

# The Carolina Watchman.

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From New York Observer.  
AUTUMN HYMN.

God of the swiftly-rolling year!  
Thy bonities lie on every hand;  
How rich Thy varied gifts appear  
While north the Autumn skies we stand.  
With countless sheaves of golden grain  
The joyful reapers strew the plain.

Pencil from every drooping bough,  
Fair in the sunlight's ruddy glow,  
The ripening fruits are bending 'neath  
The weight of their own heavy load.

Spring sent a thrill of dawning life  
Thro' every root and branch and spray;  
All Nature woke with beauty rife,  
As to a new created day.

The flowers sprang blooming at our feet,  
Earth's fruits matured 'neath sun and shower;  
With thankful heart our lips repeat  
God's goodness to this latest hour.

Oh, sweet and fair! Oh, rich and rare!  
That day so long ago;  
The autumn sunshine everywhere,  
The heather all aglow.

The friends that met that day,  
The waves sung on the shore;  
Such suns will shine, such waves will sing,  
For ever, evermore.

Oh, fit and few! Oh, tried and true!  
The friends that met that day;  
Each one in earnest spirit knew,  
And so in earnest play.

The hours flew past, until at last  
The twilight kissed the shore;  
We said, "Such days shall come again  
For ever, evermore."

One day again! No cloud of pain  
A shadow o'er us cast,  
And yet we strove in vain, in vain,  
To conjure up the past.

Like, but unlike, the heart that shone,  
The waves that beat the shore;  
The words we said, the words we sung,  
Like—unlike, evermore.

For guests unseen crept in between,  
And when our song flowed free,  
Sang discord in an undertone,  
And marred the harmony.

"The past is ours, not yours,"  
"These waves that beat the shore,  
Though like the same, are not the same,  
Oh, never, nevermore!"

## SCIENTIFIC.

### Extracts from the Scientific American.

#### The Patent Drive Well.

This consists of a small tube driven into the ground by means of a hammer, until water is reached. A pump is then applied to the tube, and the well is complete. It is the invention of Colonel Nelson W. Green, of Cornwall, N. Y., patented by him May 9, 1871, but discovered and put into use by him in 1861 while he was serving in the United States army. It has been brought into use all over the world, and is one of the most valuable of inventions. Nearly all the dwellings at the famous watering places of Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, are supplied by this means with water, including the Sea View Hotel. At the latter establishment a six inch pipe is driven down 22 feet into the ground; and such is the abundance of the supply that a steam pump of equal bore, running constantly for eighteen hours out of twenty four, never lacks water, which is pure and excellent. There appears to be a fresh water lake or stratum under the whole island, at about the above depth. When the drive well tube is sunk to 27 feet, it strikes salt water. If the well tube is sunk in the salt-water-covered bottom, a few rods out from the shore, the result is the same; fresh water is found at 22 feet, and salt water at 27 feet. The drive well patent has been a subject of litigation for several years. The owners are at present conducting an important litigation against W. & B. Douglas, of Middletown, Conn., who are alleged to be infringing. Nearly a year has been occupied in taking testimony, which reaches three thousand pages of foolscap, while the cost so far are estimated at upward of a hundred thousand dollars. The case is before the United States Circuit Court, Brooklyn, Judge Benedict presiding.

A NEW PIG is exhibited at the Fair of the American Institute, which will become quite popular, we think, for many purposes, on account of the impossibility of its working out of the fabric in which it is placed. It is made of a piece of ordinary wire sharpened at both ends. One extremity is then turned down and wound spirally for a couple of turns about the shank. When the pig is inserted, a slight twist given to the bent end causes the sharp point on the spiral to catch and enter in the cloth. The inventor has only one specimen.

genious machinery for its manufacture. One apparatus cuts off the wire, sharpens the ends, and throws the piece into a hopper, whence it passes into another machine which produces the spiral. The rate of production of the pins is about 200 per minute. Mr. R. W. Houston, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the inventor.

ARTIFICIAL HONEYCOMB FOUNDATIONS, prepared by Mr. John Long, a well known apiculturist of N. Y. city, are a novelty, and one which, it seems, may be productive of considerable economy in the cost of securing honey for markets. It has been estimated that the actual cost for a pound of comb is equivalent, at least, to that of twenty-five pound of honey; and beekeepers cannot, without considerable loss, afford to melt down any combs that can be used to advantage.

Mr. Long makes comb foundations of pure bleached wax, and from these the bees raise their cells on an amount of feed which ordinarily would not induce them to build comb at all. The foundations, it is said, make white delicate guide. They are very easily fastened in the boxes, and honey stored in them has been shipped long distances without damage either through leakage or fracture, and the bees seem to like the improvement. Thus even the honey bee has become the patron of a patented invention.

DISCOVERY OF TELLURIUM IN CHILI.—For a long time tellurium was found only in Transylvania but of late years deposits of it have been discovered in Turkey, and in Colorado and Nevada. Recently the element has been found in Chili in the shape of tellurate of silver of tellurate of lead.

A NEW ADULTERATION OF PORT WINE.—This new adulterant, unlike many others, is easily detected by non-chemists, and is in some cases dangerous, especially when partaken of by the feeble, delicate, and convalescent. It is an artificial coloring, which Shuttleworth says, consists of a mixture of azalin and magenta red. The azaline colors, objectionable in themselves, are the more dangerous because they not infrequently contain arsenic. The adulteration is detected by shaking the suspected wine (and all cheap wines are to be suspected) with an equal volume of anylic alcohol (fuel oil). If the wine is genuine port, the anylic alcohol remains colorless; but if adulterated, it dissolves out the coloring matter, and itself appears of a purple red color.

The coarse long hair from the neck of an old charcoal, if drawn between the finger and thumb from the root to the point, becomes positively electrified, but if drawn in the reverse direction it becomes negatively electrified.

A piece of wood cut from a tree is a good conductor; let it be heated and dried, it becomes an insulator; let it be baked to charcoal, it becomes a good conductor again; burn it to ashes, and it becomes an insulator once more.

R. H. H. send us the following recipe for staining light wood in walnut color: Take asphaltum varnish 1 part, turpentine 3 or 4 parts, linseed oil 1 part, and Venetian red ground fine in oil to suit. This will impart to light wood a good imitation of walnut so that it can hardly be detected.

Corn-fed hens do not lay in winter, for the simple reason there is no albumen material in the corn. When wheat is given to them, there is (at least enough) to supply all that is needed for the yolk, and albumen enough to make the white, and lime enough to furnish the shell; it does not thus seem difficult to understand why corn-fed hens should not lay, as they do not, and why wheat fed hens should lay, as they do.

The strains on belts is always in the direction of their length; and therefore holes cut for the reception of laces should be oval, the long diameter being in line with the belt.

Shingle roofs can be made doubly durable by giving them a coat of this oil before they get wet.

### A Good Story.

The following anecdote is related of Mr. Sheaf, a grocer in Portsmouth, N. H. It appears that a man had purchased some wood of him, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. Sheaf had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass which swung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy white oak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly and rebuking him for his theft, as another would have done, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then, under pretense of lifting the bag to lay it on his horse for him, took hold of it and exclaimed: "Why, bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong."

"Oh, no," replied the other, "you may be sure you have not, for I counted with you."

"Well, well, we won't dispute, the matter is easily tried," said Mr. S., putting the bag into the scales again. "There," said he, "I told you so—I knew I was right—I made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds; however, if you don't want the whole you needn't have it—I'll take part of it out."

"No, no," said the other, staying the hands of Mr. S. on their way to the strings of the bag, "I guess I'll take the whole."

And this he did, paying for dishonesty by receiving the skin milk cheese at the price of nearly four cents a pound, the price of the best cheese in the market.

### HOW TO FEED SHELL CORN.

When corn cannot be ground without too much expense the next best way is to mix the shelled corn with short cut corn stalks; dampen the mass and let it lie a few hours, when the cattle will eat the corn and stalks together, and masticate the corn much better than when in the cob. They are obliged to do this in masticating the corn fodder; besides, in this case, the corn will be raised with the end and remasticated, thus giving it the benefit of a second grinding, which it does not have when corn is fed alone. This is a matter of great importance in feeding.

SHEEP IN ORCHARDS.—Having a small orchard of about 90 trees, I have for three years past pastured it with six or eight sheep for the benefit of the trees. Last year, being a non-bearing year in this State, I had more apples than all the neighboring farms together. My practice is to plow shallow alternate years in order to disturb the surface of the ground, and not cut the roots too deeply, which I consider to be against the longevity of the trees, and sow to clover, to be fed one year by the sheep, the next plowed and sowed again to clover—the sheep kept in another feeding lot till after haying, when the clover roots have gained strength and maturity, so that the close feeding of the sheep will not kill them. Why I plow so often is because the trampling of the sheep is apt to pack the ground around the roots of the trees, preventing their bearing. The sheep eat all the blighted wind-fall apples, which contain the germs of injurious insects, as soon as they fall from the trees; and they distribute their manure so evenly and finely over the ground that the rains soak it immediately down to the fine surface roots of the trees, causing them to bear every year. The sheep should not be kept in too late in the Fall, nor put in too early in the Spring when the grass is dead, as they are apt to gnaw the bark off the small trees.—New England Farmer.

TURPENTINE EFFECTS.—The value of turpentine as a disinfectant is not sufficiently known or understood. Wilmington is a town situated on Cape Fear River, in North Carolina, a river subject to high tidal floods, and, as the town is in vicinity of large swampy rice-fields, it would appear to be peculiarly liable by nature to attacks of malarial fever. In the town, before the late war, there were six large turpentine distilleries, and the health of the town was remarkably good, which was accounted for by the supposed effects of the rosiniferous odors of the distilleries. Some time after the distilleries had stopped work, owing to the late war, yellow fever broke out and spread rapidly. Hoping to check it by this means, large quantities of rosin were burned in the streets, but without beneficial effects. In 1870 the distilleries were once more worked, and the health of the town regained its former condition. Another instance is given in which turpentine was used with good results. During the American war the soldiers of the Confederate States suffered severely from fever, and the surgeon-general, not being able to procure quinine, tried the effect of applying bands of cloth steeped in turpentine and worn round the body. This was found to be very efficient in subduing the paroxysms of ague, and it is evident that turpentine has some great power, both as a disinfectant and a soothing of malarious fevers.—Medical Times.

### THE FARM.

Farming is a profession, not to say science. If any one doubts this statement let him leave his city home—for no one bred in the country will doubt it—and undertake to cultivate even a garden or half an acre for the summer. He will then find that knowledge is as essential to the right use of the spade as of the pen, and that there is as great a difference between the scientific farming of Flanders, where literally not a weed is to be seen, and that of many of our farmers, the wealth of whose soil is about equally divided between fruit and weeds, as between the trade of a commercial city and the barter of a backwoods settlement. It is true that agriculture has been the last to receive the impetus of modern science. It is true that many agriculturists are content to go on in the ways of their fathers, because experiments are costly. But it is also true that they are unable to compete with those who understand the use of new instruments, methods and fertilizers. Agriculture is almost becoming in this country a popular recreation. Many a gentleman is content to spend on his country seat money which he makes in the counting room. The practical farmer is thus able to get the benefit of experiments without paying for them. This change in agriculture, which has converted it from a drudgery to an art, has created a demand for a corresponding literature. Fifty years ago a stable agricultural periodical did not exist on the American Continent. Now every considerable district has one, while almost every weekly paper secular or religious, has its agricultural departments; and it will not be long before something of a library will be a part of the furniture of every well-ordered farm.

### THE SALISBURY SOLDIER'S MONUMENT.

From the *Milford (N. H.) Enterprise*.  
But few of our citizens are aware, that within a radius of twelve miles there is an extensive granite quarry, where seventy-five men are employed, and where the workmen are engaged in quarrying and finishing a soldier's monument, ordered by the United States Government in honor of the ELEVEN THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED UNION SOLDIERS, who lay buried in the trenches at Salisbury, North Carolina. The quarry is situated about one mile east of Mason Center, and is the property of Alexander McDonald, of Cambridge, Mass., who purchased the land on which the quarry is located, about eight years ago. The ledge was discovered fifteen years ago, by Jefferson Blodget, who took out the first stone. It was not until McDonald purchased the quarry, that active work commenced. The first labor of any amount that the proprietor performed after his purchase, was to get out the granite for the

OLD CAMBRIDGE BAPTIST CHURCH, an elegant stone structure, highly spoken of, upon its completion, by the local and suburban press. Following this Mr. McDonald took the contract for building the soldier's monument at Charlestown, Mass. The next big contract was to get out the granite for Worcester Lunatic Asylum, on which he has been at work two years, and will complete it in one more. But what will interest our readers most is the description of the

### SOLDIER'S MONUMENT FOR SALISBURY NORTH CAROLINA.

This monument is thirteen feet square at its first base, and its second base is nine feet square, eighteen inches high, and handsomely moulded. The die of the monument is seven feet square four feet eight inches high and paneled on four sides, and enriched with laurel leaves. The cap above the die is nine feet square, one foot and four inches high and moulded. The base for the shaft is six feet six inches square, moulded, ornamented with olive leaves, and mounted with helmet, sword and shackles. The shaft is four feet square at the base and is in one solid piece, thirty-one feet long. This is ornamented with a United States shield, with stars and stripes. The raised tables above, covered with carved drapery, only showing the "11,700" could hardly be better executed in marble. The only lettering on the monument comes just above, where in handsome cut letters we see the simple inscription "Pro Patria," and still higher twining to the very top of the obelisk is a braid of olive leaves. The various parts of the monument are nearly completed and are covered with canvass booths, awaiting shipment. The work will all be completed on December 1st, when the huge blocks comprising the monument will be lifted from the yard on to Lovell's locomotive cars, which Mr. McDonald will procure for the purpose, and will not be unloaded till they reach Richmond. Here the gauge will be narrower and the cars with its freight will be lifted from the old and placed on the new trucks, from whence the monument will be taken to Salisbury without further change. The monument when erected will be one of the handsomest in the United States, and the granite being fine in texture and light in color will appear in the distance not unlike marble. The whole workmanship of the monument is first class, and does credit to the gentlemanly contractor.

### The Ninety and Nine.

Various accounts of the origin and authorship of the hymn with the above title, sung by Mr. Sankey have been given. The following is given by Mr. Sankey. Some time in 1873, Mr. Sankey being then in England with Moody for the first time, bought a copy of the *Christian Age*, a London religious paper published by Dr. Talmage's sermons, and in one corner found this hymn. He had never seen or heard of it before. It pleased him and seemed adapted to religious work. He cut it out of the paper, and three days afterwards he sang it at a meeting in Free Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, having composed the music himself. A short time after, he received a letter from a lady thanking him for having sung the hymn, and stating that the author was her sister, Miss Eliza C. Clapham, of Melrose, Scotland. She had written the hymn in 1868 and shortly after died. She and her whole family were members of the Church of Scotland, and were not Unitarians, as stated in this country. Mr. Sankey replied to the lady's letter, asking if her sister had ever written any other hymns, and was told that she had written several others which were sent to the *Family Treasury*, a religious paper of which the late Dr. Arot was the editor, but only "The Ninety and Nine" was ever published. Mr. Sankey communicated with him, and received several pieces of manuscript. The only other hymn by the same author in Mr. Sankey's collection is the 43d: "Beneath the Cross of Jesus."

### WAIT.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with the household affairs, "as your mother did." She is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be blighted. Remember the long, weary nights she sat up with the little babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had that long spell of sickness. Do you think she is made of cast iron? Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes—the old light of the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, weary, and "out of sorts." He has worked hard for you all day, perhaps far into the night; he has wrestled, hand in hand with care, and selfishness and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making. Let him be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is no other place in the world where he can find peace and quiet, and perfect love.

The Rev. Dr. Dix made some very plain remarks at the annual festival of the united choir of Trinity parish, last week. He said:

"Church music is now in a very unsatisfactory condition. Expensive churches require popular music as well as popular preaching. Instead of hearty congregational singing we find the involutions, and convolutions of quartet choirs, or else the faultless execution of a soloist paid \$2,000 a year for singing two sacred songs one day in the week. The popular taste uneducated and untutored is in fault. The requisites of church music are, that it should be of the essence of worship; that it should be devotional and that it should be simple, so that all can take part in it. The music would then be the voice of the whole people and not the choir."

We are glad to see words of warning from such a quarter, although the evil of cultivating mere artistic music for the gratification of the congregation and to attract outsiders, is not confined to any denomination. It is a growing evil and is destroying the spirituality and devotional character of this part of divine worship. It is becoming more and more a performance in the place of devotion.—N. Y. Observer.

### AFTER THE ELECTIONS.

The opinion expressed in this paper some time since that in the late elections the results were not such as to justify the overstrained exultation of the Republicans, or unduly depress the Democrats, is daily receiving fresh confirmation. Of course we are compelled to rely upon the opinions of those in a position to judge with some approximation to accuracy, rather than trust to our own conclusions except upon a theatre near at home.

The New York Tribune, Republican, though liberal and opposed to the administration, is yet not so liberal as to wish the success of the Democrats if it could see its own party deserving of success. It still clings to that hope. We can therefore acquit it of any bias of partiality when it presents a summary of the results of the election which may be taken either as a warning to the Republican party; or encouragement to the Democrats.

Taking a few of the most important States in detail, the Tribune shows from official tables that in the elections of 1871, the Republicans of Massachusetts had a majority of 13,465 over all candidates for Governor, (there were five,) while in 1875, for the same office, and with the same number of candidates, they were in the minority by 5,807.

In New York in 1871, the Republicans had 18,907 for Secretary of State, while for the same office in 1875, they are in a minority of upwards of 15,000. And the Tribune says 25,000 did not vote at the late election. Is it not quite as possible that these may vote next year with the Democrats as with the Republicans?

In Pennsylvania in 1871, the Republicans had a small majority outside of Philadelphia. This year they have not.

In Iowa the plurality for Governor Kirkwood is 10,000 less than the Republican majority of 1871.

In Ohio the Republicans have less to spare by 15,000 than they had in 1871.

These are the comparisons of the Tribune, and we rely upon their accuracy. They show conclusively that though the Republicans have apparently regained some of their losses, yet they do not exhibit the strength they had four years ago. And the whole vote in all these States shows that there is a large force in reserve which could not be brought out on questions which in several of them were local and had in some no connection with National politics. In the Presidential election nearly every man will cast his ballot, and there is just as good reason to expect that these reserve forces will act with the Democrats as with the Republicans—more so in fact, since it is more than probable that under the free use of money, and the necessity of creating some prestige for the administration, every Republican vote was brought out, while the laggards were mainly of the Democratic party.

Home is next to heaven. And the home that is well ordered, comely, pure and bright, is thus heavenly by the agency of woman's heart and woman's hand. No school can teach the science of house-keeping.

### A Frightened "Ghost."

"Where is Lucy, Rob?" said Ida Leand of her younger brother. "Don't know," responded he, briefly. "Well, I know," she said: "She's out near Cemetery Hill with Ellis Lee. I only wanted to be sure of it."

And Ida, with a merry, mischievous toss of her girlish head, was off.

"I wonder what she's up to?" queried Rob, as he watched her hasten toward the house in the soft summer twilight, entering by the back way.

Ida, as she left him, checked mischievously to herself:

"Won't I give them a good scare—Lu and that dandy, Ellis Lee! I know he's a dreadful coward. Oh, what fun to see him run—or faint, maybe!"

Ida dearly loved a joke—practical jokes, even, when they were not at her own expense.

She darted into the house, flitted upstairs to her chamber, jerked a sheet from the bed, folded it into a small compass, hid it under her apron, and then glided by a round-about way to that favorite resting spot of Greenwood lovers, the tract that ran by the beautiful Cemetery Hill.

She thought it capital fun to appear suddenly as a supernatural being to her sister and Ellis Lee, and to see upon them she imagined it would produce upon them both. Against the young man she had a slight grudge, and she determined to pay him off. She was sure he was a coward, and wanted him to prove himself such.

Gaining the road by a by-path, the foolish girl threw the sheet over her head—having described, as she supposed, the forms of the lovers near the summit of the hill—and advanced in the most spectral fashion up the elevation. But she had been mistaken in her supposition that she had seen, through the gathering gloom, the figures of Lucy and Ellis.—The trunks of two roadside trees would not resolve themselves into the love-pair she sought.

Ida paused a moment, quite disappointed at not finding them, and feeling a little lonely and awed in her white habiliments.

She glanced over the cemetery fence; there stood the tombstones, cold and white. For the first time a sense of the foolishness of her attempted joke struck her, and her really brave little heart fluttered with reproving fear.

"It is wicked to be doing this," she said to herself, in a guilty whisper. "I—I just thought to have a little fun, but I know it is not right. I will go on over the hill toward home."

She had not reached the summit, and consequently could not see the other side; but she heard a noise that alarmed her.

First, a dismal stir of the night wind, and then a fierce, frightened breath and a rush of heavy footsteps, as if some monster were rapidly approaching. She looked up in terror. A wild shriek burst from her lips, for coming savagely toward her was a huge, white creature of such terrible shape as earthly being—brute or human—surely never wore.

A monstrous and shapeless head that seemed to toes about limp and lifeless; a bellowing body of formidable size; screeching limbs, and a tail erect and lashing furiously—these were what she saw, and with a second shuddering cry of terror and repulsion, poor Ida fainted quite away.

She lay there on the dampened sod, the sheet still around her, and her pallid face touching the dusty earth. The monster had not attacked her, though apparently charging full upon her, but had passed on down the hill.

No one came to Ida's assistance immediately; she lay there some minutes in that death-like swoon before help reached her.

Voices, at first laughing, but suddenly taking a serious tone as her prostrate form was discovered, were heard just as she began to revive.

The good Samaritans—her own brother, sister and Ellis Lee—bore her quickly home, without questioning, but with many exclamations and excited remarks among themselves that Ida could not, of course, just then understand.

When she was in a condition to hear and give explanations, she began with a confession of her folly.

"But the monster!" she asked, shuddering, very soon, fancying she saw her listeners smile a little. "What was it?"

"Our tame white steer, Ida," said Rob, guiltily, and laughing too; "I frightened him by throwing a white sack over his horns, and he tore down the road like mad. I thought I would play ghost too."

But from that time forth neither he nor his sister played ghost again.

### Lines to Some One.

Say you love me, Jennie,  
Breathe it sweet and low;  
I will not pine in sorrow  
If you tell me so.

See these two birds yonder,  
One has made a vow,  
And the one that heard it  
Gives an answer now.

I have vowed and pleaded  
Earnestly, you know;  
You have heard me—if you  
Love me tell me so.

Murmur not—for nature  
Furns the heart to love,  
And the holy passion  
Flows from God above.

It is not to him who sees Christ brightly that the promises are made, but to him who looks to Christ. A bright view may minister comfort, but it is the looking that ministers safety.

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

D. R. JULIAN,  
Is now receiving and opening for the inspection of the people of Salisbury and Rowan County the Best Selected Stock of

**STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,**  
that has ever been exhibited in Salisbury. Fancy Brands of Cigars and Cheroots, at bottom figures. Candies, both plain and fancy. Figs. Almonds, Oranges, Raisins, Jellies, and in fact anything that a first class Grocery house should have, also hams and sells Domestic bacon and all kind of country produce. Hoping to see my many friends both in town and country. I remain Respectfully  
D. R. JULIAN.

#### HARDWARE.

When you want Hardware at low figures, call on the undersigned at No. 2 Granite Row.  
D. A. ATWELL.  
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  
CRAFT & SAILOR,  
Red Plains, Yadkin County, N. C.  
Nov. 1, 1875.—3mo.

#### NEW MILLINERY STORE.

[At the old stand of Foster & Horah.]  
Just received a full line of Hats, and Bonnets, trimmed and untrimmed. Ribbons Scarfs 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—6ms.

#### 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,  
50 " 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 Snuff, 25 Coils Cotton & Jute Rope,  
40 doz. Painted Bails,  
100 Boxes Assorted Candy,  
A full line of Wood & Willow ware,  
A full line of Boots & Shoes (very cheap),  
A full line of Saddles & Bridles, Salt Peppering, Ginger, Spice, Ganned Goods, Royal Baking Powders, Cigars, Tobacco, Crockery, Kerosene Tanners & Machine Oils, &c., &c.

The above stock was bought since the late heavy decline in prices, and is offered at Wholesale & Retail at very short profits, for cash.  
BINGHAM & CO.  
June 3rd 1875.

#### SPECIAL.

No. 1. Heavy plow Shoes at \$1.00 worth \$2.00.  
" " " Women Shoes at \$1.25 " 1.50 & 1.75  
Ladies Embroidered Slippers at 100 worth 150  
Ladies Slippers at \$1.25 worth 1.75,  
Ladies Croquet Slippers at \$1.25 worth \$2.00,  
Ladies Cloth Gaiters at \$1.75 worth \$2.50,  
A large lot of Childrens shoes very cheap.  
BINGHAM & CO.

#### THE LYNCHBURG Insurance and Banking Company.

Capital and Assets over \$600,000.  
State Deposit 15,000.  
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