

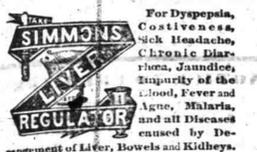
The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XIV.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., MAY 24, 1883.

NO 32

The Carolina Watchman,
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1822.
PRICE, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.



For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhoea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.
Bad Health; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally constipated, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy; the face is sallow, sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for catarrh; the patient complains of weakness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning; sometimes a peculiar sensation of the skin exists, tingling, itching, or dependent, and although satisfied that Exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to do so; the face, discolored, sallow, or jaundiced. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred which but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, who suffer from any of the above symptoms.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a course of this medicine, will find it a most valuable and safe remedy.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE.
And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

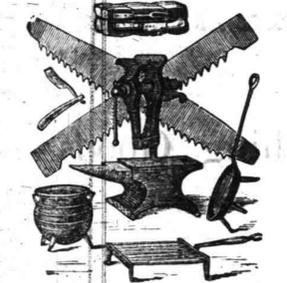
A Governor's Testimony.
J. G. DUNN, Governor of Ala., says: "I have derived some benefit from the use of Simmonds' Liver Pills, and wish to give it a fair trial."

The Only Thing that never fails to Relieve.
I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection, and Debility, but never have found anything so beneficial as the above medicine. I would advise all who are similarly afflicted to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

Dr. T. W. SIMMONS says: "From actual experience in the use of Simmonds' Liver Pills in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine."
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BLACKMER & TAYLOR

HAVING PURCHASED



STOCK

OF

W. M. ISMITH DEAL,

AS WELL AS THE INTEREST OF

R. R. Crawford, of the firm of

R. R. CRAWFORD & CO.,

We are now prepared to supply our customers with all kinds of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

In addition to the

Best Selected Stock of

HARDWARE in the

STATE.

We also handle

Rifle and Blasting Powder

Fading Away.

The sweetest flowers fade away,
Beauty blooms, but must decay;
Bright, indeed, is the dawning day,
Even it, too, fades away.

Fading away—the loved one die,
Severing the happiest earthly tie;
The power of man must give way,
To fate's decrees and fade away.

"Spring time comes, and life's begun,
And summer follows with its sun;
The fall is o'er—comes winter's day,
With sad defeat—all fades away.

There is a gift that will not fade,
"Mid day or night or endless shade,
The glorious life that God doth give,
In an eternity to live.

A Poetic Widow.

Our mutual friend Spykens has "made a mash" to use the language of the world. He incidentally became acquainted with the Widow McWinzie at a church social last fall. She has now come to the conclusion that he is her natural affinity and waits for her fourth husband. Her strong suit is poetry, or, as she expresses it, "human resthetic rhyme; the sweet responsive echo of soul to soul."

"Dear Mr. Spykens," sighed the widow the other evening, puckering her mouth down to the size of a shirt button-hole, "you have lived and loved. The mellifluous profundity of your sympathetic soul has always required that you should."

"Ah, yes, Mrs. McWinzie, you bet, 'Call me Hitty, dear; my name is Mehitable, and those most endeared to me always call me Hitty.'"

"All right; Hitty goes." "Well, as I was about remarking, my nature was aboriginally poetic; away up among the embarrased clouds of Heaven's sublimated artillery. My first husband was a dear genial spirit, attuned to poetic harmony, but nothing could rhyme with his name. It was Tulkington. I used to weave it into poetic verse by abbreviating it to Tulky, but even then it never would make a smooth rhyme with any other word. Two short years he loved and languished, and then sank to eternal rest as softly as though the springs of his couch had been the Springs of Parnassus.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Spykens, "what a rattling good obituary you must have written for him?"

"Ah, me," sighed the widow, "I tried over a year to write seven verses suitable, and perhaps might have succeeded had I not been wooed and won by Jason Babcock. My new married life was bright and hopeful until I tried to merge into poetry. The culmination came when I composed twenty-seven verses, each one rhyming his name, the best of which were mason, basin, face-on. Then he closed the doors of his heart, took his overcoat and valise, and bade me farewell forever. I never saw or heard of him more."

"What a miserable, narrow-gauge, unappreciative wretch he must have been."

The widow gave a responsive roll of her dark gray eyes toward the sympathetic Spykens, and she continued: "Yes, the rhythmic music of poetry did not abound in his worldly soul, and my own longing heart almost perished before I procured a divorce on the ground of desertion. Then I married my old friend and schoolmate, Timothy McWinzie. He had a soul full of sympathy, and when he realized how my poetic soul was crushed by the very idea of making rhymes of his name, or any part of it, he earnestly, yet rashly, attempted it himself. For days and weeks he wrote, and went about the house muttering to himself binzle, crinzie, dinzle, fuzle, ginzle, hinzle, and his last words as he died in the insane asylum, were minzle, pinzle, stinzle, zinzle."

"How dramatically sad, moaned Spykens, as he reflected upon the rhyming possibilities and calamities of his own name."

"Did you ever read Thaddeus of Washee?" asked she, beaming her loving eyes, full of literary intelligence, full upon him as she gently laid her hand on his coat sleeve.

Spykens owned up that he hadn't, and tore himself away from her sweet presence, pleading pressing business engagements. The widow had money in bank, and a whole pile of stocks, and is looked upon as a desirable matrimonial investment, but when Spykens reflects, musingly, upon the sad fate of those three husbands, two killed and one driven away by her infernal poetry, assisted materially, no doubt, by her large, cold, clammy feet, he concludes to remain single.—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

BUTLER'S ADVICE TO THE NEGROES.—The Vicksburg Herald of May 27th, publishes a letter from Governor Butler, of Massachusetts, to a prominent colored politician advising negro voters to ignore party lines and support just and tried men for office.

A Costly Night in the City.

Sad Experience of a Young Man.—He Takes in the Town, and Finds Himself Lying in a Field, with Empty Pockets and a Bloody Head.—Robbed of \$150.

Just as daylight was breaking on the city yesterday morning, Policemen Healy, Hill and Farrington, saw a young white man pass through Independence Square and walk rapidly down Trade street in the direction of the Air Line depot. He was headed, and his face was bloody from a wound over his left eye. "It was not light enough for the police to notice the latter, however, and they allowed him to pass on his way. A short while afterwards, while they were still about the square, they saw the young man returning from the depot, this time coming directly up to them. He told the officers that he had been knocked on the head and robbed of \$150 in cash during the night just gone, and he did not know what to do with himself. Like many another innocent and thoughtless young man has done before him, he came to the city with a pocket full of money, and fell into the hands of the Philistines. After drinking glasses repeatedly with his friends, with the simplicity of a deluded youth, he sought out the "strange woman" whose lips only too truly "drop as an honeycomb and whose mouth is smoother than oil," and from the house of whom, according to his story, he took his departure about midnight, in company with a friend. He was very drunk, and only remembers being hit on the head sometime after he left the house. When he regained consciousness he found himself lying in a field to the east of the city, near the creek. He was dazed and weak from the loss of blood by the cut on his head, and in a half-conscious condition made his way back to the city, and told his story to the police. His gold and greenbacks, with the exception of \$10 that had been overlooked in one of his pockets, were gone.

He was taken in charge until the hour arrived for the opening of the mayor's court, when he was arraigned and requested to relate the circumstances of his misfortunes. He stated that his home is in Davidson College, but that for some time past he had been living out West. A short time ago he returned to his home in this county to visit his mother, and on last Tuesday he arrived in Charlotte on his way back to Texas. He had \$160 in his pockets, five \$20 gold pieces and the balance paper money. He drank a good deal during the afternoon, and at night, in company with some of his friends, started out to take in the town. He remembers leaving a certain house, but can give no account of himself after that. The natural conclusion is that in his groggy condition he wandered about the lonely streets to fall an easy victim to the highwayman's bludgeon. The friend who left the house with the unfortunate young man was summoned before the court, but could not throw any light on the affair, as the two parted company immediately on leaving the house. Both parties were bound over to the Inferior Court, which meets next week, young Torrence on the charge of carrying a concealed weapon, which was found on his person, and the friend as a witness in the case.

The victim of these misfortunes has always been regarded as a young man of moral worth and integrity, and was looked upon as one of the best young men of the county. One of our leading merchants went on his bond. His one night's experience in the city is a sad one, and is a double lesson for all other young men who think that "to take in the town" is the correct thing to do to have fun. It's the sort of fun that turns to mourning at the last.

KILLED ON HIS WEDDING TOUR.—Sunday afternoon Samuel D. Welling, a young merchant of Coschocton, Ohio, was married in Pittsburg. In the evening they started for home in the first express. After traveling a few miles Welling left his bride to go in to the smoking car and did not return. After an hour the young wife became uneasy and caused the train to be searched. He could not be found. Monday morning his body was found on the track terribly mangled. He had evidently fallen between the cars in stepping from one to the other and was instantly killed.—Ex.

Milk is declared by practical physicians, who have tried it thoroughly, to be an almost certain cure for typhoid fever. An old Virginia doctor, who, it is alleged, never loses a patient of typhoid, says his treatment is the simplest thing in the world. "All you have to do is to get the patients' stomach in good order and then diet them on buttermilk." If it is good as a cure it should be excellent as a preventative.

The Strawberry Mark.

The Cleveland Herald gives currency to the following romantic incident: About thirty years ago a farmer, residing in Springfield (Ohio) township, named Maxwell, visited a deserted coal bank in the neighborhood, attracted thither by sheer idle curiosity. He stood at the slope opening for a time, and then started to walk down it, when at the entrance to this dark and gloomy place he saw a bucket. He picked it up, and soon there came from it the tender and suppressed cries of an infant. He carried it to the light, and then after removing the wrappings he saw a sweet little babe, looking into his eyes, as if it wanted to say: "Please take pity on me. I am a poor little outcast without a home. Won't you take me out and love and take care of me?" Mr. Maxwell was a young married man, with a large, generous heart, and having no children of his own he took the little white home with him, and he and Mrs. Maxwell took care of it and loved it as parents love their own children. The little foundling grew to be a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and she repaid her foster parents with an abundance of affection and tender devotion. Twenty years had come and gone when one day a young man called at the house of the Maxwells and declared that the babe found in the coal bank was his sister, and that he had come from a pleasant home in Iowa to see her, and, if possible, persuade her to return with him. Their mother had died a few months ago, and on her deathbed she told how she had hid the babe in the coal bank, of Mr. Maxwell finding it, and all about it, and made a dying request that the family should hunt the child up and claim her. The Maxwells were well pleased with the young man, and he remained with them several weeks. When he returned to his western home he took his sister with him. He also took the promise of one of Mr. Maxwell's daughters that she, too, would share his home and fortune ere long. The promise was kept.

A Destructive Cyclone.
A despatch from Kansas City, Mo., relates that a destructive cyclone swept through that city on the evening of the 13th, unroofing and demolishing buildings for a distance of two miles. The track of the storm was from a half block to two blocks wide. A number of persons were injured and some were killed. The storm seems to have started near the southwest of the city and touching the suburbs of Armstrong moved eastwardly. At the stock yards the exchange was unroofed and other buildings were destroyed or damaged. When it reached Main street it was diverted towards the northeast and at Seventh street near Oliver its advance was checked and its force seems to have been spent at that point. It was divided into three parts, following each other over the same course. Three deaths are reported and three were injured and are not likely to recover. The loss is about \$300,000. The English Lutheran church at the corner of Oak and Fourteenth streets is completely wrecked. Reports are coming in of heavy damage elsewhere in the vicinity.

Mickey's Fire Escape.
The Winston Sentinel says that Mr. S. T. Mickey, of Salem, has been putting his inventive genius to good use. Among other things his patent improved fire escape takes the lead. He claims that it is the only automatic, burglar-proof, life-saving fire-escape that shields persons from the burning building, and gives alarm with bell attachment in every store as it raises. Other fire escapes do not give satisfaction as with stationery ladders children and invalids must be carried by stout firemen, the small escapes fastened or let down from windows, are condemned, as so many people make their escape at night without paying their bills. Mr. Mickey's escape can be raised by any child in a few seconds, and is always free of ice and can be used before firemen arrive, and his fire-ladder can be raised without the tower any height and in any position as it is placed on a turn-table on a wagon with wheels, and can be raised by persons or horses at the building in one minute. We have examined the model and, in our judgment, pronounce it all O. K. There's millions in it and we heartily wish Sam every success in getting his full share of them out of it, for the invention has cost him much time, labor and careful study.

A Tyrannical Employer.
CHICAGO, May 17.—The executive committee of the cigar makers union yesterday afternoon heard the testimony of six young girls employ-

ed by one Benheim on Kimsey street. It was shown that they work from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m., and three nights of the week till 11 p. m., making bunches for cigars. Most of them receive three dollars per week, and in order to make profit from this scanty pittance, he charges them one cent per minute for lost time. When the health inspector visits the place the proprietor manages to secrete such children as are under age. Other tyrannical practices are alleged and it is said the place is only a type of another in the city.

Progress of The Negro.
What Ex-Senator Bruce, Registrar of the Treasury, Thinks of his Brethren.

Washington Letter.
I had a very interesting conversation to-day with the Hon. B. K. Bruce, registrar of the treasury, who is acknowledged to be one of the representative men of the colored race. Mr. Bruce was walking along F street, leading by the hand a very pretty little boy, with dark, wavy hair and an olive complexion. "He is on his way to the kindergarten," said the proud father. "You are exemplifying your faith in education for the race by an early start for the young man, Mr. Registrar," suggested your correspondent. "Yes, it is the great need of our race now," he said, "and I wish that the Powers that be could be brought to realize it as keenly as many of our own people do. Do you know that many of the colored people thoroughly realize the necessity for education that they are willing to deprive themselves of almost anything else that this may be had?"

In the course of conversation Mr. Bruce said, referring to the education of race in the South: "The National Government ought to appropriate a sum of money—say \$10,000,000—for school purposes there, making available in case the States do a certain portion of the work. They plead that they are not able to keep up public schools for negro, or even, indeed, for the whites, saying that that the war impoverished them to such an extent. And that is doubtless true, for they lost greatly in other property in addition to their slaves. But the colored people are good citizens as a rule, orderly and diligent, and many of them are becoming property-owners and tax-payers, and it is right that they should have educational advantages. Their position as tax-payers entitles them to it, and the power of the ballot which they hold makes it the duty of the Government to itself as well as to them to make them intelligent."

"Are the colored people of the South becoming land owners then?" "Yes; many of them own their homes now. The progress in that direction has been slow and painful; but they are upon a firm basis now, and will move forward more rapidly. The report of the comptroller-general of Georgia shows that one acre in fifty of the cultivated lands of that State is owned by colored people; and this, I think, is about a fair average of the situation throughout the South generally."

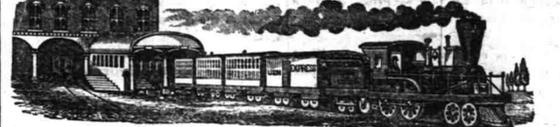
"The colored people are accumulating considerable wealth, then, are they not?" "Yes; there are a good many quite wealthy men among the colored population now. I don't know of more than one or two who could be counted millionaires; but there are a good many who run up into the hundreds of thousands, and large numbers who are worth, say \$25,000. The colored man, as a rule, is great on real estate. Let him get possession of a few feet of ground—a home—and he will never part with it if he can help it. He will almost starve rather than do so; and that is a good spirit, I think. Make him a tax payer and owner of the soil, and you make him a good citizen."

"From the standpoint of morality, do you think there is much to be said?" "Yes, a good deal. The Methodist and Baptist Churches alone have nearly a million and a half of colored people, and the amount of church property they own is quite wonderful. The percentage of crime among them is not large, and the marital relation to-day is infinitely more sacred among the colored people as a class than it was a few years ago."

"Yes?" "Yes. And now I have said a good deal about the colored man," said Bruce with a laugh, "but I just want to add one more statement which I think will settle the question as to our progress."

"Well?" "Well, we have the dude, the colored dude, full fledged and as pronounced as the white race can produce," and his laugh rang out as he climbed the treasury steps, "we have the dude."

NEW SPRING GOODS!



KLUTTZ & RENDLEMAN

Have now received their entire stock of Spring and Summer Goods which have been selected with great care to suit the varied wants and tastes of their numerous customers, all of which they offer as cheap as the cheapest. They have now in Store the

LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF DRY GOODS

NOTIONS, CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, SHOES, Ladies' and Men's HATS, AND FAMILY GROCERIES

They have bought for many seasons. A new stock of TABLE and GLASSWARE. FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIVE CENT TINWARE.

We still have the best FLOUR, OAT MEAL, MEATS, SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES, RICE, CANNED FRUITS, JELLIES, PURE LARD, BRAN, MEAL, New Orleans MOLASSES and SYRUPS, &c. A full assortment of FAMILY MEDICINES.—Agents for Coats' Spool Cotton.—Agents for the EMPIRE GUANO, which is "First class, and which we offer for 400 lbs. of List Cotton."

Come and See us before you buy or sell, for we will do you good.

April 12, 1883

W. W. TAYLOR & D. J. BOSTIAN, Salesmen.

J. R. KEEN, Salisbury, N. C. Agent for PHOENIX IRON WORKS, Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, AND TURBINE WHEELS Also, Contractor and Builder.

To Make New Whiskey Old.

A Boston physician has discovered a process by which newly distilled spirits can be made chemically pure in a few days, the product being even better than spirits of the best quality, which have been "aged" by storing them for many years in wooden casks. The liquor is washed with air. Two thousand gallons are poured into an airtight copper tank in which there is a coil of pipes. The air to be used is first heated and purified by the Tyndall process, and is then forced into the tank through small holes in the pipes at the bottom of the coil. The inventor tries to get the greatest possible amount of air in contact with every drop of the liquor in the shortest possible time. It is said that by this process all the poisonous ethers and other deleterious substances are removed more effectually than they can be by "aging" in the ordinary way, and the raw liquor, just distilled can be thoroughly purified in a short time. The proof is fully preserved by use of a series of condensing and test tanks. The process has been used for nearly a year and the inventor intends to supply druggists, physicians and families pure and palatable spirits at a low price. This he can afford to do, because he avoids the loss caused by evaporation and the long investment of capital in the ordinary process of "aging" by storage. The best Kentucky whiskey is worth much less than the tax upon it just after it has been distilled. It becomes valuable only by age. It appears by this new process it is made valuable at once.—New York Times.

A GOOD COW and CALF FOR SALE!
A good Cow, of medium age, and a young calf, will be sold at a fair price. Cow is giving milk. Apply at this office. 30.31—pd.

FOR THE SONS OF MASSACHUSETTS.—The philanthropists of the State whose corpses are sold and their skin tanned for shoelather will be glad to hear that Sitting Bull and the remnant of his tribe have been supplied with agricultural implements and are to be encouraged in an effort to become successful farmers.—Ex.

The extent of many Mexican estates is almost beyond realization. The boundaries of one estate, on the central table-lands in Mexico, extend over a hundred miles north and south. The mountains traversing it abound with mineral wealth, and fine farms and extensive towns are met with at frequent intervals.—Chicago Herald.

It is not believed that the rose and the lily can be improved by painting, but fashion is doing a similar thing in dyeing the pearl. This gem is now tinted in all the new shades to match dresses it is intended to embellish, the colors ranging from the palest cream and mauve to the deepest dyes of brown, green and olive.

Washington Post: So long as England persists in driving Ireland to America England will have enemies on this side of the ocean.

The Highest Flat.—Plans were filed in New York, Monday, for a building that, when completed, will be the highest in that city. It is to be a flat house for thirty-eight families and is to stand on the northwest corner Fifty-seventh street and Seventh avenue. The top of the building, when the roof is on, will be 182 feet above the curb, fully 30 feet higher than any other house in New York. The walls of the first story will be 3 feet thick, and taper to the top of the tenth story; that, with an attic above it, will be the full height of the front. In the rear, however, the building will contain fifteen stories. It will be of stone, brick and iron throughout, and will cost \$650,000.