

# The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. V.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 26, 1875.

NO. 99.—WHOLE NO 100

**PUBLISHED WEEKLY:**  
J. J. BRUNER,  
Proprietor and Editor.  
J. J. STEWART,  
Associate Editor.  
**RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:**  
WEEKLY WATCHMAN.  
One Year, payable in advance, \$2.00  
Six Months, 1.25  
Three Months, .75  
Copies to any address, 10 Cts.  
**ADVERTISING RATES:**  
One Square (1 inch) One Insertion \$1.00  
Two " " " " .75  
Three " " " " .50  
Four " " " " .35  
Five " " " " .25  
Six " " " " .20  
Seven " " " " .15  
Eight " " " " .10  
Nine " " " " .07  
Ten " " " " .05  
Rates for a greater number of insertions  
and special notices 25 per cent. more  
in regular advertisements. Reading notice,  
5 cents, per line for each and every insertion.

**THE TENDRENESS OF MEMORY.**  
They say the years since last we met,  
Have wrought sad change in thee;  
That it were better to forget  
Our youth's fond history.  
And yet I faintly would cling that hand,  
Which once those eyes once more,  
One moment by the side would stand,  
As I have stood of yore.  
They say the very tones that thrum  
My heart, and dimm'd my eyes,  
Now, by the cold world's blighting chill,  
I scarce might recognize.  
And yet I long to hear thee speak,  
Repeat what bygone strains,  
Although the charm I there should seek  
Were listened for in vain.  
I would not wish the years rolled back,  
Could such a choice be mine,  
Nor falter in the onward track,  
Though covered far from thine.  
But pilgrims may from here, on heights  
Begetting names survey,  
And give a sigh to past delights,  
Yet sighing—turn away.

## FOLKS AT THE FAIR.

**CANTO XIII.**  
Thirteen! Great spouses and otterooms!  
That number there's no luck in!  
My ink will pen, my foolscap fail,  
My steel pen-h—get stuck in!  
The type who pegs up these lines  
Isartin sure gone up, sir!  
The editor, on bacon rinds,  
With Pluto's wife will sup, sir!  
I rode to town the other day,  
A-felicit sorter doubtful—  
Composed this on my little gray—  
Dismounting, wrote it out full!  
The first I met was not a man—  
It was a man and woman!  
Had rabbit crossed me, luck were then  
Less puzzling and inhuman!  
My luck seemed either good or bad  
Or both—how tantalizing!  
The knocked-up rule upset my head—  
Exception most surprising!  
He did convey a small brown jug;  
(I didn't know its gender!)  
She did a smaller baby jug  
His gender made hope slender!  
That baby held the "casting vote,"  
Made sure by its name axin!  
I axed—(my luck must sink or float!)  
'Twas "Julia Stonewall Jackson!"  
High! and higher than a kite,  
'Twas plain the crowd was human!  
My hopes soared up clear out of sight—  
'Twas a little more man than woman!  
Oh, "luck's a fortune," I've heard say,  
And yet I haint quite got it!  
But for that patriotic, to-day  
I'd be a prince, dot rot it!  
If I had only met a man,  
With narry eyeball squinted,  
This Cant would surpass what pen  
Of Byron wrote or hinted!  
When you start on a journey, dear  
Unsuspecting reader,  
Mind who you meet, and always fear  
The famous ill-luck breeder!  
For Eve, you know, made Adam go  
And git right out of Eden!  
Had Adam never met her, now,  
Them Rov'n's he'd still be weedin!  
Young Sambo came to our front door,  
A-blowin and a-puffin,  
This very morn, daylight before,  
And what's the mat?—"O, noffin—  
But lazy-messy, miss, dat slut  
'Howl all night—broke my napping!  
Dat somethin down to mammy's hut  
Bound for to gwine to happen!"  
'She go ki-yo, ki-ye, ki-yi!  
And den dat screech-owl holler!  
Some den dar niggers bound to die!  
Dat see lay down and waller!  
In dat house log de def wath whis—  
With on dat door kept rapping!  
O, lazy-mess, dar sumthin, miss,  
Bound for to gwine to happen!"  
'In dat old piney field dey laid  
Free Tom by Pompey slave, miss;  
And yit, de fools forgot, dey said,  
To salt his open grave, miss,  
Wid dat handful of dirt apiece—  
Dey stop dat hose at Biggers,  
What haul de corpses, to mend a trace—  
Tom waiting for more niggers!"  
'And at de wake, de night afore,  
De candles all burnt blue, miss!  
De whippoorwills cum, by de score,  
Right down de chimney flye, miss!  
Dey set and sing upon de bed,  
And on de window sill, miss!  
Dey look to hart 'em do, dey said—  
'Fas and enuff to kill, miss!"  
'Last time poor Tom he went to town,  
He meet one ugly wif, miss—  
Dat day he tuk his cotton down,  
And stalled in dat ar ditch, miss!  
Some of 'em said, while he was drunk  
She tricked him with a spell, miss;  
And shore dat wif knock out his chunk,  
Before Tom could git well, miss!"  
'I think dey're dying misery fast—  
Dat screech-owl's always hollerin!  
At dis ar rate, de black wif lost—  
Dat see, he's away wallerin!  
Dey shout and pray from dark till day—  
'Go all day noddin, nappin!  
At dis rate, somethin is, say,  
Bound for to gwine to happen!"  
E. P. H.

## AN ANNIVERSARY.

In a chamber old and onken,  
In a faint and faltering voice,  
Half a dozen words were spoken,  
Just eleven years to-day,  
What was bound and what was broken,  
Let a woman's conscience say.  
Half a dozen words excited,  
Whispered by a lover's side;  
Half delighted, half affrighted,  
Half in pleasure, half in pride;  
And a maiden's truth is plighted,  
And a false love-knot is tied.  
Has a maiden not a feeling  
Can swell and sing, and soar?  
Never mind her heart's healing,  
Thoughts of things that were before?  
In her heart did not revealing  
Tell her, love was something more?  
Barely half a dozen glances,  
Half in earnest half in mirth—  
Five, or six, or seven dances—  
Courtship in which no romance is  
Cannot give a true love birth.  
Lightly is the promise spoken,  
Lightly is the love-knot tied;  
And the maid renews the token,  
Living in her husband's side;  
And her heart is not broken,  
But it is not in its pride.  
With the years shall come a feeling  
Never may be felt before;  
She shall find the heart concealing  
Wants it did not know of yore;  
Silently the truth revealing,  
Real love is something more.

## "About Ice-Cream."

He slipped into an ice-cream saloon  
Very softly, and when the girl asked him  
What he wanted he replied:  
"Corn beef, fried potatoes, pickles and  
mince pie."  
"This is not a restaurant; this is an ice-  
cream parlor," she said.  
"Then why did you ask me what I  
wanted for? Why didn't you bring on  
your ice-cream?"  
She went after it, and as she returned  
he continued:  
"You see, my dear girl, you must infer,  
you must reason. It isn't likely that I  
would come into an ice-cream saloon to  
buy a griddlestone, is it? You didn't think  
I came in here to ask if you had any baked  
hay, did you?"  
She looked at him in great surprise, and  
he went on:  
"If I owned a hardware store and you  
came in, I would infer that you wanted  
something in my line. I wouldn't step  
out and ask you if you wanted to buy a  
mule, would I?"  
She went away highly indignant. An  
old lady was devouring a dish of cream  
at the next table, and the stranger, after  
watching her for a moment, called out:  
"My dear woman, have you found any  
hair or buttons in your dish?"  
"Merely!" she exclaimed, as she  
wheeled around and dropped her spoon.  
"Well, I'm glad of it," he continued—  
'If you find any just let me know."  
She looked at him for a half a minute,  
picked up the spoon, laid it down again,  
and then rose up and left the room. She  
must have said something to the proprietor,  
for he came running in and exclaimed:  
'Did you tell that woman that there  
were hairs and buttons in my ice-  
cream?"  
"No, sir."  
'No, Sir, I did not; I merely requested  
her, in case she found any such ingredi-  
ents, to inform me!"  
'Well, that was a mean trick."  
'My dear sir,' said the stranger, smiling  
softly, 'did you expect me to ask the woman  
if she had found a crow bar or sledge-  
hammer in her cream? It is impossible,  
sir, for such articles to be  
hidden away in such small dishes!"  
'The proprietor went away, growling,  
and as the stranger quietly sipped away  
at his cream two young ladies came in,  
sat down near him and ordered cream  
and cakes. He waited until he had  
eaten a little, and then he remarked:  
'Beg pardon, ladies, but do you observe  
anything peculiar in the taste of this  
cream?"  
They tasted smacked their lips, and  
were not certain.  
'Does it taste to you as if a plug of  
tobacco had fallen in the freezer?"  
'Ah! kah!" they exclaimed, dropping  
their spoons and trying to spit out what  
they had eaten. Both rushed out, and it  
wasn't long before the proprietor rushed in.  
'See here, what in blazes are you talk-  
ing about?' he demanded. "What do you  
mean by a plug of tobacco in the  
freezer?"  
'My kind friend, I asked the ladies if  
this cream tasted of plug tobacco. I don't  
taste any such taste, and I don't believe  
you used a bit of tobacco in it."  
'Well, you ought not to talk that way  
among honest, contented proprietors."  
'My ice cream is pure, had the man who  
says it isn't tell a bold lie!"  
He went away again, and a woman  
with a long neck and a sad face sat down  
and said to the girl that she would take  
a small dish of lemon ice.  
It was brought and she had taken  
about two mouthfuls when the stranger  
inquired:  
'Excuse me, madam, but do you know  
how this cream was made—have you an  
idea that they grated turnip and chalk  
with the cream?"  
She didn't reply. She slowly rose up,  
wheeled around, and made for the door.  
The stranger followed after, and by great  
good luck his coat-tails cleared the door  
an instant too soon to be struck by a  
fire-pump box of figs, buried with great  
force by the indignant proprietor. As he  
reached the curb stone he halted, look-  
ing at the door of the parlor, and solilo-  
quized:  
'There are times when people should

## A TERRIBLE WALK.

*A Pedestrian Followed Through the Woods by a Cougar.*  
As a test of nerve, the recent experience of a wayfarer, traveling a wood road near Olymphia, Washington Territory, was as any on record. The man was a speculator, looking out wild land, and he trudged through the forest, following the almost unusual path formed by an old road made by pioneers in the wilderness. His mind was devoted to one subject—the critical examination of the kind of trees upon the land about him, and of the character of the soil, and he failed to notice for some time a "pit-a-pat" upon the dead leaves near him. He at first scarcely looked down, when he felt something rubbing against his legs and heard a slight purring sound, but when he did look he saw a cougar crouching in his mouth and a cold sweat started up suddenly as though he were suspended by a weak rope over Niagara. Pressing itself softly against his legs, twining about him as he walked, moving its flexible body swiftly, but with never a sound, turning up fierce eyes with something almost like a terrible laugh in them, was a huge cougar! No chicken was this man in the woods, but his account of the manner in which his hat was raised by the hair is not to be considered as apocryphal at all. Shock and supple and muscular the beast glided about, and at intervals it would come closer again, and press its body against the legs of the man, the light touch making goose-flesh of every inch of his form. It was a terrible experience, that interview with the cougar in the forest primeval, and it was well for the man that his nerves were of the kind to do him honor to a frontier adventurer. Steadily pursuing his course with steps that would falter a little occasionally, he kept on, and with him the beast, continued its treacherous gambols. At times it would glide a few paces to the front, and roll over and over in the road, and wait for the man to come up, and then it would circle around him again until the impulse, almost too strong to be resisted would come upon him to spring upon the brute, opposing itself to laughs and ending the intolerable suspense at any risk. The movements of the terrible animal were but as the playing of a cat with a mouse, and the man knew it. The moment came at length, when the strain could be borne no longer, and the man kicked desperately at the beast as it passed by him. In an instant it bounded in front and crouched for a spring, growling hoarsely and showing its teeth. The man stopped and shouted hopelessly for aid, while the cougar did not spring at once, but appeared waiting to gratify its humor a little longer. The shout, fortunately, was not in vain. There were hunters and dogs in the immediate vicinity, as rare fortune would have it, and the hounds dashed suddenly from the covert as the cougar, seeing them, leaped for a tree. A few moments later the beast fell a victim to the bullets, and the man with whom it had taken a stroll was telling his story and trying to restore the normal condition of his nerves by internal applications from a small flask. It was one of the episodes which turns men's hair gray—one which would, doubtless, have brought death to a man with less nerve than the hero of the affair.—*Davaquin Monitor.*

**American Loveliness in the Surf.**  
Oliver Logan writes from Long Branch: "It seems strange that the irrepressible coquetry of the American woman should not have niched itself (to us Muses de Sologne's expression) in her bathing costume. Women of the most marked elegance in drawing-rooms obey the law of our land and make the vilest scare-crows of themselves to go into the surf. More bathing dresses are let out in Long Branch in a single week than are so disposed in a whole season at all the French resorts combined. Every French lady frequenting *les bains de mer* pays special attention to providing herself with un *costume de bain*. And this outfit is as carefully selected in regard to its becomingness in color and cut; its fit must be as perfect, its freshness as undoubted as any dress that madam wears. Some of these costumes are really charming, and when donned enhance the beauty or elegance of their wearers quite as much as any other. A delicate rose flannel, with knife-pleating of white, hat trimmed in accordance, pink hose, and straw shoes, navy blue serge with stripes of yellow, green and brown melons—these are some of the combination which dwell in my memory from last season. Many ladies have scarcely worth mentioning, as the materials from which such dresses are made, are very cheap. But whatever a French lady's sea bathing costume may be—her own and three or four of them in the season, or hired from day to day from *la baigneur*—one accessory is absolutely indispensable. I mean the long flannel cloak, which it would be to offend the plainest propriety not to wear from the moment the bather leaves her cabin until she is ready to plunge into the sea; then the cloak is thrown off to be immediately donned ready to plunge into the sea; then the again on leaving the water. Sometimes the beach is literally strewn with these cloaks. Each claims her own, and I never heard of a misappropriation. To dispense with these cloaks—warm and dry after leaving the sea—and to tan along the sands exposed to the wind in a dripping bath dress would be considered a piece of imprudence in a hygienic sense, and to dress and go away without having first equalized the circulation by the use of the hot foot-bath would be looked upon as sheer madness only worthy the barbarity of American customs. Male and female attendants keep all buttons, strings, etc., in perfect

## A Tremendous Battle.

*MR. AND MRS. MESTINGER'S CONFLICT WITH THE ROCKING CHAIR.*  
From the Ohio State Journal.  
Old McStinger was going to bed a little wavy the other night, and not wishing to disturb Mrs. McStinger who has a tongue like a rat-tail file, he thought it just as well not to turn on the gas. He got on very well until he reached the door of the chamber where his patient wife was sleeping. Here he paused a moment balancing on his heels like a pole on a juggler's nose. Then he made a dash for it, in order to make a bee-line across the floor.  
Mrs. McStinger, with her usual exemplary fortitude, had placed the rocking chair with such gifted skill that no man could come in the room without running over it; so the first thing he knew, McStinger stubbed his toe nail of against the rocker, which knocked the seat against the crazy bone of his knee and made one of the long arms prod him in the stomach. Simultaneously he fell over the chair crosswise and it kicked him behind his back before he could get up from the floor, as he stood on all fours. The engagement was now fully open. When a man begins falling over the rocking chairs in a dark room, he ought always to have three days' rations and forty rounds.  
Before McStinger could get up straight his knee came down on one of the long rockers behind, and the back of the chair came down on his head with a whack that laid him out flat on the floor, and before he could move the chair kicked three times in the tenderest part of his ribs with the sharp end of the rocker. This made him perfectly furious, and he scrambled up and made a blind rush at the chair, determined to blow up the enemy's works. He ran square against the back, and it rocked forward with him, turning a complete summersault over the handles, throwing McStinger half way across the room and landing on top of him, digging into his abdomen like a bulls horn, as he lay spread out on the under side. It would have been a good thing for McStinger if he had laid still then and let the chair have its own way.  
It lay flat on its back with the long points of the rockers embracing his abdomen, and didn't seem to want to do anything active just then. But McStinger couldn't make up his mind to give it up yet. He rolled over sideways and upset the chair. It fell over with a crash on its side giving him a furious dig in the liver which made him straighten out his legs spasmodically, barking one shin from the knee to the knee on the rocker that hung in the air, and getting the chair on his feet again, where it stood rocking backward and forward, locking his adversary in order to throw him off his guard.  
The blow in the side nearly finished McStinger, and while lying there rubbing his wind back again, he was just beginning to reflect whether his honor required him to proceed any further in the affair, when Mrs. McStinger suddenly began screaming all the names in the crime-act, under the impression that the Charley Ross abductors were trying to commit a burglary, bigamy, robbery and everything else.  
Up to this time she had been speechless with terror, and had lain there trembling, shedding perspiration, and accumulating shrieking power, until she had gained the screaming capacity of a camel-back engine. She had just reached her third *sfogando fortissimo accelerando*, when old McStinger succeeded in getting to his feet once more and became dimly visible to Mrs. McStinger. With one last parting shriek she sprang from the bed and made a dash for the door, near which the rocking chair still stood menacing the whole universe with a butting motion. Mrs. McStinger had no time for investigation just then, and she pitched into and over the rocking chair and clear on downstairs, the chair after her, turning over and over, and kicking Mrs. McStinger every bump, until they both landed in the hall below, where the chair broke all to atoms. This ended the fight.  
It wives will learn from this sad story not to leave rocking chairs standing near the middle of the room for their poor husbands to fall over, we shall not have written in vain.  
**Fever Diet.**  
Dr. Lozon, of Rheims, states that for the last four years he has treated typhoid by an absolute water diet. Nothing but good fresh filtered water, occasionally iced, is permitted to be taken. At first, he says, it is taken with avidity, then in moderation, and at last with signs of satiety; it is sometimes vomited at first, but is soon tolerated; at the beginning of the treatment the bowels may be a little relaxed, but they soon become moderate and less offensive, and after a time constipation may ensue. The duration of this treatment depends upon the progress of the disease; that is, between four and five days of water exclusively may be required, if the fever be treated as a whole, but three or four days suffice if only the intestinal element of the disease be considered. A light alimentation may then be allowed—milk, unboiled, may be mixed with the water and given by spoonfuls, and if well supported for a time, to be followed by broth and soup. Under this treatment the mortality is very low, no evil results ensue, and serious complications, including visceral congestions and bed sores at once disappear.

## Luxury of the Ancients.

Galignani's Messenger has the following: The excavations at Pompeii are going on with activity, stimulated by the important discoveries made almost at every step, and the quantities of gold and silver found, which more than suffice to cover the cost of the works. Near the Temple of Juno has been brought to light a house no doubt belonging to some millionaire of the time, as the furniture was ivory, bronze and marble. The couches of the triclinium, or dining-room, are especially of extreme richness. The floor consists of an immense mosaic, well preserved in parts, and of which the centre represents a table laid out for a grand dinner. In the middle, on a large dish, may be seen a splendid peacock, with his tail spread out, and placed back to back with another bird, also of elegant plumage. Around them are arranged lobsters, one of which holds a blue egg in his claws, a second an oyster, which appears to be fricasseed, as it is open and covered with herbs; a third, a rat fari, and a fourth, a small vase filled with fried grasshoppers. Next come a circle of dishes of fish, interspersed with others of partridges, hares and squirrels, which all have their heads placed between their fore feet. Then come a row of sausages of all forms, supported by one of eggs, oysters and olives, which in its surrounded by a double circle of peaches, cherries, melons, and other fruits and vegetables. The walls of the triclinium are covered with fresco paintings of birds, fruits, flowers, game and fish of all kinds, the whole interspersed with drawings which lead a charm to the whole too easy to describe. On a table of rare wood, carved and inlaid with gold, marble, agate, and lapis lazuli, were found amphors still containing wine, and some goblets of onyx.

**Nothing Lost.**  
The R-Igh News, under this head, pertinently remarks:  
The great objection in the minds of many men to the call of a Convention was a fear of its result upon the Presidential election. These gentlemen seemed to have staked their hopes in a far future, and reserved their efforts for the great national battle, holding rather too cheaply the present needs of North Carolina, and reluctant to move her in behalf when the great question of a national party triumph might seem to be impeded by a local issue.  
We thought and still think that the time had come for the State to disenthrall itself. If the people were not awake to the emergency, it is no reflection upon the sagacity of those who urged the call of the Convention, that their call was not more cordially responded to. They saw and they knew how readily the popular mind was worked upon by fear of change. And they find, now that the contest is over, that fears and prejudices in many sections prevailed over just appreciation of our condition.  
A victory has been won with very narrow limits for triumph—enough to put in the hands of the Democratic party to carry out its measures. —And we are so sure that these measures will be wise, and that they will be satisfactory, that the people will be surprised at their distrust of a proposition which was to give them their most precious boon, a government framed by themselves, liberal and enlightened, plain and simple, securing equal rights to all in regard to person and to property.  
When the time comes for the Presidential election, the Democratic party will find itself so fortified by the success of its measures, that it will go into that contest with the assurance of carrying the State.  
—And the Republican party has gained so little that it stands precisely where it did with its unbroken negro vote, and the shifting, precarious reliance of such a white vote of either superlatively liberal in its views, or the passive instrument of the leadership of office-holders.

**The Turkish Insurrection.**  
The insurrection in Herzegovina forms the subject of almost daily telegrams from Europe, and the outbreak is assuming threatening proportions. This province is a portion of the Turkish Empire adjoining the Austrian dominions. Whilst the Turks are its rulers, Herzegovina contains a large Christian population, and Austria is supposed to take a deep interest in their welfare. The trouble began with quarrels between the Moslems and Christians, and have gradually grown until the latter have rebelled against the Turkish domination. Servia, an adjoining semi-independent State, sympathizes with the Herzegovinians, and the Servians are raising funds to aid them. The Servian sovereign, Prince Milan, is making a visit to Vienna to ascertain what position Austria proposes to occupy in this complication. Austria, although having sent troops to the frontier, has throughout preserved strict neutrality, though the Turks accused her of secretly fomenting the rebellion. As Servia sympathizes with the insurrection, though herself nominal subject to Turkey, there are grounds for the belief that she may get involved in the complication, and avail herself of the opportunity to strike a blow for independence. All the European powers are watching the revolt, and at Vienna and St. Petersburg, where great interest is always taken in Turkish affairs, the insurrection is just now the uppermost

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**HARDWARE.**  
When you want Hardware figures, call on the undersigned Granite Row. D. A. AT Salisbury, N. C., May 13-14.

**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 CRATT & SAILOR, YADKIN COUNTY, N. C. July 1, 1875.—4m.

**NEW MILLINERY STORE.**  
At the old stand of Foster & Horn. Just received a full line of Hats, and Bonnets, trimmed and untrimmed. Ribbons, Scarves and all the latest French and American novelties, at ALL PRICES. Orders executed with care and dispatch. Pinking and Stamping done to order. The Store will be conducted on the Cash system and no goods or work will be charged to any one. This rule is unvariable. MRS. S. J. HALYBURTON. April, 15th—6w.

**Spring Stock 1875.**  
120 Bags Coffee,  
50 Barrels Sugar,  
40 " Molasses,  
5000 lbs. Bacon, 2000 lbs. Lard,  
2000 lbs. Best Sugar Cured Hams,  
20 Kegs Soda,  
20 Boxes "  
50 " Adamantine Candles,  
40 " Soap, 2000 lbs. Carolina Rice,  
30 Cases Oysters,  
20 do Brandy Peaches,  
20 do Lemon Syrup,  
10 do Fresh Peaches,  
10 do Pine Apples,  
10 do Smoking Tobacco,  
25 Gross Saff, 25 Cols Cotton & Jute Rope,  
40 doz. Painted Pails,  
40 Boxes Assorted Candy,  
100 Reams Wrapping Paper,  
A full line of Wood & Willow ware,  
A full line of Boots & Shoes (very cheap),  
A full line of Hats,  
A full line of Saddles & Bridles, Salt, Pepper, Ginger, Spice, Canned Goods, Royal Baking Powder, Cigars, Tobacco, Crochery, Knives, Tanners & Machine Oil, &c. &c.  
The above stock was bought since the late heavy decline in prices, and is offered at Wholesale & Retail at very short prices, for cash. BINGHAM & Co. June 3rd 1875.

**SPECIAL.**  
No. 1. Heavy plow Shoes at \$1.50 worth \$2.00.  
" Women Shoes at \$1.50 worth \$2.00.  
Ladies Embroidered Slippers at 100 worth 150.  
Ladies Crochet Slippers at \$1.25 worth \$2.00.  
Ladies Cloth Gaiters at \$1.75 worth \$2.50.  
Ladies Cloth Gaiters at \$2.25 worth \$3.00.  
A large lot of Children Shoes very cheap. BINGHAM & Co.

**LOOK OUT**  
Offer the best selection of Jewelry to be found in Western North Carolina, Consisting of LADIES' & GENTS' GOLD WATCHES. Gold Opera and Vest Chains, FINE GOLD PLATED Jewelry, SILVER WARE, GOLD PENS, &c. They are agents for the celebrated Diamond Spectacles and Eye Glasses, manufactured from Minute Crystal. FINESS & Good Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, respectively warranted 12 months, charges as low as tant with good work. Store on Main street, 2 doors above National Hotel. 7p. 1874-75.