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NEW



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BUSINESS CARDS.

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THE RIVERS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Carolina. Land of waters!—Here the
strangest rivers are:
Ararat, and Alligator, and the famous
stream of Tar.
Even folly here is running as a river to
the sea.
Here's a river flat and floundering as a
water well could be.
Broad and Rocky here are rivers—here
are rivers old but new—
Yellow, Black, and silver Green, and
White Oak, Bay and Reddy, too.
Here the whirling mill Watanga, leaping
Elk and crooked too,
French Road, (or the Taguastah) and the
wingspread Pigeon's flow,
Tennessee, and Hiwassee—gulfward all
through mountains go.
Where the Cher hills still linger is the
rumbly Nantahala;
In the land of the Alutakee is the Valley
gurgling gully.
In the dismal swamp-land is the viney,
festooned Soupperson;
From the fern-like north the sky-land, Swan-
anna, slips long;
In the pine-land's over marbled ruby,
wine-like Cascade leaps;
Here Occonee lutee laughs, and we
Ocheeweetig and clashes;
Mid her towering canyons Linville's sil-
very spray spurts and splashes;
And the John o' sands all golden-neath
the rhododendron daisies.
From Virginia come the herring, Notoway
the deep and slow;
In the grey and yellow hill-lands where
tobaccoe golden grow,
Tumbling Dan and Mayo, Fisher, Mitch-
ell and the No go.
Here is Yadkin, (once Spanish) pebbled, from a
thousand-rolling hills;
Here's Catawba, pebbly pebbled, from a
thousand-rolling hills;
Here's Uwharrie with its hurry; here the
lazy Waccamaw
Here are heard the humming spindles on
the busy Deep and Hay;
Here in field and swamp and forest are
the Lumber and Pee Dee;
And, borne upon her breast, Cohera, C. I.
Lee, and the Mingo we;
Cape Fear's storied waters—and these
only—grandly go to open sea.
Here Contentnea and Trent pouring into
Nense, find Ocracoke;
Where the herring comes in spring time
are Chowan and broad Roanoke,
North and Newport, Neopim, Pamun-
key, Pasquotank, and Pamlico;
Pantego, and queer Perquimans—how
the waters come and go!
Dripping, gurgling, gushing, rushing,
tumbling, creeping—so they be—
Carolina's matchless rivers from their
fountains to the sea.
—M. V. Moore, in Lenoir Topic.

WEDDED IN DEATH.

Across the level tongue of land from
which the battle-scarred, earthquake-
shaken city of Charleston looks east-
ward, stretch the grass-covered mounds
which are all that is left of the mighty
fortifications that Lee and Beauregard
built and armed nearly a quarter of a
century ago. Approaching the bank
lapped by the lazy waves of the Ash-
ley, these traces of the defensive works
of that era run northward of a deep-
peeling burial ground in which the pro-
cumbent branches of the magnolia and pal-
metto trees sweep the tops of the
stones that record the names of men
and women who have found rest be-
neath that sod in the generations that
have passed since the stalwart and
splendid Huguenot pilgrims who had
escaped Carriegen's massacre establish-
ed the city and the state. A perpetual
peace dwells upon the spot; the frag-
rance of roses and magnolias per-
fumes the atmosphere; the remnants
of the fort have been smoothed by the
indomitable hand of time into fitting
semblance with the scene; it is difficult
even to find upon the veterans of the
aboriginal growth the stars of the shot
and shell that once whistled and
screamed from the great guns of Dal-
gren's monitors and Gilmore's bat-
teries over this lovely God's Acre of
the southern land, and between the
leaves of the sturdy trees the visitor
catches glimpses of famous old St.
Michael's spire and all the broad and
beautiful vista of river, city, and sea
that extends to the horizon of the At-
lantic. It is the ancient and venerable
cemetery of Christ Church parish,
around which Beauregard drew his
military lines of encirclement, and
so brought the rude and noisy bustle
of war into intrusion upon the ever-
lasting sleep of South Carolinians who
had preached unification and talked
States' rights five lustrems before
speech became powder and shot and
bloodshed.
The western sun battles in golden
glory one of the most prominent mon-
uments in this city of the dead—a slender
and graceful marble shaft crown-
ing a turfed hillock which, from time
to time, blooms with the profigate
beauty of flowers that bespeak assiduous
and indefatigable care for the
memory of the tenant of the tomb. On
the face that is turned toward the sun-
set is the inscription:
MARGARET PICKENS DE ROCHELLE.
DEC. 24, 1864.
When South Carolina seceded from
the Union and lit the fires of civil war
her governor was Francis W. Pickens,
a member of the slaveholding aristoc-
racy that boasted of its blue blood,
and, like the feudal system of which it
was a modern simulacrum, occasion-
ally developed noble and admirable
types of men and women. To that
rank Governor Pickens was entitled,
and all of the fair and lovable women
to whom his distinguished family had
given birth no one was sweeter or
more beautiful than the daughter who,
when Major Anderson lowered the
flag on Sumter, was budding into a
charming womanhood. It has been
truly said that the war was prolonged

by the courage and persistency with
which the women of the South imbued
the men. No historian has ever adequ-
ately told the sacrifices that they made,
the sufferings that they patiently en-
dured, to cheer and prompt the sol-
diers and sailors who served under the
banner of the lost cause. Nowhere
between the Potomac and the Mexican
Gulf was their spirit of unswerving de-
votion more manifest and active than
in the capital of the Keystone State of
the Southern Confederacy; and there
was no patriotic project mooted in
which women could share to which
Margaret Pickens did not contribute.
Turning back the Charleston news-
papers of the war epoch, her name is
found a hundred times upon their
worn and fading pages. In 1862 the
women of the city turned their jewel-
ry, their diamonds—gem; that had
come down to them from their Hugue-
not and English ancestors—their sil-
ver and gold, and innumerable articles of
jewelry into the money that paid for
the ironclad ship-of-war Palmetto
State that on January 31, 1863, sank
in a battle in Charleston harbor. In
the enterprise of raising the construct-
ion fund Margaret Pickens was pro-
ficient and untiring. She stripped her-
self of her jewelry, and she figured in
a leading capacity at the fair or bazaar
at which the women sold their treas-
ures that "The Ladies' Gunboat" might
be built. A bright young Englishman,
who had come into Charleston as an
officer of one of the blockade-runners,
saw her on that occasion and worship-
ped her through the medium of a letter
to a friend in Liverpool that found its
way into the columns of the Liver-
pool Mercury. He wrote:
"I have seen to-night the loveliest
girl that my eyes ever gazed upon
and the sight of her was worth the
guinea of a sailor's wages that I paid
for the queer little flower. I received
from her hand and that is lying before
me as I write. The picture of her face
which I hold in my memory would
make me willing at any time to take
the chances of being caught or shot to
pieces by the Yankees in dodging the
blockade. She is rather tall, clean
built as a Shanghai clipper, her eyes
and hair are nut brown, and her voice
as soft as that of any of the M'nooran
girls."
For nineteen months, beginning with
June 1863, Charleston suffered the
most prolonged and tremendous bom-
bardment ever inflicted upon an Amer-
ican city. All the lower part of the
town was swept by day and night by
Gilmore's 300-pound shells and for-
saken by its population. The roar of
the artillery fire upon Fort Sumter and
the other defensive works was well-
nigh incessant, while the battle upon
Morris Island for the possession of
Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, the
frequent skirmishes between the recon-
noitering boat parties, the engage-
ments of the fleets, and such torpedo
expeditions as that which blew up the
Federal gunboat Housatonic left few
unfortunate days in the history of the
long and bloody siege. The wounded
of the city overflowed with hospital
men, the care of whom was largely en-
trusted to an organization of volunteer
nurses, of which Miss Pickens was a
member.
To her charge fell, in the autumn of
1864, Lieutenant Andre Rochelle, of
the First South Carolina regiment of
artillery, a command of which Beau-
gard said it had not its superior in any
army in the world. It had held Fort
Sumter during the terrific fire that
crumbled the great stone walls into
fragments and a piece of bursting shell
had struck de Rochelle a mortal wound.
He was seemingly a mortal wound.
He was removed to a hospital under
the direction of Surgeon Jeffrey, of the
Confederate service, and for the many
days in which he lay there, nearly
dead, death consciousness life, Miss Pickens
was his devoted attendant. There had
been no previous acquaintanceship
between the beautiful nurse and her
gallant patient, and she had merely
gone to his bedside in the first instance
as she might have gone to that of any
other suffering soldier; but he owed
his life to her unflinching care, and
when he had passed the point of dan-
ger, gratitude was mingled with a
warmer sentiment. The play of love
ran on unchecked in the fierce
theatre of war, and they became
pledged to marry. They were of equal
social rank, Lieutenant de Rochelle
having a lineage that reached the Ha-
gnot settlement of the state.
The marriage was appointed for the
Christmas eve of 1864, in the gloom
that then overshadowed the beleagu-
ered town. It was a sombre holiday
season for the people driven from
their shattered homes by the steady
rain of shot and shell, nearly exhaust-
ed of the commonest necessities of life,
and shrouded in mourning for lost
members of every household.
The Pickens family mansion was
within the line of fire from the Federal
batteries, and months previously had
been abandoned. Miss Pickens had
been received into the residence of her
relative, General Rhett, which was
supposed to be beyond the range of
their guns, and had so far escaped be-
ing hit by any of the monstrous pro-
jectiles that flew into the city. On

CLEVELAND ITEMS.

An interesting letter from a Thriv-
ing Town. A Worthy Cause
(Correspondence of The New Era.)
CLEVELAND, ROWAN COUNTY, N. C. May
9.—This little railroad town is situated
on the Western North Carolina Rail-
road, thirteen miles west of Statesville,
and twelve miles east of Statesville, in
a section of Rowan county where the
soil is fine for clover and the different
kinds of grass, as well as wheat, corn,
cotton and tobacco.
The last legislature changed the
name of the town from Third Creek to
Cleveland, and the post office and de-
pot bear the same name.
Within the incorporation are several
business houses, two steam cotton gins,
three churches and a number of fine
building lots, many of which are near
the railroad.
The order observed here for the past
eight months has been excellent by that
of no other town in the state.
The following men were elected as
town officers: W. B. Hunt, mayor; G.
A. Allison, Dr. S. W. Eaton and B. A.
Knox, commissioners; F. C. Taylor,
marshal.
For two years this has been a "dry
town," and the new officers say it must
continue so another year, at least.
Last Saturday and Sunday services
were held in the new Baptist church
for the first time, and the congrega-
tions were good, although there was
preaching at two other places. The
building is not completed but is well
built so far. A balance of about \$70
on the work done remains unpaid. The
work was done upon the promise of a
number of good subscriptions which
have not been paid. This building should
be finished. The people need outside
help and they deserve it. Will not
some one who reads this think this a
worthy object for help?
A. T. HORD.

A Good Man Gone.

Died at his home in Number 8 town-
ship, Cleveland county, on the morn-
ing of the 10th of May, Adam H. F.
Elliott, aged about eighty-three years.
From the best information that I have,
the deceased was born in Nottoway
county, Va., in 1804 or 1805. His father,
Martin Elliott, emigrated to this
county (then Rutherford) and settled
between First Broad River and Brushy
Creek, where he reared a large and re-
spectable family. This man was the
last of that family, all the others hav-
ing "passed over the river" years ago.
He was, during his long life, a very
unpretentious man, a member of the
Methodist church for more than half a
century, loved his God and always
paid his tithes. His house was al-
ways open to the poor and needy and
he was never known to say "No" to a
neighbor in distress. He lived a quiet
and peaceable life, dispensing many lit-
tle charities and kindnesses and was
highly respected by a large number of
acquaintances. He leaves an aged
widow and quite a number of daugh-
ters married to respectable men in the
county. Peace to his ashes. C.

LAST WEEK IN THE STATE.

There are sixty-seven new buildings
in course of construction in Raleigh.
The citizens of Hickory are going to
build a \$30,000 cotton factory and a
\$15,000 hotel.
The fourth musical festival of Vir-
ginia and North Carolina is in pro-
gress in Petersburg.
In Newton on Wednesday, April 27,
Mr. John Smyre, of Chester, S. C., was
married to Miss Bessie Carper, of New-
ton.
Mr. M. L. Fox, of Buncombe coun-
ty, son of Senator Fox, of the Bun-
combe and Madison district, has be-
come associate editor of the *Skyland
Herald*.
Mr. H. A. James, the young man
severely wounded with a sword
during the parade at the railroad cele-
bration at Clinton a short time ago,
has almost entirely recovered from
the injuries he received.
The plug tobacco factory of Corbett,
Patton & Co., at Durham, was destr-
oyed by fire last Monday night. Noth-
ing was saved. Loss \$16,000; insur-
ance about \$12,000; it is supposed to
have been struck by lightning.
The farmers of Guilford and ad-
joining counties will hold a Farmers'
Institute at Benlow Hall, in Greens-
boro, May 20th and 21st. Several
prominent gentlemen of the state will
make addresses, among them Dr. C.
W. Dabney and Col. L. L. Polk, of
Raleigh.
Mr. G. C. Seaford, of New York,
has determined to build a steamer for
the French Broad river and will run
it between Asheville and Brevard. It
will be a pleasure and excursion boat,
designed to give tourists and others
the opportunity to see some of the
finest scenery in North Carolina.
Mr. F. M. Marchison, late editor of
the Jefferson, Ash county, *Appalachian*,
Rhode Island, to take charge of the
Western News, a paper which he has
bought from the editor, Mr. J. Warren
Gardner, who has become editor of
the *Appalachian Philosopher*, the two
gentlemen having exchanged papers.
The North Carolina Classis of the
Reformed Church met in Concord last
week. The opening sermon was
preached by Dr. Clapp, the retiring
President, and about ten ministers
were in attendance. Rev. Paul Bar-
ringer, of Rowan, was elected Presi-
dent for the ensuing year. On Sun-
day the several pulpits of the town
were filled by Reformed ministers.
A report comes from Jones county
that the Simmons graveyard, near
Olive Landing, on Trent river, was
recently raided and one of the graves
opened and the case, supposed to have
been a metallic one, and the head and
foot stones, were carried off. The par-
ties were tracked for some distance to
where it appeared a cart was in wait-
ing and no further trace could be
made.—*New Bern Journal*.
At 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning
of last week, about three hours be-
fore the Arizona earthquake humped
itself, Mr. Waightstill Palmer, who
lives near Petra Mills and was at work
in the field near his house, heard a
rattling sound in the South resembling
the rumbling of a railway train over
a trestle. As he is not near enough to
a railroad track to hear such a noise,
he surmises that he must have heard
the premonition of an earthquake.—
Lenoir Topic.
The proposition published in the
Topic to have a reunion of the sur-
vivors of company B, N. C. S. T., at
Wilkesboro on the 28th of May met
with a quick response in the affirma-
tive and we take it that there will be
an enthusiastic meeting of veterans
there on that occasion. There seems
to be a disposition to broaden the idea
and to have a reunion of all the vet-
erans of Wilkes county at the same
time and place. A very good idea.—
Lenoir Topic.
Mr. Thomas M. Vance left Lenoir
last week for "Gombron," the resi-
dence of his father, Senator Vance,
near Black Mountain. Mr. Vance
will soon leave North Carolina for
Washington Territory, having de-
cided to locate at Seattle in that far
off territory. We are unaffectionately
sorry that Lenoir is to lose our friend,
who has been an honored and popular
resident here for three years. North
Carolina, in losing this talented son,
gives to the Northwest a gentleman
and a lawyer of whom we expect to
hear great things in the future.—
Lenoir Topic.
A young man by the name of
Donahoe, one day last week walked
from his home in Chesterfield county,
S. C., a distance of 40 miles, to Mon-
roe, without eating a mouthful, having
left home before breakfast. He had
an order on Messrs. Crowell & Son for
\$4 worth of goods, which he invested
in a pair of boots, a straw hat and a
barlow knife. He finished trading
and started on the return trip about 4
o'clock, still without anything to eat.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

(From the *Lincoln Courier*.)
Married, May 8, by L. D. Haynes
Esq., Mr. James J. Hayes to Miss Bet-
tie Camp, all of this county.
Mr. D. S. McFee, civil engineer of
this county, left last week for Ala-
bama to make a survey for a railroad
through some portion of that state.
Over a month ago some low, unprin-
ciple, worthless villain effected an
entrance into Zion church, in the Ja-
cobi's Port neighborhood and stole the
sacramental wine, with jug and all.
Last Friday night during a thunder
shower, a bolt of lightning struck one
of the shade trees in Mr. Ramsaur's
yard only a short distance from his
dwelling, throwing pieces of the tree
against the house on his piazza. A
few window glass were broken near
his wife's head, where she was in bed.
(From the *McDonnell Bugle*.)
Miss Mary Lackey, sixteen years of
age and daughter of James Lackey,
died last Saturday with pneumonia. A
male member of Mr. Lackey's family is
also very low with same disease.
We hear that the gold mines in
Bracket Town and vicinity are being
operated successfully.
Mrs. Anna Baily, living near Marion,
has been very low the past week with
pneumonia.
We learn that a negro boy named
Onal was accidentally shot and killed
at Mr. Jake Price's near Bridgewater
last Thursday. A boy named Ruther-
ford was carelessly handling a gun
when the same fired and killed Onal.
A BAD EDITOR FROM WAY BACK.
He scates his daughter's sister and
writes him up.
We dislike to discuss family matters
in our columns, as everybody knows,
but the story that Jeff Fableton is talk-
ing around town about our difficulty
last Tuesday night is a lie such as no-
body but a dirty boy would be guilty
of. We have heard of him and his
gassing at Dan Greengreen's saloon. The
facts are that we told this red headed
donch to stop keeping company with
our daughter. When we returned
home last Tuesday night about 12
o'clock we found him just leaving our
front porch. There were words, and
we admit calling him a greasy tramp.
When he made a pass for us we grab-
bed him by the whiskers, and when he
broke away we kicked him in the small
of the back, and the only regret now is
that we did not break his back bone.
The lie that he tells is that we drew a
gun, which he snatched and then ran
up into the house. Nobody saw the
frags, and of course he can lie, but John
Haggood across the way heard the
salute that we gave him as he eluded
the gravel down the street. Don't
come our way again. Jefferson.—*Kirk-
wood Sentinel*.

SOUTH CAROLINA NEWS.

What our neighbors in the Palmetto
State are doing in a Budget
of Notes on Matters
in General.
The commissioners of Greenville
county have completed their arrange-
ments with the national bank and
money is now ready to pay the salaries
of the teachers. School certificates
are therefore, once more worth their
face value in cash.
Will Garrett launched his steamer
on White's mill pond last Friday. The
engine works well and the boat made
several trips carrying thirty-five to
forty people each time. He will run
this boat during the summer for pleas-
ure excursions.—*Spartan*.
Mr. Joseph Wylie, of Chester, re-
cently bought a beautiful house, for
which he paid \$2,500. The same day
he made a deed of this desirable prop-
erty to the elders and deacons and their
successors of the Associate Reformed
Presbyterian church of Chester
for use as a parsonage.
William Vaughn, colored, died near
Laurel Creek, this county, on Sunday
night. He was said to be 103 years
old and to have been a Methodist
preacher 50 years. Before the war he
was the slave of Pinkney Vaughn,
and the recollection of very old citi-
zens makes it certain that his life was
an unusually long one, although posi-
tive evidence that he was as old as
claimed is lacking.—*Greenville News*.
The committee appointed by the citi-
zens' meeting Monday night last
week held a meeting on Wednesday
night and decided to buy steam fire-
engine and cisterns as a defense against
fire. The committee on the graded school
held a meeting and decided to appoint
three sub-committees—one to locate
the building, one to raise funds and
the other to procure plans, etc., for a
building.—*Rock Hill correspondent Yorkville
Enquirer*.
We learn that on last Friday, Mr.
W. Norman Elder, who lives near
Guthrieville, in this county, was mur-
derously assaulted by one of the col-
ored hands employed on his farm. It
seems that Mr. Elder was in the act of
weighing out some provisions to him,
when, without a word of warning and
in the absence of any disagreement,
the negro struck Mr. Elder a severe
blow in the face, knocking out some of
his teeth and bruising him badly. Mr.
Elder felt senseless and his assailant
escaped. As Mr. Elder is a very peace-
able man, not given to altercations of
any kind, the attack upon him is inex-
plorable. He was seriously hurt and
may be confined to his bed for several
days from the effects of the assault.—
Yorkville Enquirer.
David T. Blackwell, a white man,
has been living on Mrs. Randolph
Turner's plantation. He is a rock-
man, and has a wife and several chil-
ren. Some time ago he went to Ash-
ville and after staying there several
weeks he returned home last Monday
and that night took a fine mule from
Mrs. Turner's stable and left. After
going to the vicinity of Asheville and
trying to sell the mule he again re-
turned home and put it in the stable.
While in Asheville he took out a fi-
cense and married another woman.
He has gone again. He came from
North Carolina and worked here in
Spartanburg several years. We here-
by serve notice on the Governor of
North Carolina that no requisition will
be sent for him. We much prefer the
mule to the man.—*Spartan*.
The State Department of Agricul-
ture has received 230 reports from the
special county correspondents regard-
ing the area and condition of the crops
to the 4th inst. The spring seasons
have been unusually favorable for
preparation of land and planting. It
is estimated that in average years 78
per cent. of spring planting is finished
by May 1, but for the present year 85
per cent. has been completed, owing to
the unusually favorable seasons. Very
little has been somewhat retarded
by cool, dry weather, and such crops
as are up have been injured by high
winds. Rain was very general through-
out the state the last week in April,
causing decided improvement in the
condition of all the crops. The out-
look at this date is more cheerful than
it has been since 1882.
One day last week George Wood-
hust was accidentally killed by his
brother Andrew. The accident occur-
ed about seven miles from Abbeville.
The two brothers were at work in the
field replanting corn, when they saw
some partridges. Their sister being
sick they decided to kill some of the
birds for her. George went to the
house for the gun and returning, gave
it to Andrew, his older brother, who
is about grown. In handing the gun
to Andrew he gave him the butt end,
and as Andrew took hold of the gun
his finger must have touched the trig-
ger, for it went off and the load of
shot entered George's head just be-
hind the ear, killing him instantly. It
is supposed that George cooked the
gun as he returned with it from the
house. He was about fifteen years of
age.