

DUP

SALISBURY.

Vol. V.--No. 37.

Salisbury, N. C., Wednesday, June 18, 1890.

Whole No. 245.

Price only \$1.50 a year.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.
Superior Court Clerk—Geo. M. Horah.
Sheriff—Chas. C. Kridler.
Register of Deeds—H. N. Woodson.
Treasurer—Samuel McCubbins.
Surveyor—B. C. Arey.
Coroner—D. A. Atwell.
Commissioners—J. J. Sumner, Chairman,
W. L. Klutz, O. P. Baker, D. H. Cole-
man.
Public School Sup't—T. C. Lin.
Sup't of Health—Dr. J. S. Sumnerell.
Overseer of Poor—A. M. Brown.

TOWN.
Chas. D. Crawford,
Clk.—D. H. Julian,
Assessor.—H. M. G. Stover,
Police—W. P. Price, chief; J. P. Pace,
C. W. Pool, R. M. Barringer, and Ben Jable.
Commissioners—North ward—J. A. Ren-
dell, D. M. Miller; South ward—D. R.
Julian, J. A. Barrett; East ward—J. B. Gor-
don, T. A. Coughenour; west ward—R. J.
Holmes, J. W. Ruple.

CHURCHES.

Baptist—Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Rev. J. F. Tuttle, pastor.
Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Thos. L. Swink, Sup't.
Catholic—Services every Sunday at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. Francis Mayer, pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m.
Episcopal—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 6:30 p. m., and Wednesday at 8 p. m. Rev. F. J. Murdoch, Rector.
Sunday School every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Capt. Theo. Parker, Sup't.
Lutheran—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7 p. m. Rev. Chas. B. King, Pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Prof. R. G. Kiser, Sup't.
Methodist—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 6:30 p. m. Rev. T. W. Gathie, Pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. J. W. Mauney, Sup't.
Presbyterian—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 8:30 p. m. Rev. J. Ruple, D. D., pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. J. Ruple, D. D., Sup't.
Y. M. C. A.—Devotional Services at Hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Business meeting First Thursday night in every month. I. H. Foust, Pres't.

LODGES.

Full on Lodge, No. 99, A. F. & A. M., meets every 1st and 3rd Friday night in each month. E. B. New, W. M.
Salisbury Lodge, No. 24, K. of P., meets every Tuesday night. A. H. Boyden, C. C.
Salisbury Lodge, No. 775, K. of H., meets every 1st and 3rd Monday night in each month. Dictator.
Salisbury Council, No. 272, Royal Arcanum, meets every 2nd and 4th Monday night in each month. J. A. Ramsay, Regent.

POST OFFICE.

Office Hours from 7:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. Money Order Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sunday Hours 11:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. J. H. Ramsay, P. M.

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FROM FAR AWAY WASHINGTON.

An Interesting Letter from a Former Resident of Salisbury.

PUGET SOUND, June 2d, 1890.

DEAR _____
Sometimes I feel a little lonely, when I realize that I am just as far away from home and friends as I can possibly be not to go out of the United States altogether. I have traveled over four thousand miles on this trip and have seen some very grand and picturesque scenery. Leaving Knoxville and the beautiful farming lands of Tennessee behind, I started May 1st, (my friend Walker, of Ga., with me,) on this long journey. Passing through the lovely "blue grass" region of Kentucky our first stop was in the bustling city of Cincinnati, then on through the thickly populated districts of Indiana and Illinois, until we were in the bottoms of the great Mississippi river, and there, for the first time I beheld that mighty stream, the "Father of Waters." Crossing the Mississippi on that bridge, next in size to the Brooklyn, we were in the great city of Saint Louis. One day was well spent in looking around the city, and that night we went to the theatre. Leaving St. Louis early next morning, we were soon in sight of the Missouri river and for nearly six hours we enjoyed the varied scenery along this destructive stream. Our next place was Kansas City, and there we stopped over long enough to see the true get up of a genuine Western city. People there all get a regular Broadway move on them, only, if a man wants to stop, pull out his pistol and shoot, why it's all right, and no one appears to mind it. Onward over plains and prairies, our next point was Denver. Before leaving the plains of Kansas you get your first glimpse of the Rockies, and by the time you travel a few hours in Colorado you can see many snow covered peaks, towering one above the other, until their snowy tops mingle with the clouds of heaven. Leaving Denver, then comes the sublime scenery of the Rockies. Two powerful Rocky Mountain steam engines are required to pull our finely equipped train over this rugged chain of mountains. For 40 miles you ascend this mighty chain of mountains. The grade being over 200 feet to the mile, until at last you are reminded by the long, loud, and triumphant squeal of the steam whistle, that you are nearing the highest point along the great Union Pacific. 'Tis point Sherman, and on this spot stands a monument, that cost about \$75,000. No less than eight passengers were bleeding at the nose— you see this place is covered with snow, and the atmosphere is so rare that many experience great difficulty in breathing. Only a few days ago, a man from the "low lands", while on these heights, died, the atmosphere was too rare for him. Here you see many towering mountains of pure white snow. To be on a point like this, and watch the "king of day," as he slowly throws his bright rays of light on such a picture, is a scene that were I to attempt to describe, such a description would be nothing more than a miserable failure. No pen of man can do it justice. There are places where the rocks rise higher, where the chasms are deeper, and the torrents mightier in their power; but on no place on earth will one feel so completely isolated from mankind, and left entirely with nature, and his God, as at Sherman on the bleak hills of Wyoming. Leaving Sherman the scenery is, for the next few hours, varied and impressive. Passing on through tunnels, under snow sheds, and over a worthless plain, we start on the down grade, crossing small, sparkling streams that look, from the high trestles, like little silver threads glistening in the sunlight. Such is the scenery until North Park is reached. This beautiful park contains over 200 square miles of the finest grazing lands in America. It is hemmed in by a range of snowy mountains, that keeps this beautiful section well watered. For game it has no equal in the world. Bison, wild cattle, deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and quail abound, while there is no scarcity among the grizzlies mountain lions, etc. Sometimes, as many as ten thousand antelopes can be seen from the train. Unfortunately, I only saw a few hundred. The scenery immediately around you, is one of unsurpassed loveliness, while the view in the distance is grand, awe

sublime, beyond the power of words to depict. Rapidly we are passing round rugged spurs, that shoot out from towering bluffs as though to bar our progress—yet onward we go at lightning speed, until our iron horse gives one terrific shout, and then we pass out from these mighty canons into the valley of Plate river. Onward we speed over level plains for miles and miles, almost forgetting that we are still on the great chain of mountains, over 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. This country is covered with sage brush and sand hills, and such scenery is very monotonous, especially when it lasts for 12 long hours. The average tourist could see enough in one minute to last him the remainder of his life. Now we are on the "Continental Divide." Here if a spring should rise on one of these sage bush knolls, its waters would divide, and eventually mingle with the two oceans, which wash the opposite shores of the continent. Little of interest attracts the eye until the flourishing city of Ogden is reached, at this point we all changed cars, and had time to exercise ourselves in walking around the city. After listening to the deafening roar of the cars for over one week, you can imagine how enjoyable such recreation would be. "All aboard!" shouts the conductor, and away we go headed for Salt Lake City. 'Tis only two hours ride, but one of the finest in the West. This beautiful valley is hemmed in on all sides by snowy peaks and is kept green & pretty by irrigation. Not only beautiful but very productive is its soil. We are now nearing the great stronghold of Mormonism, and the scenery is very beautiful. The days are very warm, while the nights are cool. Salt Lake is a beautiful city, and has several buildings that at once attract and interest the traveler. The temple is usually the first object of interest the traveler seeks. This building is not yet completed, and won't be for several years. The temple is of white granite, was commenced in 1853, and will when completed, have cost ten thousand dollars. The building is an immense building, capable of seating ten thousand people. The roof of the building is a grand arch, and is the largest self-sustaining roof in America while the organ is next in size to any in the United States. The temple, tabernacle and assembly buildings are all enclosed by a wall five feet thick and eight feet high, with only one main entrance reminding one of "ye ancient times." After viewing the spot where the great Apostle (Brigham Young) lies mouldering in the clay, and seeing the handsome residences he had built for his many wives, we boarded the train and were soon spending our way along the shores of the "Dead Sea" of America. Without any known outlet this mysterious lake has several rivers and numerous smaller streams pouring into it. Its briny waters are without life, spreading out perfectly motionless for miles and miles with here and there an island. The largest of these islands is 15 miles long. It is a great body of water and I shall never forget how it looked. We now hear the conductor shout, "Let-er-go Bishop," so we say to Salt Lake, farewell once, and forever, and once more we are speeding our way to the great Pacific Coast.

After passing out of the Salt Lake basin, the scenery is wild and rugged. There is food for thought while riding along in finely equipped passenger cars, with every modern improvement and convenience imaginable—how, only a few years ago, the emigrant team, stage coach, etc., had to strive slowly along among countless herds of wild beasts and blood-thirsty Indian. Now all is changed. Instead of the roaring buffalo, the savage Indian and the wild and woolly cowboy (that we school boys of eight and ten years ago are so well posted on), you find large, well cultivated farms, churches, school houses and cities, settled by live, energetic people, who can tell you of the hardships of Western life ten and fifteen years ago.

We are now near the mighty Columbia river, which for greatness is the peer of the Mississippi, and for charming scenery she rivals the Hudson, or any of the idolized streams of Europe. My first view of these sparkling waters was just above the Dalles, where it comes tumbling down over a series of rocky rapids most beautiful to behold. We are now in Oregon, and just across the river is the great State of Washington. For the next one hundred miles I don't believe there can be found on the globe another stretch of such grand and magnificent scenery. One moment you are looking out on lovely lakes and little sparkling brooks, next moment you are on some mighty trestle, so high that one almost imagines himself flying in the clouds; next you see towering above you solid walls two thousand feet high; a few moments more you give a whirl and there you are, in some dense thicket, with the Columbia many feet below. Onward we go, passing the most beautiful falls of water on the American continent. At nearly every ravine and crevice you see these magnificent falls of water. Some of these falls are lost in spray, while others come pouring down over cliffs over a thousand feet high, presenting in the sun's rays a grand constellation of glittering jewels. Last summer when I stood in Prospect Park, gazing on the stupendous falls of Niagara, I thought that for beauty and greatness there was nothing to equal it. Well, for greatness and overwhelming grandeur there is nothing to compare to it, but for beauty and romantic scenes, you must see the "Falls of the Cascades." The beautiful white spray from some of these falls is wafted by the winds many hundred feet away. Some places the Columbia cuts its way through solid walls over three thousand feet high, and then spreads out again over three miles in width. After seeing all this you look up and there stands above all, Mt. Hood, with his frosty head of countless ages. I believe the most beautiful and magnificent views of earthly scenery are presented in passing over this mighty range of the Cascade Mountains. No attempt of man can do it justice—see it once yourself (and my word for it) the vision engraved on the tablet of memory will ever remain, growing brighter as you grow older. Passing on over the rolling lands of Oregon, our next stop was Portland. In crossing the river at this point, the view for miles is grand. On the Portland side the bank is lined with immense warehouses and dock-docks, while the river is alive with floating pilars and boats of every description. The city is on the side of a hill and gradually slopes to the water's edge. It is a great business center and has many costly public and private buildings.

Leaving Portland, we were soon at the transfer forty miles away. At this point the Columbia is very wide. The train runs into the big transfer boat and away we steam across the river. It takes thirty minutes to cross, giving all passengers ample time to eat a good square meal in the dining saloon of the boat. This time we leave the Columbia for good, and our train darts out in the sure enough forests. No wonder lumber is a chief industry; the supply seems to be inexhaustible. Occasionally you pass a cleared up farm, and now and then some small town. Such is the scenery from Portland to Tacoma, and it takes about twelve hours to make the trip. Tacoma stands at the head of navigation on Puget Sound, and its position is commanding and picturesque, being on the side of a high promontory extending far out into the bay. Here you see vessels from every portion of the globe. After one day well spent in Tacoma we took the evening boat for Seattle. The boat was the one I took last summer for Albany, N. Y. 'Twas the "City of Kingston," one of the finest that split the waters of the Hudson. The night was clear and the moon never before disrobed herself half so beautifully as that evening over the waters of Puget Sound. The water is clear as crystal, and a view of this sound by moonlight is one of surpassing beauty. The water is so clear that you can see objects down underneath for many feet. I noticed several times large fish swimming along. You know the waters of Puget Sound abound in the finest fish in the world. On the shores of this magnificent sheet of water there are beautiful forests of trees, wild flowers, and countless numbers of beautifully plumaged birds. Strawberries grow wild, eight inches in circumference. If the eyes tires of such scenery as that all that is necessary will be to look a little farther away and the scene is all changed. You see towering into the regions of perpetual snow such peaks as Mt. Hood, Mt. Rainier and others too numerous to mention. Now, if you draw on your imagination, you can see a picture here that I am unable to describe.

Soldier's Home.

To the Confederate Veterans' Associations in the Various Counties of North Carolina.
COMRADES: We desire to call your attention to the provisions of our constitution directing that the annual election of officers shall take place on the fourth day of July in each year. We earnestly hope that there will be a large attendance of veterans at the court houses (unless some other place of assembling shall be designated), in each county at 12 o'clock on that day, and the regular organization continued and strengthened. If the meeting shall have been arranged for another day, or shall not be held on the 4th of July, it is not material, provided the veterans shall surely be called together at some time.

The executive committee have determined to wait no longer for adequate subscriptions, but boldly to assume the responsibility of opening a Soldier's Home for the care of such of our needy, deserving comrades as require to be supported by charity. At present it is probable that the hotel building at Ridgeway, donated by Col. Heek, will be too large for our immediate purposes, and we may begin in a smaller way at Raleigh, or some accessible locality.

For the support of this Home, we throw ourselves upon the abounding charity of the people of North Carolina, and we appeal particularly to the members of the Confederate Veterans' Association to see that a proper interest is enjoined in every town and township in the State.

We especially invoke the aid of the women of North Carolina, foremost in every work of love and kindness, and we ask that the Veterans' Associations of each and every county constitute a central committee of ladies of not less than five in every county town in the State. The names of the members of this committee, particularly the chairman, should be forwarded at once to W. C. Stronach, Secretary, Raleigh, N. C., who will correspond with the committees concerning the methods for raising funds for the support of the Home.

J. S. CABR, President.
W. C. STRONACH, Sec'y.

China Grove Items.

News is very scarce this week.
Mr. Ramsour, of Lincoln, visited our esteemed Dr. G. A. Ramsour last week.
Rev. C. A. Marks preached an interesting sermon, last Sunday at Luther's Chapel.
The young ladies and gentlemen of this place are expecting to have a picnic next week at the China Grove Park.
Mrs. J. C. Corriher is visiting her parents in Lincoln.
Mr. J. F. Gaither, a son of Dr. Gaither, a student at our University, is at home now.
Misses Jennie and Bettie Patterson and Mary E. Graham attended the commencement at Mt. Pleasant last week.

OBITUARY.

Whereas, by a painful dispensation of Providence the hand of death has removed from us our cherished brother Alexander Stenwell, who for some time past, and up to the time of his death, was an active and upright member of Trading Ford Alliance, No. 1900, Now therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of our brother Stenwell this Alliance has to mourn the departure of one devoted to its interests, the church at Trading Ford a member who adorned his profession of a saving faith in the utmost merits of our Redeemer, by an upright walk and godly conversation, and the commonwealth, an industrious, law-abiding citizen. In the domestic circle, all the virtues that portray a provident and affectionate husband, father and friend glow conspicuously.

Resolved, That to this afflictive dispensation we bow with meek submission, and say, "Not our will O God! but thine be done."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the NORTH CAROLINA HERALD with a request to publish, and that a copy of the same be sent to the family of our brother, with whom we profoundly sympathize.

N. R. WINDSOR
J. A. REID } Com.
J. P. CROWELL }

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, the King's New Discovery never after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung, or Chest trouble secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every true, or money refunded. Trial bottles free at Klutz's drug store.

The Southern Farmer.

Many thousands of farmers in North Carolina know the high character of the NORTH CAROLINA FARMER as an agricultural paper, which has been published consistently up to the present May, 1890, a period of fourteen years.

Its successors, the SOUTHERN FARMER, is issued by the FARMER PUBLISHERS CO., Raleigh, N. C. To increase and diversify its interests, and widen the sphere of its influence, the Company has deemed it advisable to change the form of the paper, and publish it as a weekly, at the same price, instead of a monthly as heretofore.

It will seek to increase the interest in internal improvements, the fostering of diversified manufactures, and the growth of an interstate commerce. It believes that a diversity of industries is as essential to southern prosperity as a diversity of crops, and the substantial progress of the South can be attained only by the cotton factories alone; than it can upon the cotton crop.

In order to place it in every family in the State the subscription price has been fixed at the low price of \$1.00 per year. The management of the paper expects to add 5,000 new subscribers during the present year.

A SOUND LEGAL OPINION.
E. Bainbridge Munday, Esq., County Atty., Clay Co., Tex., says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with malarial fever and jaundice, but was cured by use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."
Dr. I. W. Wilson, of Hoke, Cape Fear, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: "He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters. This great remedy cured his malarial fever, jaundice, and stomach troubles, which were unquenchable. Price 50c. and \$1 at Theo. F. Klutz & Co."

Newspapers at the Hotels.

But few persons possess the remotest idea of the importance of the newspaper stand within the precincts of our principal hotels. Those who do mind admit it is as great an auxiliary as the chief chef. The majority of the habits of hotels are inveterate readers. They would rather lose all the rest of their day than be without their favorite newspapers. As a rule the newspapers are sent to the reading and smoking rooms of the hotels. It is seldom that the guests avail themselves of the privilege of reading the newspapers. They prefer to purchase papers at the stand and hold themselves to their rooms for an entire day. The keeper of one of the stands informed a reporter that she disposed of 3,000 daily papers in this way, and each copy at the said stand, amounted to nearly \$75. All this is not realized by the sale of newspapers, however. A well established stand invariably places in the hands of each of the papers, a copy of each of the leading papers of the country, and each paper is available for sale before noon every day. They are retained at a few cents in excess of the regular rate. The men who own these stands less than from the proprietors of the hotel. All are wealthy, a few are regular fixtures of Wall street—New York Mail and Express.

One of the Yellowstone Marvels.

At the Cleopatra spring, upon a terrace forty feet in height and covering three-quarters of an acre, the water is unusually rapid, and for this reason the spring is utilized for the purpose of generating electricity. The various articles that are sold at the spring are of a different temperature. The water at the edge, but in every basin that is fed directly by the spring, the temperature increases rapidly as one approaches the source, and the streams that flow from the basins retain an agreeable warmth even at a considerable distance from the main terrace. At the Cleopatra spring bottles are sunk or hung under the dripping water, and the shallow terraces and in four days (ninety-six hours) they are covered with a calcareous deposit, the depth of one-tenth of an inch. Organisms made of twisted wire after a suitable bath in this marvelous spring emerge like bits of branch coral from the water. This is in great demand. A horseshoe that is worn in corruption, ragged, rusty, dusty and with the nails twisted in it is raised in corruption, and a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It is in very truth the materialized ghost of a horseshoe.

If you are making the tour of the park at any time you should visit the Cleopatra spring on the day of your arrival, and while there get a letter to let you tell us what you saw and how you felt. Our San Francisco Chronicle.

Men Who Want Work.

I doubt if there is a successful man in the city of New York whose door is not darkened every day in every week by men whom he cannot afford to turn away; by men who want work for what they would bring; by men to whose hands the heavy shovel and the pick are strangers, and who would not know what to do with either the one or the other; by men whose future is obscure; by men to whom the temporary relief of \$3 or \$10 means a copy of the wages of the right hand clothed with the garment of despair, born of their utter inability to find employment sufficiently remunerative to keep a roof over their heads and clothing on their bodies, well fed.—Joe Howard's Letter.

Making Valentines in London.

There is one London manufactory at which the making of valentines goes on all the year. It is the headquarters for the production of those combinations of colored and silver paper, strings, mottoes and little bunches of colored flowers, and much of the work has to be done by hand. The colored paper, for instance, is laid face downward and filed away by hand, and the stamped paper is then a cheap German imitation. The valentines are put together by women, the most expert of whom can make three dozen a day. One curious thing about their work is that they substitute the third finger of the right hand for a scissoring brush, which, they say, is useless to them.—Boston Budget.

The cattle industry of the United States is worth \$1,500,000,000.

FOR RENT.—The large store on Innis street, formerly occupied by J. A. Clodfelter as a furniture store. Apply to P. N. HELLIG.