

The Carolina Watchman.

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FOLKS AT THE FAIR.

CANTO XI.

Three great book heroes has the earth—
Him of Juan Fernandez,
The Pilgrim who in dreams had birth,
And the hero of Cervantes!
These are the three undying names—
Immortal to all ears—
Whose story printer's art embalms—
In human thought forever!

They're but the echoes and the rhymes
Our natures reproduce—O!
What spirit, sick of these sad times,
Is not a moral Crusoe?
What honest cavaliers now dash
Against windmills, helmets scapy!
What scared sinners tremble at the clash
Of chains in Castle Mopy!

There is a deep, unspoken song,
Which all my being fills, sir;
My trembling soul hath echoed long
What'er my wild harp trills, sir!
Oh! could I rise from comic stress
And stranger, Quixotic measures—
From morbid Crusoe loneliness
To Christian's holy pleasures!

Could I but shake from off my feet
That leav'ly unclean dust, sir,
And all men love, as die we meet
I should, when die I must, sir!
Could I forget to fight with wrong—
Heal old contentions' scars, sir;
Forget the feuds I've cherished long—
My booties, mimic wars, sir!

That was true Wisdom!—Oh, my path
Is always gentle peace, sir—
In rocks festooned with flow'rs of Faith,
Which incense breathe of Grace, sir!
The guardian angels hover near,
While Pilgrim threads its maze—
At Death's cold stream soft "Never fear"
They whisper and sing praises!

Had Bunyan chose, in Bedford jail,
To hold a grumbling pen, sir,
And told of bitter wrongs his tale,
A Byron he had been, sir!
Faith made that "den" to Bunyan's view
A flowery Fernandez!

There he a greater hero drew
Than De Fo'e's or Cervantes!
His Pilgrim bold! I see him yet!
From dark Destruction's city—
His eye fixed on the wicked gate—
Bent 'neath his burden weighty—
Come marching o'er the dreary plain—
See him in Despond's mire, sir,
Where Pliable turned back again,
And Pilgrim Help required, sir!

And oh! that martyr by the way,
Dear Faithful! How I've wept, sir,
When, in the town of Vanity
Where all the year was kept, sir,
A worldly Fair, which Pilgrim true
Could not go round, but make, sir,
Their way straight through, the hellish crew
Burnt Faithful at the stake, sir!

From Faithful's ashes Hopeful rose,
And constantly attended
Poor Christian to his Journey's close—
Together on they wended,
Through snares and prisons, battles sore,
Which rouse our inmost pity,
Till they found rest forevermore
In that Celestial City!

When darkness, dread and horror came
On Christian, in Death's flood, sir,
His dear friend Hopeful then did name
This old text, for his good, sir—
"In wicked deaths there are no bands—
Their strength is firm—untroubled,
They see no blood upon their hands—
The righteous trial's doubled!"

Drink to the dregs the bitter cup,
O wicked man, when ye witness
The goodly prosper—ye must sup
This gall, to test your fitness!
And be not tempted to distrust
His justice never failing!
Writing out the dregs, as well ye must
To suffer and be willing!

Bliss dreamer! Every world-wide breeze
That volumes levers earth and sea,
E'en by the frosty Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan, sir,
Where'er its mar or on the main,
An English flag's unfurled, sir,
That look helps wind Christ's alike chains
Of love around the world, sir!

E. P. H.

THE TREE CROWNS.

"Blessed is the man that endureth tempta-
tion: for when he is tried he shall receive
the crown of life, which the Lord hath
promised to them that love him." Jas. 1.
12 (See also Rev. 2, 10.)
"I have fought a good fight, I have kept
my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth
there is laid up for me a crown of
righteousness, which the Lord, the
righteous Judge, shall give me at that day,
and not to me only, but to all them that
love his appearing." 2 Tim. 4, 7.
"And when the Chief Shepherd shall
appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory
that fadeth not away." 1 Peter, 4, 5.

How Railroads are built in Georgia.

RALPH, N. C., July 9th, 1875.

Messrs. Editors:—In common with many citizens of Granville, I feel a deep interest in the success of the project on foot to build a railroad from Oxford to Henderson. The following highly interesting correspondence, which appeared in the Asheville Citizen of a recent date, is well worth publishing in the Leader, and being carefully considered by those who are actively concerned in the enterprise that would prove so beneficial to the county if successfully carried out. Mr. Phillips in his letter to Gen. Clingman shows very conclusively how a railroad can be built, if the people are in earnest. Nay, he shows how it can be built almost without money. Let every one read the important letter.

Very respectfully,
T. B. KINGSBURY.

ASHEVILLE, June 1, 1875.

Editor Citizen:—As I was desirous of learning something as to the advantages of using convict labor on railroads, I made some enquiries of Mr. J. A. Bissner, of Georgia, whom I accidentally met at Charlotte. As convicts have been used for some time in that State on public work, he promised to secure for me information on the subject. In consequence of this, I received from him a day or two since a letter endorsing a statement of Gen. Phillips, which contains much useful information, not only on this subject, but also in relation to a railroad enterprise, which may interest our Western countries. As the practical effect of using convict labor is a subject rather new in our State, it struck me that you might think it worth while to publish General Phillips' letter. Supposing that he would not object to its publicity, I place it at your disposal.

Yours truly, &c.,
T. L. CLINGMAN.

MARIETTA, Ga., May 26, 1875.

Gen. Thomas L. Clingman:

MY DEAR SIR: Mr. Bissner has just communicated to my message with the request that I give you a statement "as to the working of our convicts in the construction of railroads." Since the war our Penitentiary convicts have been bound out and by the lease worked on railroads and other public and private works. The first lease worked the entire force together and made fortunes. At the expiration of their term in April of last year, different companies bid for given numbers at different prices, and the convicts were farmed out to small companies of lessees—some to be worked in coal and iron mines, others on railroads and farms. We have been trying since 1858 to build a railroad from this place via Ducktown and Marysville to Knoxville and connect with the W. N. C. Extension at Murphy. Our company believing that with the convict labor we could grade our road, and that the narrow gauge was best, and that upon an unincumbered road we could secure iron and motive power on first mortgage bonds, organized a company of lessees interested in the building of the road, because of the development of the country through which the road would pass, and the business it would bring to our little city. This company bid for 100 convicts and their pro rata of the increase, to be worked on the Marietta & North Georgia Railroad at \$11 per annum per capita, in feeding, clothing, guarding or working, and to care for the sick. The contrast and obligations of the bond for the faithful compliance with the terms proposed. The lessees then contracted with the railroad company to work this force on the road at the lowest cash prices for which work of the kind could be done and receive no other pay than actual necessary expenses, except stock in the road at par, the railroad company paying all necessary expenses and the profit being in paid up stock. Our stock is divided into shares of \$25, payable in provisions, mules, horses, cart and tools, at cash prices, and not more than \$5 on the share to be assessed at any one time, and not then until 30 days notice was given in one newspaper. We commenced without one dollar, made our survey, located the road, and now have 18 miles of the road graded. Our subscription list has never reached \$50,000 solvent stock owing to several difficulties, the principle one being want of confidence in the ability of the people to build a railroad, and the capacity of the narrow gauge to meet the demand.

I was prevented from attending your Centennial at Charlotte by a convention of our stockholders and meetings on the line of road. I believe that our people now have confidence in their ability to build the road on the plan proposed, and also confidence in the narrow gauge. The actual expense of working our force the past two months was \$800 per month. This includes all the expenses of the contracting company, but not the salaries of the officers of the road. In this force we have eight good rock masons, who build our culverts; two excellent blacksmiths and two wagon makers, who repair carts, tools, etc.; a shoemaker and harness maker, who make and repair the harness, and several good carpenters. We can do all the work of any kind including the bridges and ties, and it ought not to cost more than we paid the last two months to work the convicts after the equipments are once furnished. Then it is best labor in the world, and if properly managed the least troublesome. Mr. Bissner requested that I should give you details as you propose to build the road from Asheville to Murphy. I sincerely hope that you will. We hope to double our force during the summer, and I should

rejoice to aid in connecting my native and adopted States with bars of iron, developing and increasing the material resources of both States, and uniting their citizens by the identity of a common interest. On this line between this place and Asheville there are natural resources greater than that of any part of Pennsylvania, yet what is the difference in population and wealth? My hope of the South is not in politics, but in the development of our resources and the increased prosperity of our people. Excuse this digression. We will have a large meeting of all the upper counties on the 23d July, at Elijah. Can't you meet with us there? We will give you a hearty welcome.

Yours truly,
W. M. PHILLIPS.

(From the Vicksburg Herald.)

"JOGGIN'."

"They entered Vicksburg just at dark. The two mules before the covered wagon leaned against each other for support, and a man having any knowledge of mules, would have said that a lurch of scarpion would have been a God send to them. There was a big dog under the wagon, and he looked around in a suspicious, frightened way, as if expecting an attack from some quarter.

Peeping out from the wagon was a woman and three children. Her face was as yellow as ochre and as sharp as a plantation hoe, and if the children had a bit of bacon for months past, their looks didn't show it.

"We're a sad family," replied the man as he returned from the grocery with a pound of crackers and a bit of cheese. "Anything bad happened?" asked the reporter.

"You see that woman in the wagon there. Well, she weighed a hundred and sixty pounds when we struck Louisiana, a year ago. That she is now, gone down to a shadder, and you couldn't hear her holler across the road!"

"Yes, she does look bad."
"And that's three children—fell away to bones and hide and hair. Their 'neds' to be seven. The rest ar' planted over their 'cross the river!"

"Well, that is bad."
"And that's them mules," continued the stranger, his voice growing husky. "That was a time when they was just old lightning; had to tie 'em up out door for fear they'd kick the stable down. They don't look like it now, but they was once able to run a plow into the side so deep that it took a nigger a day to dig down to the handles!"

"They seem worn out now."
"And gaze on that dog—on poor Timothy!" continued the man, brushing a tear from the left eye—"that's what takes the pluck o' me! When I brought that dog from old Kentucky, the taller frier told him as he walked, and when he set his teeth on to anything, it had to come or die. And what is he now? Whar's his bounden 'step, bis fat, his grace!"

"You had bad luck then?"
"Yes, things got again' us from the start. The rain drowned the crops out, the ager shook us up stairs and down, fever took the children away, and the old woman and the mules and Timothy sot right down and pined away to the shadders!"

"And you are moving?"
"We're joggin', stranger, kinder joggin' along and around, lookin' for a place to squat. The old woman sighs for Kaintuck, and Timothy he'd git up on his hind legs and howl if we were pined that way, but I thought we'd jog a little further."

"And will you settle in Mississippi?"
"I'll see. They say the life here is good and crops sure, but no'no. If I git a good bit o' land on shears we'll stop and make dirt, but if I can't we'll make for Kaintuck and keep joggin' as long as the mules hold out."

"Well I'm sorry for you," said the reporter.
"Blessed to you, stranger, I've tried to keep a stiff backbone, and I guess I kin see this thing through, but when a fellow remembers what these mules was, and then see 'em now, it's 'nuff to break his heart, to say nuthin' about Timothy under the wagon, a dog who was brung up on the fat o' the land, and who haint used to sorrow and grief!"

And climbed into the wagon, pushed on the lines, and the mules moved slowly on their way.

SCOTCH GIRLS.

We question if a more beautiful sight can be seen upon this wide world than the fashionable promenade on Princess street, Edinburgh, any sunny day about four o'clock. Let the spectator take his eye from the picturesque glories of exquisite landscape, and fix them upon the more beautiful of nature's works who pass by him. The writer promenade upon one occasion during the past summer with an American gentleman of considerable taste, and said he: "What I admire about your Scotch ladies is their healthy looks and their high-bred faces." He had struck the right note. In the high bred air which he remarked he saw perfect health without vulgarity; ease of manner with unapproachable dignity, elegance of costume with common sense. Scotch girls are educated for use, not show; to live a life of usefulness and pleasure to others and themselves. What they know they have learned solidly. If they play the piano, which they generally can, they do not offend the musical sense by sitting down like a mark of interrogation, and thumping the soul out of a showy piece of music like an eccentric sky-rocket in a shower of weightless. The Scotch girl may not venture on the confines of marvelous expectation; but what she plays is generally executed with feeling, trained accent and proper time. The same rule hold good in every branch of education.

THE GIRL WHO WINS.—The time has passed when women must be pale and delicate to be interesting—when she must be totally ignorant of all practical knowledge, to be called refined and high bred—when she must know nothing of the current political news of the day, or be called masculine or strong-minded. It is not a sign of high birth or refinement to be sickly and ignorant. Those who affect anything of the kind are behind the times, and must shake up and air themselves mentally and physically, or drop under the firm strides of common sense ideas, and be crushed into utter insignificance.

In these days an active, rosy faced girl, with brain quick and clear, warm, light heart, a temper quickly heated at intended insults or injury, and just as quick to forgive; whose feet can run as fast as her tongue, and not put her out of breath; who is not afraid of frolics, or to breathe the pure air of heaven, unrestrained by the drawn curtains of a close carriage; and, above all, who can speak her mind, and give her opinion on important topics, which interest intelligent people, is the true girl who will make a good woman.

This is the girl who wins these days. Even fops and dandies, who so strongly oppose women's rights, like a woman that can talk well, even if she is not handsome.

(From the Somerset Messenger.)

A New Jersey Girl Sells Herself for \$1,000.

A somewhat eccentric though wealthy gentleman named Gates has recently been creating quite a sensation in and about Somerville. He is well advanced in years, being upward 70, him self a widower and a cripple, with one married daughter, an only child. He moved into Hillsborough township about a year ago, and bought considerable real estate, giving one farm to his daughter. He is said to have been quite lavish with his money—to such an extent that his family became alarmed, and an effort was made by his daughter and son-in-law to have him declared insane and placed under guardianship, but this effort proved a failure. Among his other eccentricities was his evident fondness for the society of young ladies. Or the 5th of July he became acquainted with a young lady from the West, who, with her mother, was temporarily staying in Somerville, and who is not yet out of her teens, to whom he had made proposals of marriage. The girl took one hour to consider the matter, and then signified her acceptance, although, it is said against the wishes of her mother, and Monday of this week the parties were united in marriage, the ceremony taking place in Plainfield—the mother in the mean time having become reconciled. Fifteen thousand dollars was the marriage portion of the bride, which sum was at once placed at her disposal.

A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.—He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another. He betrays no secret entrusted to his keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. If, by accident, he comes in possession of his neighbors' counsel, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye whether they flutter at the window, or be open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He invades no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pockets, bonds and securities, notes, trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted alone, out of sight, near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He says no offices, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, manly; he cannot descend to secularity. In short, whatever he judges honorable he practices toward every man.—Selected.

(New York Tribune.)

Lady Franklin and Other Wives.

The white-haired old woman, who in the eyes of the whole world still shows the faithful devotion to the husband who left her in the flush of her youth and beauty, to return no more to her, has been, for this generation, one of the most pathetic figures in modern history. The facts of her story have been exceptionally picturesque and dramatic. There was the brave explorer gone down into eternal cold and silence—the chambers where the snow and ice are born, that annihilated the splendors of light, whose mysteries are but little less terrible to the living world than those of Hades; and there was the poor wife, powerful only in her devotion, going from one country to another, asking help to find and bring him back from death. When the appeal of the woman was answered and twenty expeditions, one after another, at a cost of over six millions dollars, were sent out by shrewd practical governments upon this Quixotic errand, the heart of the world was touched. Nothing in the old crusades was more chivalric than this response to a wife's appeal; these money-making mercenary days need more than the old poet a great thought now and then to refresh them, and as we are old and ourselves, we had it here. This woman's conjugal love was of the grand old heroic models; it took us back to the days of Cato and Lucretia. We even felt a little surprised that the story should have missed its way and happened in our own age, among benighted and fashionable women, and pretty interminable scandal gossip, and suits in divorce courts.

But, after all, is it not worth our while to consider whether the eternal ice and snow and great national expedition may not have served as a pedestal to lift this especial woman's loyalty into notice; and whether, under the befrilled and fashionable and commonplace lives of the women who live next door or jostle us in the horse-car, there may not be found love and faith of just as large and pure proportions? Love and Marriage are the rule among us, and in appearance, matters of Guah and foul jealousy and fouler passion, to jealousy and fouler passion, to be pawed and gloated over by the public. The majority of American wives have no opportunity to prove the depth of their loyalty; in countless lives it never finds louder expression than daily service, cooking, sewing, the rearing of children, trivial helps, modesties, forbearances, tenderesses, offered hourly for a life long, but to which no thought notice is giving by her who gives or him who takes.

A LOCOMOTIVE WITH LEGS.—At the sitting of the Academy of Science on Tuesday, M. Treca exhibited a model of a locomotive engine now being tried on the Eastern Railway. This engine has no wheels, but what may be called legs. It does not roll; it walks, runs, or gallops. It is like an ordinary railway engine; with straight rods terminating in broad circular skates. There are three legs in front and two behind. The moving cylinders, instead of turning wheels, raise the feet, and the whole acts something after the fashion of a three-legged horse.

The invention is especially adapted for carrying a great weight up an incline. The engine at work on the Eastern Railway weighs ten tons, and goes seven or eight kilometers an hour, and can accomplish its desired, twenty kilometers. Of course this style of locomotive is not likely to displace the one now in use, but it is especially applicable to mountain railways, and is a step in a new direction. The model exhibited at the Academy of Science was an incline of twenty-five degrees with ease.

Capabilities of an Acre.

J. M. SMITH, a market gardener of Green Bay, furnishes some interesting statements of his experiments in high culture. He has found the rule invariable, not a single exception to it, that the more he has spent in cultivating and manuring, the greater have been the net profits per acre. Last season he cultivated fourteen acres, and began with a more thorough and expensive cultivation than ever before. The result was, that, although there was a "terrible drought," one of the driest seasons ever known in that region, after spending \$3,986, or \$384 per acre, he had a better balance than for any previous year.

It appears to regard constant cultivation, especially through drought in connection with copious manuring, as all important. Stable manure is the standard; with such use of the superphosphates, plaster, lime, ashes, and other manures as experience and good sense point out.

"After you have learned how to spend money to the best advantage," he remarks, "the larger profit may be made by laying out \$300 per acre than with less. After all its expenses, taxes, and ten per cent. of \$1,000 per acre, there is something wrong somewhere. I have some acres of land that did not pay expenses for two years, but for a number of years past have not failed to pay ten per cent. on at least \$2,000 per acre. I expect my whole garden to do more than that in a short time."

He adds that he is now aiming at a 1,000 bushels of onions per acre, then a crop of carrots of turnips, or 500 bushels of early potatoes; or, if strawberries, 12,800 quarts or 400 bushels per acre. This amount of strawberries is not wholly impossible, as we have known, under our own observation, this rate on two-thirds of an acre.—Mass. Ploughman.

(New York Tribune.)

The North Polar Region.

In an article upon the occasion of the sailing of the new British discovery expedition to the north pole, the London Times says:

"So what we really begin this 29th day of May, 1875, is in all probabilities a progressive series of operation for the discovery of this planet's most intractable and inaccessible quarter. At present there lies within a few weeks of us, and right between us and inhabited continents, a circle, 1,400 miles across, of which we know not even whether it be land or water, or in what respect it is affected by some conditions wholly different from our own. Is it anything more than a great refrigerator for the production of cold—that is, for the absorption of heat? If water preponderate there, then the cold need not be so extreme as we imagine; and just as the equator is not everywhere hotter than the tropics, just as the eastern hemisphere is warmer by 10° in north latitude than the western, and the northern hemisphere very much warmer than the southern, so even the arctic circle may have the benefit of some genial influences. It has at least half a year of continuous day. What if it be found sufficiently habitable for the establishment of stations in which the production and economy of heat will be the only serious difficulty? Science is sanguine, but it confesses itself to be hoping against hope as to the matter of its expectations. An animal or two, seeds that can stand any cold, some of the lowest forms of vegetable life, and perhaps organisms in the sea, the possible revelation of an atmosphere completely clear of aqueous disturbance, figure prominently in the catalogue of hopes. If, as is suspected, there be ingredients in the earth's atmosphere too subtle for chemical analysis, the spectroscopic may detect them in a region where humidity no longer embarrasses the question. Then what is the aurora? Is it of earth, or of heaven? Is it meteoric? Is it cosmic? Does it reveal a universal medium? Is it a magnetic phenomenon? At about the 70th degree of latitude the expedition will reach the other side of the magnetic pole, and will have to steer by rules the contrary to our own, and becoming more and more complex till the needle points finally to the center of the earth. At the pole not only the compass, but even the sun, moon, and stars will cease to be available for the usual purposes of observation; that is, if anything should happen to the chronometers, for all will then depend on the preservation of Greenwich time. The forlorn hope told off for the pole will have to mark its track very carefully if it would be sure of retracing its course back again. The geologists, ethnologists, and paleontologist fret at their exclusion, but they must admit their chances would be small indeed. They can wait, at all events. Perhaps the one hope widest felt and deepest is that of something unknown and unaccounted for. Who would have guessed a few years ago that the interior of Africa was populous and delightful, that the ocean was full of life and undergoing change, or that the elements and fabric of the sun would yield to analysis? The expedition is a lottery, in which we know too well there are blanks, but in which there are sure to be some prizes, perhaps one or two great ones."

Four Women Made Widows by the Death of One Husband.

[Des Moines (Iowa) Journal.]

On Saturday last Mr. Lewis Walker died at West Liberty, leaving a widow. Previous to his death he expressed the earnest wish that if he died he might be buried at his old home, a short distance south of Bevington, which is eighteen miles from Des Moines, on the Winter road. With a heart full of love and affection and weighted with sorrow and desolation the widow placed the body of the late husband in a casket and started to obey his last request. She passed through the city Monday morning. Arriving at Bevington inquiry was made of residents as to the locality where the body was to be buried, the widow being an entire stranger to everybody. She was asked whose body it was, when it was discovered that the deceased was the lawful husband of the daughter of the owner of the premises where he requested to be buried, and who was then residing at her father's. Of these facts the widow was ignorant, and the certain knowledge of the scene which must follow the meeting of the two wives of one husband under such circumstances induced some of the citizens to inform wife No. 2 of the facts. She was at first astounded, then mortified and indignant at the base deception which had been practiced upon her. She instructed the citizens to take the body to the residence of wife No. 1, and taking the first train returned to West Liberty, and the first knowledge wife No. 1 had of the matter was the arrival of the body at her residence. Since her departure it has been discovered that Walker has also a wife in Missouri, another in Ohio, and perhaps others elsewhere.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CEDAR COVE NURSERY.
FRUIT TREES, VINES & PLANTS. A large stock at reasonable rates. New Catalogue for 1875 and 76 with full descriptions of fruits, sent free. Address: CRAFT & SAILOR, York, Pa.

NEW MILLINERY STORE.
At the old stand of Foster & Horah. Just received a full line of Hats, Bonnets, trimmed and untrimmed. Ribbons, Bands and all the latest French and American novelties. Address: Mrs. S. J. HALYBURTON, York, Pa.

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 in considerably below my regular prices. J. H. H. ENNIS, Druggist, Next to Meroney & Bro.

SECRET OF PERPETUAL BEAUTY.
Ladies whose complexions are darkened by marred by discoloration or blemishes can produce a beautiful, clear skin of a rich pink 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 the fragrant cosmetic. The faded complexion speedily resumes the fresh bloom of youth under the healthy and delightful influence. For Sale by J. H. H. ENNIS, Salisbury, N. C.

FLORAL HALL PREMIUMS.
WESTERN N. C. FAIR. The premium list of the Salisbury Fair for 1875, is now ready for distribution and may be had of Secretary B. F. ROGERS. The premiums offered in Department No. 2 (Floral Hall) will be paid in money or silver ware, if desired. B. F. ROGERS, Secy.

FRANKLIN ACADEMY.
AN ENGLISH, CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, AND SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL, FOR MALES AND FEMALE. Rev. H. M. BROWN, A. B. Principal, Mr. L. P. SCHEER, Assistant.

The next Session of this academy (located in Salisbury) will commence Aug. 2nd, 1875. The course of instruction will be thorough and practical. This Institution is located four miles North of Salisbury on the new North Carolina, in a healthy country. Tuition is as follows: \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$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—6 tms.—Pd.

SALISBURY'S GREAT BARGAIN STORE.

The undersigned takes pleasure in informing their customers and the community at large that they are now in receipt of a large stock of Spring and Summer Goods selected with great care and direct from the Eastern markets consisting in part of all kinds of Dry Goods, Notions, &c.

HATS, BOOTS, & SHOES, CLOTHING, GROCERY, &c. &c.

Which they are determined to sell low for cash. Highest Cash price paid for all kinds of Country produce.—Our plan is:—

Quick Sales and small profits
and we believe that the public will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.
We beg to return our thanks for past patronage and hope by fair dealing and strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

McCUBBINS, BEAL & JULIAN, April, 1875.