

NORTH CAROLINA HERALD.

VOL. I.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1886.

NO. 35.

COME AT LAST!

THE RIGHT PRICES ON HARDWARE.

We are daily receiving our large stock of Hardware, Chiselmakers & Dist. Plows, Double and Single Plow Stocks, the celebrated Stubbins and Trimmer, Wagons, Threshing Machines and Horse Powers, Osborne's 32d Champion Mowing Machines, Folding Hoppers 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 grade will sell for a much larger one, 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 farmer, who support us all a showing. TO THE GOLD MINERS. We carry a full stock of Atlas, Giant Powder, Black Powder, Fuse, Caps, Steel, 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 hand. There has been \$20 reward offered in 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. 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.

SMITHDEAL & RITCHIE, SALISBURY, N. C.

RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. R. Condensed Schedule.

Table with columns for NORTHWARD and SOUTHWARD, listing train numbers, departure times, and arrival times for stations like New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Alexandria, Lynchburg, Danville, Greensboro, Salisbury, Concord, Charlotte, Gastonia, Spartanburg, Greenville, Seneca, Lenoir, and Atlanta.

SALEM BRANCH.

Table with columns for NORTHWARD and SOUTHWARD, listing train numbers, departure times, and arrival times for stations like Greensboro, Kernersville, Salem, and Chapel Hill.

City Lots - On the Installment Plan. \$5 & \$6 Per Month Payments - No Interest. 10,050 ACRES OF LAND AT \$1.50. Title Perfect - Has Been Vested in Present Owner Since 1855. Excellent timber land, being covered with Cherry, Red Birch, Balsam, Ash, Oak, Maple and all other timbers common to the section. Any amount of water power. Three veins of gold-bearing ore have been discovered, assaying from \$2.50 to \$10.30 per ton. Vast quantities of Magnesia, Copper and Alum are found near a cave on this property, also some native Copper. The cave itself being a wonderful work of nature. The land was cleared is admirably adapted to stock raising and agricultural pursuits. For further information address BURBAUM & EAMES, Salisbury, N. C. We also have a tract of 10,000 acres within five miles of railroad. Cherry, Oak, Ash, Poplar and Hickory timber. Sold at once can be bought for \$1.40 per acre.

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 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. Motney, James Barrett, T. A. Conkner, G. W. Gates, Kerr Craige, R. J. Holcomb. POLICE: R. M. Battering and C. W. Pool. TAX COLLECTOR: Geo. Shaver. COUNTY OFFICERS: Sheriff, C. C. Kridler; Register, H. N. Woodson; Clerk of the Court, J. M. Horah; Representative, I. S. Overman; Congressman of 2nd District - Iman J. S. Henderson, Salisbury, N. C. Building and Loan Association: Theo. F. Klutz, President; R. H. Moreh, Vice President; H. F. J. Murdoch, Secretary and Treasurer; T. C. Linn, Attorney - F. H. Moore, J. P. M. Jones, A. Parker, J. Allen Hogue, R. L. James, Jr., J. J. Brewer, J. D. Gaskill, W. Stoddard, W. L. Klutz, E. B. Neave, D. A. Atwell.

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THE FINANCIAL AND MINING RECORD, 61 Broadway, New York. Subscription: \$4 a Year; \$2.50 Six Months; 3 WEEKLY NEWSPAPER SENT TO THE MINERS, MINING AND PETROLEUM INTERESTS OF NORTH AMERICA.

Banner Tobacco Warehouse. Sales Daily. SALISBURY WOOLLEN MILLS. Manufacturers of Colored, Green, Salted, Dressed, Kersing, Blankets, Yarns, Hosiery, &c.

SALISBURY LODGE. Knights of Honor, Meeting nights first and third Monday in each month. 7-13.

JOHNSON & RAMSAY, Manufacturers of Plug and Twist Tobacco. FARMERS WAREHOUSE. SALES OF TOBACCO EVERY DAY. Wholesale and Retail DRUGGISTS. THEO. F. KLUTZ & CO.

H. C. BOST & CO., DEALERS IN Leaf Tobacco. Fire Insurance Agency. J. SAM'L McVEHRRIN, representing a line of Fire Insurance Companies available to any in Western N. C. Can give as low rates and terms as can be obtained. 11-13

Civil Engineer, JOHN A. RAMSAY. Attends to Railroad Construction, Surveys and Mapping of Iron Estates, Estimates of Water Powers, Plans for the Excision of Mills, Dwellings, &c., and attend to the purchase of all kinds of Machinery, Building Materials, &c., &c. 9-13

LIFE OF MISS FOLSON.

Miss Folson, whose Christian name, by the way, is not Frances, but Frank, was born in the year 1804, in Buffalo, N. Y., and will be 82 years old on the 21st of July. As a child she attended Mme. Brecker's French kindergarten. Later the family moved from Edward street to the house now occupied by Mr. George J. Letchworth, in Franklin St. At the time of Mr. Folson's death, in 1875, they were living at the Tift House. It will be remembered that Mrs. and Miss Folson were in Medina when this sad accident happened. After the funeral they went to Medina, where Mrs. Harmon, Mrs. Folson's widowed mother, resided. The Harmon family had good social position and owned considerable valuable real estate, including milling property. While in Medina Miss Folson was a pupil at the high school.

Returning to Buffalo in a few years, Frank entered the Central School, and she and her mother boarded with Mrs. Jonathan Mayhew. One of the Central School teachers has said of her that Frank learned very readily and seemed to remember equally as well, and that she "always put a little of herself into her recitations." She was a regular attendant to the Central Presbyterian Church, of which she is a member. Her Central School certificates admitted her to the sophomore class at Wells College, which she entered without preliminary examination in the middle of the school year.

Miss Folson was a great favorite at Wells College, and her power of winning the love and unwavering allegiance of many friends is a direct inheritance from her father, for a more genial, generous-hearted and companionable a man than the late Oscar Folson never lived. Her tall, commanding figure, frankness and sincerity made her the queen of the school. She was graduated from Wells College in June 1855, her graduating essay, taking the form of a story - "The Hymns of Flowers" - sent to her nearly every week beginning about the second year of her college life, from the exclusive mansion at Albany, and the particularly abundant supply that came from the White House conversations when she was graduated, was but one of many little attentions paid her, the knowledge of which her college mates spread abroad on scattering to their distant homes for the summer vacations, thus exciting the public good opinion concerning Miss Folson's relations to the President.

Miss Folson has always been in the habit of spending her summers in Folsomdale, Wyoming county, two miles out of Cavertown, at the residence of her late grandfather, Col. John B. Folsom. It is the typical homestead, a rambling farm house, set down amid the lovely scenery of the valley. Sunday newspaper reports have made Mr. Cleveland the benefactor of Miss Folson in a money sense. Such statements are absolutely untrue. Her mother's income has always been ample for their support, and any extra funds needed were always to be had from the grandfather, or "Papa John," as Miss Folson called him, and whose recent death will make her the heir-ess of a goodly property.

Miss Folson's character is that of an unspoiled, ingenious girl, full of self-possession, and with too much common sense to be overcome by her sudden elevation. Her chief characteristic is intense loyalty to her mother, who is a charming woman. Between them there exists that perfect confidence and sympathy too seldom seen between parent and child. Miss Folson's life has had its deeper side. She is old for her years, and too observing and tactful to make mistakes, which should they occur would be forgiven in one so young and inexperienced, obliged suddenly to regulate her life by the complicated etiquette of society at the capitol. One of her accomplishments is a rare gift at letter writing. In dress her taste is very simple. Her common-sense is shown in naming an early date for the wedding. A postponement would have brought even more annoyance in the way of press gossip, and from the moment of landing to the day of the wedding every moment would have been subject to the espionage of prying newspaper correspondents.

Miss Folson, outside of a very limited circle of intimate friends is little acquainted in Buffalo, and has never mingled in society here, because since she was a school girl she never spent but a day or two at a time in Buffalo. Her only regret at this moment must be that her father is not living to be present at the marriage of his only child to the friend who stood closer to him than a brother. It is an interesting coincidence that the Rev. Dr. Sanderland, who is to perform the marriage ceremony, frequently occupied, while settled in Batavia, the pulpit of the Central Presbyterian church of Buffalo, the church of which Miss Folson is a member, having been an intimate friend of the late Dr. Lord, its pastor.

The published prints and photographs of Miss Folson do not greatly resemble her. Her hair is soft and brown, of a shade between light and dark. She wears it combed back from her forehead, and loose; and wavy tendrils escape here and there. She has violet blue eyes and rather large nose. Her eyebrows are very heavy and nearly meet. The chief and striking beauty of her face is her mouth and chin.

MEETING HIS BRIDE.

President Cleveland met his betrothed Sunday night for the first time since last September, when the President and his prospective bride parted at the White House. Mr. Cleveland and his party reached Jersey City at 10:22 Sunday night from Washington. They were met by Secretary Whitney and Mr. Benj. Folson. When the boat left the New York side of the Hudson the President and Mr. Folson were driven in a carriage to the Gilsey House, where Mrs. Folson and Miss Folson were waiting patiently for him. The man who sat on the cab box seemed to think he could not get the President to his lady-love any too quickly, for he whipped the horses into a rattling pace all the way up town. The cab reached the side entrance at 11:30. President Cleveland had been a guest at the Gilsey on different occasions, and he was in no need of a guide to point him the way to his waiting bride. He hurried up the broad marble steps that lead to the first floor and disappeared in a twinkling, for the door of the Folson apartments opened for him as if by magic as soon as he reached it. Only Mrs. and Miss Folson were in the apartments when President Cleveland entered. He remained until near midnight, and then left for the home of Secretary Whitney, where he is a guest. He found his host and Secretary Lamar awaiting him.

FACEIAL.

The Boston Journal says that collecting dog photographs is the latest fashionable craze. Would it not be more proper to say "dogotypes"?

Mary Anderson ought to get married. Many actresses less successful than herself are supporting husbands. - [Oshkosh Times.]

Why John, where did you learn to carve so nicely? asked a San Francisco lady, whose footman had carved a turkey on Christmas. "I used to be a chiroprapist in Chicago, ma'am," replied John, proudly. - [San Francisco Call.]

President Cleveland was married in June. This enables his wife to escape the Spring housecleaning. Nothing discourages a bride more than to be obliged to heat carpets, whitewash ceilings and scrub the cellar stairs before the honeymoon has passed its first quarter. - [Norristown Herald.]

"Two dozen black-hen's eggs," said an old woman to a grocer. "Black-hen's eggs?" exclaimed he. "I don't know a black-hen's eggs from another colored chicken's." "Troth, then, I do," said the woman. "Then go and pick them out yourself," he replied, pointing to a large basket of eggs. The woman did so, and picked out two dozen of the largest in the basket.

A good story is told of Miss Cleveland as follows: At a reception one evening in Washington recently, something was done at which some few ladies took offense and left the room. Speaking of the occurrence afterwards Miss Cleveland remarked that "it must have been awful for I noticed several ladies blush almost to the waist." They wore the latest style low-necked dress.

HOW HE GAINED HIS POINT.

Jane wanted to go to the circus and John wanted to go to the theater. "We can go to the theater at any time," she said, "but the circus is here for only a week, and we have not always got the chance of going to it." "Well as you like," said John, "but allow me to say this - I will not be responsible for the consequences." "What consequences?" asked Jane, in surprise. "These consequences," answered John gravely: "Suppose one of the lions should break out of his cage while we are there, it's all over with you." "All over with me!" "Certainly. The lions ain't blind, are they?" "No; but what has that got to do with me?" "Just this: If you look to me to be sweet enough to eat, how will you look to a raging, roaring, hungry lion? He will think you a delicious morsel when you are gone." "But John, there will be other girls there besides me." "I know it, but you will be the sweetest one there." "Very well, John, dear; I think I'd better go to the theater." - [Boston Courier.]

Young Womanhood.

Young womanhood!—the sweet moon on the horizons verge—a thought matured, but not uttered—a conception warm and glowing, not embodied—the rich hair which precedes the rising sun—the rosy dawn that bespeaks the ripening peach—a flower— A flower which is not quite a flower. Yet it is no more a bud.

Young womanhood—molasses touched with a little brimstone, spread on bread, not buttered—a being all joints and sinews that flitted out—an unformed form deformed by stays—a pallid thing that loves the ripening peach—a young woman— A woman which is not quite a woman. Yet something more than a girl.

Young womanhood—a half moon not yet risen—cake baked, but not turned—but corn all hot and smoking, not yet solid—a rich curdle which precedes the coming butter—the thickening down upon a gosling's back, that bespeaks the coming goose—a butterfly— A butterfly that is not a butterfly. Yet still a caterpillar no way you can say it.

Young womanhood—a red blackberry, just green enough to be sour as vinegar—a persimmon not yet frosted, yet ready to 'pucker' anybody's mouth who touches her—a something which is neither fish, flesh nor good red herring—a 'betwixt' too abstract for even a politician—a cat— A cat which is not quite a cat. Yet it is no more a kitten.

Young womanhood—a chicken in a shell—a 'small potato' that isn't fit for family use—a piece of green 'live timber'—a herring hauled scorch over the fire—a moving sack of nothing, tied around the middle—a young idea about taking the shoot—a lumber match not yet ignited—a saucer cackling hen— A hen which is not quite a hen. Nor an old rooster either.

Young womanhood: werry small turnip, few in a hill and hard to dig, and when dug not worth slucking; a buckwheat cake badly done on one side, and nary drop of molasses in the house; undeveloped criminal; piano torturer; general teaser-in-chief to the whole family; embryo ball room ornament; oyster shells, with the oyster just swallowed; an undeveloped rat; "in point of fact," as Mirabeau would say— A mouse, very apt of little size. That would be one of our mice.

Young womanhood: a moving mass of undeveloped beauty, well supplied with tongue; a thing composed of powder, hoops, flowers and fineness; a substance, to be by turns pitied, loved and flattered; puff of vanity, void of solid substance, will calculate to deceive; a pigeon; A pigeon which is not quite a pigeon. And yet it will not do to call a squab.

Young womanhood: a proof sheet with but one error to be corrected; a ginger-cake not quite done, but will do to take along if a fellow hasn't time to wait; milk-and-peaches that lack a little more sugar; a five-franc piece, that will answer the place of a dollar, rather than take a ragged bill; a strawberry; A strawberry that is not quite ripe. Yet it is no longer green.

Young womanhood: A thing of beauty; an object that leads to virtue yet lures to vice; is worthy of the highest praise, yet deserves the severest censure; a strange compound of good and bad. Young womanhood; A dream which is not all a dream. Yet not quite reality.

Young womanhood: a piece of pickled moonshine, that shines brightest in her own imagination—"worf nuffin, and hardly worf dat"—an extra compound of hoops, finesses and fancy notions—"A plague of varied tortures"—a chameleon that with different lights differs from herself—once an innocent babe, but now a gay, storm-beaten butterfly, that changes her words twice as often as her dress—yet the glory of the world! A bright polar star that crowns the acme of our existence. A being no doubt for some purpose. Yet not do to trust.

A cherry tree stood in the way of a German railway extension that is being pushed at Niederlahnstein, and the owner asked about nine hundred dollars for the tree. Experts were appointed, and he then showed that it had for years yielded him crops each of which sold for sums equivalent to the interest on the amount named. They finally agreed to award him six hundred dollars, and the tree had to go.

INTERESTING NOTES.

Everybody has heard of Oscar Wilde, but not everybody knows his full name. It is Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde.

The proposed bridge at the narrow, near Brockville, Canada, will have sixteen spans of steel, will be 2,900 feet in length, and will cost \$2,000,000.

Mr. Charles Dickens, the son of the famous novelist, is to follow in the steps of his father as a public reader. As a writer he has been unsuccessful.

Young blood rules in Roseville, Kan., it seems. The postmaster is 22 years old; the mayor, 25; the police judge, 27, and the principal of the schools, 25.

Progressive courtship is said to be the latest society amusement in Washington. He generally takes first prize and she is content with the booty.

A patent has been granted in Russia for a liner match that can be used an indefinite number of times, the wood being impregnated with a special chemical solution that will allow of such re-use.

Miss Rose Cleveland's friends say that her new book will be reviewed by her experience of Washington society and incidents, and it is possible that the work may be the long-looked-for American novel.

Mrs. Dunmore, the divorced wife of Franklin the assassin, is in Washington for the purpose of getting a pension for her present husband, who is in Leadville, Col. She is accompanied by her little son, born since her second marriage.

A butter maker, writing to the Iowa Homestead, says the best butter color is a puff of corn-meal mixed with warm once a day, the month to be of the yellow variety; adding, that it will increase the milk and butter as well as give a good color.

Major Bingham said in a lecture before the normal school at Elizabeth City that "the history of the world showed that broad waters developed a higher type of manhood than inland countries," and the Economist remarks that "the utterance of a great truth, which explains why the men of Eastern North Carolina are a superior race to the men of Western North Carolina."

One of the blast furnaces of the Keokuk Iron & Coal company at Riddlesburg, Penn., was banked up in November, 1884. After being out of the blast nearly sixteen months, it was recently opened for the first time, and the fire found still burning. The coke glowed brightly, and on admission of the blast soon became hot enough to melt under.

The Case of the Lady who Suddenly Stopped Growing.

NEW YORK, May 5th.—A case which is receiving much attention from the medical profession was reported yesterday to the Coroner. In the death itself of Miss Caroline Terbosco there was nothing remarkable. She died of nephritis (inflammation of the kidneys), and the Coroner would not have been called on to take cognizance of the case had a physician been present within twenty-four hours of death. The peculiar circumstances of the case are wholly physical. Miss Terbosco was 33 years of age, but soon after her eleventh birthday all development ceased, and to the hour of her death she remained in form, stature and organization a child. Miss Terbosco was four feet four inches in height. She was remarkably quick intellectually, and until within six months of her death enjoyed good health.

EDITORS HERALD:—As every political quack seems to have a remedy for the evils that are upon us, please allow me to make a few suggestions: 1st. The whole evil is in consequence of the effort of the Bankers, Bond-holders and office-holders of this government to reduce the circulating medium to a standard wholly inadequate to the business wants of the people, simply that they may live luxuriantly upon a small per cent of their income, as evidenced by their refusal to circulate the silver in the U. S. Treasury, and further, to refuse to allow the free coinage of silver, while they point out to us the following causes: 1st. A want of industry on the part of the laboring man, and with it "over production." 2nd. Too high tariff and a constant augmentation of pauper labor.

The opening of the ports cannot possibly benefit any class of our people, except those who live strictly upon income, and these people know it. Every argument against that idea is simply a blind to lead the tolling masses into further slavery. There is a large class of our people struggling to establish an aristocracy in our land, based not upon moral character and intelligence, but upon wealth—no matter how accomplished. But a day of reckoning is coming, and they may as well prepare for it. More anon. K. OF L.