

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, Felling 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.

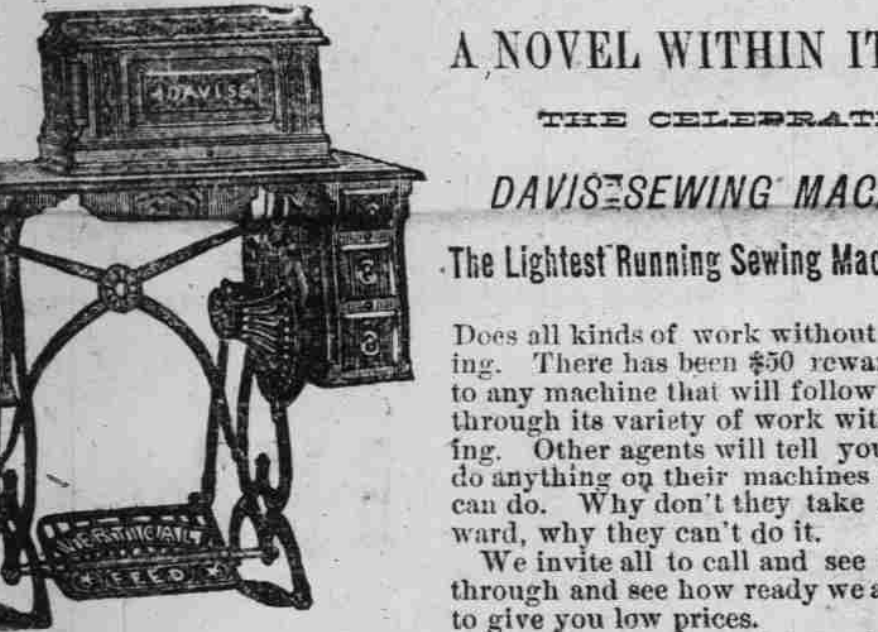


We carry one of the Largest Stock of Buggies in the State, and have bought 150 more that will be here in a few days. We have learned from experience that a real good buggy will sell for a small sum much better than a cheap grade will sell for a small sum, and we have now made arrangements which enable 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 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 \$30 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.

SMITHDEAL & RITCHIE, SALISBURY, N. C.

Eastern North Carolina Railroad Company, Gen'l Passenger Office, SALISBURY, N. C., Feb. 17th, 1886.

Commencing Monday, Feb. 15th, and embracing all others, the following Passenger train schedule will be operated:

Table with columns for WEST, EAST, and SALISBURY, listing train numbers, times, and destinations like Statesville, Hickory, Morganton, Marion, Old Fort, Round Knob, Black Mountain, Alexander, Marshall, Warm Springs.

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

It contains the latest reports from the Gold, Silver, Coal and Iron mining Districts, and Oil Regions; able reviews of the Financial, Railway, mining, Petroleum, Coal, Iron, Bullion and Superior metals markets; a list of Incorporated Dividend-Paying mines; interesting letters from correspondents, etc. etc.

Banner Tobacco Warehouse. Sales Daily. SWINK & THOMASON. Salisbury Woolen Mills. Manufacturers of Cashmere, Jeans, Staffettes, Laces, Kerseys, Blankets, Yarns, Rolls, etc.

SALISBURY LODGE. Knights of Honor. Meeting nights first and third Monday in each month.

JOHNSON & RAMSAY, Manufacturers of Plug and Twist Tobacco.

FARMERS WAREHOUSE. SALES OF TOBACCO EVERY DAY. Beall, Best & Ford, Proprietors.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS. THEO. F. KLUTZ & CO.

For Mill Stones, Granite, Gold Grinders, and Rock Work of all kinds, address: J. T. WYATT, Successor to E. E. Phillips, P. O. Box 140, Salisbury, N. C.

H. C. BOST & CO., DEALERS IN Leaf Tobacco.

Fire Insurance Agency. J. SAM'L McCUBBINS, representing a line of Fire Insurance Companies equal to any in Western N. C. Can give as low rates and terms as can be obtained.

Civil Engineer, JOHN A. RAMSAY. Attends to Railroad Construction, Surveys and Mapping of Real Estate, Estimates of Water Powers, Plans for the Erection of Mills, Dwellings, &c.; and attend to the purchase of all kinds of Machinery, Building Materials, &c.

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 saw, door and blind factory; about 50 business houses, and gas works. New enterprises projected are the building of a railroad both North and South, a \$50,000 cotton factory, and two tobacco factories. The opportunities for investment are real estate, timber, manufacture of tobacco, granite sawing and 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. Meroney, James Barrett, T. A. Coughenour, G. W. Gates, Kerr Craig, R. J. Holmes. POLICE: Barringer and C. W. Pool. TOWN TAX COLLECTOR: Geo. Shaver. COUNTY OFFICERS: Sheriff, C. C. Knider, Register, H. N. Woodson; Clerk of the Court, J. M. Horah. Representative, I. S. Overman. Congressman of 7th District—Hon. J. S. Henderson, Salisbury, N. C.

Building and Loan Association. Theo. F. Klutz, President; B. H. Marsh, Vice President; Rev. P. J. Meech, Secretary and Treasurer; T. C. Linn, Attorney. DIRECTORS—P. P. Meroney, A. Parker, J. Allen Brown, R. Eames Jr., J. J. Bruner, J. D. Gaskill, W. Smithfield, W. L. Klutz, E. B. Neave, D. A. Atwell.

POST OFFICE DIRECTORY. A. H. BOYDEN, Postmaster. 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, Zebulon, Salisbury, and other places, arrives 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, Verble, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, leave 7:00 a. m., arrive 6:00 p. m. Mail for Harris 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, Rileys Store, Chandler's Grove, leaves Monday and Friday at 7:00 a. m. Arrive Tuesday and Saturday at 2:30 p. m.

SECOND HAND COLUMN.

- 3-Three upright, walnut frame show cases. No 5—Two show cases, walnut frame, 6 and 8 feet; \$6 and \$8. No 6—Bark mill, as good as new, \$27.50. No 8. One top buggy and three open. Price from \$12 to \$30. No 10. Sturivant Blowers and Hangers in good order. Price \$80. No 11. A lot of rope, over 300 feet in all. Cheap. No 12. Two mining buckets. No 13—Westinghouse Thresher and Separator, used only two seasons, \$65.00. No 14. A lot of good bird cages. No 16. Base Violin in good order. No 21—Two open coal grates—cheap. No 22—Portable corn mill and gearing, 3 ft. 10 in. buhr. \$75.00. No 23—Portable flour mill and gearing, 4 ft. buhr, \$25.00. No 24—Cook stove and pipe, in good order, \$5.00. No 25—A printing press and one font of type, costing \$7.50; sell for \$4.00. No 26—A small printing press, nearly new, with one font of new fancy card type. Cost \$3.00; sell for \$2.00. No 27—An eleven dollar collection of foreign postage stamps for \$5.00. No 28. A beautiful marble top portable soda water fountain. \$25. No 29.—Three foot grist mill, Moore county stones with fixtures complete. \$100. No 30—One Florence sewing machine, as good as new. No 31.—25-horse power engine and boiler with circular saw mill and all fixtures. \$600. No 32—One Good hay press cheap for cash. \$15.00. No 33—1 pair 2 foot mill-stones, new; cheap; can be seen by calling at this office; \$13.00. No 34—A second hand Piano in good condition for sale very cheap. No 35—One rotary valued, German silver, Bl. ornate, almost new, in splendid condition; price \$17.00. 36—Travelling Photographers complete outfit with tent, etc. Cost \$125; will sell for \$65.

A WILD ENGINE.

I had a run out of Columbus, Ohio, ten or twelve years ago, and several things conspired to bring about the incident I am about to relate. I had a passenger run of nine hours, beginning at 7 o'clock, P. M. For nearly three years I had a locomotive, named after a railroad official, "Ben Davis," and I got to know that piece of machinery better than any man ever knew his horse. You may buy two watches of the same make, of the same jeweler, at the same time, and while one will keep excellent time and give good satisfaction, the other will have off spells. It is the same with two locomotives. While "Ben Davis" would make regular trips day after day for months without giving me the least trouble or wanting a cent's worth of repairs, other locomotives from the same shop were in the hands of the repairers as often as out on the road.

One of our freight engineers was a man named George Roby. He came on our road from some line in New England, and gave good satisfaction for about three months. Then whiskey got the better of him, and he went to the dogs. One day, after his fireman had brought the train into Columbus, with Roby drunk and asleep on the floor of the cab, he got his blue envelope. The idea somehow lodged in his head that the officials were down on him, and he swore he would have revenge for being discharged. One afternoon he turned up down the road, and was noticed to be drinking heavily, and to have the bearing of a man bent on some desperate deed. This was at a station eighteen miles from Columbus, and on a gloomy April evening. I was due there at 7:28, and it was a two-minute stop. A mixed freight always side-tracked there for us to pass, and then followed us down the line.

Well, I was there on this special evening on time, as usual, having baggage, express and three coaches. It began to drizzle just before we reached the Station, and I saw that we were in for a dark night and a slippery track. I did not see Roby, nor did anyone tell me that he had shown up there. The engine train was unusually long, and that it was pulled by one of the biggest engines on the road. Three or four people got off, and perhaps as many got on, and we were off on the second. It was a run of seven miles to the next stop, and my schedule was thirty-seven miles an hour. We had not yet come to a standstill at the next stop when the telegraph operator, whose face was as white as snow, ran alongside, and called to me: "There's a wild engine behind you—for heaven's sake!"

He ran back to the conductor, and in ten seconds that official rushed up and shouted to me: "It's a runaway engine—pull out at once!"

He yelled "All aboard!" sprang for the steps of a car, and away we went, some of the people getting off or on being flung down as they jostled each other. After we left the station where the freight was side-tracked, a brakeman ran down the track to open the switch. As he did so Roby mounted the engine with cocked revolver in hand, and drove the engineer and fireman off. He had previously uncoupled her from the train without being detected. He ran the engine out on the main line and half a mile beyond. Then he filled up the firebox, saw that she had plenty of water, pulled the throttle wide open, and jumped off. That was how we came to have a runaway engine behind us. As soon as the engineer was driven from the cab he ran into the station and informed the operator, and about the time the runaway started off we got the news. We were about six miles ahead of her. That meant about six minutes.

When I pulled out I supposed the programme was for some of the station folks to run down and open the switch so that the runaway would be ditched, but it appeared that the agent was so dreadfully rattled that he did not attempt this step until too late.

The switch was forty rods from the station, and just as an employee reached it, the runaway came roaring past. My next stop was ten miles distant. I reasoned it out in about a minute that if the runaway was ditched, the fact would be telegraphed ahead. If she wasn't, that fact would also be clicked over the wires and I would get some sign or signal as we passed. If she was following us there would be no time to switch it, and my hair stood up at the idea of trying to outrun her. I made the ten miles in twelve minutes and a half. A mile away I began tooting the whistle, and as we neared the station, still flying, I leaned out to look for the agent. He was on the platform. If he held up his hand I would stop. But he did not. On the contrary, he waved his arm down the line for me to keep on, and I knew that we were in for it. The runaway could not be over three minutes behind, and there would not be time to turn her in on the siding here.

The next stop was eleven miles away, and it was a good piece of track. Little by little I gave her more steam, and after the first mile I knew that we were reeling "off" a mile every minute. There was train enough to hold us steady, and the track was straight, and but for the awful roar it would have been easy to imagine we were flying. The agent ahead would let me know by signal, as the other had done. He was on the platform, with a great crowd behind him, and he motioned me on. The runaway was still after us. She must have gained some, but how much I could not say. It was eight miles and a half to the next station, and I could not do better than forty-five or forty-eight miles an hour on the up-grade. The runaway must catch us in the next six or seven miles. We had gone about five miles when I got the signal on the bell-rope to stop, and soon as I had sloped down a little, a brakeman came over the tender with instructions to stop at the station.

The conductor, knowing that we could not outrun the wild engine, and that there was no show to ditch her, could think of but one plan to save the train. He called the passengers from the rear coach and cast it off. This was on the eleven-mile run, and the coach had about two minutes to lose its momentum before the runaway struck it. The pilot ran under the platform, the end of the coach was lifted up, and next moment engine and car were in the ditch. Neither one of them was ever repaired, the wreck being too complete; nor did the officers of the law ever succeed in laying hands on Roby.

Letter No. 2 from Salisbury.

We read a letter in the town papers of our place, a few days since, taken from your paper, in which the writer speaking for Salisbury, names the temperance move of this day a craze, and its advocates monomaniacs; casts reproach on the Christian women of every section of our State and nation, who have chosen to raise voice or hand against the legalized liquor traffic, for all these years nourished among us under the protection of law, national, State and municipal; expresses the opinion that the distillers' vocation is in no measure menaced by the attitude of the advocates of prohibition; that liquor is here to stay, and should it be removed, the country would be depopulated to the extent of the ability of the inhabitants to follow the movement; and that Salisbury selfishly entertains the hope that prohibition will prevail in the pending local option contest in your town, in order that she may receive those of your citizens who are engaged in the liquor business, together with the very great attending profits of the same.

Now, sir, since this writer has assumed to speak for Salisbury, we feel it proper, speaking what we believe to be the sentiment of the prohibitionists of our town, and for ourselves, to say through your columns that these are not our sentiments. The cause of prohibition is righteous and tends directly to the glory of God, and to promote the varied interests of humanity. It is not a craze, but a well considered movement, founded on truth, for the sobriety of the people. Its advocates are not monomaniacs but among our level-headed business men and pure cultivated women. The women of our land have a right and ought to let their influence be felt in the cause of prohibition. Liquor may stay in our country to some degree, but its legalized manufacture and sale as a beverage is doomed and we pledge ourselves to do what we can to hasten the day of such consummation. We would like to welcome to our town citizens of yours or any town, even though they had hitherto engaged in the liquor business, provided always, they leave their former business behind and invest their money in some enterprise which will produce for us and others not curses, but blessings. We have in town now more whiskey than can be used and the people keep getting drunk. We know ours are a good people.

A FEW CITIZENS OF SALISBURY. May 25, 1886.

The sale of liquor is licensed in Salisbury and still you have a good people and they "all keep sober." Then what's the use in talking about prohibition?—Ed. Landmark.]

A Peculiar Will.

In the year 1803 there died at Bath a lady who had amassed considerable money. On the inside of her pillow slip was pinned a note, which ran thus: "I have made a will. If you would be rich find it." There was something charming in this idea. The old lady must have been of a humorous turn of mind. No doubt she often pictured to herself her young and aged relations, male and female alike, in pursuit of this phantom fortune. Carpets would be ripped up, the contents of cushions and beds scattered about the floor, the wall paper torn down, the garden dug up, and, in fact, everything turned topsy-turvy. The story goes that the search went on night and day for a week, each party being anxious, naturally enough, to find the will, when just as the search was about to be given up in disgust the document was found tightly sewn inside the skin of the lady's wig. Then the family gathered together to hear it read. It consisted of one clause, and that was to the effect "that the finder of this, in consideration of his labor and good luck in finding it, shall have the sum of one penny a day for his natural life, the rest of my property to go to charities named below."

Here the story ends. Nothing is said about the feelings of the will-seekers, which is disappointing, for there is as grand scope here for the pen of the novelist as there is for the brush of the painter.—[Manchester Times.

Religious Complexion of Congress.

Atlanta Constitution. A gentleman who has investigated the subject gives me some figures relative to the religious complexion of the present Congress, which he says are reliable. Of the 408 Senators, members and Territorial Delegates who compose Congress 72 are Methodists, 63 Baptists, 41 Episcopalians, 37 Presbyterians, 36 Catholics, 15 Unitarians, 8 Lutherans, 10 Christians (Campbellites) and 2 Quakers, making a total of 283 who are actively connected with some church organization. This leaves 125 who either never belonged to any Church or have drifted out of such associations. It would appear from these figures that Congress is pretty good missionary ground.

A Strange Story.

The following extraordinary ocean episode comes from St. George's bay on the west coast of Newfoundland: A French vessel arrived there recently from Saint Malo, bound to Port au Choix. She came for the purpose of landing Miss Louise Journeaux, who was picked up in an open boat at sea some 20 miles off the Island of Jersey. The lady, with a gentleman companion named Farne, went on board on Sunday evening, the eighteenth of April, after leaving Charlot. While rowing the gentleman let one of his slip, and, in attempting to recover it, lost the other. Being a good swimmer, he instantly jumped overboard to recover the oars. The wind meantime freshened and there was a strong current setting from the land. The boat fast drifted beyond his reach, and he was compelled either to swim for the land or sink. Miss Journeaux, alone in the little cockle-shell boat, drifted rapidly away to sea. The boat almost filled with water and the lady for nearly forty hours, living in solitary and excruciating agony. At length she was fortunately rescued by the French vessel, on board of which she received great kindness from the captain and officers. The violent off shore wind prevented the Frenchmen from reaching Jersey, and the lady was carried across the Atlantic and landed on the shores of Newfoundland. Farne reached St. Hilaire's harbor safely, but his story was disbelieved. People from the shore affirmed that they heard cries of murder from sea. Farne was arrested and indicted for homicide. His liberation is, of course, certain. Miss Journeaux having cabled her miraculous escape.

The Georgia Bloodhound.

Let me tell you what a Georgia bloodhound can do, and he can be made to do this any fair day at Old-town camp. A convict sleeping in one bank of a hundred, shod and clad precisely as the hundred convict about him, may slip his chain and flee. Ten miles away he may meet his fellow prisoners again, may run to and fro among them, may walk with them a mile and leave them. Six hours after these hounds put on his track where he slipped from the camp, will follow him to where he met his gang, will thread his track in and about their haunts or dens, make up where he leaves them, and run him down, though he cross convict gangs every mile he runs. This escaping convict, clad in stripes out from the gaol bolt with a hundred others, may go through the woods, touching weeds, bushes as he runs. Fifty convicts, as he was clad, may run through the woods in every direction. The dogs will find his scent, running full tilt, breast high. If he makes a curve of forty-five degrees the dogs will not run the line, but will catch his scent thirty yards away and cross the angle though it were filled with the convicts who had eaten and slept with the fugitive. Often a dog will carry a scent galloping, running parallel thirty yards to the windward. An uncanny and terrible little beast is the red-bone hound, trained for the hunting of man.

A Snake in a Boy.

The almost incredible story recently printed about the death of a boy near Grand Falls, Mass., from hemorrhage caused by pulling from his mouth a live snake which had grown to his flesh, proves to be literally true. The lad's name was George Murichson, and his age 8 years. He was a bright little fellow, and lived with his parents on a farm about four miles from town. Early last winter the boy began to act strangely sick. He had a most voracious appetite, and it was impossible for him to get enough to eat. His friends got alarmed about him, and sent for physicians, who began dosing him for worms. As the winter wore on, the boy grew worse and worse. One day he felt something crawling up from his stomach into his throat. He almost choked to death, for the crawling creature tried ineffectually to come out by the nasal passage. In a short time the snake (for which it was) forced its way up the boy's throat, and stuck its head out of his mouth. The lad's sister, who was near by, saw the head of the serpent just before it drew back into the boy's mouth. Very soon the snake stuck its head out a second time, and his little sister made a grab at it and pulled from the boy's mouth a live snake fourteen inches long. It had a piece of flesh attached to its tail nearly as large as a hen's egg. The boy lived a short time only after the snake was taken from him, dying of violent hemorrhage. It is supposed that the boy had gone to sleep in some field, and that the snake had crawled down his throat. The reptile has been preserved in alcohol. The women of the Salvation Army in Bristol, Conn., have armed themselves with cayenne pepper to throw in the faces of the ruffians who are accustomed to annoy them in their street parades.