

Carolina Watchman.

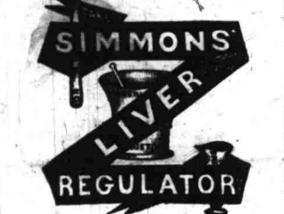
VOL. IV.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY N. C. JUNE 19, 1873.

NO. 40.—WHOLE NO. 880.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY:
J. J. BRUNER,
Proprietor and Editor.
J. J. STEWART,
Associate Editor.

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A WORD TO FARMERS.

Buy a few dollars worth of books every year for your sons and hands and take a good newspaper, they will work better and be more cheerful. Try it.

A WORD TO FARMERS SONS.

You have something to be proud and to boast of. The farm is the keystone to every industrial pursuit. When it succeeds all prosper; when it fails, all flag. Don't think you can't be a great man because you are the son of a farmer. Washington, Webster and Clay were farmer's sons, but while they tilled they studied. So do ye. Buy a good book, one at a time, read and digest it, and then another.

Call and see me and look over books.

COME TO THE PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, And Get a Good Picture.

We will give you a good picture or not let you take it away; for we don't intend that any bad work shall go from this office to injure us and the business. Call and try.

Up Stairs between Parkers and Miss McMurray's.

Call and examine my stock of Wall Paper, Window Shades, Writing paper, Inks &c. Mind I don't intend to be under sold.

Feb. 27, 1873.

Fresh Garden Seeds.

C. R. Barker & Co., would respectfully announce that they have just received a large supply of FRESH GARDEN SEEDS, of every variety from London and Paris.

The public is invited to give them a call at their Drug Store on Main Street.

Jan. 16th.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Like a cradle rocking—rocking.
Silent, peaceful, to and fro—
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below—
Hangs the green earth, swinging towering
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best.
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great Heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed;
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost—
Love divine! of such great loving,
Only mothers know the cost—
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

From the Chicago Times.

THE MODOC WAR—WHAT NEXT?

Now that the "Modoc war" is ended, we shall probably have some hanging. Undoubtedly there ought to be some. So far as the men who treacherously murdered Canby and Thomas are concerned, they should suffer the penalty of their crime. Indian and savage as they are, they undoubtedly understood the nature of the transaction, and should be prepared to accept the legitimate penalty.

Now, that this so-called "war" is ended, the nature of our Indian policy naturally presents itself. Of course, it will produce a universal howl of indignation among the humanitarians of the externalist school to state that we were the aggressors in this Modoc trouble, and that the Indians were no more to blame for starting it than they are for firing Rome in the days of Nero. We made a fair bargain with them with reference to giving them a certain reservation in case they would yield up their lands; and there was also an agreement to pay them \$17,000. Faith was not kept in either case. They were not given the reservation promised them, and they were not paid the money. Under the same circumstances a colony of whites would have been expected to fight, as there was no legal redress, and the world would have applauded them had they made no better fight than was made by these Modocs.

The Sioux war in Minnesota was brought about by the failure of the Government to keep its promises to those Indians; and the same is true of nearly every war that we have had with Indians from the days of King Philip to Capt. Jack.

There is no use in talking of peace policy until we, as a nation, can sufficiently concede to tell the truth to, and keep faith with, these people. The only alternative is a war of extermination which would cost us more in the long run than it did to overthrow the rebellion.

The course suggested by humanity is the cheaper one; but the clamors of the frontiers, and the racial character of the Indian agents, prevent the carrying out of this plan of operations. We shall probably keep on in our present course, robbing them, hanging an Indian when a white is murdered, and putting the white on the back who murders a peaceful Indian, and with now and then an Indian outbreak, like that of the Modocs, to which the Indians have been goaded by flagrant outrages, and whose suppression will cost enormously in blood and treasure.

Such will be the case in the future, unless the country will conclude to put men in power who have the brains and heart to handle this question, and who will be able to comprehend that Indians are not savants; and that sowing injustice, robbery and bad faith will assuredly result in reaping a bloody harvest.

THE "PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY."

LETTER FROM THE GENERAL OF THE NATIONAL GRANGE.

C. D. Beeman, General of the National Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, has written a letter to the Union (N. Y.) Herald, correcting certain statements made by that paper, and setting forth to some extent, the objects of the Order—He says:

The discussion of partisan politics, is forbidden by our constitution, yet we believe that as men, not as Patrons of Husbandry, should as a duty scan very closely the acts of our public servants; that we as producers, while we furnish food for the millions, fight our nation's battles, defend its liberties in time of danger, should of a right have an equal share as such in the making of those laws by which all are governed; that we have a right to demand that in all things, whether political or otherwise, the principles of common honesty shall not be wholly ignored, and to place ourselves in a position to enforce that demand. We acknowledge the fact that mind will always triumph over matter, and that an active mind whose whole thought is to gain the profits of our toil will always be successful so long as we, like the ox, depend only on our muscular power; but we find that the great Ruler has given us brains also, and if he has given us them it was that we might use them. True we have men of active minds and of great wealth arrayed against us, but we begin to realize the fact that they cannot eat their money, and hope that ere many years pass away we will be able to show the great kings of monopoly that there is in our order a most noble conception that a principle is about to be born that to him or her who labors belongs the pay. Yes, even farmers are beginning to believe that they can in a measure fly their own kite; and yet, perhaps, soar as high and continue to hang at the tail of

the kites of others. We see a vast river of wealth continually flowing from the hands for the needy possess their millions. Now, we mean to stop those waters by legislation, if we can; if not by some other honorable means. We know no party; but we consider it the duty of all connected with us, to outside of grange, see to it that the candidates of all parties be men of integrity, whose interest is the welfare of the people, and not political gain. Men profit from knowledge gained by others. The steam engine was not brought to perfection by one man, but each of its inventors took hold where the former left off. So, too, with rascality, each has taken hold where the other left off, until it seems to have outstripped in perfection the steam-engine; but single handed men could not have made rascality such a science; but they have combined, to fleece those who "earn their bread"; and there remains no safety for the producer but to combine also, and, too, as thoroughly as those arrayed against him. Yet our society is not for the farmers alone, but for all whose interest is with us.

The Turn of the Tide.

HENRY WARD BEECHER PLEADS FOR JUSTICE TO THE SOUTH.

Gloving Eulogium of the Valor, Endurance and Honest Devotion of the Confederate Troops—The North Confessed to be by no Means Innocent of the War—A Remarkable Article.

[From the Christian Union, edited by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.]

It was announced from Washington a week ago that on Decoration Day the friends of all soldiers, Union or Confederate, lying buried at Arlington, might visit their graves and adorn them with flowers. It seemed that the acts of good feeling had really dawned, and all wise and tender spirits said "Amen." But next day it was reported that a committee of the Grand Army of the Republic had straightway hastened to the War Department to inquire who is to control the grounds on that occasion, and to bring that "result" might be averted. Various journals last evening also to condemn this intended kindness, it seems worth while to inquire whether there was any excuse for withholding so simple a courtesy.

We recognize, of course, in the protest of these gentlemen a staunch loyalty to their notion of patriotism which is itself admirable. Their mistake, as it seems to us, is a misapprehension of the conditions of the case, both past and present. They assert, and with truth, that after victory so dearly sought as ours there must be no tampering with the spirit which so nearly overcame us. They also assert, and with error, that honor offered to our enemies' dead, or conciliation extended to them living, is such tampering. And here we take issue.

There are two aspects of our late melancholy war which we of the North ought never to forget, and which, practically, we hardly ever remember. One is the fact that, as a community, we did consent to the evergrowing encroachments of slavery, of which war was the logical and inevitable end. Ours is a baser sin than that of the South, for the South had taught itself to believe that slavery derived its strength from the Bible, and it planted itself on the abstract right of the patriarchal institution. Supple doctors of divinity supplied it with scriptural arguments. The churches, most of them at least, did not hesitate to fellowship it. The whole South, religiously, was as solidly orthodox as it was solidly slaveholding. In an enormous agricultural country, where the masses could neither read nor write, and where naturally, the newspapers had almost no part in the education of the people, it was inevitable that a few orators and political managers should control the community. So that slavery and the consequent secession were, to a remarkable degree, the honest cause of the whole people. And with a splendid courage and endurance they followed their disunion flag to wounds and death, as simply and bravely as if it had been the banner of the cross and they the old Crusaders. They were very ignorant and wholly wrong, but they died for the best cause they knew—their idea of patriotism.

But we who believed slavery to be wrong, who could not live our consciences to justify it, still accepted and encouraged it through love of gold and desire of an ignoble peace. We taught the South that it could not demand what we should not be found ready to give. And when, at last, slavery threatened our national life, it was the instinct of self-preservation rather than any nobler sentiment which prompted resistance. In the golden summer of 1860 we went on gathering and spending and living luxurious lives, careless of the portents in the sky. In the early spring of 1861 it was not alone the enemies of the Union who doubted its power to preserve its own integrity. It was its friends: the Secretary of State, the commander-in-chief of its army, the great merchants and great lawyers, alas, too often the great preachers of the great cities! There was nothing in the attitude of the North, almost up to the moment of the firing on Fort Sumter, to check the menace of the South. There was everything to indicate that the Union would quietly fall apart.

Because we are by no means innocent

of the war, therefore it behooves us to speak temporarily of our fellow sinners, however we abhor our common sin. And we ought never to have forgotten that, sharing their guilt, we could not shut them out from that redemption for which we fought. If the objects of the war were not a restored and regenerated Union, but only the triumph of a late-roused North over an insolent and defiant South, then their cause was as much better than ours as honest devotion to an ideal, however mistaken, is better than pure vindictiveness. We have no moral ground to stand upon, unless we meant to make an offering to God of our national sin, and to free them, with ourselves, from the body of that death.

We lose, then, the only harvest worth the reaping from the tears and blood that both sides so plentifully sowed if we will not see our brother in our enemy and a common country in the alien sections.—Sober and discreet travelers in the South, men like Bryant and the great Chief Justice, not easily deceived, testify that they have found everywhere a kindness of feeling which would be encouraged if any answering kindness be cherished in it. If we are not yet lofty enough to forgive the living, who themselves have something to forgive in us, let us at least respect the heroism and the honesty of the dead. They were of our race and of our kindred. They were not greatly different from ourselves. Remember that we invited, through cowardice or greed, the war that they plunged us into through a mad fanaticism; remembering that only a reunited and noble Union can justify the awful cost of blood and agony, shall we refuse to lay flowers of kindness on the turf that eight years of peace have nourished? Let us rather heap it high with blossoms, and if we bring rue for bitter remembrance, and pansies for generous thoughts.

THE FARMER'S COMBINATION IN ILLINOIS.

The farmers' combination in Illinois seems to have resulted in a substantial victory at the election held on last Monday. The candidates of the granges for the judicial benches in the country circuits have been generally successful, while Craig, the candidate of the same organization for the Supreme Court bench, is probably elected over Lawrence, the present Chief Justice. This is the beginning of a movement which has taken deep root in the minds of the agriculturists of the West and North west, and it is to be regretted that its first victory, or indeed any one should be obtained at the expense of judicial independence. A Chicago paper says that "in this contest the old political parties took little interest. They were demoralized and confused by the action of the agriculturists and the villagers, and so allowed the whole affair to drift. It will be fortunate for them if the 'drift' does not carry them off soundings." The success of this popular uprising is remarkable, and indicates that further triumphs in the future are possible. Next fall, in Illinois, the county officers and members of the lower branch of the legislature are to be elected, and a year after State senators and members of Congress, and the plow-holders will enter the contests stronger for the present victory. The result will be that one or both of the old parties will, in all the States where this tumultuous feeling prevails, unite with the farmers and bring the railroads to terms. This would seem to be the natural result in these days of demoralized political action, but affords no evidence that it is right, or that it will remedy the evils of which the farmers so much complain.

WHAT A NEW YORK POLICEMAN THINKS—LIKEWISE WHAT A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS COME FROM OLD VIRGINIA THINKS.

Among the persons who arrived at French's Hotel on Thursday was a gentleman from Virginia. In the evening, while he was crossing the City Hall Park on his return from a tour of Broadway, quietly making his way toward his hotel, he felt something fall on his head. Under the blow he fell unconscious. When he recovered he found himself minus one hat, one gold watch, and sixty dollars.

The Virginian was surprised. He had often read of such things but had never expected to be a victim. With little hope of recovering his property, he approached a policeman and told of his loss. "The officer asked the number and maker of the watch. The Virginian gave both.—Then the policeman asked the denomination of the money. This was given, and the Virginian began to have some hope that he might recover his property, the officer seemed so intent on his duty. But he was surprised by the next question.

"Now," said the officer, "do you know what I think?"

"No."

"Well, I don't think you'll ever see them things again."

That was the man from Virginia thinks.—N. Y. Sun.

HUMAN SKELETON.

The late fresh in the Catawba encountered on Mr. J. Greenlee's place in McDowell county, a mammoth human skeleton, measuring 6 feet. This is doubtless an antediluvian fossil, for the machine that run these bones must have lived and moved when "there were giants in those days." This may give our readers some idea of the magnitude of this late find, washing up fossils that have been buried for ages, upon ages. We hope this skeleton will be sent to the Charlotte Centennial and thence to Philadelphia—perhaps his bones may be identified by some of his relations.

We will give a full account of this fossil in our next issue.—Pied. Press.

THE THREE RICHEST MEN IN AMERICA.

The three richest men in America are William B. Astor, A. T. Stewart and Commodore Vanderbilt—all residents of New York City. Astor's wealth is mainly in real estate and his revenues; Vanderbilt's is mainly in railroad stocks and their dividends; Stewart's is in goods, houses, a ore, factories, lands and stocks. The aggregate wealth of each one of them is supposed to be somewhere between seventy-five and one hundred millions, which looks rather heavy. Nobody knows exactly; they couldn't tell themselves within a million or two. Those who know most about their affairs put their figures highest, and say that the income returns of a few years ago, which showed each of them to be worth between twenty and thirty millions, gave no proper idea of their real wealth. Astor lives unostentatiously; Vanderbilt lives in a three story brick house on a third-class street; and Stewart lives in a marble palace on Fifth avenue, more magnificent than any other residence on the American continent, and equaled by but few in any of the great cities of Europe. Astor and Vanderbilt are New Yorkers by birth; Stewart is a native of the north of Ireland. Astor is a large, heavy man of seventy, with strong features and a rufous face, indicative of high living; Stewart is a medium sized man, rather slender and tall, of seventy-three, with a face like a parchment, and gives the impression of being hard up; Vanderbilt is a tall, slim, handsome, proud-looking man of nearly eighty, straight as an arrow. Astor has heirs to his estates; Vanderbilt has children to whom he can leave his fortune, but Stewart is childless. Astor's public benefactions are confined to something like a couple of hundred thousand dollars, which he gave to the Astor Library, and the two golden candle-sticks, nine feet high, he recently gave to Trinity church. Vanderbilt has never made any public benefactions, excepting a steamship to the government during the war, still very recently, when he gave a million dollars for educational purposes—one-half of this sum to found a university in Tennessee, and the other half to another educational institution. Stewart has always had the reputation of being very close-fisted; but he must be credited with his million dollar "Home for Women," which will be completed next year. Astor is a rigorous Episcopalian; Vanderbilt is an independent Methodist, and Stewart said to be inclined to thinking for himself.—Stewart is a scholarly man; Vanderbilt is not. Astor is an accomplished man of the world.

Vanderbilt gave Rev. Dr. Deems \$50,000 to purchase the Church of the Strangers, of which he is the distinguished pastor.—EHS. SENTINEL.

ANOTHER BALLOON VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC PROPOSED.

An unknown writer, who, *The Philadelphia Press* says, is "neither a mountebank nor an adventurer," publishes a letter in that newspaper advocating a second balloon expedition to Europe, to start from Philadelphia the same day as Prof. Wise does from Boston. He proposes to have it in some way connected with the centennial, so that the fame of the achievement may in its world-wide reputation add to the fame of the anniversary of American Independence. The cost of the necessary materials for the voyage he estimates at about \$7,000, and if this is raised by subscription the writer pledges his honor as a gentleman that he will faithfully carry out the following programme, viz: To embark with two or three companions on a day to be designated by the Citizens' Committee in a balloon of from 75 to 85 feet diameter, constructed of good raw silk material, coated and varnished in the best possible manner, filled with coal gas, fitted out with a metallic life-boat, and all necessary scientific instruments, provisions for 30 days, &c. That he will remain for at least three times 24 hours in the air, and while there make use of all the resources open to the aeronaut for seeking and remaining in the region of westerly currents with the object of reaching Europe, and if at all possible, traverse as much of the European continent as will carry the balloon to a landing in the Austrian dominions, and as near as possible to the imperial city of Vienna.

DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S COMMISSARY.

Major Wells J. Hawks died at his residence in Charlottesville, West Virginia, on Wednesday last. Major Hawks was a native of Massachusetts, but more than thirty years has been a citizen of Virginia. At the commencement of the civil war he entered the service of the Confederate States, and upon the promotion of General Jackson became a member of his staff; commissary respectively of brigade, division and corps. It will be remembered that just before the death of General Jackson he was heard to say quickly, "A. P. Hill prepare for action; tell Major Hawks to send forward provisions for the troops." Perhaps the most comprehensive description of Major Hawks' character is embraced in the statement that General Jackson had entire confidence in him.

A \$10,000 Cow.—It has often been said that cows, especially milk cows, never sell for as much as they are really worth, but A. J. Alexander, Esq., of Woodburn, Woodford county, sold on Thursday, the 29th of May, a two-year-old heifer, known as "The Duchess of Aldric XV." to go to England, for \$10,000, which may be regarded as a sun not far below her real value. She is said to be "a beautiful specimen of a beautiful race."—Frankfort (Ky.) Yeoman.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

During General Sheridan's stay here he was conversing with a few friends touching his military experiences and campaigns, when he said: "There is a mighty sight of romance and a great many interesting episodes connected with the war, that the historians never got hold of. For instance, there has been a great deal said about the battle of Winchester, a little affair in which I had a hand. Well, it was a pretty square fight; but do you know that battle was fought on the strength of information which I obtained from a young lady in the town of Winchester, and if the rebels had known she was giving it to me they would have hung her in a minute! I was very anxious to get information of the rebel strength and movements, so as to know just when and where to strike them, but I did not know how to get it. Finally, I heard of an Union lady in Winchester, who could be relied upon if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss Wright. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington now. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man, living outside of my lines, who had a pass to go into Winchester to sell vegetables. I sent for the old man, and on talking with him found him loyal, as all the colored folks were, you know. Finding he could keep a secret, I asked him if he would undertake to deliver a letter to a young lady in Winchester. The old fellow said he would; so I wrote a letter on thin tissue paper, and rolled it up in tin foil. It made a ball about as big as the end of your thumb, and I told the old man to put it in his mouth and deliver it to Miss Wright in Winchester. He went off, and in about two days came back with an answer rolled up in the same piece of tin foil. I found I had struck a mighty good lead, and I followed it carefully till I got all the information I wanted. The girl gave me more important information than I got from all other sources, and I planned the battle at Winchester almost entirely on what I got from her. She was a nice girl, and true as steel."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE JURY IN THE TICHBORNE CASE.

The claimant was under examination last year for twenty-seven days, and all that mass of words contained in 909 closely-printed pages—or, as the sensation reports put it, "a roll of manuscript which would reach from Westminster bridge to Wapping, four miles"—must be read slowly and deliberately to the patient jury. No wonder judges, jurymen, baristers, and spectators yawn terribly before dinner-time. The jury made two gallant efforts to escape the infliction by requesting, first, that printed copies be furnished them, which they could read at home, evenings at their leisure, and, second, if the document must be read, that it might be read piecemeal—that is, by an instalment of ten or twelve pages a day. But the court was inexorable, and crushed all hope by holding that, as this was a criminal case, the evidence must be heard and not read, and heard immediately and continuously.—London Letter.

THE CHOLERA.

This terrible scourge has made its appearance in Louisiana, at New Orleans, at Memphis and Nashville, in Tennessee, at Washington City, and, perhaps, at other points in the United States. The disease has at no point assumed a violent form, and the danger to be apprehended is not so much for the present as in the future, when the Summer's sun shall begin thoroughly to decompose the accumulated filth of the Spring and Winter.

In view of this state of facts, our city authorities have a weighty responsibility resting upon them.

Are the sanitary precautions required by the city ordinances strictly observed? Is the city in such a cleanly condition as to give assurance of an atmosphere too pure to feed the cholera? Cholera delights in bad water, bad sewerage, filthy, crowded houses, staid air and intemperance.

Every person who, during the heated term last Summer, was upon our streets after midnight, will remember the pestilential smells that greeted his nostrils. We trust that no such condition of affairs will be allowed to exist this Summer.

The city authorities have in their hands, in a great measure, the health, if not the lives, of our people. And they will be held to a strict accountability if the city shall not be put in such a condition as will enable it to fight, with the best hope of success, the dreaded enemy that may so soon attack it.

The Atlanta Constitution, in referring to the matter, says:

The disease, either in the mild or severe form, is not contagious. During its prevalence in Moscow 40,000 persons left the city, and yet not a case was transferred. And so when 10,000 persons fled from Paris to Lyons, no case occurred in the latter city. The books are full of facts that prove the disease to be strictly epidemic, originating generally in tropical countries, and spreading from thence, in a somewhat regular geographical course to colder latitudes.

While the doctors disagree about the qualities of the air upon which epidemic miasmas feed, they all agree about some local circumstances that tend them additional force and fatality. In India, exposure to nocturnal cold and damps, great and sudden variations of temperature and fatigue, are known to have powerfully aided the disease. In Moscow it chiefly prevailed in moist and low situations. Filth, intemperance, want of physical energy or moral courage, are all important aids of the miasmatic poison in the air.

Chambers' Encyclopaedia lays great stress on the importance of pure drinking water, and its absolute freedom from contamination by animal matters filtering through the soil, or thrown into water courses by sewers etc. If water cannot be had in a pure state it should be boiled before being used for drink, or indeed for domestic purpose. Speaking of organic impurities in drinking water, this Encyclopaedia says that no single local cause of cholera has been established by so much evidence.

Let us then put the city in the best possible sanitary condition at once, and keep it so; let us keep clean and cool ourselves, eat and drink temperately, avoid all unnecessary fatigue and exposure, and we may reasonably hope to prevent the coming of so unwelcome a visitor as the cholera.

These remarks of the Wilmington Journal are applicable to Salisbury, also.

Stupendous Enterprise.

One of the water enterprises for which this enterprising century is distinguished is yet to be undertaken by the Khedive of Egypt. This is nothing less than the construction of a railroad across the African interior for a span of nearly a thousand miles through desert from the coast to the White Nile. The Man of the East, as the Khedive is called, intends to prosecute this Herculean labor to completion within the space of three years and at the magnificent outlay of twenty million dollars in gold. The road will be marked by a ship canal at the first cataract, a bridge across the Nile, and the avoidance of all construction involving tunnels and ferries.

MINERAL WATER.

A fine bold spring of mineral water has lately been discovered here that will add no little to the importance of the town as a summer resort. The analysis of the water shows a combination of iron and sulphur—the iron preponderating. Its medicinal qualities are highly recommended by the best authority in the country. Within the past two weeks a case of chronic diarrhoea of many years standing, has been cured by the use of the water. The spring is conveniently located, within five minutes walk of the different hotels. The water is clear, cool and rather pleasant after a little use.—Piedmont Press.

GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

In digging a well the other day, in town, Col. Lenoir discovered at the bottom—a depth of thirty feet—a stratum of black mud thickly embedded with pine oak and poplar wood, bark, leaves and other vegetable remains. The oak and poplar wood is rotten, but can be easily identified. Some of the fat pine knots are perfectly sound. The formation above the black mud is the ordinary red clay. The mouth of the well is on top of a lateral ridge on which the depot and most of the village is situated. The black mud containing the fossils is partly fine pipe clay and sandy loam.—Pied Press.

A young English clergyman in a country parish thus reveals some of the secrets of the clerical prison-house: "Oh, there are four of us whose churches are neighboring, and we have a whist party every week, and the lazier writes the Sunday sermons for the party."

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

During General Sheridan's stay here he was conversing with a few friends touching his military experiences and campaigns, when he said: "There is a mighty sight of romance and a great many interesting episodes connected with the war, that the historians never got hold of. For instance, there has been a great deal said about the battle of Winchester, a little affair in which I had a hand. Well, it was a pretty square fight; but do you know that battle was fought on the strength of information which I obtained from a young lady in the town of Winchester, and if the rebels had known she was giving it to me they would have hung her in a minute! I was very anxious to get information of the rebel strength and movements, so as to know just when and where to strike them, but I did not know how to get it. Finally, I heard of an Union lady in Winchester, who could be relied upon if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss Wright. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington now. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man, living outside of my lines, who had a pass to go into Winchester to sell vegetables. I sent for the old man, and on talking with him found him loyal, as all the colored folks were, you know. Finding he could keep a secret, I asked him if he would undertake to deliver a letter to a young lady in Winchester. The old fellow said he would; so I wrote a letter on thin tissue paper, and rolled it up in tin foil. It made a ball about as big as the end of your thumb, and I told the old man to put it in his mouth and deliver it to Miss Wright in Winchester. He went off, and in about two days came back with an answer rolled up in the same piece of tin foil. I found I had struck a mighty good lead, and I followed it carefully till I got all the information I wanted. The girl gave me more important information than I got from all other sources, and I planned the battle at Winchester almost entirely on what I got from her. She was a nice girl, and true as steel."—Indianapolis Journal.

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