuff which had fallen and hidden from all eyes the source of true religion!' He then said: 'Who will fight the battles of the gods when I am gone? He subsequently remarked that the day of his departure was close at hand he felt his strength growing less daily; his memory, too, was not what it once was. I ventured to ask him what were his views respecting the future state of existence. His reply was: 'My father and my mother are well able to provide for me, and in them I trust, and not in any one else.' I asked him what he meant by his 'father and his mother'; he replied that the Creator was his father and Anian was his mother.' By Anian he seemed to mean the fecundating power of the earth, revealing her efforts in the Springtime of the year. 'This, he said, is the Venus and the mother of the gods in ancient mythology. He seemed to regard all creeds as jumping confusions of Druidism, and to think that his mission in the world was to restore the primitive order of ancient times."

## VANDERBILT AND GARRETT.

**An Eye-Witness' Account of What Transpired at a Meeting Between the Old Giants.**  
A Western Marylander, an intimate friend of the late Jno. W. Garrett, related to me the other day the circumstances of the first meeting between Mr. Garrett and old Commodore Vanderbilt, the pioneers in that railroad in which their sons have since become kings. Mr. Garrett related the interview to my friend a few days after its occurrence.  
The president of the Baltimore & Ohio called upon the old commodore just after Bob Garrett had graduated from Princeton College in 1847. Bob and Harrison were with their father at the time, and when they were ushered into the presence of the old commodore the two boys took themselves to an obscure corner of the room. Mr. Vanderbilt's greeting was:  
"Garrett, you have run that B. & O. d—d well."  
Such words from the lips of such a clerical-looking gentleman as Mr. Vanderbilt astounded Mr. Garrett, who admitted his success, but modestly attributed it to the Board of Directors rather than to any ability of his own.  
"The directors be d—d," sharply interrupted the clerical looking old commodore; "they are the most intolerable nuisances outside of hell."  
Bob and Harry snickered so loudly at this that Mr. Vanderbilt looked at them, seemingly surprised at their presence. "Who are these youngsters?" he inquired of his guest. Mr. Garrett introduced them as his sons.  
"Look here," he continued, "if you want to make men out of them take some advice from me. Put them at the hardest work you can scrape up in your office and keep them at it all the time. Marry them as quickly as you can and make them support their wives and family without any help from you." Mr. Garrett and the old commodore never met again.  
"Bob" has become the successor of his father, and it was at his feet that the son and the old man who told his father how to raise him fell dead.

## Death of Zebecce Russell.

Died, suddenly, the 19th March, 1886, at his residence, Glen Brook, Capt. Zebecce Russell, of supposed paralysis of the heart, aged 81 years. And on the 17th of the same month, his youngest son Wiley died, aged 35 years, leaving a wife and three children.  
Capt. Russell leaves four sons and a number of grand-children to mourn his loss. The suddenness of his death startled the whole neighborhood. When it was known that we had lost an old and much esteemed and respected citizen, the writer, an old and intimate acquaintance of the deceased, felt called on to make a few remarks to his memory.  
Full of years he died crowned with civic honors. He represented the county of Montgomery in the State legislature from 1846 to 1855 continuously. He was noted for solid common sense, practical ideas and conservative opinions, which were strong features in his character—an intelligent man with broad views. As a citizen, neighbor and friend,  
He seemed the thing he was, and joined each office of the social hour.  
To noble manners, as the flower,  
And native growth of noble mind;  
And thus he bore without abuse,  
The grand old name of Gentleman.

The courtesies of his life were broad and generous. Always the polite and genial gentleman—kind and tolerant—he was fixed as fate in his resolutions, and yet affable. In all the varied positions to which he was assigned he performed well his part in each. His course in the Legislature was not only marked and noticeable in the full and perfect discharge of duty, but his record is without spot or blemish. Susj i n never breathed a calumny on his integrity. He was a true friend; an honest man—among the "noblest works of God." It was but yesterday that Capt. Zebecce Russell was with us, to day he is gone  
"To solve the mightiest mystery of all," and to but verify the great truth that "In the midst of life we are in death." To-day his children, friends and associates in life pause in the shadow of their domestic bereavement to speak of his kindness as a parent and neighbor. But he, of whom I speak, has gone where earthly honors and mortal eulogies are empty sounds. But the homage we pay the dead softens the asperities of any strife in life, and incites emulation.  
J. H. D.  
El Dorado, March 21, 1886.

## Bessemer Steel Made from North Carolina Pig Iron.

CHATTANOOGA, April 20.—The first Bessemer steel converted in the South was made here yesterday by the South Tredegar Works. An experimental cast of two gross tons proved excellent steel, on rolls and under all tests applied. The material used was pig iron from the Cranberry ores of North Carolina, and shows that ore to be excellent steel material. The plant has a capacity of 85 tons per day. The success of the experiment has caused much gratification among Southern iron masters.

## A Narrow Escape.

A few days ago, Mr. W. P. Crump, of Stanly county, who keeps the ferry on Rock River, at Crump's Mills, missed being shot dead by one of his neighbors, by a hair's breadth. He was turkey hunting, as was his neighbor, Mr. John Smith. Both were helping for the game, and each thought the other a turkey. Mr. Crump was stooping close to the ground peering through the bushes, trying to get a glimpse at what he conceived to be the advancing bird. Mr. Smith was similarly engaged. As Mr. Crump was moving his head, first to one side and then the other, Mr. Smith espied his black hat—all that he saw, little thinking that Bill Crump was hiding behind that hat. Mr. Smith, who is one of the best rifle shots in this part of the State, raised his gun, took deliberate aim and banged away. The ball grazed the hat, leaving a track to show where it had travelled. Before reaching the hat, the ball struck a twig on a tree, about two feet in front of Mr. Crump and out it in train. This, it is believed, caused the ball to turn from its original line, thus saving Mr. Crump's life.—[Wadesboro Intelligencer.]

## Advice on Entering a Printing Office.

Always come in whistling when you invade the sacred composing room of a printing office. It may rile the devil a little, but on the whole it is very soothing to the weary compositor who is trying to jerk sense out of a lot of hieroglyphics. If the man at the local case looks troubled, lean over his case and ask him a few idiotic questions about how he knows where to reach for the letters; get up against him and read his copy over his shoulder. He may possibly raise up and smite you on the olfactory organ, but the probability is that he will ask you to take a drink.

## INTERESTING NOTES.

Kaiser Wilhelm was 89 years old one day last week.  
Mrs. Mary A. Hunt reports: "I have voted for several years, and there's no beard on my chin yet." Mrs. Hunt should know that chin whiskers do not grow on the polls.  
One of Millet's pictures in the Morgan collection was sold to a Boston man. Millet knew how to touch the Boston heart. The title of this picture was "Gathering Beans."  
"The talk about being married soon is all nonsense," said Miss Edith Kingdon to a New York Herald reporter. "When I get married I shall leave the stage, and my contract is signed with Mr. Daly for next season."  
A printed cotton crape in Japanese figures and designs is a novelty. Fans, vines, trellis-work summer-houses and other quaint patterns are shown in blue, black and brown on ecru, white and chamois grounds.  
Mrs. Emma Freeman Frye of Cincinnati has applied for a divorce. She was married three years ago, and her husband took her to the theatre that night, accompanied her home, and kissed her good-by. She has not seen him since.  
Edison seems to have a practical turn of mind enough to get rich out of his inventions, which is a faculty rather rare with inventive genius. He has an immense income and has just built a house in New York costing half a million of dollars.  
A German railway company lately paid \$600 for a cherry tree. The tree stood on the line of an extension, and the owner proved that its crops sold for an equivalent to the interest on \$900.  
A Columbia, S. C. lady keeps a penny box on her table, and when member of the family speak ill of any person she requires them to contribute to the box. A general application of this plan would soon pay the national debt, especially if it was in operation during a presidential campaign.  
There are vague rumors floating about of a mysterious young woman whom Managers Hill and Abbey are interesting themselves in as a possible future Juliet. She hails from the wild West, that is so productive of actresses, and is, of course, phenomenally beautiful.  
There is an osier willow farm near the city of Macon, Ga., on which there are 400,000 willows growing, besides 80,000 slips recently set out. The willow switches are from four to seven feet long at the end of two years, and are then cut and stripped of their bark by machinery, wiped dry and laid away to dry. All the leaves and bark are dried and baled. They are used for medical purposes and command twenty-five cents a pound.  
Govan S. Simms, a son of the famous South Carolina novelist, and a bright young actor himself, is likely to come into possession of a large fortune. His grandfather inherited this property, which is in England, from his aunt, but declined to go after it. He died soon after, and then the war broke out. It has been lying unclaimed ever since. The whole estate is valued at \$10,000,000, and there are five heirs.  
"God help the stranger that is taken sick there," writes an officer of the United States steamship Galena, speaking of Aspinwall. "It is not uncommon for people to lie down in the street and die in broad daylight, and when dying receive no offer of assistance, even in answer to an appeal for a drink of water. The people appear to be heartless, as if their familiarity with death had made them callous."  
Eighty-three pounds of meat in two hams, and North Carolina meat at that, is a sight rarely seen upon our streets, yet Messrs. A. G. Hoyt & Bro. bought two hams on Tuesday weighing respectively 41 and 42 pounds. It made us think of the good old times in North Carolina, when every farmer raised his own meat and didn't care a continental whether the Western pork crop was long or short. We hope to see those days come again.—[Washington (N. C.) Progress.]

## A Pretty Girl with a White Poodle.

We have here this winter a living illustration of the American girl with the white poodle, who was invented by Henry James in "Roderick Hudson," the girl who became Princess Cassamassa, or some such name at the end of the book. No one knows who this young lady is or what she is called. We do not meet her in society, but she haunts, not the galleries and the churches, for her dog would not be allowed into those sacred and artistic regions but the ruins of the palace of the Casars. She is very pretty, fantastically dressed, but not showily, and there is an expression in her rather pathetic eyes that makes one want to know more about her.

## War Horses, when hit in battle, tremble in every muscle and groan deeply, while their eyes show deep astonishment. During the battle of Waterloo some of the horses, as they lay upon the ground, having recovered from the first agony of their wounds, fell to eating the grass around them, thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness. Others were observed quietly grazing on the field between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs, and the balls flying over their heads and the tumult behind, before and around them caused no interruption to the usual instinct of their nature.

## A Marriage Mix.

I got acquainted with a young widow, observes a recent writer, who lived with her stepdaughter in the same house. I married the widow. Shortly afterward my father fell in love with the stepdaughter of my wife and married her. My wife became the mother-in-law and also the daughter-in-law of my own father; my wife's stepdaughter is my stepmother, who is the stepdaughter of my wife. My father's wife has a boy; he is naturally my step-brother, because he is the son of my father and of my stepmother; but because he is the son of my wife's stepdaughter, so is my wife the grandmother of the little boy, and I am the grandfather of my stepbrother. My wife also has a boy, my stepmother is consequently the stepmother of my boy, and is also grandmother, because he is the child of her stepson; and my father is the brother-in-law of my son, because he has got his stepmother for a wife. I am the brother-in-law of my mother, my wife is the aunt of her own son, my son is the grandson of my father, and I am my own grandfather.—[Ex.]

## FACETIAE.

Washington City.  
In the district of Columbia there are 20,000 more women and men:  
Forty thousand peach-blow cheeks,  
Forty thousand lovely eyes,  
Twenty thousand waiting hearts,  
Forty million tender sighs,  
Forty thousand dimpled hands,  
Forty thousand dainty feet,  
Twenty thousand noses fine,  
Twenty thousand voices sweet,  
Forty thousand graceful arms,  
Forty thousand plink-white ears,  
Forty thousand ripe, red lips,  
Twenty thousand luscious dears,  
Twenty thousand willing souls,  
Twenty thousand willing slaves,  
Twenty thousand subjects for  
Twenty thousand maiden graves.  
Mexican pulque is a beer made from the juice of a cactus and is sold for one cent a glass. It looks bitter, smells loud and tastes yellow, but it gets there all the same.  
Summer suits for the young men promise to be so loud this summer that before the dog days are over the bloods won't be wearing anything but a noise.  
An Iowa man who had been converted at a revival meeting groaned so long and so loud over his sins that he was arrested and fined \$10 for disorderly conduct.  
"An order for three tons of capital's," said the proprietor of the type foundry to the foreman. "What's up now?" asked the foreman. "New fishing story?" "Oh no, another magazine article on the battle of Shiloh."—[Brooklyn Eagle.]  
A letter from a lady in Buffalo to a lady in Troy says that "Miss Folsom has informed her intimate friends of her coming marriage to President Cleveland." Does Miss Folsom know how many persons in this country have been disappointed after boasting that they were certain to get an office? Even if the President should come to time it is not certain that the Senate would confirm his selection.  
I might mention as an example of commendable industry, and it will also go to show the productiveness of land, hereabouts, Daniel Falls, a colored tenant on the land of J. B. Cornelius, Esq., who raised last year, with the help of his wife and a small boy, and with one horse only, ten bales of cotton and seven hundred bushels of corn. His crop this year is as large or larger. It is hardly necessary to add that Daniel never figures in jails or chain gangs, and don't slash around with razors; nor does he get into any law suits.  
Davidson Township, Oct. 21, '86.  
—[Landmark.]

King Milan's queen is said to be the most beautiful woman in Serbia, and by this charm, together with her decision of character, she has completely established her dominion, not only over her husband's heart, but over his actions likewise. If Queen Nathalie may lay claim to be the handsomest woman in Serbia, King Milan is far from being the handsomest man there or anywhere. His head is round and large—too large for his body—his cheeks flat and wide, with a small nose and a little mouth. When at school at Paris he was thought to resemble Prince Napoleon, and always considered himself flattered by being complimented on the likeness.

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