

# The Carolina Watchman.

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SALISBURY, N. C., NOVEMBER 1, 1883.

NO 3

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

**DARBY'S  
PROPHYLACTIC  
FLUID.**

A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

**Medicates  
MALARIA.**

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Scurvy, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with neither black vomit had taken place. The worst case of Diphtheria yielded to it.

**SMALL-POX  
PREVENTED**

Persons who have been vaccinated with the Fluid are protected from the disease. It is taken with Small-Pox. I used the Fluid, and the patient was not ill, and was about the house again in three weeks, and no other had it. J. W. PATTERSON, Philadelphia.

**Diphtheria  
Prevented.**

The physicians here use Darby's Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria. A. S. GREENSBORO, Greensboro, Ala.

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Cured.**

Yanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. I testify to the most excellent qualities of Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and detergent it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted. N. T. LORTON, Prof. Chemistry.

Darby's Fluid is recommended by Hon. A. S. GREENSBORO, D.D., Church of the Brethren, N. Y.

Dr. J. B. BATES, Columbia, Prof. University, S. C. Dr. A. J. BATES, Prof. Mercer University, Va. Dr. G. F. PRINCE, Bishop of the Church of the Brethren, N. Y.

INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY HOME. Perfectly harmless. Used internally or externally for Man or Beast.

The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we have abundant evidence that it has done everything here claimed. For fuller information get your Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietors, J. H. ZEILIN & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

**HAVING PURCHASED  
THE  
Entire Stock of  
GOODS**

FORMERLY BELONGING  
TO—

**BLACKMER & TAYLOR,**

I will carry on the  
**HARDWARE BUSINESS**

in all its branches, including  
**Wagons,  
Buggies,  
All kinds  
of Agri-  
cultural  
Implements  
& Machinery,**

RIFLE and BLASTING POWDER,  
Dynamite and all kinds of Mining Sup-  
plies. In short, everything ordinarily found  
in a First Class Hardware Establishment.

**I SHALL  
REMOVE  
TO THE—**

**McNeely Corner**

Where I will be pleased to see all persons  
who wish to purchase Hardware  
**FOR CASH.**

I WILL KEEP NO BOOKS or Accounts.  
All parties indebted to Blackmer  
& Taylor are requested to make immediate  
settlement. Their accounts will be in the  
hands of W. S. BLACKMER who will make  
settlement.

**LUKE BLACKMER.**

October 24, 1883.

**A Struggle with a Fish.**  
ADVENTURE OF A SKOWHEGAN ATHLETE  
AT THE SEASHORE.

**The Wager He Made with an Old Fisherman—A Fish that wouldn't be Lifted.**

A Deer Island (Me.) letter to the New York Sun tells this humorous story of a young athlete's adventure with an electric fish:

"You look like a likely feller," said an old fisherman in oil skins, who was unloading a doryful of mackerel, to a lusty young man in knickerbockers and a white flannel shirt.

"Yes," replied the young man, "I'm called pretty strong in the Skowhegan Athletic Club."

"Did you ever lift much fish?" asked the old fellow throwing a huge netful of tinkers on the dock and looking his companion over with a critical eye.

"I never saw the fish I couldn't lift." The fisherman thrust his hand into his pocket, from which after a violent struggle and much invective, he hauled out a very flat, light leather pocketbook that was closed with a strap and a piece of rope yarn. He took out a clean ten-dollar bill and said: "I'm going on eighty-year old next muster day, but I'll bet ten dollars even you can't lift a fish that I can."

"Where's your fish?" asked Skowhegan.

"Well, I'll tell you. Here's a fish," and he poked among the mackerel, and pointed to a large, solid, skate-like fish in the bottom of the dory. "Let's see; it's about five foot up to the dock. I'll bet you the ten dollars you can't toss the fish up there."

"I don't want to take your money," replied the young man, magnanimously, as a number of spectators drew around, "but if you've got half a dozen of the fish string 'em all together and give me something worth doing. I've lifted 500 pounds before breakfast."

"Oh, yes, I've heard you," said the old man, somewhat warmly. "You're the man that ate a piece of rubber hose for breakfast and didn't find out it wasn't sausage till somebody told you. See that thumb nail?" he asked holding up a curious-looking stub with a horny substance upon it. "Well, I s'arved 'prentice once to a boxmaker, and used to put in all the screws with that nail and pull 'em out when they broke out with my teeth. You know me, and I'll stick to it that you can't heave the fish up to the dock, and there's the money."

The Skowhegan athlete thus called upon deposited \$10 with the owner of the mackerel canning shop, who had joined the party, and went down the ladder into the boat while the old fisherman climbed up on the dock to watch the feat.

"Stand back there!" shouted the fish tosser, rolling up his sleeves. "This fish might bit you, old man, and knock some of the blow out of you."

"Heave away," said the man in oil-skins, tipping a wink at the crowd in general.

The young man now stepped into the dory and poked away the tinkers (small mackerel) that were sliding about. Standing on the edge of the boat he stooped down, grasped the skate-like fish, and lifted, raising it about a foot. Then, uttering a yell, he staggered a moment and fell with a resounding splash into the water, nearly capsizing the boat in accomplishing the feat, which was received with shouts of laughter from the dock, the old fisherman fairly dancing a hornpipe on the rail.

"What's the matter with you?" he shouted, as the unfortunate athlete scrambled into the dory again, swearing like a pirate. "Trying to upset the boat, are you?"

"Who struck me?" Some one are gone a knock on the head just as I was lifting."

"Nonsense," said some one in the crowd. "You wasn't touched."

"I'll take my oath I felt something hit me. If this is a skin game I want to know it." Bracing himself firmly in the boat he again grasped the fish in both hands and raised it three feet, and then fish, athlete and all went over backward among the tinkers. Man, fish, oars and balers were mixed up for a moment. At last the Skowhegan lifter made a break for the dock, and once upon it sank down on a pile of boards. He was as white as a sheet and covered with scales from head to foot.

"Send for the apothecary," he gasped, as the men crowded round.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" "I've had a stroke," whispered the victim. "The minute I stooped to lift I felt it a-runnin' all over me. It's in our family, but I've got it bad," and here he rubbed his arms and legs. "It knocked me clean off my feet," he added, "and my limbs felt like sticks. Send—" but here a roar of laughter broke from the men, and one of them, seizing him by the arm and jerked him to his feet.

"You're all right, my lad; only next time don't go fooling around old Amos. He's a hard nut."

"Here's your money sonny," said the old man, holding out the bill, you've earned it."

"What do I mean?" he continued.

"Why, jest this: You havn't had a shock

of paralysis. You tried tew left one of these torpeders. They'll knock a horse if you take 'em right."

The athlete looked vacantly ahead, took back his money and left amid the renewed laughter of the crowd.

"He'll have a yarn to tell the Skowhegan folks," said the perpetrator of the joke, "but I do hate to hear a man blow and thought I'd take him down. Injured? No, sir-ee. He'll feel stiff for an hour or so, but it won't harm him. I've been struck by 'em a hundred times and it's no fun I can tell you. It's just like being struck by a mild stroke of lightning. I don't generally touch 'em, but a man gave me a dollar to fetch one in, so I kept it in the boat. They'll shock you right through the net. When I was hauling in the tinker seine this morning, I kiew I had a shockfish from the jerking of my arms. The shocks come right up the wet cording, so that sometimes you can't hang on anyhow. I've seen a man who struck one with an iron harpoon, thinking it a skate, knocked down so quick he never knew what hit him."

**Governor Jarvis at Louisville.**

On "Governors' Day" at the Louisville Exposition, the Governor of North Carolina spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen—I it with peculiar pleasure that I greet you here this evening. I stand, I believe as near the spot that divided the two sections of our country twenty years ago as any spot that could be selected. Across the river were those who wore the blue. On this side of the river rested those who wore the gray. And whatever the differences were that kept us apart then, I am glad to hear the Governor of Missouri and the Governor of Indiana say here today that they and their people have buried the past, and now we have but on country, one flag and one destiny. [Applause.] The unity of feeling has been brought about and accomplished by many circumstances. We have had different efforts at reconstruction; Congress took its hand at it, and, without any comments upon the success of its plans whatever, I pass on. Patriots then took took its hand at it, with its beautiful centennials of the great battles through which our common ancestors passed one hundred years ago and more. Then business laid its hand upon the reconstruction of our country, and whatever may have been the success or failure of other plans of reconstruction, business has made it and accomplished it and to-day the American people in this grand old State, or in any other State in the South or the fair North, upon the shores of the Atlantic or upon the shores of the Pacific, can meet together as American citizens; can meet together as brethren working together for the prosperity of a common country and the happiness of all the people. [Applause.] This exhibition here is one of several that we have had in this business of the reconstruction of the country, and it is with peculiar pleasure that I am permitted, as Governor of one of the Southern States, to meet here with you this evening and rejoice with you at the business prosperity of the country as exhibited here in this great exhibition that you are now conducting.

The great North has grown rich and prosperous. The great West has grown up with unequalled rapidity. Two great sections full of wealth and prosperity of both these sections of our common country, but we invite the people and the capital of the North and the people and the capital of the West to come down South; and if they come, we will promise to give them a different reception from what we did twenty years ago. [Applause.]

But ladies and gentlemen, it only remains now for me to thank you for your attention; it only remains for me to say that North Carolina is in sympathy with this exposition, and in sympathy with the great industries that the South is rapidly moving forward within the path of prosperity.

While we feel that we have many advantages as a manufacturing people, and while we may think that manufactures will prosper in the South, there is one thing I would not have the Southern people forget, and that is that by nature the South is peculiarly an agricultural section, and that it becomes us, while we encourage the great manufacturing interests, not to neglect the great agricultural interests of the South. [Applause.] Upon the agricultural interest chiefly depends the prosperity of the South. It is the Agriculturist that supplies the teeming millions of the earth, and upon agriculture of the South every section of the country is more or less dependent. The manifold looms and factories and spindles of New England, the great factories of the East, are using the material that comes from the South; they are dependent upon our prosperity, and I now have seen with mine eyes and witnessed with mine ears that you are in sympathy with the increasing prosperity of the South, the

increasing lines of railways, and the business ramifications that connect and make one the various sections of the country. It is for the good of our country that no one section of it is entirely independent of the other, but that we are mutually dependent upon each other and make helps and supports to each other. With such a country and people, and such a union of interests and sentiments, who can tell its future? Its future may be boundless, its people happy, if we will only regard the great lessons that nature has taught us. My friends, once the people of this country neglected these great lessons. When we come to look at a dividing line to divide this great country, we can find none. We find no great mountain cutting the country from east to west. No great river divides it from the east to the west, but all the great ranges of mountains and rivers flow and run north and south. God, in his wisdom, intended that this country should be one. Nature, in its every-day lessons, teaches us that it should be one. Let this people be one, not only as American citizens living under one flag, but one in sympathy with each other from one boundary of the country to the other.

**Thurman Interviewed.**

Ex-Senator Thurman, of Ohio, who is in Washington in attendance upon the Supreme court, was interviewed by a reporter:

"How about politics in Ohio?" queried the reporter.

"I know nothing more than everybody else does about politics, and less than many people. But there is one thing Democrats should keep in mind while people are hunting around for outside causes for the result of the Ohio election, that is, that the real reason is lost sight of. This, in a nutshell, is that the people are tired of the rule of the Republican party. That same cause will carry Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey."

"How will the result affect the presidential election?"

"As a matter of course favorably."

"And the Senatorship?"

"That I have nothing to say about, except that I am not a candidate for that or any other place—except a quiet place to rest and enjoy myself."

"How do they feel in Ohio about the civil rights decision just rendered?"

"I don't know how others feel, but I made the longest speech I ever delivered in the Senate against the bill, taking much the same ground the court took. I am satisfied."

**What We Owe.**

N. Y. Herald.

Twenty-eight cents was the per capita proportion of the national debt in 1853. In 1865 the cost of the war had swollen the per capita to more than seventy-eight dollars and the annual interest per capita was four dollars and twenty-nine cents. Then the payment of the debt began, and on the 1st of July last the per capita principal was only twenty-eight dollars, showing an average reduction of nearly three dollars per capita for each of the last eighteen years. The interest charge per capita is now ninety-five cents. The elaborate analysis made by the Treasury Department, from which these figures are extracted, shows that there was less cash in the coffers of the government in 1861 than in any other of the twenty-seven years embraced in the document, the amount then being less than three million dollars, as against three hundred and fifty-five millions cash in the Treasury to-day. The monthly interest charge, which in 1857 was only one hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars, had nine years later grown to the maximum of twelve and a half millions, and is now down to four and a quarter millions.

**A BAD PRACTICE.**—It is reported that the man hanged in New York yesterday was "given stimulants" before the execution. This is only another way of seeing that he was allowed to become gloriously drunk. He also had a hypodermic injection of morphia administered. If such stupefying processes are to be permitted, it might be as well to give the convict chloroform at once, thus saving his neck and his feelings.—*Phila. Record.*

**HUNTERS BITTEN.**—Messrs. Jno. F. Anthony and Bob. Hinson went 'possum hunting Saturday night. While trying to keep the dog from bruising the 'possum Mr. Anthony was severely bitten on the hand. A few minutes later the dog, while trying to get the 'possum, bit the end of Mr. Hinson's thumb. In a few minutes more the dog had a fit and continues to have them since. The hands of both gentlemen are very sore and painful.—*Lincoln Press.*

**A Majority Over All.**

The full returns from the Ohio election show that Hoadly, Democrat, not only has a majority of 12,529 over Foraker, Republican, but he has a majority of 1,383 over his Republican, Greenback and Prohibition opponents combined, and this despite the fact that the Republican vote shows an increase of 60,000 over that of last fall. The total vote this year is 721,464, nearly 3,503 less than was cast at the presidential election in 1880. At that election Garfield's majority over Hancock was 34,227, the late election thus showing a difference in favor of the Democracy of 46,956. In the State Senate the Democrats have elected 22 Democrats against 11 Republicans, and in the House 60 Representatives against 45 Republicans, giving a Democratic majority of 26 on joint ballot.

**Civil Rights.**

**An Indignation Meeting—An "Insult to Our Race."**

A Chicago telegram dated Oct. 25, says, a well attended meeting of colored citizens was held last night for the purpose of protesting against the recent decision of the Supreme Court on the civil rights bill. Rev. W. Polk, pastor of the church in which the meeting was held, said in the course of his remarks: "This decision is an insult to our race. I have always been a good Republican but now I believe we should give our allegiance to that party which will give us our rights even if it runs devils tickets or Ben Butler."

**Surprised by Wealth.**

An Irishman named Peter McEnery died in Birmingham, Conn., a short time ago. He had come over from Ireland but a few years before. He left a family of seven children, the oldest of whom is 21. He kept a small grocery store, kept up some show of respectability, yet living apparently on almost nothing at all. At his death he left no will, and the widow and orphans expected to fare but poorly. As the administrator went to work, however, he revealed new wonders at every step. First a large amount of real estate belonging to McEnery, and amounting to about \$100,000 in value, was discovered. Hardly was the surprise at this over when word came from Fish & Hatch, in New York, that they held \$150,000 in bonds for McEnery. How the man ever collected so great an amount of property is a mystery to his family as much as to everybody else.

**GRAFTED SPANISH CHESTNUTS.**—At the recent fair in Cecil county, Maryland, some fine Spanish chestnuts were exhibited by Mr. George Balderston, of Colorado, who grafted some of our native trees with this variety a few years ago, and this fall raised a few quarts of them. They ripen some weeks in advance of our native chestnuts and sell in our cities for twenty-five cents per quart, which is about five times the ordinary price of our native fruit when it ripens a few weeks later. Farmers and others so situated as to be able to give their attention to raising chestnuts would do well to plant this variety, or probably what is better graft, their native trees with cuttings from the Spanish chestnut.—*Cecil Democrat.*

**DAVID DAVIS AHEAD.**—The Chicago News says, the well-known "drop game," recently tried with success on a Brooklyn bank depositor, developed an anecdote that is told Judge David Davis. The Judge was making a deposit at a Washington bank, and stood counting a large pile of money at a desk. A well-dressed young man stepped up and with a bow and a smile, said: "Judge, you have dropped a bill." Sure enough, there lay a clean, crisp, genuine \$2 bill in the depositor's feet. "Thank you," blandly answered the Judge, placing his ponderous right foot over the bill on the floor, and calmly resumed his counting. The sharper, taken aback by the coolness of the proceeding, disappeared, and the Judge was \$2 ahead by the transaction.

**CRAZED BY RELIGION.**—Noah Alexander, aged about 20 years, from the west end of the county, was lodged in jail last week. He is violently insane and was so dangerous that the Sheriff found it necessary to confine him in an iron cage. He calls for blood, and breaking a glass from the window would crush it in his hands and watch the blood flow. His songs, cries and curses could be heard over the west end of town. His insanity is said to have been occasioned by religious excitement at a protracted meeting he attended a short time ago. Within the last few days he has become more quiet.—*Lincoln Press.*

**Scenes in Holland.**

W. A. Croft, in a letter from Holland says: I rode a hundred miles across the country yesterday. It is about as monotonous as the Jersey flats. I don't see how on earth it is that Dutch artists, old and new, have succeeded in expressing so much beauty and sentiment in their pictures of these level lands, which possess intrinsically so little of sentiment or beauty. Most of our way lay through the polders—land which was once the bottom of the sea. No fences anywhere. Along the railroad, on the land side, was a broad deep ditch, level full of water, and at right angles with this other ditches at intervals of a few rods flowed level full of water and disappeared in the grass far inland. On the ocean side of the train a huge embankment rose, and sails were visible above it, and foamy waves leaped up here and there and peeped over jealously at the fertile acres and the broad backed bridle cows grazing. On the embankment windmills, with tremendous wings like the sails of a merchantman, worked their pumps in sluggish confidence of victory. Every fifty rods above the ditches wooden gates rose to cover small bridges set there for convenience—about the only object, except the cows to break the view. Attempts are being made to grow trees, and at rather distant intervals a little house is set, and the occupant has carted on enough dry vegetable mold to make himself a garden.

All that I have ever heard about the neatness of these Dutch people seems justified. He who rises early will see the inhabitants swarming like bees, armed with the implements of renovation. Men are on their knees on the sidewalks; women with scrubbing brushes cling to the windows with violent gestures; the knockers shine like gold. At the church door lies a mat of several rags, and by the side of the mat stands a man, his brow furrowed with anxiety, and when I pass without seeing it he chatters at me a word or two of guttural expostulation, and pointing to the mat turns me back to wipe my feet on it. There is not a speck of mud in the streets but there is a little dirt, and the care-worn guardian knows that dust is a subtle enemy that loves to fly up and roost on the stained-glass oriels and the carven pulpits.

I have not seen one of the wonderful dairies which are the pride of Holland, but an told of one by an acquaintance. "She took me to see the dairy," says he. "There were twenty cows, each in a pretty little room by herself. There were no stalls and no mangers. The rooms were finished in the native woods of the Rhine valley, and much of it was polished. Each cow's tail was fastened up to a ring in the wall, and a brook of fresh water ran through every room. The floor was without a speck, and mosquito bars and neat chintz curtains hung at the windows. There was a straw mat at each door on which every visitor was expected to wipe his feet if they were clean; if they were soiled, he was expected to go outside and make himself presentable before approaching the cows."

**NEW SIAMESE SWORD OF STATE.**—The St. James Gazette says, a new sword of state, meant to replace the old weapon handed down from remote ages as the symbol of authority in Siam, has just been completed for the King by Mr. J. W. Benson. The blade is double edged, spear-shaped, and fifteen inches long. Toward the hilt it is inlaid with gold of varying tints, wrought in different devices, the figure of Buddha being prominent on each side. The handle which has no cross guard, is 7 inches in length, and consists of enameled work studded with diamonds, while the sheath is one entire piece of wrought gold, set with precious stones.

**A PERPLEXING MYSTERY.**—The average American cannot help wondering what the necessity may be for such frequent repairs in the Executive Mansion. Regularly every season it receives an extensive overhauling at a large expense. Surely no one begrudges the President pleasant or even palatial quarters. But how it can be possible for any building to undergo such endless repairs as the poor old White House is made to suffer remains a profound and perplexing mystery.—*New York World.*

**Life will frequently languish, even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some enjoyment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit.**

**Administrator's Notice!**

Having qualified as administrator of John M. Marlin, dec'd., notice is hereby given to all creditors to present their claims to the undersigned on or before the 5th day of October 1884, and all persons indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment. This the 28th day of September, 1883.

JOEL P. MARLIN,  
Adm'r of John M. Marlin.

**AYER'S  
Ague Cure**

contains an antidote for all malarial diseases which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral or deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

**WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE** to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chills, Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists.

**HOSTETTER'S  
CELEBRATED  
STOMACH  
BITTERS**

Other medicines are advertised as being superior to Hostetter's Bitters. They are not. Hostetter's Bitters is the only medicine that cures the stomach, liver and bowels, and restores the system to its natural state. It is the only medicine that cures the stomach, liver and bowels, and restores the system to its natural state. It is the only medicine that cures the stomach, liver and bowels, and restores the system to its natural state.

**CHILLARINE! CHILLARINE!**

CHILLARINE, the Great CHILL CURE of the day. WARRANTED TO CURE every time or the MONEY REFUNDED. For sale only at FENNIS'S Drug Store.

**ASTHMA CURED!**

**Magic Asthma Cure.**—Persons afflicted with this distressing complaint should try this Medicine. A few hours will entirely remove all oppression, and the patient can breathe and sleep with perfect ease and freedom. Price \$1. For sale at case and freedom. FENNIS'S Drug Store.

**DRS. J. J. & E. M. SUMMERELL.**

**OFFICE:**  
CORNER MAIN AND BANK STREETS.  
OFFICE HOURS:  
8 to 10 A. M. and 3 to 5 P. M.

**BAGGING & TIES!**

GIXENS will note that I now have on hand and will continue to receive through the season, in order to furnish ALL Bagging and three different kind of Ties, that I will sell at very close prices. Orders by mail filled promptly. Truly,  
J. D. GASKILL.

**State of North Carolina,**  
ROWAN COUNTY.—In Superior Court.

J. C. McClessee, Adm'r of Samuel Steidliff, Plaintiff, vs. Elizabeth McClessee and John T. Steidliff, for assets.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that John T. Steidliff, one of the defendants in the above entitled case, is a non-resident of this State, it is ordered that publication be made in the "CAROLINA WATCHMAN," a newspaper published in Rowan County, notifying the said John T. Steidliff to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Rowan county, or before Monday the 5th day of November 1883, and answer the petition, a copy of which will be deposited in the office of said Clerk, within ten days from this date. And the said John T. Steidliff is notified that if he fail to answer the petition within that time the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded by the petition. This the 13th September, 1883.

J. M. BIRAH, Clk Sup. Court  
of Rowan County.

**J. R. KEEN,  
Salisbury, N. C.**

Agent for PHOENIX IRON WORKS,  
Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills,  
AND  
TURBINE WHEELS  
Also, Contractor and Builder.

Ja 23, '83.—17

