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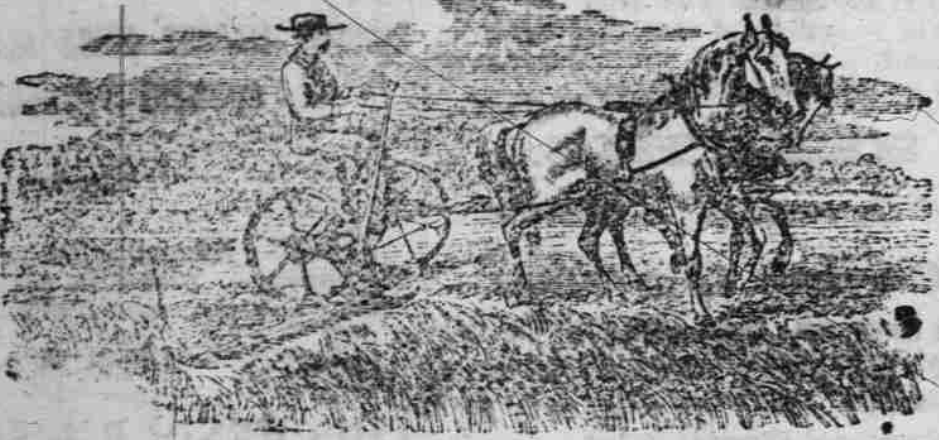
COME AT LAST!

THE RIGHT PRICES ON HARDWARE.

We are daily receiving our large stock of Hardware, Chattanooga & Dixie Plows, Double and Single Plow Stocks, the celebrated Studebaker and Tennessee Wagons, Threshing Machines and Horse Powers, Osborne and Champion Mowing Machines, Folding Reapers and Self Binders, the celebrated Thomas Hay Bakes, Telegraph Straw Cutters, Barbed Fence Wire, Grassy and Wagon Material, Paints and Oils for Painting Houses, Corn Shellers, Buzin 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 grade will sell for a small sum, and we have now made arrangements which enable 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 shopping.

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 \$500 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.

SMITH DEAL & RITCHIE,
SALISBURY, N. C.

RELIEF!

FORTY YEARS A SUFFERER FROM CATARRH.

WONDERFUL TO RELATE:

"FOR FORTY YEARS I have been a victim to CATARRH—three-fourths of the time a sufferer from EXCRUCIATING PAINS ACROSS MY FOREHEAD AND MY NOSTRILS. The discharges were so offensive that I hesitate to mention it, except for the good it may do some other sufferer. I have spent a young fortune from my earnings during my forty years of suffering to obtain relief from the doctors. I have tried patent medicines—every one I could learn of—from the four corners of the earth, with no relief. And AT LAST (57 years of age) have met with a remedy that has cured me entirely—made me a new man. I weighed 128 pounds and now weigh 146. I used thirteen bottles of the medicine, and the only regret that I have is that being in the humble walks of life I may not have influence to prevail on all catarrh sufferers to use what has cured me. **Quinn's Pioneer Blood Renewer.**"

"HENRY CHEVES,
"No. 267 Second St., Macon, Ga."

"Mr Henry Cheves, the writer of the above, formerly of Crawford county, now of Macon Georgia, merits the confidence of all interested in catarrh." W. A. HUFF,
"Ex-Mayor of Macon."

A SUPERB

Flesh Producer AND Tonic!

QUINN'S PIONEER BLOOD RENEWER Cures all Blood and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Old Sores. A perfect Spring Medicine.

If not in your market it will be forwarded on receipt of price. Small bottles \$1; large bottles \$1.75. Essay on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

MACON MEDICINE COMPANY,
MACON, GEORGIA.

For sale by L. E. Steere and J. H. Ennis,
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MILLER & SMITH,

SALISBURY, N. C.

FIRST CLASS BAR

AND RESTAURANT.

We take boarders by the day, week or month and furnish meals at all hours, and also sleeping accommodations without charge. Our table is supplied with the best to be had, including oysters, fresh fish, wild game, etc., etc., prepared in the most approved style. Our rooms are furnished and kept clean and comfortable. Our servants are polite and attentive. Charges moderate. Special accommodations for commercial travelers.

Connected with our House is a first-class Bar where nothing but the purest wines and liquors are kept, with fine tobacco and cigars. There is also a splendid billiard saloon with pool table.

A Bale of Cotton.

He had worked hard all summer. He had plowed and hoed through rain and sun, and now in the fall had gathered one bale of cotton, with which he was to start to market next morning. The family were assembled around the fire. The tired, careworn wife looked a little more cheerful than usual; the two little boys, Frank and Tommy, ten and twelve years old, who had each been promised a dollar to "spend as they pleased," were planning how they would spend the money. Little Maggie, who had been promised a new doll, with real hair, was arranging the straps of calico out of which she designed making dollie's new dresses.

"Mother, what do you want?" said the husband. "I can get along with my old clothes, John, but you have to be out in the cold so much you had better get you a pair of boots and a pair of trousers and a coat. Frank will need some shoes and a pair of trousers; Tommie wants a coat; I can make him some trousers out of your old ones. Get some dark calico for a dress for the baby, and some flannel to make him a petticoat. Maggie needs some shoes and a dress and some aprons, and you will not forget a dollars worth quinine."

"Yes; then I'll get a barrel of flour, five gallons of molasses, two dollars worth of sugar, and the same in coffee, that will take about all I'll get for the bale of cotton—so you will not get a thing, Bettie."

"I don't need anything, John. I can turn my last year's dress; and besides the weather will be cold and I will not go out much." And she kissed her sleeping babe, while a tear trickled down her face. In her selfishness she has arranged to provide for all the family except herself. She did not tell her husband that her shoes were worn through the sole, and that the dress she proposed to turn had been turned before.

Next morning John and his two little boys were seated on the cotton and on their way to town by daylight. Papa was in a fine humor, and the little boys were in high glee in anticipation of the good time they were to have and the nice things they were to buy with their dollar. About noon the wagon drove up to a warehouse, where the cotton was sold, and the boys left to "watch the things" while "papa" went to the bank to get the check cashed and he met a friend who said: "John let's go and get a drink." After they had drunk at the friend's expense, John ordered "the drinks," then another friend came in and they drank again and again. By this time John was pretty drunk. He sat down by the stove to sober up before he went back to where he had left his little boys, preparatory to making his purchase. But the effects of the warm fire soon putting him to sleep, he forgot his hard summer's work; he forgot his tired wife at home; he forgot his two little boys shivering in the cold; he forgot his manhood as he sat for hours in a drunken stupor. When he awoke it was night. He staggered up and out in the darkness—when awake he remembered his money. Putting his hand into his pocket he found it was gone. Half dazed with a sense of loss, he went to his wagon. The mules were asleep on their feet; the little boys had wrapped themselves in an old quilt and were asleep under the wagon.

John hit upon the mules woke the boys and told them to get in; then he started homeward. The little ones knew by the wicked oaths their father swore at the mules that he was drunk. So they nestled together, and during the long ride home they never once said: "Father, where is our dollar? where are the nice things for mother and baby and little sister?"

But we will not follow them into the house. We do not want to try the little faces by the light burning so brightly within. We do not care to see their tears of disappointment when little Maggie finds that papa has not brought her doll. "Tears are unmanly," and we fear they would come unbidden to our eyes if we entered that house and looked upon the face of the wife and mother when she met the man who had promised to love and protect her. Her look of despair would affect us even more than the tears of the little babes whom God has given them.

Very Romantic.

Rev. George F. Schaefer, for some time past president of the North Carolina College at Mt. Pleasant, and pastor of the Lutheran church in Concord, was married at Monroe, Georgia, on April 27th, to Miss M. A. Rooks, postmistress at that place. According to reports, this match was a very romantic affair.

The bride, Miss "Pass," as she is familiarly called, is the best known lady in Walton. Her father died during the war, leaving Miss Puss and her widowed mother without means. At that time a firm in Monroe had a contract to furnish the Confederate government in webbing for making harness, bridles, reins, caulk straps, &c. This

webbing was woven on small looms which was invented there. Quite a number of ladies were engaged in this work, and among the number was Miss Puss Rooks. She soon became an expert in work and commanded good wages. With the money she thus earned, she bought a nice house and lot in Monroe. Soon after the surrender Miss Puss was made postmistress, which position she has held ever since—some twenty years—to the entire satisfaction of the government and people. Some six months ago a young man who was acting as route agent on the Gainesville, Jefferson and South-eastern railroad, was charged with opening a package of letters. Miss Puss was summoned to go to Atlanta to testify against him in the United States court.

During her absence from the office on that trip the Walton News mentioned the fact that she was off on business, that she had never been missed from the office before. Spoke of her remarkable good health and her universal popularity, etc. This item was copied by the Constitution and other papers, and by chance met the eye of Professor Schaefer away over in North Carolina. In the words of that simple news item, Cupid had concealed one of his most pointed arrows, which struck deep into the heart of the professor. Something told him that she should be his future wife. He at once gathered up his valise, armed himself with handsome testimonials from the best citizens of his county, and took the cars for Monroe. Arriving there he went straightway to the postoffice. Soon it was whispered on the streets that a postoffice inspector was at the office, but as he lingered longer than these officers generally do, the people began to suspect something was wrong. "Surely her books are not out of order." "I expect some sounder has preferred charges against her." "If Cleveland turns her out of office he will never get another vote in Walton." These, and many other such remarks were heard on the streets. The surprise of the town cannot be described, when it became known that he was here inspecting the postmistress and not the office.

Their admiration soon became mutual and rapidly ripened into love which was consummated by their happy marriage in the presence of a house filled to overflowing with their friends. The young men of Monroe presented him with a handsome silver table set as a bridal present. [Charlotte Observer.]

J. T. Patrick's Enterprise.

When we say that John T. Patrick, Commissioner of State Immigration, is an energetic man, fully alive to the needs of his native state, and with genius sufficient to show her capabilities and resources to the capitalists and home seekers from other states, we say but the simple truth.

He interested himself in the Southern Pines enterprise because he saw in the elevation, the place, free as it was from swamps or malarial pools, and surrounded by miles of forest of the wonderfully curative long-leaf pine, that it could not be otherwise than a locality where good health might be successfully sought by the invalid. Subsequent experience has proved the correctness of his reasoning.

The city (now in its infancy) is an assured success, so recognized by all who understand the circumstances surrounding its present condition and immediate future prospects.

At a meeting of the Southern Pines Improvement Association, held on March 12th, last, Mr. Patrick was in attendance. He took the floor when a fitting opportunity presented itself, and in a speech reciting in brief the history of Southern Pines, he said that inasmuch as parties now had the affair in charge who had guaranteed to make a success of the place, he gladly transferred his interest in the future city to them.

At the conclusion of Mr. Patrick's remarks F. P. Woodward, G. H. Saddleton and B. A. Goodridge were appointed a committee to draft suitable resolutions commendatory of Mr. Patrick in his untiring labors for Southern Pines. The committee reported the following resolutions, which were adopted by a unanimous vote:

WHEREAS—J. T. Patrick during his connection with Southern Pines has never failed to do all in his power to promote the growth and prosperity of the place, it is

Resolved, That we, the members of the Southern Pines Improvement Association, representing Southern Pines, and Dr. G. H. Saddleton, representing the people of Manly, think his action in transferring his interest in Southern Pines to parties who guarantee the success of the place evinces a degree of unselfishness that is highly commendable.

Mr. Patrick now proposes to take an interest in building up a section of western North Carolina, after which he will do the same kind of offices by the eastern part of the state.

Mr. Patrick is doing a wonderful work for North Carolina, and his labors should be properly appreciated. [Southern Colonist.]

MONTGOMERY'S MEMORIAL DAY.

An Immense Concourse Gather to Welcome Jefferson Davis.

HE MAKES A BRIEF ADDRESS.

The entire city is gaily decorated, and while the City Hall has United States flags fluttering out of every window pictures of Confederate generals are fastened to the outside walls, and the names of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sydney Johnston, Robert E. Rodes and other Confederate generals flutter to the breeze on streamers.

The Capitol was beautifully decorated. On the topmost point on the high dome, towering far above everything in the city floated the Stars and Stripes. The entire front was covered with streamers and devices, while there were suspended along the front columns immense federal flags, reaching down almost to the heads of the speaker. More federal flags float in Montgomery to-day than at any time since 1860. The private houses and business houses all have a liberal supply of decorations and devices, together with words of welcome to Mr. Davis.

The scenes around him this morning, and the great desire to see him and shake him by the hand, were indescribable. People were packed in the Exchange room like sardines and it was with difficulty that there were entrance and exit. Being feeble, it was more than he could stand, and he had to retire.

The military escort formed in front of the hotel and extended far up the avenue leading to the Capitol. It was necessary to form a square in order that the procession might move. Companies were formed and stretched out on each side, and no one unauthorized was allowed inside the lines.

A carriage with four white horses was drawn up to the door and promptly by two Mr. Davis, escorted by Mayor Reese, Gov. O'Neal and ex-Governor Watts, formerly of his Cabinet, stepped from the hotel and entered the vehicle. The shouts from the multitude as he was seen to emerge from the hotel were loud and long. The next carriage contained General John B. Gordon, Captain W. L. Bragg, Miss Winnie Davis, the youngest daughter of Mr. Davis, and Miss Reese, the Mayor's daughter. Other carriages followed, with the trustees of the Monument Association, the Governor's staff and several ladies. The route of the procession was about half a mile long. The avenue is very wide, but the crowd, when it began to move, was packed from one side to the other. When the head of the column arrived at the Capitol gate the way was cleared for Mr. Davis, the military being formed so as to prevent any crowd overrunning the building and grounds before he had reached his place. He was seated near the historic spot he occupied at his inauguration on February 16, 1861. Arranged in front was a place for the press, and on the sides and in the rear were members of various organizations interested in the building of the soldiers' monument, which it is proposed to erect on the hill, and immediately north of the Capitol.

The people, men, women and children, were packed from the steps to the front gate, and while it was impossible for a great part of them to hear, they stood in their places out of respect for the orator and their desire to see him. When order had been secured Mayor Reese advanced to the front and said:

"MY COUNTRYMEN—It is with profound emotions that I present to you the foremost type of Southern manhood, Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States of America."

The scenes heretofore enacted were gone over as Mr. Davis advanced, and it was some minutes before he could proceed. The shouts finally dying away, Mr. Davis, leaning on his cane, with the federal flag over him and Confederate veterans before him, in a clear, ringing voice, and without a tremor or pause, except when interrupted by the shouts of his hearers, said:

MR. DAVIS' SPEECH.

MR. PATRICK—It would be vain if I should attempt to express to you the deep gratification I feel at this demonstration. But I know that it is not personal, and therefore, I feel more deeply grateful because it is a sentiment far dearer to me than myself. You have passed through the terrible ordeal of a war which Alabama did not seek. When she felt her wrongs too grievous for further toleration she sought nameless graves, but being denied that, the thunder of war came ringing over the land. Then her people rose in their majesty; gray haired sires and beardless boys eagerly rushed to the front. It was that war which Christianity alone approved, a holy war for defense! Well do I remember seeing your gentle boys, so small to use a farmer's phrase, they might have been called seed corn, moving on with eager steps and fearless brow to the carnage of death, and I have also looked upon them when their knapsacks and muskets seemed heavier than the boys, and my eyes partaking of a mother's weakness filled with tears. Those days have passed, many of them have fallen, they might have been called heroes, they live in the memory and their spirits stand out a grand reserve of that column which is marching on with unflinching steps towards the goal of constitutional liberty. [Applause.]

It were vain if I should attempt, as I have already attempted, to express my gratitude to you.

MR. DAVIS' SECRETARY'S FAILURE.

I am standing now very nearly on the

spot where I took the oath of office in 1861. Your demonstration now exceeds that which welcomed me then. This shows that the spirit of Southern liberty is not dead. [Long and continued applause.] Then you were full of joyous hopes. You had every prospect of achieving all you desired, and now you are wrapped in the mantle of regret—and yet, that regret only manifests more profoundly to you my heart-felt thanks. God bless you one and all, old men, boys, and ladies above all others, who never faltered in our direst needs. [Loud and long applause.]

I have been promised, my friends, that I should not be called upon to make a speech, and therefore I will only extend to you my heart-felt thanks. God bless you one and all, old men, boys, and ladies above all others, who never faltered in our direst needs. [Loud and long applause.]

When he retreated the shouts were so long and loud that Davis had to go to the front again. He bowed his acknowledgments and thanked.

Gov. O'Neal, when it was possible to be heard, made a handsome speech in reference to the cause of the gathering, and of the love of the people of the right to feel for the statesmen and soldiers of the South and introduced Gen. John B. Gordon, the orator selected to deliver the address, as in Mr. Davis' feeble condition it was understood he could only speak a few minutes.

A Northern Man's Grit.

HE TRIES HIS HAND IN THE NORTH, IN THE WEST, AND IN NORTH CAROLINA—HE LIKES THE OLD NORTH STATE, AND MAKES A COMPARISON OF THE CAPITAL THAT IS REQUIRED TO DO FARMING IN BOTH SECTIONS.

(From Southern Colonist.)

To my Northern friends, or those whom it may interest; especially those that contemplate coming to the Sunny South:

I came from Wayne county, Pa., to Moore county, N. C., and have been a very close observer of the advantages and disadvantages for a man from the North.

The disadvantages here are of a different nature from those of my boyhood country, where I have spent many a happy day. But, as I had a mind for roving, I left the old plantation, and

WENT WEST

to letter my fortune, and found nothing but hardships, and longer and more severe winters than in Pennsylvania. So, like the wanderer of old, I returned to my father's house, not exactly penniless, but with less than I left home with. Still I was not satisfied, and thought I would go to a land where the whole year was not winter, or the country not mountains of snow, and consequently came here, where the land does not flow with milk and honey, neither can gold be picked from bushes, but with a little labor and money much can be obtained.

I believe a man with \$500 can buy a farm here, and make more clear money than one can off of a \$5,000 farm in the North.

This is a poor country for a man without some capital, for labor is very cheap. There is some poor land here, but there is enough good land to work, that it is useless to fix up the poor land, and good crops can be made, too. We can enjoy our early garden truck long before your gardens are plowed.

THE CLIMATE IS DELIGHTFUL.

We have no winters to speak of, about fall weather during the coldest spells; and the summers are breezy and much cooler than I expected to find. California cannot beat it.

You may hear from me again.
D. W. EDWARDS,
Blue's Crossing, N. C. March 31 '86.

Making Human Statuary.

Mr. J. Kergovatz, a chemist of Brest, has discovered a mode of disposing of the mortal remains of humanity which he considers preferable in every way both to incineration and cremation. All that is necessary is to rub the body over with a solution of plumbic and then plunge it into a copper bath. But copper being rather an expensive mineral, zinc may be substituted for it in the case of the poor. On the other hand, persons of luxurious tastes may use silver or gold if they please, the effect being the same. The discoverer has tried his system eleven times on the human subject and on a hundred dead animals and he has never once known it to fail. Among the manifold advantages which would result from this system, M. Kergovatz mentions one which, if generally availed of, will strike a death blow at one of the fine arts. By simply prolonging the duration of the bath the body is rendered as hard and indestructible as granite, and the country is provided with "ready-made statues of great men," and the State and the communities will be saved in the future the considerable expense which our present dependence on the statuary art for memorial purposes imposes on them. [Berlin Zeitung.]

The Rather Romantic Marriage of Senator Sharon's Daughter.

During her father's senatorial term few young ladies were better liked and more justly favorites in society than Miss Flora Sharon. Her subsequent marriage to Sir Thomas George Francis Hesketh was quite a romantic affair, he not knowing she was a heiress, while she was equally ignorant of the fact that he was a baronet whose title dated back to the seventeenth century, until after he had proposed to her and been accepted. When Senator Sharon was consulted he found that his to be son-in-law was not only a baronet of old creation, but had an income of thirty thousand pounds a year in his own right and that there were only two lives between him and the heir to the title and estate of Lord Haldon. Sir Thomas Hesketh has a very valuable estate in Lancashire—about fifty miles from Liverpool—and twenty from Lancaster—called Rufford Hall, which has belonged to the family for about eight hundred years. Senator Sharon left his daughter \$2,000,000 in first-class securities. She has two children, the oldest being a fine, handsome lad, now almost three years old. As one-half his grandfather's donation to the lad's mother is to be held in trust until the child reaches his majority, the heir of the Hesketh estates and title, when he becomes of age, will be one of the richest young men in England. This marriage is one of the very few international matrimonial affairs which has turned out well. The baronet adores his spirited little "Yankee wife," as he admiringly calls her, and the young Californian does the honors of her husband's stately ancestral home in a way that has won the approval of "the county society," which at first rather regarded the idea of so good a matrimonial "catch" going out of his country to seek a wife. It is no trifling ordeal, let me tell you, that an American girl has to undergo when she takes a position like this, and both good sense and tact are requisite. Fortunately the young American possesses both, and now no lady in the county is more personally beloved than the bonanza ex-Senator's daughter. [Washington Herald.]

The American Navy.

It is evident that this country can never have a navy. The recentral of the Dolphin demonstrates that. The Dolphin was sent to sea with a complement of naval officers and able seamen. For several days she rode a storm, and it is probably not the fault of her crew that the boat remained on top of the waves instead of going down. The officers and most of the crew were seasick, and unable to remain on deck, and they went below and wished they were dead, while the boat went along as though she was accustomed to heavy seas. A seasick landsman is an object of pity, but a seasick sailor, or a whole crew of them, must be a spectacle for the gods to witness. Our naval officers seem to be all right on land, in fact they have never been known to be seasick in Washington, except after an over-indulgence in salads and drink. They keep their sea legs wonderfully well on shore and perhaps it would be well to let them serve their country on shore, and put the army in charge of the navy. The officers of the army couldn't be any more seasick than naval officers, and there is a possibility that cavalry officers, who have ridden in the army mules, or pacing horses, might be able to live upon the waves and keep their rations down.

Vessels are very necessary, and many have been ordered built. What is to be done with them? The only way ships can be utilized as a power against invasion by this country, is to have the ships constructed with castors on the corners, like a sofa, so they can be run in the winter on ice, and on land at other seasons of the year. With a navy on castors, we should be a terror to the foe. We could, in case of war, lead our enemy on and on, from the coast to the interior, say in Illinois or Dakota, where there is a prairie on which our navy could operate, and the enemy would be at our mercy. There is no doubt of the bravery of our naval officers, and to precipitate them upon an enemy on a prairie, the aid of ships on castors, would make it very torrid for the foe. Mr. Whitney, the secretary of the navy, has not had much experience fighting on water, but he can readily see how a navy on the prairie would be worth two in the bush. There are hundreds of ways we could paralyze an enemy if we could get him out on a prairie. We could squirt kerosene oil on him through the port holes of our prairie vessels of war, and set the oil on fire. There is a future for the American navy if it can be put on wheels and made to traverse the prairies of the west, where the sailors can live without eating lemons all the time. But a navy on wet water is never going to be a success until some preventive of sea sickness is discovered; and it is hoped no more naval excursions will be allowed at sea under the present administration. [Pook's Sun.]