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J. J. BRUNER,
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J. J. STEWART
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WATCH, MOTHER.

The following, entitled "Watch, Mother," is a beautiful one of those little gems which touch the heart:

Mother! watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy streets,
Ravaging the cellar, shed and hall,
Never treads the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs,
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand,
Fishing berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay,
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue,
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung,
By the happy, joyous child,
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken,
This same tongue may yet proclaim,
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true,
Extracting every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Reaping of eternity.

THE STOLEN LETTER.

One rainy night, about half-past eight o'clock, the train had dashed into McKibben's Corners, and the mail had been delivered at the store and post office.

John Fairjohn, the postmaster, had opened the bag and counted the letters. There were, as he made out, just ten, and one was larger than the others and had a red seal; and then he had found that he had left his glasses on the newspapers in the back room, and without his glasses he could not read a line; and so, of course he had gone after them, returning to find two persons in the store—Farmer Roper and Squire McKibben, whose ancestors had given name to the place.

"Well, ain't it?" said Mr. Fairjohn, nodding.

"Wet or not, our folks ain't going to do without their groceries, you see, said the squire. Mail's in, I see. That train came near running into my truck, too. Wasn't noticing the flag, and drove across just in time to save myself. Any letters for me?"

"I'll see, said Mr. Fairjohn.

He turned to the little pile of envelopes and turned them over in his hand like a deck of cards.

"Why there's only nine," he said. "I'm sure I counted right. I counted ten, and I thought one had a red seal. I might as well give up keeping the office if I'm going to lose my senses like that. There wasn't any one in here while I was gone, was there, squire?"

"Only Roper and I, he said the squire, and Roper's son. But he didn't come in, did he?"

"No," said old Roper. "I don't think that Job came in at all. He just went off somewhere."

"Well," said the postmaster, after another search, "well I must be mistaken. Yes, there is a letter for you—your folks, any way—and something for Mr. Roper. And you wouldn't pass?"

"Oh, no," said farmer Roper, "give it to me. That's from Smith that's clerking in New York, I reckon. Can't get any of them to stay and farm."

"Your son Job did," said the squire.

"Oh, my son Job, he'd try the patience of his namesake," said Farmer Roper.

"My son Job, ha!"

Just at this moment the door of the store opened, and there entered at it a little woman dressed in a cheap calico, and wrapped in a thin faded shawl.

She looked timidly about the store, and then, in an appealing voice like that of a frightened child, said:

"Mr. Fairjohn is there any letter for me this time?"

The postmaster, who was a little deaf, had turned his head away and did not know that she had entered, and she came closer to the counter and the light fell upon her before she spoke again. She was a faded little woman, and her face had signs of grief written upon it, but she was neither old nor ugly yet, and there was something in the damp circles clustering under her faded calico hood, and in the little round, dimpled chin, absolutely child-like even yet.

Is there a letter for me this time, Mr. Fairjohn? she said again, and this time the postmaster looked up.

No, there ain't, and you're a fool for asking such a walk to ask, said he, with rough kindness. Wouldn't I have sent it if it had come, Mrs. Lester?

Well, said she, I felt in a hurry to get

it, said she. You can't blame me for being in a hurry, it's so long.

That's true, said the postmaster. Well, better luck next time. But why don't you wait? Mr. McKibben will take you over when he goes. He passes your corner.

Yes, wait, Mrs. Lester, cried Mr. McKibben. I'll take you and welcome.

But she had answered:

"Thank you, I don't mind walking alone and was gone.

"Keeps it up, don't she?" asked the postmaster.

"It's a shame," said Mr. McKibben.

"How many years is it now since Lester went off?"

"Ten," said the postmaster. "I know, for it was the day I came here. She was as pretty a woman as you'd want to see then, wasn't she?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. McKibben.

"Sailed in the Sphinx," said the postmaster. "And we all know that the Sphinx went down in that voyage, all hands along with her. The rest of the women put on widow's weeds, them that had husbands—four in this town itself. They took what the Almighty sent and didn't rebel. She set up that her husband wasn't dead, and would come back. She's kept it up ever since; comes for his letter regular, and he was drowned along with all the rest of course, ten years ago. She must be thirty. Well she's changed a good deal in that time."

Yes, said the other man; but there is my son Job wild over her yet. He's offered himself twice. He stands ready to offer himself again any day—ready to be a father to her and a good husband to her. He's better off than I be. His mother's father left him all he had. He's crazy as Job—crazy, I call it. Plenty of pretty gals, and healthy, smart widows, and he sees no one but that pale, slim little thing that's just gone out into the mud; and she—why, of course she's lost her senses or she'd have him. Works like a slave to keep herself and child, lives in a rickety shanty waiting for a drowned man to come back again. Why, every one knows Charlie Lester was drowned in the Sphinx. There wasn't a soul saved, not one. It was in the papers. Now, the bottle was found with a letter in it writ by some one before the ship sunk. And she is waiting for him yet!"

"Crazy on that point," said the postmaster. "Well, poor soul, she'd only been married a week when the Sphinx sailed; that makes a difference."

"Oh, yes," said the farmer.

"Then their parcels being ready, they went out to the wagon, and Mr. Fairjohn having stared into the rainy night awhile put up his shutters and went to bed. Meanwhile the woman plodded on through the mud. "Walking off her disappointment," she said to herself. It was one she should have been used to, and now the absurdity of it seemed to strike her for the first time in all those years.

"They laugh at me," she muttered to herself. "I know they laugh at me. Per haps I am mad; but they don't know what love is. Charlie wouldn't have left me like this. If he had died he would have given me some sign; and, yet—yet, if he were alive, it would be stranger still. No, no; they are right, I am wrong. He must be dead."

And as though the news had just been whispered to her, she clasped her hands to her forehead, gave a cry, and sank down on her knees in the road.

She knelt there a few moments and then, here you come, he said, tired to death, worn out, still on that fruitless errand. Jessie Lester, can't you give up this nonsense and think of the living a little? Think of me, Jessie, for just half an hour.

I do think of you, she said. I am very sorry you should be so good to me when I must seem so bad to you.

Then she sat down on the porch and took her little hood off, and leaned her head wearily against the wall of the house; and the man arose and crossed over and sat down beside her.

Give it a softer resting place, Jessie, he said, here on my heart.

She looked out into the night, not at him, as she spoke:

"Job," she said, "I begin to think you are right, that he went down in the Sphinx, with the rest ten years ago. But what good would I do you? what do you want to marry me for?"

The man drew closer as he answered:

"Before you were married to Charles Lester I loved you. While you were married I loved you. All these ten years since that vessel went down I have loved you. A man must have the woman he loves if he gives his soul for her."

"What a horrible thought!" said she. "His soul?"

"I should have said his life," said Job. "I don't want to shock you, but you don't know what it would be to me to have you. And then I'd do everything for your boy."

"Yes," she answered, "I know you would."

There was a pause. Then she gave him her hand.

"Job," she said very softly, "I shall never forget nothing I don't feel, but I know I've been crazy all this time, and if you want me you can have me. It's very good of you to love me so."

And this seemed to have ended that ten years' watching and waiting, and there was a triumph in Job's eyes as he turned away and left her with his first kiss on her brow. But at the end of the green lane he passed and looked back.

"I told her the truth," he said, "when I said that when a man loved a woman as I love her, he must have her, if the price were his soul itself."

And then he drew from his breast a letter with a great red seal upon it, looked at it for a moment, and hid it away again.

Married? Yes, they were to be married. Every one at McKibben's Corners knew that now. Jessie Lester went no more to the postoffice for her long expected letter. Job was furnishing his house—had furnished it, for on the morrow the wedding was to take place. And it was night again. A month from that night, when she had come for the last time, as every one thought, through rain and mud to make her sadly foolish query, she was sensible at last—very sensible. She had chosen the substance instead of the shadow.

And now as we said, it was night, and a wetter one than the other—later, too, for Mr. Fairjohn had closed the store, and was composing for himself what he called a "night cap" of some fragrant liquor, warm water, lemons and sugar, and was sipping it by the stove when there came upon his door a feeble knock, and when being repeated, he heard it there staggered in out of the rain a dripping figure that of Jessie Lester, the bride who was to be on the morrow.

She was trembling with cold, and as he led her along to the fire she burst into a flood of tears.

"I'm frightened," she said. "Some one followed me all the way. I heard them."

"You've no business to be out alone at night," said old Fairjohn, bluntly. "And what's the matter?"

She looked up at him piteously.

"I thought there would be a letter," she said. "I dreamt there was one."

I thought Charlie came and said: "Go to the office once more. I have written, I have written." And I thought I saw a letter with a red seal."

"So did I," muttered old Fairjohn to himself.

And he went to the box where the letters were kept and brought them to her in his hand.

"Look for yourself," he said. "And now Mrs. Lester, I am an old man; take my advice, remember what your duty will be after to-morrow. Remember not to go crazy."

"Ten years have gone since your husband left this place. If he's alive he's a rascal, and you are free of him by law; but we all know that every man on board the Sphinx was drowned. So be a good wife to Job Roper and forget this folly. I'll take you home again this time. Don't come again."

She made no answer but only tossed the letters over in her lap, and said:

"I seem to know it had a red seal."

And as she spoke, old Fairjohn, glancing at the door, saw a dark shadow there, saw it grow darker; saw it enter, and starting up on his defense, it need be recognized as Job Roper.

He was very pale, and took no notice of Fairjohn, but crossing the store on beside Jessie Lester.

"You look that man best, even now," he said. "You'd rather have found a letter from him than not, though to-morrow is our wedding day."

She looked up into his face with a piteous glance.

"I never lied to you," she said. "You know that."

He grew whiter still.

"I told you a man would lose his soul for such a love as mine," he said. "Did you think those were idle words?"

Then he plunged his hand into his bosom, and the next instant a letter with a red seal, lay in Jessie's lap.

"I've made you happy, and now I'll go," he said. "Fairjohn, I stole that letter a month ago off the counter yonder. I knew you wrote it at a glance; and then the door closed behind him and he was gone.

But Jessie had torn open the letter and looked after him.

And these were the words she read, old Fairjohn reading over her shoulder:

"ABOVE THE SILVER STAR.—Jessie, I don't know what makes me believe that I shall find you mine still, after all these years, but something does."

"Five of us were cast on a desert island when the Sphinx went down. The two yet alive were taken off it yesterday in skins, with our beads to our knees. We must go to England first—then home. Jessie, Jessie, if I do not find you as I left you I shall go mad. Your husband, CHARLES LESTER.

And so Jessie's letter had come at last. And as John Fairjohn looked into her face he saw how angles looked in Paradise.

And Job. Job was found drowned the next morning. Jessie never knew it, perhaps, for she and her boy were on their way to New York to meet the Silver Star when it made port.

Does the Constitution Need Amending?

What does Governor Graham say about it. He declares:

"The present Constitution of this State is an anomaly in American institutions. It has no claim to continuance by reason of the times in which it was composed, the influential character of its authors, and we may add the circumstances of its adoption. It has as much application to the people of Illinois as to us. There are provisions in the Constitution insulting and degrading to the sovereignty of the State and purposely placed there."

Judge Manly says:

"The Constitution ought to be amended in many material respects, and it should be done at once, as indispensably necessary to useful legislation. There is no person in the State, it seems to me, who has the sense to form a judgment upon the subject at all, who, at the same time, is capable of freeing himself from the blinding efforts of prejudice and self interest, who does not understand and acknowledge this. Many of its provisions are foreign to our habits and modes of life, unsuited

to the condition of our people, cumbersome and expensive. It is tainted with an arrogant use of moral platitudes and exhortations, is unintelligible, absurd in parts and has many matters crystallized into constitutional law which belong to the evanescent and changeable ideas of the day, and ought to have been left to the domain of ordinary legislation."

Judge Warren says:

"No change of the incumbents of office can make our present Constitution tolerable. Persistence in the right has won all our recent victories. The calling of a Convention is a movement in the interest of true Conservatism and I cannot understand that what is so manifestly for the good of the people is likely to be dangerous to the party that favors it."

Colonel Folk says:

"I consider a Convention the cheapest and most expeditious as well as the most satisfactory mode of amending the Constitution and ridding ourselves forever of the obvious features which confessedly overwhelm and oppress us. If a Convention shall assemble and restore the old Constitution as far as is consistent with the new order of things and guarding the Homestead and exemptions, the people will 'rise up and call it blessed.'"

Hon. Burgess S. Gaither says:

"Individually I should prefer that the Convention when convened should re-adopt the State Constitution we had on the 20th of May, 1861, with the necessary amendments growing out of the recent amendments of the Constitution of the United States and the ordinances in our present Constitution on the question of slavery with the addition of the homestead personal property exemptions."

Judge Howard says:

"The general ambiguity of the instrument; the uncertainty of the terms of office; and the resultant embarrassment to the administration of justice, if the late opinion of the Attorney General be correct; the establishment of all the Courts thereby restraining the discretionary power of creating and modifying Courts to meet the varying wants and interests of the people; the limitations of jurisdiction embarrassing the adjustment of rights and increasing the expense and uncertainty of litigation; the localizing the Judges when the reasons had recurred requiring rotation of circuits and various other restrictions upon legislative action, entirely beside and in no way dependent upon the great provisions that should constitute the organic law and protect the rights of the citizens from unjust or partial legislation—these all demand revision or rejection."

Hon. John Manning says:

"The Constitution was framed by men for the most part of very little experience in political affairs and still less acquainted with our condition and wants, and never received the free, untrammelled approval of a majority of the people who were to be subject to it; and were it ever so perfect, it is wanting in the vital essence of a free Constitution, that is to say, the consent of the governed. It is impossible for the Legislature to do much to relieve the people while the present Constitution is in force."

Hon. Jos. B. Batchelor, formerly Attorney General of the State, says:

"I know of no member of the Democratic-Conservative party who has at any time defied the present Constitution or said that material amendments were not necessary. Under these circumstances to harbor a doubt that the best interests of the people of the State requires that the present Constitution should be materially and speedily amended, would be to cast unjust imputation on the sincerity and honesty of purpose of the party which I have supported since its organization."

Col. Walter L. Steele says:

"The Constitution is not the choice of the people who are governed by it but a bastard begotten by tyranny and perjury. It is a compound of organic principles and statutory requirements thrown together without order, incongruous and absurd. It is mysterious and cumbersome and tends to impede rather than advance rational progress. It imposes burdens 'grievous to be borne' and prevents the passage of laws which growing conveniences and necessities demand. It needs heavy pruning and a thorough reconstruction to bring it into harmonious shape, solid structure and becoming proportions. All partial attempts at amendment therefore will only add more patches to the mosaic garment. A general revision, preserving the principles established by our fathers and such new provisions as our changed condition requires, is the only means by which we can hope to get the organic law into harmony in all its parts, securing all proper landmarks for legislative and judicial guidance and unfettering the General Assembly from many needless restraints which now hamper and control it. And this requires a Convention."

Montfort McGehee, Esq., of Person, says:

"The Constitution was imposed on us by force. We look on it as a badge of servitude. It was the work of needy adventurers ignorant of political science, intent only on plunder and office. It has mangled the hands of the Legislature where action is essential to prosperity and progress. It had engendered and kept alive a constant strife between the several departments of the government; the boundary line between the law-making executive branches of our Government is yet undefined after years of litigation. The verdict of the people is 'made up. This Constitution is an offence to us and we do not intend to live under it.'"

Colonel L. C. Edwards says:

THE OLD CRY.

The Radicals are on the "same old drunk," raising the familiar and artful cry of other days, that the Homestead is in danger. The Rocky Mount Mail which is devoting itself with whole soul to the patriotic duty of carrying Nash county for Buss and Convention, thus briefly demolishes this impudent assumption: "It is more clap-trap, and they know it. The 75,000 negro voters and about 15,000 white men make up the Republican party in North Carolina. These combined do not own one-tenth of the Homesteads in the State. Not one negro in a hundred owns a tract of land. The Democratic party own nine-tenths of the Homesteads, and no sensible man believes for a moment that our party would cut its own throat by demolishing its own property. If it was disposed to do so, every delegate in the convention is sworn not to interfere with the Homestead."

VOTERS, READ.

This from the *Louisburg Courier* is bound to command attention: "It is a fact that in every county in the State, where the Conservative party 'has been in power, the counties are 'out of debt, and their paper is readily 'taken at face value, and a number of 'them have from ten to twenty thousand 'dollars in bank. And in every county 'where the Radical party has been in 'power, the county scrip has been at a 'discount, and nearly every county has 'asked for a special tax, to feed and 'the corrupt officials who hold the offices. 'These are facts.'"

Now, we ask, does this array of startling facts not speak as with the voice of the trumpet against the Radical party. The Radicals oppose Convention, which would remedy these grave wrongs.

MARRIAGE NOTICE.—A St. Louis local editor was recently married, and his brother local of the St. Louis Democrat gives him the following "good notice": "Some people get married, and some don't. Some men prefer maids and some other men prefer widows—that is a matter of taste. Each horn of the dilemma has its advantage possessed by a widow is that she has graduated, had her eye-teeth out, and knows what's what. A virgin has everything to learn; and it requires patience and perseverance to instruct her. Our gold haired friend, George Centre Brown, a sensational writer preferred a widow. He picked out the best one in the city—Mrs. Jennie S. Jenkins—and on Saturday, the train were made one. The affections of the lovely and glowing widow have for some time centered in Centre, and she was his front center in circumstances. These exquisite children, ready made, assist materially in centering the union. 'Tis sweet to be called "papa" by cherub lips on one's wedding day. The evening went off smoothly—skies serene—friends in good spirits and nobody hurt. We congratulate our sensational friend upon securing monopoly of so handsome a "item."

Meeting of the North Carolina Rail Road Company at Greensboro.

The annual meeting of the company was held at Greensboro on the 8th inst. We have no particulars of the meeting beyond the election of Directors on the part of the Stockholders. The following gentlemen were elected:

T. M. Holt, of Haw River.
R. B. Haywood, of Raleigh.
M. L. Holmes, of Salisbury.
D. McKee, of Wilmington.

The latter gentleman was elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the appointment of Hon. W. A. Smith as Director on the part of the State.

It is gratifying to know that Messrs. Holt and Haywood, and we believe Mr. Holmes, received almost a unanimous vote of the private stock.—News.

Sherman on the Generals of the Confederacy.

The following occurs in a St. Louis Times reporter's account of a recent interview with Gen. Sherman:

"Did the rebels fight well at Shiloh?"

"Yes, sir. They hardly kept up the appearances of skirmishers. They struck in fixed line of battle, and fought like sappers. I saw their columns with the naked eyes seize the flags from the standard bearers and rush up and plant them and there would be a clump of men collected around each standard until, under our terrific fire, they seemed to melt out of the air. The slaughter in that field was fearful. As they advanced our soldiers would wait until they got within murdering distance and then give them hell."

"General Sherman who was the principal genius of the confederacy in the western field?"

"Oh, Joe Johnston," said Gen. Sherman. "He was a cunning, subtle fellow. Albert Sidney Johnston was more of a Kentuckian, and had a fine inspiring presence on the battle field. We felt in our lines, without knowing much about it, the effect of his death."

"There was a lull in the battle. He had been killed and Beauregard could not be found."

"Gen. Sherman, did you ever come across Pat Cleburne?"

"Oh, yes," said Sherman, "Pat was everywhere. He was just coming up to the prominence he deserved when he was killed. If there had been another year of Cleburne and the war, he would have left one of the greatest reputations in the southwest."

New Advertisements.

CEDAR COVE NURSERY
FRUIT TREES, VINES & PLANTS
Large stock at reasonable rates.
New Catalogue for 1875 and 76 with full descriptions of fruits, sent free.
Address: CRAFT & SAILOR, YADKIN COUNTY, N. C.
July 1, 1875.—4ts.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL
ENNIS' ITCH CURE
PRICE 25 & 50 CTS.
For sale at ENNIS' Drug Store.
June 3.—4t.

THE RUTHERFORD COLLEGE, N. C.
Will open its Fall term, August 4th, 1875. It is located on the farm of the late Gen. R. L. ABERNETHY, near the town of Yadkin County, N. C. Tuition, from \$1 to \$4 per month. Address R. L. ABERNETHY, Proprietor, Happy Home, N. C. June 17th, 1875.—4ts. pd.

Prescription Department.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded day or night by experienced, and skillful Druggists, and with neatness and dispatch, to Ministers of the Gospel. I will sell it considerably below my regular prices. 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, 1875, and continue for ten months. Instruction given in all branches usually taught in a first class college. Young men prepared for entering college. Price of tuition, as follows: First grade, \$1.25, 2nd \$2.00, 3rd \$3.00, per month. Board can be obtained in respectable families at \$7.00 per month. 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 twenty can be brought back to ladies of forty or forty-five; the rustic country beauty transformed 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, Salisbury, N. C. June 24, '75.

Administrators Notice to Creditors.
All persons having claims against the estate of Dr. O. P. Houston, deceased, are hereby notified to exhibit the same to the undersigned on or before the 11th day of June, 1875. And all persons indebted to said estate are requested to settle promptly.
SAMUEL A. LOWREANCE, Administrator.
Blackmer & Henderson, Attorneys, Salisbury, N. C. June 10, 1875.—6vs. pd.

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