

NORTH CAROLINA HERALD.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

VOL. I.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1886.

NO. 48.

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 Champion Mowing Machines, 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 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.

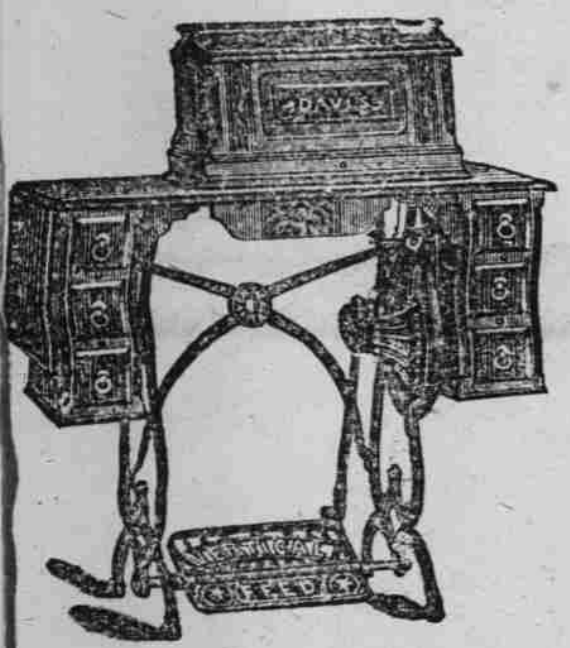
THE CELEBRATED

DAVIS SEWING MACHINE,

The Lightest Running Sewing Machine Made

Does all kinds of work without any busting. There has been \$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.



SMITH & RITCHIE,
SALISBURY, N. C.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

NO. 40.

An Improved Mountain Farm for sale, 80 acres under cultivation, with a good dwelling house and kitchen, with rich timber, a new barn, corn crib and granary, and spring house, church and school near by, orchard and grazing for cattle.

A LARGE BED OF MAGNETIC IRON ORE ON THE PROPERTY, same quality as the Cranberry Iron Ore. For PARTICULARS, address

NO. 41.

A Farm of 215 Acres—situated on line of Railroad, 140 acres under cultivation, 75 acres in clover and Timothy, 50 acres underland. Barns, granaries and all the necessary out houses. A well-built ten roomed frame house; every building in good repair. Good spring and well water. Will be sold cheap for cash.

NO. 42.

An improved farm of 180 Acres—34 miles from Salisbury, 100 acres under cultivation; an ordinary four roomed house; barn, &c. Fruit trees, grapes, pod tobacco and cotton land. Will be sold at a bargain.

NO. 43.

500 acres of land—oak, hickory chestnut, poplar, maple ash and walnut; 75 acres cleared and under cultivation; a saw and grist mill running; good water power; house, barn, corn crib, &c. Iron ore bank on the land. For sale cheap.

Address: BUERBAUM & EAMES, Salisbury, N. C.

ELLIOTT & ELLIOTT
Contractors and Builders,
HAPPY HOME, N. C.
Do a General Building Business in WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.
Fine Residences
A SPECIALTY.

Buy your sewing machines from McNeely & Bro. They keep them in order years free of charge, saving expenses of sending them to the factories. They sell attachments and needles for all kinds of machines at wholesale and retail, will sell needles to the trade at factory prices.

COUGHENOUR & SHAVER

ICE!

SUMMER and WINTER.

We keep our cellar full of the clearest Kennebec ice all the year round, which we sell at the lowest price. We want our customers to know that we are the only ones that keep ice all the time.

BEEF BUSINESS

we will have a

LARGE COOLING ROOM

FOR BEEF,

and will be ready to serve our customers with BEEF ON ICE.

We have always on hand the neatest Corn Beef, ready for use.

COUGHENOUR & SHAVER.

Valuable Town Property For Sale.

R. R. Crawford offers his Valuable Store Room 33x80 feet with a good Dwelling House upstairs, built of brick, located on Main Street just two doors from Murphy Corner, above Boyden Hotel. One new brick two story Dwelling House with nice shade, good kitchen, smoke house, wash house, wood house, large garden and stable, carriage and buggy house; on Emms Street adjoining Mrs. Jerry Brown's residence. Also, one nice Building Lot on same street 80x40 feet. All this property will be sold cheap and privately.

For any further information, call at this office, or address

R. R. CRAWFORD,
Winston, N. C.

Remember if you get a sewing machine from McNeely & Bro. and after a week's trial you are not satisfied, you are at liberty to return and exchange.

Richmond & Danville Railroad Company,

Western N. C. Division.

Commencing Sunday, June 29th, the following Passenger schedule and train service will be operated by this Division:

WEST Train No. 51

WEST Train No. 52

WEST Train No. 53

WEST Train No. 54

WEST Train No. 55

WEST Train No. 56

WEST Train No. 57

WEST Train No. 58

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WEST Train No. 90

DOGS DISCUSSED.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY W. H. BEAVER.

CHAPTER I.

"Dog, or no dog," is, and has been, a vexed question for many years. I now propose to settle it, to my own satisfaction, at least. I think "every dog has had its day," and am in favor of their extermination, with the questionable exception of pure breeds of three kinds; namely, the Newfoundland, the Scotch terrier and the Scotch colley, which latter is the best sheep or shepherd's dog. The existing prevalence of dogs, in such millionary multiplicity, of such anomalous genus and mongrel breed, is a perpetual horror, a perennial source of incalculable danger, waste and destruction, and a sore reflection on humanity and a disgrace to modern civilization.

I know that these broad assertions, coupled with an avowal of

DOG OSTRACISM,

will gain for me misnomers, such as "doggon'd old hunk," "dogged curmudgeon" &c. from others; 'n'importe, read on.

The Scotch proverb that bids you "beware of them that dogs and bairns' dree and turn frae," is a good and true admonition, but it brings no qualms to me; for, dogs and children take to me kindly and at once. I am not vindictive towards dogs; have no personal grudge, so to speak, any more than I have against rats, bed-bugs, house-flies, snakes, garden weeds or Canada thistles. They were made so, and cannot be other than they are; but if they were created for any good to mankind, it is not generally known; and all the appliances of ingenuity are used to destroy or abate them and all kindred nuisances—except the dog, which is entitled to pre-eminence of rank among the animated, baneful pests inflicted on poor humanity.

In my youth I was an enthusiastic admirer of dogs, and read, with avidity all tales and anecdotes of the more than human sagacity, matchless fidelity and heroic denial of dogs; gulping them down with simple credulity, as I did school-books stories of the wisdom and gratitude of

THE ELEPHANT,

which I now know to be the most treacherous and thankless animal extant. In extenuation of such perille verdancy, I may state that I knew then only pure and half-breeds of all kinds of dogs.

But even in early manhood, when I transplanted myself to where mongrel canines do most abound, I clung long and tenaciously to my early impressions in favor of dogs. The necessity of a total eradication of them was a slow, reluctant, painful and piecemeal conviction with me. War was then, as now, waged against dogs by newspapers and other great factors in human enlightenment and progress, which my instincts of early bias, resented as a senseless, unregenerate hulla-balloo. I hotly palliated the alleged misdemeanors of dogs. What if they did steal meat, worry chickens and children and such like? God made them so; and men, whose legitimate friends and companions they are, should keep such temptations out of their way, and protect and feed them well. I even considered muzzling as barbarous, and the danger from

HYDROPHOBIA

inadequate to excuse such cruelty. As to their sheep-killing predilections, I considered it unjust and bloody-minded to let rich men's sheep live and kill off poor men's dogs. (Sub rosa, I inclined to the sans culotte school of politics then.) I further argued, that if farmers killed sheep, without any compunction, merely for their pelts, why deprive poor dogs of a little congenial amusement in doing such work for them? Was a pelt worth any less because the sheep was killed by a dog? Besides a sheep's pelt brought more in market than a dog's pelt—ergo, why should the dog be killed? Then there were the silly pretenses of city people for persecuting the poor dogs; and the

DEMONIACAL MALEDICTIONS

with which they anathematized them for disturbing their sleep of nights, by their howling and yelping. I told such malcontents that their neighbor's dogs merely did so—instinctively and without malice prepose; and as to their "baying at the moon," they had always done so and have never hurt the moon. As to their growling against their neighbor's dogs for running across lots and lawns; pulling clothes off the lines, rolling on flower-beds, playing havoc in cellars, pantries, poultry coops and other characteristic canine gambols, I met and rebuffed to the best of my ability. My labored pleas and defenses I will not weary the reader by repeating; nor the stunning replies of the dog repudiators. Let it suffice to say, that I was on the diminutive, while they waxed crescendo. My sails flapped for want of wind; I was sensibly weakening, and conscious of now seeking victory rather than truth

Driven to extremes, I resorted to the Bible, as a dernier resort, and searched it for props and stays to my side. I found the dog to be

A HISTORIC ANIMAL,

to the extent of only a few "mere mentions," but occupying no pronounced prominence in the Bible. It tells of dogs lapping the blood of the ungodly Ahab. Allusion is also made to the fact that "the dog returns to his vomit; and, par parenthesis, I may hazard the remark, that the dog is the only animal of the present day, addicted to that filthy and disgusting practice. It is also recorded that dogs licked the sores of Lazarus; but whether from kindly commiseration, or to partially allay the pangs of hunger by licking off the remains of poultices, is left to conjecture. It is well known that dogs in Asia, of the present time, are savage, un-cared-for outcasts, and were most likely so then. There are some other scriptural allusions to dogs, more derogatory than the above, to which I will refer in the ensuing chapters; but I utterly failed to find, and could not recall, a single instance of any need of praise, encomium or benediction being bestowed on the dog by any one of the inspired writers. This failure discouraged me so much, that I at last wholly absolved myself from further vindication of this accursed race of

FLEA GENERATORS.

I have observed and studied the nature, habits, instincts, reasoning powers and, "so-called" fine traits of nearly every variety of the dog tribe pretty closely and critically ever since. And now, in mature life, I feel impelled to make public property of my unbiased, inferential deductions; hoping thereby to start a train of thought, in the public mind, that will tend to bring about the utter extinction of this horrid race of brutes; and failing in that, at least initiate a movement having a tendency to vastly diminish their number, obliterate all mongrel curs, and retain and foster only pure and improved breeds.

This closes the prelude. The exposition will begin in next chapter.

Pain is Mental.

The Scientific American thinks that the agitation in regard to the cruelties practiced on animals has been rather overdone through ignorance of the nature of pain, which, it insists, depends essentially upon the mind, and not upon the nerves. All animals of lower grade than human suffer very much less pain from physical injuries than our sensations convey to us. We can readily see the proof of this in their habitual actions. Many of the starfishes detach parts of their arms at the very smallest provocation, and remain uninjured by the change or loss. A fish that has torn away the hook from a line in its struggling to escape will take the bait again as soon as its fright has passed off, and while the hook still remains in the jaw which it has perforated. A fawn whose foreleg was wounded by a shot had it amputated without anesthetics, and gave scarcely a sign of pain. Corning still higher, we recognize the fact, which is perfectly well known, that savages of the human race pay small attention to their injuries. Again, every surgeon sees convincing proof in his daily experience that the sensitiveness of his various patients varies so widely that there must be some cause for it beyond what is physical. There is no such wide diversity in the nerve tissue of their systems as can account for the extreme differences with which they not only manifest pain, but with which they doubtless feel it. The conclusion is that, though the transmission of pain is dependent on nerve fibres only, its seat and origin are beyond and are truly not physical at all. Pain is mental.

Why Englishmen seek American Wives.

The popular taste over on the other side of the water appears to be growing more warm toward American and Americans. The wealthy and titled men of the Old World are seeking with increased earnestness American brides, and it is erroneous to suppose that all they are after is the parental boodle. There is a charm about American girls that the English do not have. The women of Great Britain are brought up from their earliest infancy to maintain a submissive and meek regard for the other sex. They are taught that the only thing in life for them is to marry comfortably and go into a sort of serfdom for the rest of their lives. No American girl goes into matrimony with any such idea. She is bound to get the upper hand if she can, and she has a sweet and brisk independence about her that is most attractive to men who have met with nothing but the other sort of thing. So it is that American girls, who at first shocked foreign society, are in great demand in Europe nowadays as ornaments to saloons and drawing rooms and as prospectives to nobles and aristocrats.

Centralizing Tendencies.

San Francisco Examiner.

It is perhaps not altogether strange that the people in this country are drifting away from their original theory of government. It has been the experience in a greater or less degree with all ages and countries. We began here about a century ago with trusting the individual man to take care of himself, burdening him as little as possible with taxes and laws. Little by little we are getting away from this theory. We are depending on corporations and organizations, and sinking individual and personal effort in combinations of united effort. Labor is organizing, capital is organizing, everything, indeed, is now done by cumulative effort. Whether this is degeneracy or advancement we are unable to say, but it is certainly not the way things once were done. The whole scope of these driftings, however, has a centralizing tendency that is objectionable to old-fashioned Democratic notions. The fault may be in the times, and not with the people. It is certain, for example that labor has been compelled to organize for its own defense. The conditions which led to this are wrong, but the question arises, had government been kept to its proper sphere—had the limitations of the Constitution been respected—would the people now be organizing for defense against one another? We think not. The mistake consists in drifting away from the good old fashioned principles of government. It is the legacy of 24 years of Republican ascendancy.

Faithful Christine.

Christine Olsen was the daughter of a toy maker in Stockholm, and she was loved by Hansen, one of her father's workmen. She loved Hansen, but her father would not let the lovers marry, and so Hansen said he would go to America and make a big fortune and then marry Christine. He landed at Castle Garden with about \$200, and set about getting work. He did a little at cigar making, but not much, and almost before he knew it his money was gone and he was out of work. This was sixteen months ago. Up to that time he had written regularly and hopefully to the girl in Stockholm, and when his letters stopped she was much troubled. After waiting for several months she determined to seek for Hansen. Her father had died and after the debts were all paid Christine had a few hundred dollars left. When she reached this city she found a man who had known Hansen, and who thought that he had gone to San Francisco. Christine bought a ticket for San Francisco. At Chicago a confidence man persuaded her to sell her ticket to San Francisco and buy one for Omaha. He said he knew Hansen well, and that he was in Omaha. The girl did as advised, and then the new friend robbed her of her money excepting \$5. This was all she had when she reached Omaha eight months ago of course Hansen was not there. Christine found a place to work, saved her wages, and still tried in all ways to learn of Hansen. Two weeks ago she heard from him. He was in Kansas City. She set out at once for that city, and a few days later her former mistress in Omaha received a letter from her saying that she and Hansen were married and very happy.—[New York Sun.

Married Across the Creek.

ROCKINGHAM COURT HOUSE, N. C., July 22, 1886. The high water throughout North Carolina developed a romantic marriage in Rockingham county yesterday. Mr. James Madison Stont and Miss Polly Mickle, one of the most beautiful young ladies in the county, started together yesterday to get married. They were accompanied by a small wedding party. When they reached Jones creek, they found that the water was up and they could not cross. They were going to the parson's on the other side to be married. "I'll swim across," said Tony Brush, the groom's best man, "and bring the preacher to the other bank, and he can marry you from there." He soon had Preacher Hazlett on the opposite shore. He gave him Jim's license and told him to proceed, which he did, and soon Miss Polly Mickle was Mrs. James Stont.

Masonry in North Carolina.

According to the Masonic Monthly, Masonry in North Carolina was first organized in Halifax county, and it is well-known that Royal White Heart Lodge of Halifax town is the oldest lodge in the State. "Masonry" was introduced in North Carolina in 1771. On the 19th of January of that year Henry Spenser, Duke of Beaufort and grand master of Masons in and for England, issued a charter to Joseph Montgomery, Esq., of Halifax in the province of North Carolina, constituting and appointing him provincial grand master of and for America with authority to constitute lodges, &c.

Work of the Pension Bureau.

Let the soldier bucksters make a note of the fact that Commissioner Black has during the year issued over 110,000 certificates to pensioners since he assumed the duties of his office, being 10 per cent. more than had ever before been issued by any one of his predecessors during the same length of time. The payments to pensioners during the fiscal year just ended exceeded those of the previous fiscal year by \$6,600,000. And President Cleveland has signed six pension bills where he has vetoed one. Yet this administration, Republican papers say, "is pre-eminently the enemy of the soldier."—[Washington Post.

STATE NEWS.

Miss Lisette Bernheim, daughter of Rev. G. D. Bernheim, and editor of the magazine "At Home and Abroad," was married last Sunday in Phillipsburg, N. J. to Mr. J. T. Hood.

At a prohibition meeting in Ashe county on July 3, one man, "Uncle Josh" Aldrich, declared himself in favor of prohibition if it would make whiskey cheaper.

The old Shober paper mills at Salem, which were destroyed by fire about 15 years ago, have been re-established by a Northern firm. They were first established in 1789.

The Lincoln Press says that seven persons live in Catawba Springs township whose ages aggregate 576 years. They are Rev. R. B. Morrison, D. D., the father of Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson, aged 88; Mrs. Wm. Norwood, 87; G. D. Abernethy, 80; John Thompson, 84; Frank Howard 81; Thomas Thompson 80, and Sherrod Little, Sr., 80.

Mess. O. F. Huff and D. C. Warner, of Lexington, arrived in Concord Monday, and began yesterday at the depot on the burnt foundry place the erection of a spoke and handle factory. The main building will be 30 x 30; there will be storing and engine room. They expect to have it done by the middle of August, when they will buy from our country people large quantities of hickory, persimmon and dogwood, using two and a half to three cords a day. We hope that this enterprise will be profitable both to these gentlemen, who are old hands at the business, and to our farmers who have timber to dispose of. They will advertise when they are ready for the timber.—[Concord Times, July 22.

INTERESTING NOTES.

The labor question—"Henry are you going to get up to make the fire?"

A man fell from the Brooklyn Bridge cars into the cable machinery, disabling that and seriously injuring the man.

A young woman of Ashton, Dak., has a farm which she works all she has three horses, and last year she raised 1,200 bushels of grain, and is breaking up more land. She averages about one offer of marriage a month.

Enraptured young lady, gazing upwards, and addressing a young newspaper man: "What a wonderful thing is space! Do you ever feel overwhelmed by its immensity?"—Young newspaper man: "I should rather think I do, miss; I have a column of it to fill every day."

An exchange says: Ordinary care by the wayfarer would prevent many distressing accidents at railroad stations. A railway locomotive has just about as much regard for the man or woman on the track as a cannon shot would have. Always look carefully each way before you pass over the rails, remembering meanwhile that an express train would travel about 100 yards while you were crossing from one point of safety to another.

The soul of a true Christian is often like the sea, the surface of which is often so rough in storms that it seems all confusion, while yet at the same time, deep down, there are silent placid depths, untroubled and undisturbed by the surface troubles. So with the believer; to the eye of mere sense his outward life seems often torn to pieces, and his mind tossed to and fro like a bark at sea, but deep down the peace of God reigns supreme in his heart. He cannot hush the surface commotion, but his faith is secretly at rest in God.—W. Poole Balfern.

While coming out of one of our leading churches on a recent Sunday night we noticed a half-dozen young fellows waiting at the door to "catch on" and escort their girls home. This is not only nauseating and outlandish, but it shows a lack of respect which any sensible girl should not tolerate. A boy who has not the back-bone to be seen with a girl inside the church should not have the nickel-plated brass to ask for her company home in the darkness, but should be so he ought to be publicly bluffed by the young lady. A few gentle reminders of this kind would soon teach the would-be-beans some sense.—[Ex.