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The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. VII.—.THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., NOVEMBER 18, 1875. NO. 6

PUBLISHED WEEKLY:

J. J. BRUNER,
Proprietor and Editor.

RATES OF SUBCRIPTION
WEEKLY WATCHMAN.

ONE YEAR, payable in advance.....$2.00
IX MONTHS, " " 1.25
Copies to any address..... 10.0

ADVERTISING RATES:

ONE SQUARE (1 inch) One insertion $100
" " " two " 1.50
Rates for a greater number of insertions moderate. Special notices 25 per cent. more in regular advertisements. Reading notice. 5 cents per line for each and every insertion

HOW TO LIVE.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
Heliveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give;
Else is that being but a dream—
'Tis but to be, and not to live.

Be wise and use thy wisdom well;
Who wisely speaks must live it too;
He is the wisest who can tell
How first he lived, then spoke the true.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above when this is past
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the truth would'st reap,
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find the harvest home of light.

The Burden-Bearer.

O, the blessed promise, given on the hills of Galilee
To the weary, heavy laden, still is made to you and me.
Many a heart has thrilled to hear it,
Many a tear been wiped away,
Many a load of sin been lifted.
Many a midnight turned to day.

Many a broken, contrite spirit, lonely, sorrowing, sad,
Felt the mighty consolation—heard the heavenly tidings glad.
And the dying gaze with rapture,
Trusting in the Saviour's name;
On the land of rest and refuge,
When the Burden-Bearer came.

Lazarus lies unfed and fainting. Peter sinks beneath the wave,
Loving Mary lingers sadly, near the Saviour's guarded grave.
Blind Bartimeus, by the wayside,
Begs his bread disconsolate;
For the moving of the waters,
At the pool the suffering wait.

In the wilderness the lepers wandered outcast in their pain;
Paul and Silas in the prison, bear the fetter and the chain;
Mary Magdalen is weeping,
Friendless in her sin and shame—
But their burdens all were lifted
When the Burden-Bearer came.

Every phase of human sorrow fills the path we tread to-day;
Harps are hanging over the willows, souls are fainting by the way.
But there still is balm in Gilead,
And though here on earth we weep,
God with the many mansions,
Giveth His beloved sleep.

On the cloud His rainbow glitters, shines the stars of faith above;
God will not forsake or leave us—let us trust his truth and love,
And beyond the shining river,
We shall bless his holy name,
That to bear our sins and sorrows,
Christ, the burden-Bearer, came.

Young Hyson.

Even to the most ordinary observer the rapidly-increasing number of children in the Chinese quarters of San Francisco, says a local journal, must for some time have been apparent. On the sidewalks out from the alleys and in the houses the manikins and womanikins toddle and swarm. There are already hundreds of these quaintly-dressed, beady-eyed little pledges of Celestial love, and there will soon be thousands of incipient pig-tails swinging in China-town, for Mrs. Hyson is wonderfully well able to carry into practice her belief in the wisdom of Con Fu Se's principle that "children are the fruit of the almond flowers of happiness." It is an interesting and amusing sight to watch Young Hyson bargaining with premature gravity and acuteness for a bunch of grapes, or pelting his small sister with the fragments of a melon, until one remembers that these are all American citizens, born to equal rights with ourselves, and then our interest deepens and our amusement changes to sober, serious thought. What is going to become of this swarm of Chinese-Americans? How will they affect the future of California? As it is, they are brought up in full faith of their fathers, and an equally full belief in the advantages to be reaped by right of citizenship. It needs no particularly active powers of precision to see Young Hyson a power in the body politic, and no mean unit in the community. Surely, then, the manner, of Young Hyson's growth and education is a matter worth more than a passing attention, and if this article set our political scientists a-thinking we shall have done our duty as journalists.

From the New York Observer.

AJESUIT'S PATIENCE ABUSED.

The Roman Catholic *Tablet* cries out in a parody on Cicero: "How long, O *Observer*, wilt thou abuse our patience?" We answer:

Probably so long as your un-American designs against the public schools of this country are prosecuted.

Probably so long as you continue to demand that *we* shall be taxed for your exclusive benefit.

Probably so long as you insist that the State shall be controlled by your Church, and administer its laws for your good.

The *Tablet* also says:

"The *Observer* would seek to make people believe that Catholics consider it their chief end to get hold of the education of Protestant children. Did they every make the slightest effort to do so in any town of the land? We plead guilty to the wish to get into our hands the education of our own Catholic children. Where is the crime in this."

We answer: You claim that your Church is the rightful educator of the whole people; that the Church should guide the State, especially in the matter of education. If we cannot *prove* this position we will surrender the whole question and admit that you have been misrepresented by us from the outset of the controversy. Let us begin at a distance and come to close quarters gradually. A "Congress of Roman Catholics" was held the other day at Freiburg, in Baden, when, amongst other propositions, it was unanimously declared that the Church must be accorded entire liberty *for all its actions*, it being endowed with special rights in the field of *teaching*, consecrating and jurisdiction. The State, as well as the individual, is subject to the law of God—that is, the authority of Rome as the exponent, of that law—and that stands *"above the Constitution and the law of the State."* Further, we are told, "it is an attack upon the existence of the Church to try to limit the Pope, the Supreme Head of the whole Church, in the execution of his unlimited power as to his teaching and as to his jurisdiction *over the whole Christain world."* As one of the consequences of this, *"Christian parents can confide their children only to such schools as are approved by the ecclesiastical authority."* There is much more of the same sort, but the resolutions close with a sound of "war to the knife." "The Catholic Church can and will never submit to a system of laws which is in contradiction to its constitution, founded by God. Peace can only be restored when the Catholic Church receives back its rights and powers, which it claims by virtue of Divine and public law."

This is in Germany. And we understand perfectly that the fight there made by the Romish Church against the government is peculiar; but it furnishes occasion for the exposition of the general principles on which that Church bases itself in resisting State laws. It claims that the Roman Church is "above the constitution and the law." This is the most recent manifesto in Germany.

Now we turn to Spain. Less than two months ago the Papal Nuncio there put forth the demands of the Pope in regard to that kingdom. These demands were three in number:

1. That it shall prohibit the exercise of any religion in the kingdom but the Roman Catholic.
2. That the education of the children shall be committed to the care of the R. C. priesthood.
3. That all heretical [Protestant] teachings shall be suppressed by law and penalties.

This is as plain as plain can be. It asserts, without qualification, the right of the Romish Church to control popular education.

The *Tablet* will not venture to deny that what is held to be the right and duty of its Church in one country is also claimed for it universally. Always and everywhere is the idea of Catholicism. And now that its secular power is destroyed, and it ceases to have any civil representation among nations, its religious supremacy is more distinctly asserted. In our country its doctrine is precisely the same, and these are its words. We quote now from the *Catholic World*, published in this city under the express sanction of the Pope of Rome:

"We deny the competency of the *State* to educate; to say what shall or shall not be taught in the PUBLIC schools; as we deny its competency to say what shall or shall not be the religious belief and discipline of its citizens. We utterly repudiate the popular doctrine that so called secular education is the function of the State."

And again:

"We object to them [the public schools] not merely because they teach more or less of the Protestant religion, but also on the ground that *we* cannot freely and fully teach our religion and train up our children *in them* to be true and unwavering Catholics."

These and similar passages, in our judgment, reveal the *idea* of the Romish Church. The Order of Jesuits was founded with the purpose of bringing education under Church control: originally the plan was *military:* then it became *educational:* and now it addresses itself to the work of manipulating the education of countries where its secret agencies are at work. The crafty Dr. Quinn, of this city, sought last year, with great adroitness, to get the Board of Education to take the Romish schools, pay the teachers out of the public funds, and let the priests teach the scholars before and after, and between school hours: a trick Jesuitical all over. It was exposed, and is now only suspended to be attempted again when the public mind becomes quiet, or some political party is in perishing need of the Roman cohorts' votes. By the same Jesuitical influences the Gray Nuns were empowered by the Legislature of the State of New York, at its last session, to give to all their pupils certificates of qualification to be teachers of common schools! The *Tablet* asks the *Observer* "if the Catholics ever made the slightest effort to get hold of the education of Protestant children in any town of the land?" We answer, Yes, in every town of this State. You got that sectarian measure smuggled through the Legislature, that your women, pupils of the Grey Nuns, a secretarian order, might be authorized to become the teachers of "Protestant children" in all parts of the State of New York. No other sects asks such a monopoly. Any other sect asking it would have been hooted out of the Legislature. The Baptists asked, with great propriety, the innocent and the praiseworthy privilege of consolidating two of their societies into one, and Gov. Tilden put his veto on the harmless bill. He signed your sectarian bill to make it a law—a law which unless repealed promptly by the coming Legislature, and with the approbation of Gov. Tilden, will be afterwards repealed in the midst of such a moral and political earthquake as never shook the Empire State before.

"Never made the slightest effort to get hold of the education of Protestant children." Why, you have done little else. Your nunneries, convents, schools, are filled with the children of silly Protestants, deceived by your advertisements, cajoled by your false promises. And what you are doing in your Church institutions, you now propose to do by your Grey Nuns and their emissaries, under sanction of State law, in all the towns where the trained teachers of your sect can get hold of Protestant children.

These are a few of the proofs that you are trying to do the very thing you disclaim, and that you are true to nothing but to the character of thorough Jesuits.

A DOUBLE FATAL DUEL.

A Frightful Scene in a Tenement House.

About 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon some inmates of the tenement house No. 106 Delancy street, heard several pistol shots and a noise which they guessed to be that of a scuffle between two men in the back room on the top floor of the house, and at once sent word to the tenth precinct station house, in Eldridge street, of the occurrence. Officers Henken and Hughes were dispatched to the house, and proceeding up four flights of stairs, they attempted to open the door of the back room. They found it locked, however, and Officer Henken applied his shoulder to it with without effecting his purpose. He procured a hatchet, and by a powerful blow forced it open a little ways, but it immediately closed again, as though something were leaning against it. He again put his shoulder to it, and at last succeeded in opening it, pushing with it, as he did so, some heavy obstacle. Upon stepping into the room a ghastly spectacle met his view. There he beheld two men, both apparently lifeless, lying on the floor, each grasping firmly in his right hand a Colt's revolver. The officers at once began to examine the bodies. One was that of a man about forty years of age, and five feet six inches in height, quite well dressed in dark clothes. This man had fallen with his knees against the door opening into the hall, and was bleeding profusely from a terrible shot wound in the right temple, the blood completely covering his face and head. He was insensible but not dead. The pistol clasped in his hand was found to have been discharged four times. It was subsequently ascertained that his name was Mores Piskiel. The other man, Joseph Goldman, who appeared to be somewhat younger and smaller than Piskiel, was lying on his back in front of the stove, not six feet from Piskiel, dead, though his body was still warm. Two frightful wounds were seen on his head, one over the right temple and one on his right cheek. His head was almost

FLOATING IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

And he, too, was bleeding when the officer arrived. It was with difficulty that the pistol was released from his death grip, and when it was examined it was found to have been fired five times. There was so much blood on the floor, which was bare, that it began to soak through, and soon became visible on the ceiling of the room beneath. Officer Hughes immediately sent for an ambulance, in which Piskiel was conveyed to the tenth precinct station house where he was examined, and pronounced mortally wounded, by Surgeon Ensign. He was then replaced in the ambulance, and started for Bellevue Hospital, but the unfortunate man died before he reached the hospital.

Moses Piskiel, of No. 19 Essex street, and Joseph Goldman, of No. 100 Hester street, both Jews, were partners in a jewelry business at No. 56 East Broadway. On Monday night Goldman met a friend named Daniel Pearlson, also a Jew, at Atlantic Garden, in the Bowery, and told the latter that if he did not object, he (Goldman) would like to sleep at his friend's house that night. Pearlson agreed, and together they went to No. 106 Delancey street, where Pearlson resided. In the morning the host was required to leave the house early, so gave the key of the room in charge of his guest. Some time after Goldman went to his house in Hester street, where another Jew friend named Kirstien gave him a lady's gold watch chain to be repaired. After that time nothing could be ascertained in regard to his whereabouts until he was found dead by Officer Hughes, at which time the chain, $4 60 in currency and some private papers were on his person. Both pistols were seven barrelled and new. The whole affair is as yet

SHROUDED IN MYSTERY.

As it was not possible to find out on what terms with each other the men had been living, nor could it be ascertained positively how Piskiel happened to be at No. 106 Delancy street. From the surrounding circumstances, however, it seems safe to assume that the two men met by arrangement to fight a duel, with the doubly fatal event above detailed.

A Brave Man.

Sir Charles and Lady Napier were riding one evening unattended, on the summit of the Mahablesh hills. The sun had just set, the pathway was narrow, bordered on the side by jungle, and on the other by a deep precipice. By-and-bye, turning to his wife rather suddenly, but yet quietly, he desired her to ride on at full speed to the nearest village, and send some people back to the spot where she had left him, and he furthermore bade her not to ask him the reason why he sent her.

She obeyed in silence—but then she knew her husband. Yet it was no slight trial of her courage as well as of her obedience, for the way was lonely, and beset with many possible perils; but she rode boldly and rapidly forward, and gained a village a few miles distant in safety.

The party whom she then dispatched and accompanied met Sir Charles, however, about a mile from the place, following in his lady's track; and he then explained the reason of his strange and unquestionable demand.

He had seen, as they slowly walked their horses, first a pair of fiery eyes gleam at them from the jungle, and then the head of a full-grown tiger. He was sure, if they both rode on, that the terrible beast, following the instinct of its nature, would give chase; and he feared, if Lady Napier knew the dreadful peril at hand, that she might be so startled as to be unable to make an effort to escape; or at least, that she would not consent to his own judicious plan, and leave him alone with the danger.

So he tested her obedience, as we have seen, successfully. He remained himself, with only his holster pistols, confronting and controlling the monster with the steady, unflinching glance of his eagle eye, and after a short gaze, and a muttering growl, the tiger turned back into the jungle, leaving him free to follow his wife.

The Wrongs of the Red Man.

The long series of wrongs heaped upon the aborigines of America ever since the discovery and settlement of this country has nothing more heartless or pathetic than the story of the Temecula Indians of California. We are accustomed to speak of the cruelty and treachery of the savage, says the New York *Herald*, but the avarice and inhumanity of the white man are even more prominent features in American history. In a little more than two centuries the natives have been driven from the Atlantic to the Rocky mountains and tribes as countless as the leaves of the forest reduced to a mere handful of half-starved wretches.—The brave is no longer a warrior, but a loafing and treacherous murderer, and the Indian has no rights anywhere. If he refuses to go upon a reservation necessity requires that he shall be exterminated. If he puts himself under the fostering care of the whites, he is sure to be robbed first and allowed to starve afterward.

Go where he will, "civilization," in one form or another, is sure to follow him and to oppress him. To this fate the Temecula Indians are no exception. Indeed, the story of their misfortunes is one of the most pathetic of the whole series. A hundred years ago their children swarmed on the Pacific coast. Now they are reduced to a beggarly five thousand. Then the whole land was theirs. Now there is not a foot of ground they can call their own. Retreating before advancing civilization, they at last settled down among a cone of the San Bernatdino mountains; but the white man from over the seas coveted the spot for a sheep pasture, and the native is not even left room enough to starve without disturbance. One Frenchman and two Scotchmen have ousted the original lords of the soil, and their sheep graze in the Indian's last retreat.

Live Stock.

Fatting hogs ought to be put up early, and as soon as they have become used to the change be pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Give them frequent messes of soft food or bran mashes. Provide ashes and charcoal or rotten wood, that they take as much as they choose, and occasionally give a little salt. These substances promote correct action of the stomach and bowels. Give them a warm and dry sleeping place, and put muck, leaves or other absorbing marterials in their pens. *Milch cows* ought to have extra care and feed as the weather becomes colder. Give regular doses of salt, and every night and morning a mess of meal and middlings. Roots may be fed, in moderate quantities, to advantage. Cows ought not to be exposed to pitiless storms of cold rain or snow. If warm dry stables are not provided, then certainly good sheds, closed to the North and West, ought to be. *Young cattle* and *calves* ought also to have shelter during inclement weather and at night; and be brought in early from the pastures and have a good mess of meal and bran with stalks or hay. *Horses* should be cleaned daily, their stalls well littered, and fed and watered with regularity. See that their stables are protected from chilling drafts, but do not have them too close for proper ventilation.

Hungarian Grass.

A correspondent in Southeastern Virginia writes: The seed you sent me is true Hungarian grass, and was so called when I brought some samples four feet high to town by an Anglo Canadian farmer—one of our new settlers. It was grown on rich land—no manure. The land was plowed in March, left rough: cross-plowed in June, seed sown and two-horse harrow used to cover it, and then orchard grass and clover sown and re-harrowed. My manager thought the team, in pulling the mower through it yesterday with very sharp blades, exerted a force equal to a wagon load of 2,000 lbs.; so you may judge of the swath cut. Turned and thrown in small cocks to-day, to-morrow I will house it after noon. I cut only one-half yesterday and will let the rest remain some days and save the seed from 25 feet by 200 years, which I will cut with cradle and bind like oats. My impression is that it will be for this section a good forage crop to follow early. Irish potatoes, grown for market. Hogs, I find, eat it greedily when green. From its behavior in the late severe drought, I think it will prove a sure cheap forage crop of quality as to life-sustaining properties in the Middle and Southern States, and may occupy the position of fodder corn soiling North. So far as one can guess at present, I think 5,000 lbs. will be obtained per acre.

A Glacier.

A correspondent traveling through Alpine Savoy, writing of the great glacier of Tre la Tete, says: In one place it was as a huge sea, frozen at the moment of its grandest swell and sweep. In another part it resembles marble mountains with vast quarriels. There were quantities of great stones in some places that held enormous bits of rock crystal; these stones are hurled down by spring avalanches. Harnish and the guides at one time went off to hunt some crystals; gradually one by one they disappeared behind the icy peaks of the glacier, and for a little I was entirely alone. The solitude was very strange and at the same time delightful. There was a profound silence. I could see chalets and cattle pasturing on far-off mountain slopes, and below me goats were browsing on the peaks of Tre la Tete. But I can form no idea of distance except by the deep silence about me. I could see the pastoral slopes and summits of Mr. Joly; the peaks of Bonhomme and Bontemme; the beautiful mountain Rosalette, and many other peaks around and beyond the glacier. But every object near at hand was so unnatural that I seemed to be on another planet. The very light was different; it was lurid in its glare. The coloring, too, was peculiar; the somber granite and the glittering marble tints were varied by intense emerald and blue of the crevasses. I not only forgot distances, but I became insensible to time, past, present and future, and when the men with Harnish returned it was as if I had awakened from a strange sublime dream. We stayed four hours on the glacier. I could hardly credit it, for it seemed so short a time.

A Heathen Temple.

Juggernaut, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, seems to be in a bad way in India owing to the dilapidation of his pagoda at Pooree. An immense block of stone fell the other day from the central dome of the temple. It is fortunate that no one was killed, for the stone, it is stated, is ten feet long, five broad, and four in depth, and belongs to the inner cornice of the temple. The damage is imperceptible to the eye, owing to the intense darkness in the interior of the edifice, but the fall of the stone is a serious matter for Juggernaut for this reason: There is, it seems, a prophecy that when the first stone is unfastened the temple shall not stand. The repairs, it is estimated by the Oriaks, will take at least fourteen years to complete, and during all this time no public worship or festival in Pooree is allowable. It is, however, not surprising that the temple is a little out of repair, for it was built by Rajah Anangabhima Deva, of Orissa, in the middle of the twelvth century, and during the last seven hundred years not a trowel has been laid upon it for the purpose of repair. The dome is composed of immense blocks of stone, not kept together by cement or mortar of any hind, but made fast by an elaborate process of dovetailing, the slabs being arranged in horizontal layers narrowing toward the end, covered by a huge headpiece carved and ornamented,

HOLINESS.—Holiness of life is not an indifferent thing. God requires it, and those who are sincere christians earnestly pursue it. It does not save, but those who have saving faith desired it and seek it. There is something seriously wrong where it is disregarded. The Scriptures tell us that without it no man shall see the Lord. The reason is obvious. We can not get to Heaven without Christ, and they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts. The godly life of the christians in olden times was a powerful argument in favor of christianity. It should be so still. Those who are careless about holiness are, not only ungrateful to God, but they also disregard the welfare of both themselves and their neighbors. It is of prime importance to see that we have pure doctrine, but we must not forget that where this is sincerely believed it will result in pure living.—*A. R. Presbyterian.*

A TEXAS TRAGEDY.

A Girl's Fickleness and a Lover's Desperation—Two Bloody Deaths, and All for Love.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

Dr. Spalding, of Kimball, Texas, writing to his brother, Rev. Dr. Spalding, of this city, says:

I wish to write you this morning a truthful account of a tragedy which transpired here a few days ago.

There is a wealthy farmer living three miles below Kimball, on the west side of the Brazos river, near Powell Dale church. His name is G. D. Greer. He has several brothers living here—wealthy, influential, good citizens. They came originally from Georgia. He had two daughters just grown—Miss Willie, eighteen years old, and Miss Nannie, sixteen—both handsome, intelligent, amiable, and beloved by all who knew them. The oldest was an unusually sweet girl. She always reminded me of Miss Julia B., daughter of Judge T. J. B., of Madison, Ga. She joined the Baptist church last summer. She was, in fact, everything that any man could wish in a daughter.

About 12 months ago a distant relative of Capt. Greer's first wife (the girls were children of a second marriage) Robert Simms, a young man, a stock raiser, passed through here on his way to Colorado, to which place he was driving his herds. Stopping among his relatives, he became enamored with Miss Greer. Whether they were engaged or not is not certainly known. She probably loved him, as perhaps any sweet girl eighteen years of age would love a handsome, fearless, rich young man who might court her love. And yet she feared him, for he had killed a man in a difficulty, so it is said, in the southwest part of the State. He went away, however, wearing her ring and she wearing his. He kept up a correspondence with one of her uncles, to whom he seemed to be very much attached.

Eight months ago, a young, good-looking, tall, egotistic, self-reliant Baltimore chap secured board at Esquire Lane's (seven miles below the home of Captain Greer, the father of Miss Greer), and commenced the practice of physic. He met Miss Greer, courted her in that (to the ladies) irresistible manner for which he was just fitted. They became engaged, and were to be married on the 11th of November, 1875. Saturday morning, October 23, Miss Greer came to town to make some minor purchases for the occasion. Her father had gone with his cotton crop to Dallas, and was to return that evening. He was bringing her bridal outfit. On the Thursday before, Bob Simms returned, having received a letter from his uncle stating that Miss Greer was soon to be married. He called on Miss Greer, found out the state of her feeling, chided her, told her they were made for each other, and that no other man should ever claim her as wife.

Saturday morning he gave a friend, with whom he was staying, a letter from his sister, saying, "Answer this letter to-morrow if I do not return. I am going up to Capt. Greer's, and if I never return wind up my business." He went over, called for Miss Willie, who was with her mother and Dr. Frazer, her betrothed, in the sitting room. When asked for, Miss Willie said: "Doctor, have you your pistol, I am afraid of Bob; he said he would kill me; shall I go in?" The Doctor said, "I am not armed, go in if you like." All three then went in.

Simms asked Miss Willie to walk with him in the garden; she declined. He then asked her to walk out on the back porch, as he wished to have a good-bye chat with her. She went out on the back gallery; he followed, pulling the door to after him. The mother heard them conversing and heard him say: "And you are the cause of it;" heard her sob; heard her say: "O, don't do that, Bob" Then bang! bang! bang! went his six shooter; then a pause, then bang again. The mother threw open the door. There lay her beautiful daughter dead on the gallery. One shot entered near the heart, (the first I think) one entered the left eye and came out at the back of the head, the other entered the centre of the forehead and came out also at the back of the head. He must have supported her with his left hand while shooting her.

Near her lay Robert Simms. The fourth shot he had fired through his own head, from back to front. The doctor ran out, turned the murderer's horse loose, and ran to the next house to get a gun. A runner was sent to meet her father, who was a few miles off on the Dallas road, coming home. His agony, I hope, neither you nor I may ever have.

Next day, unday, they brought her body here to Kimball and buried it. His body they carried to a graveyard near Powell's Dale, where it was buried. We are all sad, for we all loved her.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENT
EXTRAORDINARY,
D. R. JULIAN,

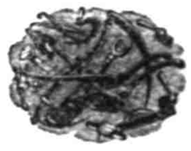
Is now receiving and opening for the inspection of the people of Salisbury and Rowan County the Best Selected Stock of

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,

that has ever been exhibited in Salisbury. Fancy Brands of Cigars and Cheroots, at bottom figures. Candies, both plain and fancy, Figs, Almonds, Oranges, Raisins, Jellies, and in fact anything that a first class Grocery house should have, also buys and sells Domestic bacon and all kind of country produce. Hoping to see my many friends both in town and country.

I remain Respectfully
D. R. JULIAN.

HARDWARE.



When you want Hardware at low figures, call on the undersigned at No. 2 Granite Row.

D. A. ATWELL.
Salisbury, N. C., May 13-tf.

CEDAR COVE
NURSERY.

FRUIT TREES, VINES & PLANTS. A large stock at reasonable rates.
New Catalogue for 1875 and '76 with full descriptions of fruits, sent free.
Address CRAFT & SAILOR,
RED PLAINS,
Yadkin County, N. C.
Nov 1, 1875.—3mos.

NEW MILLIN Y STORE.

At the old stand of Foster & Horah.
Just received a full line of Hats, and Bonnets, trimmed and untrimmed. Ribbons, Scarfs and all the latest French and American novelties, at

ALL PRICES.

Orders executed with care and dispatch.
Pinking and Stamping done to order.
The Store will be conducted on the Cash system and no goods or work will be charged to any one. This rule is unvarible.
MRS. S. J. HALYBURTON.
April, 15th—6ws.

Spring Stock 1875.

120 Bags Coffee,
50 Barrels Sugar,
40 " Molasses,
5000 lbs. Bacon, 2000 lbs. Lard,
2000 lbs. Best Sugar Cured Hams,
20 Kegs Soda,
20 Boxes "
50 " Adamantine Candles,
40 " Soap, 2000 lbs. Carolina Rice,
30 Cases Oysters,
20 do Brandy Peaches,
20 do Lemon Syrup,
20 do Fresh Peaches,
10 do Pine Apples,
10 do Smoking Tobacco,
25 Gross Snuff, 25 Coils Cotton & Jute Rope,
40 doz. Painted Pails,
40 Boxes Assorted Candy,
100 Reams Wrapping Paper,
A full line of Wood & Willow ware.
A full line of Boots & Shoes (very cheap),
A full line of Hats,
A full line of Saddles & Bridles, Salt, Pepper, Ginger, Spice, Canned Goods, Royal Baking Powders, Cigars, Tobacco, Crockery, Kerosene Tanners & Machine Oils, &c., &c.
The above stock was bought since the late heavy decline in prices, and is offered at Wholesale & Retail at very short profits, for cash.
BINGHAM & CO.
June 3rd 1875.

SPECIAL.

No. 1. Heavy plow Shoes at $160 worth $200.
" " " Women Shoes at $125 " 150 & 175
Ladies Embroidered Slippers at 100 worth 150
Ladies Slippers at $125 worth 175,
Ladies Croquet Slippers at $125 worth $200,
Ladies Cloth Gaiters at $175 worth $250,
Ladies Cloth Gaiters at $225 worth $300,
A large lot of Children Shoes *very cheap.*
BINGHAM & CO.

THE LYNCHBURG
Insurance and Banking Company.
Capital and Assets over $600.000
State Deposit 15,000
PROPERTY INSURED AGAINST LOSS BY
FIRE
At the Lowest Current Rates.
Take a Policy in the Lynchburg and sleep soundly.
I am also Agent for the North Carolina State Life Insurance Company.
If you have the good of your Country at heart keep your money in the South and help build up Home Institutions.
J. D. McNEELY, Agent.
Oct. 21, 1875.—4ms.