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**LOVE BY TELEGRAPH.**

Miss Pearl Silvery was telegraph operator at Jones' Station, and Lucy Lorillard operator at Nineveh, the next point of communication, with nothing but the distance to prevent their intimacy. They had never met, however, except electrically, and were total strangers to each other till one New Year's morning, when it occurred to Miss Pearl to send the following telegram to her nearest neighbor and fellow-laborer: "To Lucy Lorillard—A happy New Year. Pearl Silvery—partly because she was idle, as hers was a branch route, with very little business and less pay, and partly because she was in need of a friend and a friendly word.

The answer returned promptly: "Thanks. The same to you, and more also. If wishes were horses, etc." "Rather slangy," thought Pearl, "but good natured. I guess she has a brother at home." And so the ice, once thawed, had no chance to stiffen again after this. There was little business, as I said, going over the lines from Jones' Station to Nineveh, and as the operator at the last named place seemed likewise to have unlimited leisure on hand, the two held frequent electrical tête-à-têtes, and Pearl began to feel as if she had known Lucy Lorillard from infancy—as if they had gone to school arm-in-arm, and learned their lessons from the same book.

Pearl's home was in her uncle's family, where there were three cousins and an aunt, but no uncle now. She could never exactly tell how it came about, but gradually, from exchanging pretty civilities and pleasantries and the news of the day across the wires, she found herself presently telling this Lucy Lorillard, upon whom she had never set eyes, almost everything she knew and felt and suffered or enjoyed, and receiving experiences and confidences and words of comfort in return from said Lucy Lorillard. Nothing was too trivial and nothing too great for the two to discuss across the lines between Jones' Station and Nineveh.

Sometimes they conversed in a novel manner about the books they had read, and the journeys they would take when their ships came in; and about the music they listened to; and about and hereafter.

"I struck me oddly that I had never day telegraphed Pearl, that I had never day telegraphed you. Wonder if I should recognize it. When I listen to the 'Tramway,' which somebody plays next door, I seem to hear you speaking to me."

"Yes, you shall hear me some day—to some purpose."

"I hope so. Would any one believe that a companionship between two who have never seen each other could be so sweet? I sometimes fear that it is too good to last."

"Don't you never come to Nineveh shopping?"

"Perhaps you can tell how they dress the hair now?"

"With brush and comb still."

"I mean it is worn off the forehead now?"

"It is very much worn off the forehead of the young ladies who crimp; and off the crowns of the men who live in their hats."

"How do you wear your own, pray?"

"Curled."

"Splendid! Have you such a thing as a lover?"

"I have one devoted lover, for a surety."

"Splendid! I've sometimes thought—but no; you'll tell him."

"You won't mind when I assure you that my lover is only myself, Lucy Lorillard. Now you've sometimes thought?"

"Liz and Aunt Hidden went to Squire Gable's funeral. I had a nervous headache and so escaped. Liz came home having over the squire's grand nephew, the only mourner—she had eyes for little else. But how foolish I am! What do you care about Squire Gable's nephew?"

"Perhaps I care more than I'd like to own, alas!"

"Ah, sit the wind in that quarter!—They sent for me to be present at the reading of the will. I didn't go."

"You might have seen the grand nephew."

"I wouldn't have gone to see the Grand Lama. But I saw him at the church, and thought it wouldn't be so difficult to fall in love with him as with the squire, upon my word—now don't laugh—though he isn't my beau idéal."

"Let those laugh who win."

"Miss Liz was wondering if the squire's nephew would settle down in the old place or go skylarking over the world, and if Person Longmeyer would bring him to call or how she should contrive to make his acquaintance, and whether green or blue became her complexion best, like the foolish milkmaid in the story, while Aunt Hidden's mouth was watering on account of the old china and silver ware at Gable Hall, that might as well have been in the family as not, she grumbled. 'And there wasn't a track in the carpets nor a scratch on the furniture, and I've no doubt there's silks that would stand alone folded away in the attic, and nobody the better. And while she bewailed Pearl's folly, Lawyer Verdict in to say that the squire had left his money to Pearl, and cut off the poor nephew with a paltry five hundred dollars!'"

Pearl hastened to telegraph the news to Lucy Lorillard.

"Now, I fear, you will not wish to share my cottage, gentle maid?"

"You don't suppose I'm going to keep the filthy lucre?" answered Pearl.

And as for the rest, I have my maternal grandfather, one John Lucy—peace to his ashes!—to thank for the legacy of his name, which I always despised till I found out that Pearl Silvery loved nobody so well as Lucy Lorillard."

**A WOMAN'S COURAGE.**  
*A Struggle With One of the Desperados of Brooklyn.*

Mr. G. P. West's residence at 198 Madison street, Brooklyn, was on Wednesday evening the scene of a struggle with a desperate burglar. At about half past nine Mr. West and his wife returned to their home from a neighborly call, and after fastening the door of the front chamber in the second story and lighting the gas, Mr. West entered the bath-room.

Mrs. West went to the bureau, and as she stood reading from a scrap of paper saw a shadow flit across the looking-glass. She turned and saw a man with a black slouched hat drawn over his eyes, standing at the closet door and searching through a pair of pantaloons. Mrs. West sprang upon him, and clasped both her hands around his as he was trying to draw it from the pocket. In his hands he clenched a roll of greenbacks. Taken by surprise, the burglar stood for a moment undecided, and then tried to shake Mrs. West off, but she held on. She was so much excited that she could not cry for help. The burglar then struck Mrs. West with his left hand, but without force sufficient to injure her. He then twisted his arm so as to throw Mrs. West on her back, but she held on, and he dragged her across the room, through another room, and past the bath-room door to the stairway. There he attempted to throw her down.

Mrs. West struggled with the burglar for a moment and then the burglar ran down the stairs dragging Mrs. West after him, her back striking on every step. At the foot of the stairs, her strength failing under the excitement, Mrs. West released her hold just enough to enable the burglar to withdraw his hands with a roll of greenbacks clenched in it. He then opened the front door and fled, leaving Mrs. West lying on the floor slightly moaning. Mr. West, hearing the moans, supposed that his wife had fainted in the front chamber. He jumped out of the bath tub and ran into the room. Not finding her there he searched the other rooms, and at length found her lying at the foot of the staircase, still clasping the pantaloons. The inmates of the house were aroused, and Mrs. West was carried to her room, and on her restoration to consciousness she related her struggle with the desperado. How the burglar entered the house is a mystery. —New York Sun, June 28.

**The Temple of Diana.**  
Ephesus, one of the twelve Indian cities of Asia Minor, was famous in antiquity as containing one of the seven wonders of the world, the great temple of Artemis, or Diana. From very early times Ephesus was a sacred city, the Amazons, and the Amazonian legend is connected with Lydia. The first Indian colonists in Lydia found the worship of the goddess established here in a primitive temple, which was soon superseded by a magnificent structure. This Grecian temple was seven times restored at the expense of the Greek colonists in Asia Minor. In the year 356 B. C. it was burned to the ground, but again rebuilt in a style of far greater splendor than before, the work extending over 200 years. This latter temple was 425 feet long and 220 feet wide. "The foundations were sunk deep in marshy ground, as a precaution against earthquake," says Pliny—"There were two rows of columns at the sides, but the front and back porticos consisted of eighty rows of columns, placed four deep. Outside, at the entrance to the temple, stood a basin of porphyry, fifteen feet in diameter, for the worshippers to lave and purify themselves in. The interior decoration was of the most sumptuous kind. The cedar roof was supported on pillars of alabaster. The doors were of ebony. The walls were the work of Praxiteles, and it was surrounded by many statues, one of them gold. The image of the goddess herself was roughly hewed out of wood, black with age and greasy with the oil with which it was customary to anoint it. When the apostle Paul visited Ephesus in the middle of the first century the worship of Diana still flourished there, and the temple retained all its original splendor. Pilgrims to the venerated abode of the goddess used to buy little models of the temple in silver, or precious stones, mementos of their visit, and amulets to insure to them the protection of the Ephesian's Diana. The Goths sacked the city and burned the temple about 200 years later, and in the reign of Theodosius I, toward the end of the fourth century, the furious zeal of the iconoclasts, or image-breakers, completed the destruction. The ancient city almost entirely disappeared before the modern era, the very site of the temple being lost.

"By the way, what has become of Ballock, the gentleman who left Georgia between two days? And does Providence permit him to enjoy that stolen money—Exchange."

"The ring in North Carolina state twice as much as Ballock, and all the ring men live in fine houses and loan their money at 18 or 20 per cent, and are as much respected as if they had made their money mauling rails, teaching school or preaching. There is a visible and outward enjoyment, but how it is under the jacket is another question. —Sentinel."

**A Terrible Death Leap.**  
From an Illinois paper we gather the details of a terrible suicide, at Centralia, in that State. It appears that Dr. Benjamin G. Sullivan, aged about forty, who had been afflicted with asthma for many years, to the detriment of his spirits and practice, was visiting a medical friend in Centralia. He complained of great suffering, and expressed a belief that he was shortly to be very sick, and seemed to brood over it considerably. His friends took him about the town in order to his divert thoughts to more cheerful subjects by showing him objects of interest thereabouts, and apparently successful. After dinner that day, Dr. Sullivan expressed a wish to visit coal mine he had examined in the morning, and was accordingly guided there by a young son of his friend. While at the mouth of the shaft he engaged the engineer in animated conversation, and seemed unusually vivacious. While thus engaged, he was noticed to be fumbling with his gold watch chain, a moment later his young companion was horrified to see the doctor cast at his feet his pocket-book and watch, and then sprang down the awful chasm of the coal mine. He struck the wire rope first, and clutched it with his hands, lapping his limbs around it, but going down to death at a fearful speed. The distance to the bottom of the shaft is 476 feet. The force of his fall is shown in the fact that when he struck a round bar of iron one and one-half inch thick at the bottom of the shaft, the concussion snapped the iron square off at both ends. His body was terribly mangled and crushed. It is a little singular that his skull alone remained whole—all other bones in his body being broken. Death undoubtedly took place before he reached the bottom.

**Viewing Fish from Under the Ocean—Amphibious Life at the Isle of Wight.**  
From the Graphic.  
SHANKLIN, Isle of Wight, June 10—After several days' energetic sight-seeing in very hot weather, we packed our valises and stole away to the Isle of Wight, by way of Brighton, where we stopped over for three hours to see the aquarium. You descend a series of elegant terraces, and find yourself apparently at the bottom of the sea. Cool, arched, grotto like halls extend in every direction, ending in ferreteries bright with falling waters, while along the sides of the long arcades, only a crystal wall separates you from the watery homes of fishes, eels, and all the innumerable funny and funny inhabitants of the deep. You look up through the green water as if you were a fish yourself, and know for the first time how it feels to be at the bottom of the sea. Great, solemn, alderman-like-looking cod-whiting swim up and stare into your very eyes; enormous conger eels play playfully around your head; idiotic-looking dogfish lie piled on one another, and blink placidly into your face like so many sheep, while the skates and the stungrays are flattened out in panting flatfish upon the gravel at the bottom. Little silver herring and golden hued young salmon drift about like clouds lit by the moon, and on all sides, against the rocks that vary the surface of the tanks, wave the exquisite fringes of the sea-anemone. Here above all, is the supreme beauty of the water-world.

**THE WONDER OF THE SEA**  
Viewing Fish from Under the Ocean—Amphibious Life at the Isle of Wight.

Some of the gentlemen in one of the principal social clubs in this city have organized a pool selling meeting on political candidates for once a week until the Presidential nominees take place. I was present at the last meeting, and it will be seen from the betting how these people look at the chances of many political candidates. For the Republican Presidential nominations the following names are entered: Grant, Blaine, Washburne, Wilson, Bristow, Butler, Jewell, Conkling, Logan, Morton, Fish, Judge Miller, Hawley and Gov. Noyes. Fifty-four pools have been sold up to date with the following result:

Seventeen, in which Blaine is selected as first choice; thirteen, in which Washburne is first; ten, in which Bristow comes to the front; five, in which Morton leads off; three, where Grant has the call; the same number in which Wilson was first, and three in which Logan is the leader. The others are all bunched in the field. It will be seen by this that Blaine, Washburne and Bristow are the favorites, and that there are still some who believe in a third term. It is said that Col. Brooks, the editor of Grant's organ, holds the three Grant pools, and is also in many of the others, with Grant as second or third choice.

On the Democratic prospects the following entries are made: Hendricks, Judge Davis, Tilden, Thurman, Old Bill Allen, Bayard, Seymour, Church Governor Gaston, Charles Francis Adams and Pendleton. In all the pools sold, excepting seven, Hendricks was the choice, with Tilden, Bayard and Adams competing for second choice. In the seven pools carried against Hendricks, Judge Davis was the choice in two, Tilden in one, Old Bill Allen in three and Bayard in one.

On the Fall elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania the Democrats were the favorites, with slight odds on the former, and on the latter the betting was even up.

A bet of \$500 was made that if Noyes beats Old Bill Allen for Governor in Ohio next Fall he will be the Republican candidate for Vice President, and the Republicans will carry the presidential election.

**Loss by Weed and Insects.**  
It is estimated that the value of produce annually raised in this country is \$500,000,000, of which amount nearly or quite one fifth, or \$100,000,000 is lost, according to the American Naturalist, from the attacks of injurious plants and animals. A single campaign of the army worm cost the farmers of Eastern Massachusetts \$250,000 worth of grass. Missouri alone loses from insect depredations. The annual damage to the apple and pear crop from the codling moth amounts to several million dollars, and the work of the curculionid is equally costly. A partial remedy is to be found in a clear study of insect habits, with a view of ascertaining what insects they are which hold the depredators in check and destroy them. It is hardly possible to estimate the havoc annually wrought by the grasshopper and potato beetle, for example, and any kind or insect which would reduce such pests would be a substantial benefactor to the farmer. As to the injurious plants, or in common vernacular weeds, the only method that is feasible is to kill them at their very germination by means of proper agricultural machines. The Country Gentlemen affirm that the annual growth of weeds in this country amounts to 8,000,000 tons, or enough to load a compact train of wagons long enough to span the globe.

**The Canby Constitution.**  
[Hillsboro Recorder.]  
In the progress of the campaign, it is well to be forewarned against the introduction of subjects which have no other object than to divide the Democratic party, and divert it from the real subject before it. The maintenance of the Canby Constitution is the fixed purpose of the Republicans. Its overthrow and the substitution of a better one equally the purpose of the Democratic party. Upon the merits of the Canby Constitution, the Republicans cannot stand. It has stood so long only by the dread of the introduction of the power of the general government to restrain any effort at change. It would have fallen long since under the burden of its own imperfections if it had not been upheld by external force.

This fact alone should make the Canby Constitution hateful to a free people. Framed by a body composed of tar-baggers and seal-wags and negroes, it was put into life by the decree of a soldier without the authentic approval of the people. It has since been kept in force by a species of terrorism. Every proposal to change or to amend has been met by the cry of rebellion against the Government. The Constitution, born in corruption, has really been upheld by the bayonet. Who does not remember the fate which threatened the Convention that was attempted to be called by the act of 1870-71? The capital was to have been guarded by the United States troops, members of the Convention to be arrested as traitors, and the attempt to shake off the burdens of the Canby Constitution to be treated as treason.

In this made in which a free people possessed of rights and conscious of wrongs are to be dealt with!

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**New Advertisements.**  
**CEDAR COVE NURSERY.**  
FRUIT TREES, VINES & PLANTS.  
Large stock at reasonable rates.  
New Catalogue for 1878 and 79 with full descriptions of fruits, etc., free.  
Address: CRAFT & SAILOR,  
Box Plains,  
Yadkin County, N. C.  
July 1, 1878.—4m.

**FOR SALE.**  
NO. one pair of work Mules 5 & 6 years old, also a good wagon & harness.  
M. L. BEAN,  
July 1, 1878.—4m.

**NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL**  
**ENNIS' ITCH CURE.**  
PRICE 25 & 50 CTS.  
For sale at ENNIS' Drug Store,  
June 2,—if.

**THE RUTHERFORD COLLEGE, N. C.**  
Will open its Fall term August 4th, 1878. Tuition from \$5 to \$10 per month. Tuition, from \$1 to \$4, per month.  
Address: R. L. ABERNETHY, Pres.  
Happy Home, E. C.  
June 17th, 1878.—4m. pd.

**Prescription Department.**  
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded day or night by experienced, and skillful Druggists, with neatness and dispatch. To Ministers of the Gospel I will sell it considerably below my regular price.  
JNO. H. ENNIS, Druggist.  
Next to Meroney & Bro.

**WOOD LAND ACADEMY.**  
The next term of Wood Land Academy will commence on the 1st Monday of August, 78, to continue for ten months. Instruction given in all branches usually taught in a first-class High School. Young men prepared for entering college. Price of tuition as follows: 1st grade, \$1.25, 2nd \$2.00, 3rd \$3.00, per month. Board can be obtained in respectable families at \$7.00 per mo. For further particulars, address GEO. R. McNEILL, A. B., Principal, Wood Leaf, Rowan Co. N. C.  
June 24-6 w.—

**SECRET OF PERPETUAL BEAUTY.**  
Ladies whose complexions are darkened or marred by discolorations or blemishes, can procure a beautiful, clear skin of a rich natural color, by the use of  
**BARRY'S PEARL CREAM.**  
A beautiful, safe, and delightful preparation for beautifying the face, neck, arms and hands. By a single application, all the lovely charms of forty can be brought back to ladies of forty or twenty-five; the rustic country beauty transforms into the charming city belle by the use of this fragrant cosmetic. The faded complexion speedily resumes the fresh bloom of youth under its healthful and delightful influence.  
For Sale by Jno. H. ENNIS,  
June 24, 78. Salisbury, N. C.

**Administrators Notice to Creditors.**  
All persons having claims against the estate of Dr. O. P. Houston, deceased, are hereby notified to file the same to the undersigned on or before the 11th day of June, 1878. And all persons indebted to said estate are requested to settle promptly.  
SAMUEL A. LOWRECE,  
Administrator.  
Blackmer & Henderson, Attorneys,  
Salisbury, N. C.  
June 10, 1878.—6m. pd.

**FOR SALE!**  
Two Horse Wagons cheap for cash, apply to  
D. R. JULIAS,  
June 1st—4 times.

**FLORAL HALL PREMIUMS.**  
WESTERN N. C. FAIR.  
The premium list of the Salisbury Fair for 1878, is now ready for distribution and may be had of Secretary R. F. Rogers. The premiums offered in Department No. 5 (Floral Hall), will be paid in money or Silver ware, if desired.  
B. F. ROGERS,  
Sec'y.

**FRANKLIN ACADEMY.**  
AN ENGLISH, CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, AND SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL, FOR MALES AND FEMALES.  
Rev. H. M. BROWN, A. B. Principal.  
Mr. L. P. GORHAM, Assistant.  
The next Session of this handsomely located Institution will commence Aug. 1st, 1878. The course of instruction will be thorough and practical. This Institution is located but four miles North of Salisbury on the new Rockville road, in a healthy country. Tuition is as follows: \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, and \$4.00 per month, according to the Stage of advancement.  
Board can be had in highly respectable families at from \$7.00 to \$9.00 per month. Ample facilities afforded to young men who wish to board themselves. For further particulars, address  
Rev. H. M. BROWN,  
Salisbury, Rowan Co., N. C.  
May 27-4 m.—Pd.