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Whole No. 102.

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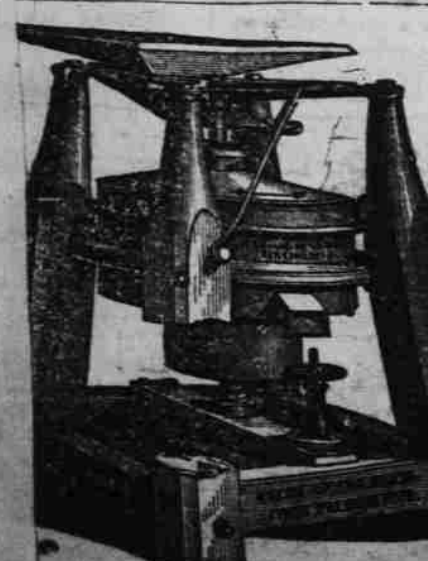
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AUTUMNAL TWILIGHT.

In the horizon sinks the sun,
While o'er his face, when day is done,
Coy as the veil o'er blushing sun,
Hangs the autumn twilight.

The curling mist lies o'er the stream,
Hazy and dim as a twilight dream,
And like the mist round sunset's beam
Hovers the autumn twilight.

The mountains shade the valley wide,
Night's shadowy wings the distance hide,
But glowing and bright on the sunset side,
Glimmers the autumn twilight.

Now sits September 'neath the trees,
Weaving the coy autumnal breeze,
Through the dim forest shades he sees
The bright autumn twilight.

Then comes October to pluck red leaves;
While the drying flowers he grieves,
A crown of yellow ferns he weaves
For the pale autumn twilight.

Nature's gay songsters tune their throats,
Far through the fading forest floats
The music of wild birds' farewell notes
To the sad autumn twilight.

Loud moans the wind on the wintry shore,
The sparkling frost is white and hoar,
And flitting at eve is seen no more
The lost autumn twilight.

TREASON VS. LOYALTY.

We clip the following from the *Wheeling, W. Va., Register*:

In 1861 when Fort Sumter was fired upon the loyal people of the land—"treason!"

A blow was struck by the Southern Confederacy at President Abraham Lincoln's authority. It was treason.

In 1887, nearly a quarter of a century after the seal of Union had been stamped upon the land in characters of blood, nearly a quarter of a century after when the people, the bone and sinew, the real upholders of the Union, had, in spite of politicians' efforts to the contrary, forgotten the bitterness of the war and clasped hands with their former foes—nearly a quarter of a century after, we see the grand old flag trailed in the dust by men, who, without moral right, wear, or more properly, disgrace, the uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic—trailed in the dust while passing under a banner inscribed:

GOD BLESS OUR
PRESIDENT,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
OF THE ARMY AND NAVY
OF THE
UNITED STATES.

In 1861 this was treason of the blackest dye.

In 1887 it is treason not only white but black, though the effects be insignificant.

And the men who disgrace the uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic and trail the United States flag in the dust, in token that they do not recognize the President of the United States, are not the soldiers who bore the sacred old flag throughout the war and guarded it with the musket, they are not the real veterans "boys in blue." They are traitors in sentiment as black as was General Beauregard, when he refused to recognize the President and ordered the firing on Fort Sumter in 1861.

The veterans, the loyal soldiers—not the three and nine month men—the real "boys in blue," who fought and bled in campaign after campaign from 1861 to 1865, these real defenders of the Union, brushing aside the knot of malicious local politicians who never saw a musket except as a relic, who would have crowded them from under the banner stretched overhead in honor of the President of the United States—the Union Veteran Legion, the noblest appearing body of men in the parade, marched straight under the banner and raised their caps in graceful acknowledgment of the respect due the Chief Magistrate and Representative of the American people.

They were not a body of Democrats. They were not a body of Republicans.

They were old soldiers. They fought under command of the President of the United States once, and would do it again.

The *Register* has not yet seen cause to recede from its original position that the Grand Army of the Republic, as at present organized, is a political machine, is being prostituted for political purposes by selfish, disloyal political procurers.

The *National Tribune*, the G. A. R. organ, says: "The *Charleston News and Courier* says 'the G. A. R. must be made to understand that it must behave or disband.' Think of the impudence of this talk from an organ of nuncupant rebels. A few years ago the men now composing the G. A. R. gave this pliant editor and the men he blates for everything but a magnanimous victor could give a conquered foe—gave them their political privileges and an equal share in the government. Now this ingrate insolently turns upon his generous opponents and assumes dictatorial airs. Think of the impudence!"

United States Minister Roberts, at Santiago, Chili, telegraphs the department of the State on the 8th inst. that cholera has appeared in several sections of that country and in some places has assumed alarming proportions.

How to Abolish Poverty.

Mayor Hewitt, of New York: "Forty years ago, beginning life as a poor boy, I thought I would join a society. I found one ready made to my hand. I didn't have to go to search for it. Curiously enough, the object of that society was exactly the same as that which I hear proclaimed now as something new. It was a society for the abolition of poverty. I was poor. I said: 'I'll do what I can to abolish poverty' and what poverty did I set about to abolish? My own. The whole object of the social organization, the whole constitution of society, has no object but that of abolishing poverty. If every man will set to abolish poverty in his own case it will disappear from the face of society. The reason why poverty does not disappear from there is because there are a great number of tramps and bummers and lazy fellows, called in the old law 'beggars and vagabonds, who do not want to abolish poverty. They live by poverty. They could abolish it quickly if they would go to work as you or I work.'"

Chauncey M. Depew: "The country is getting full of fellows who are not worth saving. They come from the parlors of the rich, the houses of the great business men of the country, from the homes of the farmers, mechanics and laborers—young men whose whole idea is to get on without work or by somebody else's work. They are not worth saving. The two main elements of success in this world, of anti-poverty in industry. I have kept a record of all the boys who started with me in life, and as I look back, standing now 50 years of age, every one of those men who was sober and did not squander his money owns home and independence. Every one of them who drank is dead. The gentlemen who are seeking to abolish poverty just now are most honorable men and theorists, but you can pass resolutions in all the meetings in the United States that there must be no small-pox, but small-pox there will be all the same."

Colored Democrats Rally.

A dispatch from Washington says: "An organization of colored men temporarily residing here, but retaining a legal residence in Virginia, and therefore entitled to vote in that State, has been effected, and resolutions have been adopted friendly to the Democratic party over there. One of the resolutions recites that the aim of the Democratic party is to obliterate race prejudice and teach the colored man the true worth and dignity of American citizenship, while that of the Republican party, through an irresponsible committee, or, what is worse, through the whims and ambition of one man, would strike at all that is dear to the freeman, be he white or colored."

The movement promises to embarrass Mahone in his fight this fall. It is certain to spread and in the State proper will have the covert sympathy, if not indeed the active support of ex-Congressman Brady and General Wickham, and other less prominent white Republicans who also are in public revolt against Mahone and his methods.

Chairman John S. Barbour, of the Democratic State Committee, was in town to-day, and said that the party organization throughout the State was being brought rapidly to a satisfactory condition. He is confident of beating the Republicans in November."

Giving Support to the Anarchists.

New York, Sept. 7.—District Assembly of 49 Knights of Labor, at its last meeting voted on the question of giving financial and moral support to the condemned Chicago anarchists by a majority of but seven or eight votes. It was carried. The resolution of support was introduced by Thomas B. McGuire, of the Home Club. The action of the District Assembly, it is said, is liable to cause its suspension as it is in direct opposition to the order of Grand Master Workman Powderly.

Death of Ex-Governor Aiken.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 7.—A telegram received this afternoon from Flat Rock, N. C., announces the death there to-day of ex-Gov. Wm. Aiken, of South Carolina.

One mile from Tarboro, N. C., there is a boiling well on the farm of Mr. S. B. Speight which for the last five days has been boiling like a pot. During the wet weather and until now this well, 22 feet deep, has been unaffected by the rains, the water not increasing appreciably in volume and remaining as clear as crystal. When all is quiet thereabouts the noise from the well can be heard at least a hundred yards. Mr. Speight thought the temperature had risen, but drew up a bucketful of the water and found it as cool as ever. It is said the well imitates those at Charleston.

The greatest embarrassment over our up-country farming is the disinclination to work.—*Hartford Times.*

Almost Too Simple.

[N. Y. Herald.]
General Butler is a political curiosity. He is decidedly a man of ideas, and they are always novel. He has lately invented a way to get rid of our surplus which if adopted will achieve the result.

If the surplus should grow in size and double itself, or even quadruple itself, the General would not be at all dismayed. For such an emergency he is calmly and serenely prepared. Indeed no surplus, however big, could get away with him, for his plan—the simplest thing in the world, by the way—would dispose of it all.

You ask what this plan is? Well, it is to divide among the soldiers in the Union army whatever money there is in the Treasury, and if it so happened that they should be converted into millionaires and request the government not to give them any more, why, we could then begin to distribute the excess among the soldiers in the late Confederate army. In this way we could get on for a few years more without being burdened by this perplexing question, What shall we do with our big revenue?

It is a very brilliant idea, but what specially commends it to our consideration is its remarkable and childlike simplicity.

Speaking of the general improvement in the South, a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Times-Star* refers to the marked change to be noticed in the condition of the farms and the railroads. The cleanliness of cultivation observed by the traveler as he passes through the country is something to delight the eye, proving the wrongness of the notion that southern agriculturists are not workers. Smooth roads, good cars and excellent service and running are becoming the rule rather than the exception with the railroads. The evidence of the attractiveness that the South has for capitalists, was observed in the number of Northern men on the train going South on business trips. They were evidently men of means, and their talk of railroad building and mines and furnaces showed that they were going to put hundreds of thousands into permanent enterprises there. The eyes of all capitalists in the North seem to be turned to the South.

Night Air.

There are those who ridicule the idea that there can be anything hurtful in the night air at this season. Experience has long since shown this to be a fallacy, and the sooner the fact is recognized the better. Night air, properly encountered, is not hurtful, but it is not safe to sit at the front door in your shirt sleeves or in a gauzy dress, with uncovered heads, etc. Far better to get the other way, and be a little too warmly clad for comfort. We have had what might be regarded a wet summer; vegetation has been more luxuriant than usual, and this is the season when it begins to decay and impregnate the atmosphere with malarial agents, which are always most active at nights. It is for this reason that such exposure to the night air as that to which we have referred is injudicious, if not absolutely dangerous. Many an attack of malaria, if carefully traced to its source, would be found to have its origin in the disregard of the simple caution given.

During a long storm, persons who are well versed in weather-lore are often heard to console themselves with the prediction that there will be a change of weather when the moon changes. Nasmyth and Carpenter characterize as a popular error in its most absurd form, this belief that the gradual turning of the moon's face towards and away from the sun, could, at certain points, upset the existing condition of our atmosphere, generate clouds, and pour down rains. In England (and the same may be said of much of America) the weather changes about every three days, and there is a change of the moon every seven days, so that many coincidences must occur. Those who believe that "the moon rules the weather," always credit such coincidences to lunar influence. But the theory is untenable unless it applies to every case, and unless the same effect is always produced by the same cause. To suppose that a change of the moon will turn dry weather to wet, or wet to dry, indiscriminately, is the merest childishness, and contrary to all meteorological records.

The Weatherwise Spider.

Country folks have a weather indication in the spider. Although the morning clouds may be threatening, if he spreads his web out to the breeze it shows that the prospects for a fair day are good. The other morning, in the suburban towns, observers noted an unusual number of these filmy structures, and a prophecy of a pleasant day was unhesitatingly made, though the clouds seemed to thicken till 8 or nine o'clock. But the spiders came out ahead.—*Hartford Times.*

Surveying the Cranberry Route.

Parties from Shelby yesterday informed a *CHARLOTTE* reporter that Maj. Bowman is now engaged in surveying the route of the railroad to be built from Shelby to the Cranberry mines, and that the greater portion of the distance had already been surveyed. The new road will pass through Morganton, and will develop one of the richest sections of North Carolina. Work will be commenced shortly after the route is surveyed, and will be pushed to a rapid completion. The company has ample means to prosecute the work, and the railroad is an assured fact.

It has been said of Andrew Carnegie, the great iron manufacturer of Pittsburgh, and said with a sort of glow, that he is more American than the Americans. Mr. Carnegie missed the good fortune—through no fault of his own surely—of being born in America, but had what he esteems the nearest to it of being born in Scotland. This gentleman is distinguished for American push and energy in business, which has made him immeasurably wealthy as well as for intense loyalty to his adopted country. Men of this stamp sometimes take the liberty of saying things that a nation might hesitate to say, lest he should be misunderstood or have his motives falsely judged. Thus another Pennsylvanian, a German by birth this time, says that no language should be taught in our public schools save the "American" language. He puts it on the same ground that Carnegie took, when he refused to participate in loyalty to royal jubilees in the United States. Here is one more opening for the new American party, which they seem to have overlooked.

A very practical gentleman was looking at a valuable painting. "How much is that worth?" he inquired of a friend. "About \$10,000," was the reply. "And how much was the paint worth before it was put on the canvass?" "Perhaps five dollars." "Then, for spreading it over that little piece of cloth, the man gets \$9,995. Painting must be a good business."

This illustrates the enormous increase of value which almost any substance acquires from being manipulated by human hands. It is said that seventy-five cents' worth of iron ore is worth, when made into bar iron, \$5; horse shoes, \$10.50; table knives, \$80; fine needles, \$6,800; shirt buttons, \$29,480; watch springs, \$200,000; hair springs, \$400,000; and pallet arbors, \$2,577,595.

"What's the reason there are so many divorces nowadays?" asked Mrs. Yeger, who was reading the morning paper. "I have studied the subject thoroughly from every possible standpoint, and I think I can point out the true cause, and as long as that cause lasts there will be divorces," replied Colonel Yeger. "What is that cause?" "Matrimony."

Charlotte Chronicle: One of our neighbors across the line in South Carolina is determined to save his oats field from depredation by cattle. He has posted this notice to a tree on his farm: "If any man or woman's cows or oxen gets into these here oats, his or her tail will be cut off, as the case may be. I am a christian man and pays my taxes; but durnta man who lets his critters run loose, sez I."

"Did you enjoy yourself at the reception?" asked Miss Fusanfeather of young Crimmonbeak, when they had returned from a social gathering in the neighborhood. "Oh, very much," was the reply. "Which do you think were the prettiest features of the evening?" "Oh, yours, by all means," was the response which made the lady blush to the end of her bonnet strings.

Perfect Hair

Indicates a natural and healthy condition of the scalp, and of the glands through which nourishment is obtained. When, in consequence of age and disease, the hair becomes weak, thin, and gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will strengthen it, restore its original color, promote its rapid and vigorous growth, and impart to it the lustre and freshness of youth.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and am convinced of its value. When I was 17 years of age my hair began to turn gray. I commenced using the Vigor, and was surprised at the good effects it produced. It not only restored the color to my hair, but so stimulated its growth that I have now more hair than ever before.—J. W. Edwards, Coldwater, Miss.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING from debility and loss of appetite; if your stomach is out of order, or your mind confined; take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine will restore physical force and elasticity to the system, more surely and speedily than any tonic yet discovered.

For six months I suffered from liver and stomach troubles. My food did not nourish me, and I became weak and very much emaciated. I took six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured.—Julius M. Palmer, Springfield, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price 25¢; six bottles, \$1.