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The first and only BUTTON-HOLE AND SEWING MACHINE combined that has made its advent in any other country.

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4. Because it will sew on, and do all the work of the best machine, and it will do it better.
5. Because it will sew on, and do all the work of the best machine, and it will do it better.
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7. Because it will sew on, and do all the work of the best machine, and it will do it better.

No other Machine can accomplish the kind of sewing stated in Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6. Parties using a family sewing machine want a Whole Machine, one with all the improvements.

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The American or Plain Sewing Machine. (Without the button-hole parts), does all that is done on the Combination except button-hole and overseaming.

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I have used six different Sewing Machines. The American surpasses them all.

I have used the Singer and other machines and would not exchange the American for any.

Mrs. H. N. BRISQLE, Salisbury, N. C., May 22, 1872.

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May 22, 1y.

## THE FARMER'S MOVEMENT.

Whit our old friend, Jno. S. Long, Esq., is making his eloquent and impressive addresses through the State in behalf of the "Patrons of Husbandry," and is establishing "Granges" wherever he goes, we will improve the occasion to gather a few facts concerning this new and rapidly growing order. We do not know how many months old it is, but *certainly* if the papers are to be trusted, its growth is of Jack's bean-stalk sort. It has spread marvellously, and there must be something in it and in the wants of the public that are in happy agreement. We have heard no discussion of its merits and have read no great deal about the principles of the order. We find the following extracts in an exchange that it may be well to publish. Judge Hart of California, master of a Grange, thus discourses:

"We propose to become revolutionists. We propose to try our hand at revolution, until we can overthrow the perverted, rotten system by which the industries of man's existence and subsistence has been made to toil and sweat and suffer privation, and too often penury and ruin, in order that the bloated monopolist, who rob the farmer of all of his profits, may roll in luxury and wealth, and by which the farmer has been made to support the political demagogues who ride into power on the backs of the honest, but duped, tillers of the soil, who are taxed, and taxed, and taxed, and squeezed and robbed, to support these insatiable monopolist and political bums, until it has become to be a serious question with many farmers whether they had not better abandon their farms and their homes to those who already absorb nearly all the profits their farms and labor can produce. We propose to break up the monopolies, to combine our strength in one mighty power that shall be able to hurl from place and power, all these dishonest barpies who steal into office, betray the farmers' interest, and make themselves millionaires and Jorjy aristocrats at the expense of the honest but too confiding farmers. We propose to demonstrate that, though our order is a secret organization in its *modus operandi*, in its internal workings, and has a secret charm spring that gives vigor and unwonted energy to its magic workings—a shield of mystery that from prudential yet justifiable reasons the outside world may not penetrate, and that shall exclude the trickster and covert enemy from our councils, while we only maintain the privacy necessary to every judicious enterprise; yet we do not fear freely, boldly and publicly to declare the ends and aims that we propose to accomplish in the progress of our secret mission. They are such as all good men, honest patriots, and true Christians and worthy citizens can commend and wish success to."

We have seen it recently stated that the organization now numbers a million of men. If this be so they will indeed be a power in any movement affecting the public weal. The order is growing daily. In Iowa alone there are said to be one thousand Granges. The Philadelphia *Age* says:

"Missouri is represented to have increased the number of its Granges two hundred; Illinois, sixty-five; Kansas, twelve; Alabama, eight; South Carolina, one hundred; Tennessee, four; Ohio, six; Mississippi, fifty-five; Michigan, eight; Nebraska, forty-nine; Minnesota, forty-six; Kentucky, one; Arkansas, one; Wisconsin, twenty-four; Vermont, twelve; New Jersey, one; California, thirty. This State and New York do not seem to have taken hold of the matter, while Ohio has only six Granges and Virginia one. But efforts are making to spread the organization, and agents are traveling in all the States explaining the subject and founding Granges."

If these Granges can relieve the country of wholesale rascality, robbery and venality on the part of officials, we bid them God speed. They disclaim, however, being political, and until they enter that arena they are entitled to their denial. They will be compelled, sooner or later, if they carry out their purposes as indicated by Judge Hart, to take a decided stand in political matters. The *Age* pertinently says:

"No people of the world are as heavily taxed, under a cover of law, as those of the United States. In time of peace, was expenses and war taxes as heaped upon the land, and the workers thereof. The tax gatherer in 1870 was paid nearly forty cents on the dollar for collecting the internal revenues of the country, of \$7,225,292.50 for collecting \$13,375,288.20 as shown by the report of the Fifth Auditor of the Treasury in that year. The result of such a system in the nation and States is to make honest industry unproductive, an dissatisfy the masses. They have petitioned for redress. But none has been accorded. In this state of affairs the farmers have combined to protect their interests, hurl from power bad men, and put good ones in their places. Of course such a potent organization will be approached by political schemers. They will seek to bend its stream in the direction of their own will. Such exertions have already been made in the West. If this result is accomplished the locks of the young Sampson will be clipped. He may pull down the temple in his rage, but will accomplish no desired or beneficial results. On the other hand a steady adherence to a wise, prudent reform programme may make the farmers of the nation the means of accomplishing a great good at this time. But they must fly the flag of patriotism, no demagoguery, if they would obtain public confidence and keep it."

A submerged forest has been discovered in the Thames.

## THE APOTHEOSIS OF CRIMINALS

Not only is crime on the increase, but the glorification of villainy keeps pace with it. We have long thought that in cases of murder, the doctrine of the Bible should be carried out faithfully—"an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." We have also thought that all executions should be private. We have seen a cruel murderer going to his execution as if it were coronation day and he the King elect. We have also been long impressed with the deleterious influence of orations from the gibbet, and the obtrusive demonstrations of sanctimonious scoundrels as they were about treading the fearful march of death.

The other day, two desperate scoundrels, by name Nicholson and Lohlan, were executed in the presence of six thousand people. Of this number, the *Gazette* says four thousand were women—a shameful sight. There is something so inexplicably brutal in the murder, and such an odor of sanctity about these criminals, that we must detain the reader for a few paragraphs longer. Nicholson had been paroled for very tenderly by Mrs. Lampley, the murdered lady, "who had been to him more than a mother." We believe she was his aunt. The *Gazette* in commenting on the murder, says:

There is something so inexplicably revolting in the whole story of the category of ordinary murders. It was deliberately planned; it was brutally carried out. How brutally, let Lohlan's confession tell. We arrived at the house at 7 o'clock; no one was there but the old lady; she sitting in her working chair sewing; Nicholson entered without knocking; she spoke to him very kindly; I followed; Josh gave me an introduction. We walked a little while when Mrs. Lampley got up and went to the cupboard and took from a brown paper bag some cakes telling Nicholson that she had put them up for his little children, that she had intended to send them over to Nicholson's house that morning; then she treated Nicholson and myself to some wine, stating that it was home made; Nicholson stood behind her; I was standing at her side; Josh gave the signal; I grabbed her by the throat; at the same time Nicholson struck her with his fist in the stomach. We then carried her into the other room, and laid her on the carpet; she was dead.

Can any one imagine anything more graphic than this narrative, or more shocking than the contrast between the kindly welcome of the woman, strengthened and intensified by the loving remembrance of Nicholson's children, and the utter depravity of Nicholson and his associate? Yet these men; these murderers of a hospitable and guileless woman—unpitying and remorseless as they showed themselves to have been—have more shocked sincerely Christian people by their ostentatious professions of religion, and by the liberal way in which they declared their love for and showered their forgiveness on everybody, than by the atrocity of the crime for which they suffered.

No wonder a christian community is shocked when such hardened villains profess to be met for the heavenly inheritance, with their hands dripping with the blood of a helpless, innocent and kindly old woman! That such scoundrels may repent most sincerely and be forgiven by a Merciful God, is not impossible. But the thing has become quite too common. Hundreds of desperate scoundrels are executed annually, and with few exceptions, they make professions of faith in Jesus, the son of God, and go shouting home to glory. If they had not committed murder, the greater part of them being very depraved creatures, would, according to the order of things, have probably died in their sins and been eternally lost. But committing the most terrible of all crimes—unconsciously taking the lives of helpless and unsuspecting victims and hurrying them suddenly, and often, without any preparation, into eternity—these terrible blood-hounds, these destroyers of human beings, these remorseless, brutal savages are suddenly transformed into pious and hopeful christians and made fully fit for the company of redeemed and the sanctified in the beautiful, holy world above. "The great dramatist understood this phase of human character, in its profoundest depravity. He makes one of his villains indulge in this strain:

"But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture, Tell them—that God bid us do good for evil: And thus I clothe my naked villainy With odd odd ends, such as the sky will give: And seem a saint, which most I play the devil With. I can smile, and murder whiles I smile: And my cheek cheeks with artificial tears, And wet my face to all occasions."

After the Baltimore murderers had done well their hellish work, the nephew sat down and prepared the following obituary notice of his murdered aunt:

On the 2d instant, Mrs. Lampley, the beloved wife of John Lampley, suddenly departed to a better world above, where all pain and suffering cease.

I dreamed of angels dear last night, And this was the song I heard: Life is too sweet and holy a thing, Love is too sweet and holy a thing, For ever an angry word.

The *Gazette* quotes the following from the Brooklyn *Eagle* and makes an important comment which we copy: "Murder as a passport to an immortality of bliss is the sure estate which thousands of men and women, glad of a chance to bring religion into discredit, will form in their minds. There is only one way to deal with murderers doomed to death. Give them all the opportunity to "repent." Let them see ministers of their own choosing, etc., but make the repentance private, and the interviews with the ministers private also. And then when the execution comes let it be swiftly and terribly carried out. The convicted owe the lives of others. They do not owe the public prayers

## THE TORY PYLE.

In our late visit to the battle ground of Cane Creek we took occasion to inquire into the character of Col. Pyle who commanded the Tories at the great hacking match in Alamance when Col. Washington fell in upon them in camp, eight miles west of Judge Ruffin's mill on Haw river.

It seems from Marshall's account that no prisoners were taken. Dr. Holt, of Lexington, speaking of this "hacking match," said from the traditions of the country, it was nothing more than a cruel butchery, and that much more attached to Col. Washington and Gen. Pickens for not allowing Pyle and his men to surrender.

Marshall does not record the loss of a single man on the part of Col. Washington and the Whigs. Nor a prisoner taken. He puts down Pyle among the slain. "This is a mistake," Pyle lived many years after the war closed. He was wounded at the "hacking match," but not killed. Pyle was a doctor quaker raising from Pennsylvania. He was a kindly quiet gentleman of an extensive practice during the revolution. Pyle lived four miles south of the battle ground of Cane Creek, in the county of Chatham. The old homestead and grave of Pyle is now the property of Dr. Worth, of Randolph.

Pyle had several children, his daughter Susan, deserves to be named among Mrs. Eliot's women of the revolution. When the news of the fight and disaster of Pyle reached his family, and that Pyle himself was severely wounded and hiding in the woods some eighteen miles from home, no man could be found to go to the relief of her wounded father, Susan ordered a horse, and standing on the ground holding the horns of the saddle, leaping the horse and by midnight returned home riding behind her wounded father.

She was directed by one of the Altona men to go and how to find her father. Dr. Pyle had been a regulator and friend of Herman Husband's. He and his neighbors had suffered severely because of their unsuccessful attempt to resist King George and his officers and tax gatherers. It was too soon after their defeat and suffering as regulators to put them a second time into a bloody war with the King.

The character of Pyle has not been fairly understood. He was no Fanning, but a generous, brave, useful and humane man.

## A LUCKY BABY.

A Mrs. King had a surprise at Shawneetown, Ill., the other day. It was an accident that Mrs. King happened to be at Shawneetown. She did not intend to go there, but the Steamboat Jennie Howell, on which she was traveling, struck a snag and sunk in the Ohio river. Several of the passengers were drowned, and among them some children. Mrs. King had a child on board whom she moaned as lost, and was taken to Shawneetown without her babe. The Jennie Howell sunk deep in the water, and the next morning men went to the vessel to recover the bodies of the lost. Soon after daylight a mattress was discovered floating in the cabin, which was filled with water nearly to the ceiling. Upon examination a child, a little boy, was discovered on the mattress, sleeping as quietly as if nothing had happened. His bed was not very dry, for it had sunk a good deal from soaking, but still sustained its living freight. In due time the child was sent to Shawneetown where the other passengers had been sent the evening before. Its coming made an excitement among the wrecked travelers, for more than one mother had lost children by the disaster. It was a touching scene when Mrs. King recognized the child as her boy, whom she had mourned as lost for nearly twenty-four hours. He had been tossing about on the waste of waters in the cabin all night, and was brought to his mother alive in the hour of her deepest affliction.

## OLD TROY UNEARTHED—THE GRAND REWARD OF THREE YEARS WORK.

The following, says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, is an extract from a private letter written by Mrs. Francis, wife of the American Minister to Greece, to her daughter residing in this city. It conveys the first intelligence that has reached us of the complete and brilliant success attending Mr. Schliemann's long-continued explorations on the site of ancient Troy. The discoveries here announced are among the most interesting and remarkable contributions of this century to archeological lore, and will be hailed with enthusiasm by scholars all over the world.

ATHENS, GREECE, June 25, 1873.

"Mr. Schliemann returned from Troy yesterday. He has completed his excavations, after three years of labor, by a grand master stroke. He has discovered the Palace of Priam, and large treasure in gold and silver. He has carried away with him forty large cases containing various articles, also fifteen baskets of real treasures. We called upon him to-day at his residence for the purpose of examining his collection. I saw in his house gold goblets and vases which shine just like the gold of our age. I also saw some beautiful head-ornaments made of gold, massive and well made, resembling those now worn by the modern Greeks. There is a golden goblet weighing nearly three pounds, also a quantity of small, round ear-rings, such as are worn by children of our days.

## CONSERVATIVES IN VIRGINIA—KEMPER, WITHERS AND DANIEL.

The very happiest combination of names that could have been made is here. Kemper Governor, Withers for Lieutenant-Governor, and Daniel for Attorney-General. This is a true Virginia ticket of loyal, capable, and faithful Virginians. The numbers and character of the Convention when first assembled augured the best result, and the conclusion of its labors proved the correctness of the bright promise. The assemblage was worthy of Virginia, and the men they have offered for the highest positions in the State are equal to the honors imposed upon them.

James L. Kemper, of Madison, the nominee for Governor, is a man every way fitting to administer the affairs of the State—a lawyer of high standing, a legislator of long experience, and a politician educated in times when principles were discussed so elaborately and closely that no man of ordinary capacity, who took in public affairs, could fail to become familiar with the science of government. He has proved his title to renown as a soldier, and so called he stood stainless among the proudest men of the day. His public devotion has been signalized by his consistent labors for the public good in the council and his intrepid bravery in the public defence in the bloody field. In his hands the State is safe. The people know that in his ability and fidelity they have the best assurance that their interests will be thoroughly protected and wisely administered.

Robert E. Withers, of Wythe, the nominee for Lieutenant-Governor, is one of nature's noblemen, true as steel and above suspicion. He is the peer of his colleagues, the candidate for Governor, and like him, won undying fame by his valor as a soldier, and like him full covered with wounds from which his recovery was considered almost miraculous. He is a gentleman of fine talents, a good speaker, of habits of industry, and administrative abilities. He will make an excellent presiding officer of the Senate, his quickness and self-possession fitting him admirably for the position. If elected—and we can not doubt that he will be—the people will behold in him an eminently suitable man for the office of Governor, to which he will be eligible in certain contingencies. Colonel Withers has the warm sympathy of the people, as has General Kemper.—Two more genial and gallant companions in a cause.

Finally, Raleigh T. Daniel, presented as candidate for Attorney-General, is just the man for the place. He is a lawyer, genuine, devout and thorough. By service and capability he is eminently entitled to public reward, and the whole State, with one accord, will declare that which he is the very man for the office for which he is named. The State will never suffer in standing by any papers or opinions which R. T. Daniel may prepare—go where they may in this or any other country.—This high public compliment paid Mr. Daniel in his advanced age has been long due to him, and we may congratulate the State that has at last been awarded to him. He will ably represent the State; that remind us of the brighter days when she spoke in the judicial tribunals through men of giant minds and vast learning.

We could not possibly have had a better ticket. The whole State will be delighted with it. It is strong, reliable, and every way fitting. Elect it, and we shall see a decided check put on the corrupting tendency of the times in Old Virginia, and we all may feel that the State is safer her interests wisely directed, and her honor and dignity carefully preserved.—Richmond *Dispatch*.

## MISSOURI REPUBLICAN.

A life of the Emperor Napoleon III is being prepared by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, with the special sanction of the Empress Eugenie. The first part, illustrated with portraits from the family collection, may be expected in the autumn.

## FORESTS AND THEIR CULTIVATION.

The Country Gentleman says: Thousands of persons have more land than they care to cultivate in ordinary crops, and some of it often which is not good for such crops, but would do well for timber. Then why not do something for posterity—and perhaps for themselves, too—by planting it to forest trees? It is easy now to do this; the information gained and imparted by such men as Andrew S. Fuller, Arthur Bryant, Sr., and others, has made forest-planting comparatively an easy matter. Many farmers say they are working merely for their children, their desire being to leave the latter something in the shape of property which will be good for a start. In such a case why not plant a forest? By a judicious selection of varieties and careful culture through the balance of a farmer's life of about middle age, a forest may be established which will be worth many thousands of dollars twenty, thirty, or forty years hence.

There is, too, in planting a forest, a marked advantage over a natural forest—you can select the best varieties, such as are reasonably certain to be always in demand. You can choose maple, tulip, pines, the hemlock, black walnut, the hickory, the ash, chestnut, locust, &c., &c., separately or together, the matter to be determined largely by the character of the soil. How to start in such an enterprise can easily be learned from the authors mentioned above, and from other sources, and a little attempt at tree-growing from seed or seedlings on a small scale, in advance of starting plantations by the acre, would result in an amount of practical experience which would be of great benefit. Cultivation of artificial forests would not be necessary more than a few years, as the shading of the earth by the trees would soon keep down the growth of weeds and grass, while the leaves would constitute a mulch, as in natural forests. The growing scarcity of timber for the thousand purposes to which it is applied, with little probability of any substitute for it which can seriously lessen the demand, renders it well nigh certain that forests planted now and well started will be a rich legacy to future generations, and in many cases even to the planters themselves.

## HORRIBLE CONFESSION BY A MURDERER FIDELITY OF A DOG.

On Thursday afternoon, Nelson, Wade, who murdered Mrs. Isabella M. Bride in Lyecoming county, made a confession which he preceded with the remark that he did not "care a d—n what was done with it." He admitted that he committed the murder, but denied that he shot Mr. M. Bride, as the coroner's jury decided. The fatal injuries were inflicted with a club. While at a farm house near by he learned where a trunk containing thousands of dollars was located, and about how much the couple were worth. On reaching the house on Tuesday evening he asked M. Bride for milk and was directed to the wife, who was about the cellar. She told him that he would have to pay if he wanted it.

The murderer continued: "I returned to the house and found the door bolted. The old man finally opened it, and I put my foot to the inside. He struck at me, and I knocked him down with my fist, as well as silenced the dog, who made an attack on me. I then struck Mr. M. Bride three times with the club, and he crying murder. I hit him again. I then killed Mrs. M. Bride with the stick, and coming back to the house, found the old man and the dog licking his sores. I gave him another beating, and broke open the trunk I was after. I had to make two trips to carry away the money in it. I got between \$60,000 and \$70,000. Will not tell where it is. When I did I will reveal it to a poor man, no rich one shall have it. Two bags of the money are buried in Williamsport, two above and two below the city. I have killed several women before, and am willing to hang to-morrow."

The prisoner laughs and discusses politics with a relish.

Mrs. M. Bride was buried on Thursday and her remains followed to the grave by a large concourse of people.

IS SHE A BONAPARTE?—A sprightly little lady, doted in the latest fashionable attire, representing herself as the grand daughter of the great Napoleon, has taken possession of the Bonaparte mansion, at Bordenton, N. J., and refuses to leave it. She is apparently a woman of refinement, a fluent talker, and issues orders to the occupants in an imperial tone. The agent of the property is now absent, and those who have charge while he is away are placed in a quandary as to what action they will take in reference to this strange lady. Some of them believe that she is a veritable representative of the Bonapartist family, and are in ecstasies over the prospect of having the old mansion once more glittering with royal splendor.

An aged couple of Wooster street are very fond of checkers, and play quite frequently. When he beats at the game she loses her temper, and declares she will not play again. It vexes him to have her act so, but he controls the irritation, and talks to her about it. He tells her how wrong it is for people at their age in life to be disturbed by such trifles, and shows her so clearly the folly of such a course that she becomes ashamed of her weakness, and returns to the game and plays it so well that she beats him. Thus he shows the board in another, and says he will never play with anybody who cheats so liberally, and stalks moodily to bed and leaves her to pick up the things. Danbury News.

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## A WORD TO FARMERS.

Buy a few dollars worth of books every year for your sons; if you don't intend that any bad work shall go from this office to injure you and the business. Call and try.

## 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 toiled 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,

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

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