

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XIV.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 14, 1883.

NO 35

The Carolina Watchman,
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1852.
PRICE, \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

A Household Article for Universal
Family Use.

For Scarlet and
Typhoid Fevers,
Diphtheria, Sali-
vations, Ulcerated
Sore Throat, Small
Pox, Measles, and
all Epidemic Diseases.
Persons waiting on
the street should use it freely. Scarlet fever has
never been known to spread where the Fluid was
used. Whooping Cough has been cured which after
black vomit had taken place. The worst
cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

SMALL-POX
and
RED-BARS PREVENTED
by the use of
Darby's Fluid.

A member of my family
was taken with
small pox. I used
the Fluid; the patient
was not detained, was not
sore, and was about
the house again in three
weeks, and so others
had it. — J. W. PARK-
ERSON, Philadelphia.

Diphtheria
Prevented.

The physicians here
use Darby's Fluid very
successfully in the treat-
ment of Diphtheria.
A. SPILLWATER,
Greensboro, Ala.

Letter dated Oct.
Cholera prevented.
Ulcers purified and
Scurvy cured.
Wounds healed rapidly.
Scurvy cured.
As a Diarrhoeic or
Stomachic, etc.

Scarlet Fever
Cured.

Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
I write to you the most excellent quality of Prof.
Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and
deodorant it is both theoretically and practically
superior to any preparation with which I am ac-
quainted. — N. B. LUTHER, Prof. Chemistry.

Darby's Fluid is Recommended by
Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEWART, of Georgia;
Key. CHAS. F. DEMES, D.D., Church of the
Saviour, N. Y.;
Hon. J. M. COLUMBIA, Prof. University, S.C.
Key. J. DAVIE, Prof. Mercer University;
Key. F. F. FURCH, Bishop of the Church
of the Holy Trinity, N. C.

INDISPENSIBLE TO EVERY HOME.
Fidelity guaranteed. Used internally or
externally for Man or Beast.
The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we
have abundant evidence that it has done everything
claimed. For full information get your
Bottle of Darby's Fluid from the proprietors,
J. H. ZELLEN & CO.,
Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.

BLACKMER & TAYLOR

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WM. SMITHDEAL,

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

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and a full line of Mining Supplies.

We will

Duplicate Any Prices in

the State.

CALL AND SEE US.

W. S. BLACKMER, SALISBURY, N. C.

50-17

Saved by His Sister.

"Ahem, Lysander!" said Miss Catherine Southernwood, one morning, as she poured out her brother's third cup of coffee, while he drenched his last buckwheat-cake with a sea of maple syrup. "I was a-thinking, Lysander, since you have set your heart on marrying that Jones girl" (Lysander, figuratively, pricked up his ears at this announcement, for Miss Catherine had been bitterly opposed to the idea of her good-looking bachelor brother consigning his heart and fortune to the tender mercies of the 'Jones girl.') "I was a-thinking," she went on, deliberately, "that mebbe, seeing they are so kind of pinched for means, that I might get Olympia to come and stay awhile this fall, and help me about the housework. There'll be a heap to do, with the apple-butter to make, and the like; and, besides, I need some help in the kitchen. Cooking is getting to be hard work for me now. But there's one thing about it, Lysander," she continued, as her brother signified his willing consent and gratitude—"you must promise me that you won't ask her to marry you while she is staying here. It would be very improper, you know."

Lysander promised, and went out to harness the mare, as Miss Catherine had decided to drive over at once, and bring Miss Jones back with her.

She smiled grimly as her brother strode away, whistling. "The shortest cut ain't always the nearest road home," she said, complacently. "And there's more ways of killing a cat than feeding it to death with beefsteak. There's Hulda Rush is worth a dozen of that girl! But, la! Lysander is as blind as a bat! Never could see an inch before his nose!"

"Astounding how sister Catherine has come around at last!" thought Mr. Southernwood to himself. "At first she couldn't bear the idea of me marrying Olympia Jones, and now she's actually a-going to have her in the house. But that's just like a woman! Let 'em see you will have your own way, and not be led around by the nose, and they'll give right up and be as mellow as a fall apple. But I am glad Catherine thought of getting Olympia here this fall. It'll be a help to 'em both, for the Joneses are poor. But I don't care a rush for that! I'd rather have a poor girl, anyhow, than a fine lady, that didn't know how to make up a feather-bed, or fry a slap-jack. I like a woman that can bustle around and see to things, even if she don't have to do 'em herself—one that can make a pat of butter, or pick a goose, or spin a hank of yarn, if need be. And I like to see a woman look neat; 't was when, as he carried the dappled mare and rubbed her down with a wisp of hay. 'And Olympia always looks as neat as a new pin when I call there. Anyhow, I do hope she'll come!" he added, anxiously.

Of course Olympia would go! And she ran quickly up stairs to pack up her clothes.

"It's a mighty good chance for me," she thought, as she brushed her curls before the little looking-glass; "and I'll improve it too! But I'll not help with the house-work long," she added. "Wait till I go to be mistress up there, and see who'll 'house-work' then!"

Lysander's heart gave a jump as the wagon love in sight with its two occupants, and visions of the blissful weeks to come danced through his mind. He was so embarrassed and overcome with delight at the coquetish smile Olympia bestowed on him that he hardly had presence of mind enough to let down the bars for them to pass through.

"Now, Olympia," bustled Miss Catherine, when they had laid off their hats and shawls, 't's time we begun dinner. Lysander must have it at 12 o'clock, precisely, or he thinks he's killed. There's a couple of pullets in the coop, out in the chip-yard," she added, tying a clean check-apron around her waist. "You may wring their necks, and git 'em ready for roasting, while I start up a fire in the cook-stove."

Olympia looked at her pink calico dress, with its flounces and ruffles and wondered if Miss Catherine would offer her a check apron, too. But Miss Catherine did no such thing, and Olympia wrung the chickens' necks and prepared them for the oven, with rather a cross look shadowing her pretty face.

"Got 'em in the oven?" asked Miss Catherine, sharply. "Then you can mix up a batch of biscuits while I make the johnny-cake. Lysander always must have two kinds of bread for dinner, or he can't eat," she explained. "Humph!" thought Olympia. "He won't get two kinds of bread for dinner when I'm mistress here, I can tell him!"

the worse for the morning's campaign. Miss Catherine blew the dinner-horn at the usual hour, and Lysander appeared punctually at 12 o'clock.

But for some reason or other dinner was a half hour later than usual, and when it was finally dished and brought to the table, the biscuits proved to be underdone and the chickens roasted to a crisp.

"Had bad luck with your biscuits, didn't you, Catherine?" said her brother, making a wry face at the yellow streak of saleratas he found on breakfasting one of the leaden lumps; but Miss Catherine smiled leniently.

"Olympia had bad luck with her biscuits," she said: "but I believe my bread is as good as usual," and she passed him a square of light, golden-colored corn-bread more tempting than pound-cake.

Lysander left his biscuit untasted, but cast a glance of compassion at Olympia. "Accidents will happen," he said, consolingly, though he could not help noticing a sullen look on Miss Jones' face in spite of the smile she flashed at him. He noticed also the tumbled curls and soiled, untidy dress.

"Have some cold nutmeg, Lysander," said his sister, "if you can't eat any of the chicken. Olympia will learn how to cook after awhile."

So it was Olympia who burned the chickens! Lysander finished his dinner in silence, though he still made excuses for all shortcomings.

Olympia changed her soiled dress before tea-time, and was beaming with smiles when Lysander took his seat at the table. But the tea had a wishy-washy taste, the butter-dish was smeared and untidy, and the apple-sauce was insipid and flavorless. The biscuits were light and puffy this time, for Miss Catherine had made them herself.

Lysander had a good disposition, but unpalatable food will disorder the best regulated liver and upset the temper of an angel, and Miss Catherine soon discovered a fresh wrinkle over her brother's nose.

One morning, Lysander strode into the kitchen, where his sister was mixing light bread—for she could not trust it to Olympia, who had already spoiled two batches, which had to be thrown to the pigs.

"Catherine," whispered Lysander, hurriedly, "the minister's folks are coming up the lane! Of course they'll spend the day, and do, pray, Catherine, cook the dinner yourself! Don't let us be disgraced in their eyes!"

Miss Catherine saw her opportunity and seized it. "Cook the dinner myself! Dear me, Lysander, how can I?" she asked. "We must have turkey, of course, and mashed potatoes, and pumpkin pies, and a steamed butter-pudding with lemon-sauce, and cabbage-salad! Besides, who will entertain the visitors while I'm in the kitchen? Olympia?"

"Olympia! Pshaw! She can't do anything but giggle!" growled Lysander, savagely, much to his sister's amusement.

"I'll tell what, Lysander," said Miss Catherine, reflectively, "I must have some help, and if you'll just saddle the mare and lead her around for Hulda Rush, I'm sure she'll come."

And Lysander hastened to do his sister's bidding.

The Best Time for Exercise for Girls.

Medical men will tell you that about two hours of exercise in the open air should be taken every day. But this does not mean you are to take it all at once. Before breakfast is a good time for a gentle walk, yet the delicate should swallow a mouthful or two of milk or eat a tiny biscuit before going out. A glass of cold water does good too before one's walk, and it is a good plan to walk, say a quarter of a mile, to a well, drink a glass of water there and then return. To those who take this advice, breakfast will be anything but a make-believe. Never take exercise on a full meal. From two to three hours after is the best time, and if you take your principal exercises before dinner, be sure to allow time for at least half an hour of rest before you sit down; else you are but opening the door for indigestion to walk in and play havoc with your health. Exercise, to be beneficial, must be regular; but perhaps you are afraid of the weather. I pray you be not so; wrap up lightly but well, and defy it. Defy the wind, the rain, nay, and sleet and snow itself; for one does not catch cold when actually taking exercise, I do assure you. Finally, let your exercise be varied, one day this kind, and the other that, but always pleasurable, and taken at the same hour day after day. You may find it irksome at first, but it will soon become a habit and your gardeen will be—health.

Prison life in France is a very different thing from what it is in America. In the case of condemned criminals in France, the criminal is allowed to do many things denied the unhappy felon here. The most notable of these is the permission given him to play cards as much as he likes. Another detail affords a curious example of the policy pursued by the French Government towards these unfortunates. The warders are commissioned to use their utmost endeavors to amuse the prisoner, and to engage him in conversation by all means available. Let it not, however, be supposed that this treatment is in intended purely and simply to cheer and divert the condemned man. The warders, besides thus making themselves agreeable, are expected to give every day a most minute report of the doings of their charge, reporting not only the state of his health and spirits, but also all his actions, however trivial, and especially all his words. In this way not only all his means be found of justifying his condemnation, but also curious statistics may be secured as to the mental, moral and physical condition of a dangerous malefactor.

The Object of Faith.

Believe the Bible and thou shalt be saved! No. There is no such word written. It is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Do not trouble yourself in the first instance about questions connected with the book of Genesis, or difficulties suggested by the book of Revelation. Let the wars of the Jews alone in the meantime, and dismiss Jonah from your mind. Look to Jesus; get acquainted with Him—listen to His word—believe in Him—trust Him—obey Him. That is all that is asked of you in the first instance. After you have believed on Him and taken Him as your Saviour, your Master, your Model, you will not be slow to find out that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in godliness." You may never have all your difficulties solved, or all your objections met, but you will be sure of your foundation; you will feel that your feet are planted on the sure "Rock of Ages."—Dr. Gibson.

FACTS ABOUT FLOUR.—Flour is peculiarly sensitive to the atmospheric influences, hence it should never be stored in a room with sour liquids, nor where onions or fish are kept, nor any article that taints the air of the room in which it is stored. Any small perceptible to the sense will be absorbed by the flour. Avoid damp cellars or lofts where a free circulation of air cannot be obtained. Keep in a cool, dry, airy room, and not exposed to a freezing temperature nor to intense summer, nor artificial heat, for any length of time above 70 to 75 degrees Fahrenheit. It should not come in contact with grain or other substances which are liable to heat. Flour should be sifted and the particles thoroughly disintegrated and then warmed before baking. This treatment improves the color and baking properties of the dough. The sponge should be prepared for the oven as soon as the yeast has performed its mission, otherwise fermentation sets in and acidity results.

A special to the Daily News from Decatur, Ala., says a cyclone swept through Butler county on Sunday, demolishing houses on the plantations of Messrs. Betronment, Neely, Wilkinson, Stiles, Turner and Mrs. Meighen, one negro was killed and several other persons were wounded.

Railroad Meeting in Watauga.

Gen. J. D. Imboden was in Boone during court week, and on the 10th of May a meeting of the directors of the Watauga & Caldwell N. G. Railroad Co. was held. Mr. Isaac Daugherty was elected to fill the vacancy on the board caused by the resignation of Capt. Wm. F. Shull. In pursuance of a late act of the General Assembly the name of the corporation was changed to the North Carolina and Tennessee Railroad Company. A resolution was adopted agreeing to consolidate the company with the Bristol and North Carolina Railroad Company, each company, however, to retain its own corporate existence, as in the case with the C. & L. R. R. Co. The president, Dr. W. B. Council, and the old board of directors were re-elected for the next twelve months.

As soon as the affairs of the consolidated company are perfected, General Imboden says that capital will be ready to build the road rapidly. He says that the road will be finished to the mouth of Roan's Creek by the 1st of next January, and hopes to enable Dr. Council to have a force of hands throwing dirt on the line from Lenoir to Boone within 90 days.

Everybody over here is in good spirits and the railroad fever is spreading. It is to be hoped that this business and that before two years a through line of cars will run from the sea coast via Lenoir and Boone and Bristol.—Topic.

How to Buy a Horse.

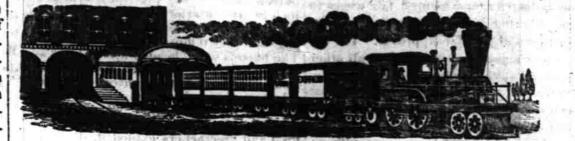
An old horseman says: "If you want to buy a horse, don't believe your own brother. Take no man's word for it. Your eye is your market. Don't you buy a horse in harness. Unhitch him and take everything off but his halter, and lead him around. If he has a corn or is stiff, or has any other failing, you can see it. Let him go by himself a ways, and if he staves right into anything you know he is blind. No matter how clear and bright his eyes are he can't see any more than a bat. Back him too. Some horses show their weakness at tricks in that way when they don't in any other. But, be as smart as you can you'll get caught sometimes. Even an expert gets stuck. A horse may look ever so nice, and go a great peace, and yet have fits. There isn't a man could tell it till something happens. Or he may have a weak back. Give him the whip and off he goes for a mile or two, then all of a sudden, he stops in the road. After a rest he starts again, but he soon stops for good, and nothing but a derrick could move him."

The conflict between the iron manufacturers, which is to end in the survival of the fittest, is said to have begun. In England the coal and iron are in contiguity, so that the transportation account is merely nominal. With us some ore is imported clear across the ocean, while the great bulk of the ore used at Pittsburgh, we believe, is hauled from the lake region at a cost of ten or twelve dollars per ton. Our high tariff and consequent high prices have permitted ores to be hauled immense distances, and so it has come about that vast furnaces have been erected at points without regard to the propriety of their location in an economical point of view. As long as there was a great margin for profit these disadvantages of position were not so apparent. But now that the demand for iron had fallen off, and the price has settled on a reasonable basis, the misplaced furnaces and manufactories have been forced to suspend, while those that are better located can still keep in operation.

New York has its riches and pleasures—it has also suffering and anguish. On Monday a woman, a daughter of Von Mansewitz—once a minister in the Prussian court—wealthy and esteemed—being on the verge of starvation—committed suicide. The Princess Wilhelmine was her godmother at her christening—but her life was ended for the want of a morsel of cold bread. The next day another woman attempted to drown herself and two children in East River to end their sufferings from hunger. That it was not a serious tragedy was due to the promptness and presence of mind of the men who rescued the mother and babes from death. For days, says the World, this poor woman has been wandering homeless about the streets of the city. For days she has been without food, and she saw her little baby girl and her infant actually starving to death—the one dragging by her side, the other in her arms. Why was there no relief for her; no place for her to go where she could get food and shelter?

Mr. Bodenhamer, living within five miles of Germantown, Stokes county, had a fine tobacco plant bed bit by the frost of last week, so much so as to make one-half of the plants unfit for use. We got the information from a gentleman who visited the bed.—Republican.

NEW SPRING GOODS!



KLUTZ & 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 Lint 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.

D. HARTER'S IRON TONIC

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.—The spirit of Garfield agrees with many leading Republicans, still in the flesh, in the opinion that "the country will go Democratic" at the next Presidential election. Ex-Senator Conkling has already made a similar prediction. Mr. Jay Gould, who has contributed more than other individuals to Republican successes, thinks the Democrats will succeed. Ex-Secretary Blaine is understood to entertain the same belief. The indications all favor a forecast in which dead and living Republicans agree. The old Republican leaders are out of the field. The new lights are being extinguished one after another. The Tabor bubble has burst. Mahone is used up. Keifer, Robeson, Cornell are all unavailable. "Arthur will not get a united Republican support." The Republican game is up, and, in the language of Garfield's spirit: "The country will go Democratic."

The gunboat Florida, that cost \$1,700,000 in 1867, made a trial trip and then being found unseaworthy has been ordered to rot at her wharf. She has been condemned and the department has actually refused an offer of \$40,000 for her. When sold at auction she will bring about those figures. The \$1,700,000 is clear loss. That is an illustration of Republican mismanagement. And yet the navy department wants permission to build more ships! Let's wait until we have Democratic supervision.—News-Observer.

ATLANTIC, IOWA, June 4.—Frank Brown and John Anderson, two desperadoes, and members of what is known as Crooked Creek gang, pursued a course of intimidation in the town of Wista for three hours on Sunday, firing revolvers promiscuously and creating other disturbances. They were finally met by an armed body of citizens who opened fire, shooting Anderson dead and fatally wounding Brown.

Five carloads of black walnut timber passed through this place last night, consigned to a manufacturing establishment in Philadelphia. Many of the logs measured three feet through. The timber was shipped from a point beyond Asheville on the W. N. C. R. R. In a few years it will all be gone, and then some foolish somebody will cry, "Shut the stable door."—Greensboro Patriot.

A GOOD WHITE WASH.—If, for use in the house, I take a bucket of lime, a handful of salt, spoonful of Prussian blue, and some glue. Now I pour boiling water on and stir all the time till the lime is slaked. If to be used on out buildings or fences, I make common white wash, adding a good quantity of tallow to prevent washing off by rains.

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Administrator's Notice! Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Lawson J. Peeler, dec'd, notice is hereby given to all creditors to exhibit their claims to me on or before the 30th day of June, 1884, and all persons indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment. ALFRED L. PEELER, Com'r of Lawson J. Peeler. Dated May 23, 1883.

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