

The Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 25 1885.

NO 36

VOL. XVI.—THIRD SERIES

GREGORY'S Dyspeptic Mixture.

POSITIVE AND PERMANENT CURE FOR
Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

Prepared by Dr. W. W. GREGORY,
Charlotte, N. C.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Nov. 29, 1884.
Dr. W. W. Gregory: I hereby certify
that I have recently used your Dyspeptic
Mixture with very great benefit to myself
and cordially recommend it to others.

R. P. WARING,
Member N. C. Legislature.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Dr. W. W. Gregory: I take great pleasure
in testifying to the value of your
Dyspeptic Mixture. I have used it with great
benefit and cheerfully recommend it to any one
suffering from dyspepsia, indigestion and a
general condition of liver and bowels.

D. A. JENKINS,
N. C. State Treasurer.

Sold by J. H. McAden and T. C. Smith &
T. F. Klutz & Co.,
Charlotte, N. C., and T. F. Klutz & Co.,
Salisbury, N. C.

HEADQUARTERS FOR STUBBEBAKER AND TENNESSEE FARM WAGONS.

COLUMBUS, WATERTOWN & CINCINNATI
Buggies & Spring Wagons.

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Planing, Engine and Boiler Fittings—Guns,
Pistols, Shells, Cartridges, Wads and Caps,
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Axes, Shovels and Spades, Building
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HOME-RAISED CLOVER SEED.
We have everything else usually kept in First Class
Stores. I have on hand
a large stock of the above, and offer them for the next
few days at less money than they have ever
sold in this country.

W. SMITHDEAL.
Salisbury, Oct. 23, '84.

STANDS AT THE HEAD!

THE LIGHT-RUNNING
"DOMESTIC"
Sewing Machine.

That it is the acknowledged Leader is a
fact that cannot be disputed.

MANY IMITATE IT.
NONE EQUAL IT.

The Largest Assortment.
The Lightest Running.
The Most Beautiful Wood Work.

AND IS WARRANTED
To be made of the best material.
To do any and all kinds of work.
To be complete in every respect.

Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.
Address,
DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
Richmond, Va.

By Klutz & Co.,
Salisbury, N. C.

HARDWARE

WHEN YOU WANT
HARDWARE
AT LOW FIGURES
Call on the undersigned at NO. 2, Granite
D. A. ATWELL,
Salisbury, N. C., June 8th—1885.

DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME?

This question has been asked me so often since my return from New Orleans that I am constrained to give my friends a little taste of just the kind of a good time I had, and allow the generous reader to say if it was a good time or no.

When not in the office—our headquarters, at the head of the exhibit—I was most always to be found in the large mineral division, which was a very attractive place, I assure you, as we had many rich and rare beauties there. Part of my duty was to explain those minerals; tell where they were found, and interest the visitor in the exhibit; impress on him the advantages that North Carolina offered to intelligent labor and capital. This was very entertaining work, especially when you had an interested, intelligent listener who was enquiring for a purpose. But the great mass of visitors were mere curiosity hunters—people who were looking for something to amuse them—and from that class I shall draw but a single sample.

The day was warm, excessively so in that vast building where there was practically no ventilation, and I am engaged in arranging the gold nuggets and gems in show cases, trying to produce pleasing effects. A voice near says: "Where are the gems?"

I look up and bow to a stylishly dressed lady of well rounded proportions; in fact, she might be considered stout, by some—a mere matter of taste, you know—and replied: "I am just removing them from the safe, they will be ready for inspection in a moment."

"They tell me you have some very large diamonds here, I wish to see them."

"No, we have no diamonds on exhibition, though our State has produced some very pretty diamonds."

"What State is yours?"

"North Carolina."

"Tell me, please, what is that curious looking stone with red hair in it?"

"That is Venus hair, or arrows of love stone; the mineral name is saganite."

"Where is that from?"

"Several localities—Iredell and Alexander counties, produce choice specimens."

"Are those counties in North Carolina?"

"Yes."

"It's real curious, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"What are those long, green glass things?"

"He was looking for other minerals when he found some of these rich green crystals, and sending them to a scientist, they were analyzed and pronounced so rare as to deserve a distinguishing name, and he called it hiddenite."

"Why that is very interesting—I did not know North Carolina produced so many gems. Are all the gems in this case from North Carolina?"

"Yes."

By this time I was beginning to feel tired and warm, and my mouth was dry, but there was no escape. Wiping the perspiration from my face I stood resigned for what was to follow.

"What is that large yellow stone?"

I began by calling her attention to the labels. Great care had been taken to have everything labeled in the most elaborate manner, and in a large, bold hand. She seemed to take no interest in the labels, so I leaned over the show case and began reading the label for her:

"The large yellow stone is 'the Hendricks gem.'"

"Yes, I see, but what is it?"

I continued reading: "The most exquisite citrine topaz"—"it is a topaz."

"Where was it found?"

Still reading: "found in 1879 in Burke county, N. C."

"I see the New York exhibit has the Cleveland gem."

"Yes."

"Why is this called the Hendricks gem?"

"I presume it was a fancy of the owner."

"Who is the owner?"

"Mr. Hidden."

comes to be written, will tell no such story. The truth must come out. If the Northern armies were always so inferior to those of the South at the Wilderness, during the Seven Days fight, at Chickamauga, at all points when they came into conflict, as it is the pleasure of the Northern war historians to represent, then they tell a story exceedingly creditable to the unity of their purpose or the warmth of their patriotism. For it is a statistical and admitted fact that the population of the North was double that of the South; that it was homogeneous while that of the South was part free and part slave; that the North was united while the South of its smaller white population furnished almost as many soldiers to the Federal army as to those of the South.

The whole number of troops in the Federal army may be officially accurately stated at 2,500,000. It is put down by official authority as greater than this.

Our forces were put down at 600,000 in service during the whole war. It may have been larger, but not to a great degree, for the white male population could not have borne a greater strain than it did.

These sort of controversies are unpleasant, and they settle nothing except to unsettle our opinion of men we had respected for manly candor. It is no disgrace to be beaten by brave men, nor would be any reflection upon Northern valor to admit that it made use of superior numbers and its manifold advantages to attain its ultimate ends, results not to be deplored except in connection with the great loss of life and property entailed. A truthful history of the war will bring discredit upon neither Southern nor Northern courage. An uncautious one will go far to harm the personal character of him who writes it.—*Asheville Citizen.*

Shakespeare Versus Hask.

"I tell you, sir," said an eloquent boarder, referring to Shakespeare, "that man has left his impress upon the thought of the world, and his influence will reach to the remotest posterity. When we come under the influence of his genius we no longer grudge the dust, thinking only of bread and butter, but we—" Just then the dinner bell rang, and he fell over a chair in his mad haste to get at the provender, and at the next moment he was eating soup at the rate of a quart a minute.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A Good Test.

"In my opinion, animals are color-blind."

"I don't believe it."

"I do. I have been trying some experiments which convinced me that none of our domestic animals can distinguish colors."

"Try another, and you'll change your mind."

"What's that?"

"Robe yourself in a red shawl and walk through a field where a bull is grazing.—*Chicago Ledger.*

THE WAY WITH HER.—Miss Miggs—I hope, my dear, that you don't go to the theatre alone.

Estelle—No, indeed. I never think of going unless I am chaperoned.

Miss Miggs—Unless you are what?

Estelle—Chaperoned.

Everything is education: The trains of thought we may be indulging in this very hour; the society with whom we may mingle; the conversations, walks, and incidents of life, all prove component parts of our intellectual advancement if properly directed. We should be thankful for the infinite means for impressions and excitement which the world provides to keep our faculties awake and in action, while it is our important duty to preside over and guide the action to a noble and divine result. Nature, the master of teachers, reveals no lessons of idleness, but appeals to us all to "be up and doing" if we would be happy.

Intemperance in Cats.

We have known instances where young ladies have made us feel a sense of discomfort and annoyance at their display of an unbecoming fondness for pet cats. Now that there is danger to them even from falling in love with cats, we copy the following horrible picture from the New York Times as a hint against a vulgar and obnoxious habit:

The woman who was arrested the other day on the charge of habitual and disorderly cat keeping was a melancholy example of the effects of intemperance in cats. She confessed that she habitually kept eighteen cats and their kittens in her rooms, and her appearance showed that she was wholly incapable of reformation.

Intemperance in cats is a feminine vice, and it is very seldom that a man becomes addicted to it. The Countess Della Torre, who is frequently brought before the London police courts, sometimes keeps as many as sixty or seventy cats, and other women almost as bad are from time to time mentioned in the English police reports. In some of these cases the thirst for cats is probably inherited, and in others intemperance in cats is due to moral weakness and absence of self-control. Usually, however, it is misery which draws women to cats. They seek in the society of those demoralizing animals forgetfulness of the miseries of daily life and a temporary excitement, the subsidence of which plunges them still deeper in misery.

The passion for cats, whatever may be its origin in any individual case, is the sure ruin of the wretched woman who yields to it. Under the fatal fascination of cats she loses all interest in high and noble things. She neglects her proper occupation and forgets her friends. She cares for nothing but to shut herself up in her room and there indulge in reckless and prolonged intemperance in cats. At a later stage in her career she loses all sense of shame, and does not hesitate to show herself surrounded by cats. She reduces herself to abject poverty by squandering her money on cats, and if she escapes imprisonment as a disorderly cat keeper she is finally found dead in the midst of her cats. The possibility of such degradation could hardly fail to deter any woman from indulging in cats were it placed fairly before her, and it is the duty of philanthropic women to leave no means untried to promote total abstinence from cats among those of the weaker sex.

A Talk With the Girls.

Come, girls, let me tell you something. You all look so nice in your pretty home dresses, with your busy fingers employed in fancy work! But some day a change will come in your way of living. You will go to make another home, and when that time comes you will not forget the home and friends of your girlhood. They will ever be fresh in your memory. Faces will come to you in your day dreams that are ever young. Your thoughts will go back to days spent without care. Yes, when you have been married a few years you will wonder how mother kept the buttons on, holes darned and patched, and was so cheerful all the time.

Then you will know how she sat by the midnight fire and mended that her children might be comfortable; not until then will you know how dear your mother was.

Now lay aside your fancy work, paint less, play less on the piano, but go into the kitchen and help your careworn mother. No one will think less of you for it. That young man who pretends to think so much of you does not want a wife who knows nothing of woman's work.

And again, girls, the boys that sit on the back seat at church, and laugh and

talk, do not want a wife who will have no more respect for herself than to do the same. You have more influence than you think. Take aunt Polly's advice, and see how good and useful you can be.—

Not Wanted.

Did you ever have a period in your life when you felt as if no one wanted you? I had that experience for two days and it nearly broke my heart. I wanted to die. It was a terrible thought that no one wanted me. I was a stranger in a strange city looking for a job. I went from place to place and got only a gruff answer, "No, sir." No one wanted me. It seemed as if the Son of God must have had something of that feeling when he was down here; no one wanted him. The world did not want him; it put him to death.

"His locks were wet with the dew of night." He looked toward heaven and sighed. He saw sickness and disease and death all around him, and no one wanted him, so he looked toward home. I can imagine he was home-sick. There he was loved by all. Won't you have this rejected King? Won't you do as Mary and Martha did—receive him into your heart and home.—*Moody.*

Towed by a Sea Monster.

The Thrilling Adventure of Some Fishermen in a Frail Canoe.

"We were fishing near the Seychelle Island. All at once there appeared, about five hundred yards from the boat, a shark. I should guess it was at least sixty feet. It didn't seem to notice us, but kept right along, and finally the old canoe ran right alongside, and hauling off the man let him have it right behind the side fins, and at the same minute the men dog their paddles into the water and away the canoe went, and I tell you, my boy, it was just in time to save my bacon, as the moment the iron struck, the fish seemed to rise like a big island right into the air. I never saw such a sight and when it came down you'd have thought the bottom had fallen out of the ocean from the whirlpool it made and a wave struck us that would have knocked an American boat all to pieces, but as it was we scened for a moment to shoot into the air, fell back with a crash, and then came the yell of the man for the rest to look out for line; but in the confusion it took a turn about a paddle and jerked it and the man overboard quicker than I can think of it, and talk about hissing rope. I've been foul of some lively old whales in my time, but it wasn't nothing to this. The line fairly played tunes and hissed and smoked like a steam engine, we a-pulling after it as fast as we could, and it was a good thing we did, as in a few seconds the fish had taken all the slack, and there came a jerk that sent every man to the bottom of the boat and I nearly overboard, and I thought the planks had been torn clean out of her.

"At first her bow went under, and when the man climbed at she was half full of water and going along at a rate that almost tore the buttons off your coat from the friction. It was a lucky thing for us that there was no sea on, or we should have filled in no time but as it was, we got her head up in the air, and off we went, asking no favors of anyone. We headed right out to sea, a matter of four miles, and then it changed again and struck in shore, and when about a mile off the beach we took in the slack, so we got a lance into him, and I let him have four or five bullets about the head, and to make a long story short, after a flurry that beat anything I ever saw, the shark gave up and rolled over, and we got lines up, and after an hour's hard pulling got it around, and at ebb tide it was high and dry.

"Talk about fish—it looked more like a big whale than anything I ever saw. It was about twelve foot high and about seventy foot long. The mouth wasn't on the underside, and it had teeth hardly larger than a codfish, and in its throat a curious whale-bone like arrangement. I believe they call 'em 'gill-rakers,' but they were used just about as a whale uses its bone—small food is taken into the mouth and kind of strained through the 'rakers' and so into the throat. The natives cut it up and got about ten barrels of oil, so that the fish paid about \$200."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Whenever we see a fashionable female lugging round a pug dog, we feel a good deal of sympathy for the dog.

NOTICE!

GO to Mrs. James M. Furceron's to get Gentsmen and Ladies' clothing made. Satisfaction guaranteed. Will also keep boarding house. Residence southeast end of Inness Street. Salisbury, N. C., June 23 1885. 33:p.4t.

NEW STORE!

HAVING bought out the Grocery Department of J. D. McNeely, I intend conducting a First Class
GROCERY STORE.
My stock will consist of SUGAR, COFFEE, BACON, LARD, FISH, Molasses, FLOUR, Butter, Chickens, Eggs, &c. Also, Canned Fruits, Nuts, Crackers, &c.—in fact, I intend keeping everything usually kept in the Grocery and Provision line; and by close attention to business and selling low for cash, I hope to merit at least a portion of the trade. Come and see me at J. D. McNeely's Store. J. M. HADEN, June 25, 1885. 2nd.

ALL ENTIRELY New & Fresh!

J. S. McCUBBINS, Sr.,
Will continue the business at the Old Stand, having closed out all the old stock. His present stock is entirely New, and will be offered on reasonable terms for Cash, Barter, or first-class Mortgages.
Those who could not pay all their mortgages last year may renew, if papers are satisfactory and appliance is made at once. HIS STOCK CONSISTS OF
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Confectioneries, Crockery, Drugs, Bacon, Lard, Corn, Flour, Feed and Provisions of all kinds, with a full line of
High Grade Fertilizers, as cheap as the cheapest. You will do well to see him before purchasing elsewhere.
Salisbury, April 1st, 1885.—25:1f

Notice to Settle:

All persons indebted to the estate of Mrs. Julia L. Smyth, deceased, are requested to make immediate settlement; and all persons having claims against her estate are notified that they must present them to the undersigned on or before the 30th of April, 1886, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.
ROBERT MURPHY,
ANDREW MURPHY,
Ex'rs of Julia Smyth.
April 21st, 1885.—6w

Yadkin Mineral Springs Academy,
PALMERSVILLE (Stanly Co.) N. C.
C. H. MARTIN, Principal.
Graduate of Wake Forest College, and also at the University of Virginia.
Term, \$5 to \$15 per session of 6 months.
The only school in this section that teaches the University of Va. methods—Vigorous exercise, thorough—The cheapest school in the U. S., where the best world-renowned methods are taught.—Good board only \$6 per month.
27 1/2 Address, C. H. MARTIN, Prin.

ORGANIZED 1859



CAPITAL & ASSETS, \$750,000.

J. RHODES BROWN, (WM. C. COART, T. Pres't. Sec'y.)
Twenty-sixth Annual Statement.
JANUARY 1, 1885.
LIABILITIES. \$201,000 00
Cash Unpaid..... \$4,000 00
Unadjusted Losses..... \$4,000 00
Reserve for re-insurance and all other liabilities..... 162,111 50
Net Surplus..... \$55,928 50
\$741,380 50

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS:
Cash in National Bank..... \$7,991 95
Cash in hands of Agents..... 11,972 52
United States Registered Bonds..... 12,846 35
State and Municipal Bonds..... 51,071 96
National Bank Stocks..... 156,490 00
Other Local Stocks..... 114,730 00
Real Estate (unimproved city property)..... 97,291 17
Loans, secured by first mortgages..... 66,413 81
Total Assets, - \$741,380 52
J. ALLEN BROWN, Agt. ca
Salisbury, N. C., March 14, 1885.

SOMETHING NEW!

LAMP CHIMNEYS for sale at that will not break by heat, for sale at ENNIS'S.

DIAMOND DYES—All colors you wish at ENNIS'S.

DON'T FORGET to call for Seeds of all kinds at ENNIS'S.

TO THE LADIES:

Call and see the Flower Pots at ENNIS'S.

Administrator's Notice!

All persons having claims against the estate of John S. Hild, dec'd., are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned on or before the 8th of May 1886, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.
D. M. BARRER, Adm'r.
May 6th, 1885.
IT WILL PAY TO GIVE STRIFE'S Indian Vermifuge a trial. It will destroy and expel worms and beautify the complexion.