

# The Carolina Watchman.

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Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 29, 1881.

Preparations for the inaugural fête on the 4th of March are fast approaching completion, and its spectacular and festive features have been fully arranged. An unusually large number of visitors is expected at the Capitol, bent, not only on witnessing the inaugural ceremonies, but also on seeing the city, its animate and inanimate lions and lionesses.

It may be of interest to some of our readers to know about hotel and boarding house accommodations in Washington, and I will write briefly on this subject, in their interest—the readers, not the hotels and boarding houses. Comfortable and respectable board and lodging can be had here for \$1 per day, at various boarding houses and at some few hotels. The hotels that furnish board and lodging at \$1 per day, are, of course, not such as are called first class, but for those who are compelled to economize, a comfortable and wholesome food can be had for that price. No city, of its population, has as many, and such good boarding houses as Washington. A large majority of the government employes live in boarding houses, and many of them have rooms which can be secured for a short time by transient visitors, at a price of not more than one dollar per day, for bed and board. It will be impossible in the space of this letter, to give the exact location of these places, and for those who desire to come to the city, and yet feel it necessary to practice economy, it will be well to write to some friend or acquaintance, who will meet them at the station, and direct them to such places as are well known to every resident of Washington. It will be difficult to procure cheap accommodations long in advance, for the reason that those who have furnished rooms to let are anxious to rent them for a longer time than they will be wanted by transient visitors, and will not be willing to risk the possible loss of rental for a longer period by pre-engaging them for the brief interval of the inauguration. If the weather shall be fine, the number of visitors will doubtless be large, but I understand that the military organizations which, it is said, will aggregate 25,000 men, will go into temporary encampment, and will not trench themselves upon the quarters of civilians, and I have no doubt, there will be ample accommodation for all who will come. Washington hotels are numerous and good, and those who are able to pay higher prices will doubtless go to them.

There seems to be a lull in cabinet prognostication. We are so close upon the time of accurate knowledge that political prophets are not so much disposed to risk their guesses as they were a month ago. It is said that Mr. Garfield will come to the city week after next, and then doubtless, there will be a boisterous revival of political gossip.

**A Stranger's Mistake.**

A few days ago a western merchant who wanted to do some sight seeing and buy his fall stock at the same time, entered a dry goods jobbing house on Broadway, New York, and accosted the first person he met with: 'Are you the proprietor here?' 'Not exactly the proprietor,' was the reply. 'At the present I am acting as shipping clerk, but I am cutting my cards for a partnership next year by organizing noon prayer meetings in the basement.'

The stranger passed on to a very important looking personage with a diamond pin, and asked: 'Are you the head of the house?' 'Well, no; I can't say as I am at present, but I have hopes of a partnership in January. I'm only one of the travellers just now, but I'm laying for a \$200 pew in an up town church and that will mean a quarter interest here in less than six months.'

The next man had his feet up, his hat back and a twenty-five cent cigar in his mouth, and looked so solid that the stranger said: 'You must run this establishment!'

'Me? Well, I may run it very soon. At present I'm the bookkeeper, but I'm expecting to get into a church choir with the old man's darling and become an equal partner here.'

The stranger was determined not to make another mistake. He walked around till he found a man with his coat off and busy with a case of goods, and said to him: 'The porters are kept pretty busy in here, I see.'

'Yes,' was the brief reply.

'But I suppose you are planning to invent a gospel hymn book and sing the old man out of an eighth interest, aren't you?'

'Well, no, not exactly,' was the quiet reply. 'I'm the old man himself.'

And all that the stranger said, after a long minute spent in looking the merchant over, was: 'Well, duru my buttons!'

When you see a man take off his hat to you it is a sign that he respects you; but when he is seen divesting himself of his coat, you can make up your mind that he intends you shall respect him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Curious Industries.

The work of the staff of officers appointed by the superintendent of the census to collect statistics relating to the industries and manufactures of New York city, is, says the *Evening Post*, now approaching completion, and will show, in the opinion of Mr. Charles E. Hill, the gentleman in charge of it, a very satisfactory growth since 1870.

In the course of the investigation by Mr. Hill's deputies some singular industries were brought to light. It was found, for instance, that some use was made of old shoes, but exactly what use was hard to find out. Large numbers of old shoes were sold by rag pickers to certain men who disposed of them at a good price. It is well known that bits of old leather make the commercial article known as Prussian blue, but only few firms manufacture it, and the new call for old shoes was evidently for some other purpose. In New York city and Brooklyn about three million pairs of old shoes are thrown away every year. Formerly old shoes were plentiful in the gutters of certain neighborhoods; now it appears that they are sought after as choice prizes in the rag picker's line. By dint of persevering inquiry it was discovered that the old shoes were used for three purposes. First, all shoes not completely worn out are patched, greased, and after being otherwise regenerated, sold to men who deal in such wares. Some persons wear one shoe much more than the other; these dealers find mates for shoes whose original mates are past hope. Secondly, the shoes not worth patching up are cut into pieces; the good bits are used for patching other shoes, and the worthless bits, the soles and cracked "uppers," are converted into Jamaica rum by a process known only to the manufacturers. It is said that they are boiled in pure spirits and allowed to stand for a few weeks, the product far surpassing the Jamaica rum made with essences, burnt sugar, and spirits. A gentleman who doubted the truth of this story stopped recently at a low grog shop in the neighborhood of the factory spoken of and inquired if they had any rum from old shoes. "No," said the bartender, "we don't keep it much now; the druggists, who want a pure article, all sell it, and the price has gone up. Some if you had it, and we can get you some if you want it." How many old shoes to a gallon of rum could not be ascertained.

It has been noticed by some deputies that while manufacturers are quite willing to put a valuation upon their manufactured product they hesitate about stating the value of the raw material and even return the schedule with the space for the value of raw material left blank. In one instance a manufacturer of tomato catsup returned a report giving the value of his manufactured at \$18,000 and the value of the raw material as nothing. His explanation was as follows: Every year in the coming season he sends to all the wholesale houses which make a business of canning tomatoes clean tubs, with the understanding that the women who trim and peel shall throw the skins and parings into these tubs; every day the tubs are removed, the stuff in them ground up, fermented, flavored, and sold as tomato catsup to the extent of \$18,000.

Another singular and decidedly pernicious business is the manufacture on a large scale of cheap candies from white earth or terra alba mixed with a little sugar and glucose. The deputy who investigated the confectionery business reports that seventy-five percentum of some candies is composed of these substances, and such candy, notably "gum drops," contain still less sugar. The effect of white earth upon the stomachs of the unfortunate children who buy these candies is yet to be determined by future autopsies. What is called a fine brand of castle soap has been found to be composed chiefly of this white earth and grease, but the evil effects of such an imposture are trifling compared to the results of turning children's stomachs into miniature pottery works.

Among the new industries which have sprung into existence during the last few years is the system of finishing in this city foreign goods imported in an unfinished condition. Foreign articles composed of several parts are now largely finished in this city, the parts calling for hand labor being imported while those calling for machine work are made here. In this way heavy duties are saved, although the articles are sold as imported goods.

New York is getting uneasy about her commercial interests. Philadelphia has made inroads on her traffic. Baltimore has diverted a large portion of the grain, Norfolk has vastly increased in the export business, but more than all Chicago's commercial importance is looming up beyond all anticipations. It is now realized that her mammoth elevators are but 4,045 miles from Liverpool via Montreal, and 4,442 miles via New York.—*News & Obs.*

Andrew Jackson, it is said, went out of the White House after eight years' service as President with ninety dollars in his pocket. We do not recall that he asked to be put on the retired list at half pay for life.—*News & Observer.*

Effects of Strong Drink on the Liver.

The *Family Physician* tells us that when alcohol is introduced into the stomach it is rapidly absorbed, and passes through the liver. Undiluted spirits are much more injurious than when mixed with water, and produce greater irritation. Alcohol consumed as wine or beer is far less destructive to the liver than when taken in the form of ardent spirits. A hot climate intensifies all the vicious effects of alcohol. The symptoms of cirrhosis of the liver are in the early stages often obscure, but later they are sufficiently well marked. At first the liver gets slightly enlarged, and the patient suffers from pain in the right side, indigestion, wind, and costive bowels. He is occasionally feverish, his skin is hot and dry, and he has a peculiar, unhealthy, sallow look, which he probably fails to notice, but which is sufficiently obvious to his friends. The necessity of making a change in his habits is forced upon his attention, and for a week or two he is under the doctor's orders, and not feeling able to drink any more, he consents to follow a restricted diet, and to take a course of purgatives.

Soon the most prominent symptoms are relieved, he fancies himself well again, and quickly returns to his old habits. Gradually, however, he notices that he is getting thinner and weaker, and occasionally he has a good deal of pain in the side. He is nervous and out of sorts. He has no longer the pluck he used to have; his friends notice it, and then he gradually becomes aware of himself. He finds that he is not "fit for business," and he is afraid to see people. The patient has occasional attacks of diarrhea, his appetite fails, and the emaciation and debility increase. He tries all kinds of treatment, but never sticks to one long at a time. He consults every one of any note in London, but derives little if any benefit from their advice. He would give up the drink if he could, but he can't. His self-reliance is gone, the alcohol has stolen away his will, and he is utterly incapable of giving up the dangerous fascination. He will take an oath to-day that he will never touch another drop of spirits, and will probably break it to-morrow. Sometimes he wishes that some one would lock him up in an asylum, or that by some chance or other he could have six months' imprisonment, but he never feels able to put himself under restraint. After a time the liver gets smaller, and this, instead of being a good sign, is a bad one, for it is contracting. He would willingly enough consent to knock off drink now but it is too late; the mischief is done, the liver is in a state of cirrhosis, and no medicine can restore it to its natural condition. Is there a remedy for this horrible complaint? Yes, one, total abstinence—absolute abstinence from alcoholic liquors of all kinds. This remedy must be applied early. If he waits till his liver has undergone serious organic change, it is too late. No half measures will suffice; he must give up drink of all kinds. If he does this he will recover; but if he goes on in his old plan an early and painful death is the inevitable consequence.

**The Habit of Self-Control.**

If there is one habit which, above all others, is deserving of cultivation, it is that of self-control. In fact, it includes so much that is of value and importance in life, that it may almost be said that, in proportion to its power, does the man obtain his manhood and the woman her womanhood. The ability to identify self with the highest parts of our nature, and to bring all the lower parts into subjection, or rather to draw them all upward into harmony with the best that we know, is the central power which supplies vitality to all the rest. How to develop this in the child we will absorb the energy of every parent; how to cultivate it in himself may well employ the wisdom and enthusiasm of every youth. Yet it is no mysterious or complicated path that leads to this goal. The habit of self-control is the accumulation of continued acts of self-denial for a worthy object; it is but the repeated authority of the reason over the impulses, of the judgment over the inclinations, of the sense of duty over the desires. He who has acquired this habit, who can govern himself intelligently, without painful effort, and without any fear of revolt from his appetites and passions, has within him the source of all real power and of all true happiness. The force and energy which he has put forth day by day, and hour by hour, is not exhausted, nor even diminished; on the contrary, it has increased by use, and has become stronger and keener by exercise; and, although it has already completed its work in the past, it is still his well-tried, true, and powerful weapon for future conflicts in higher regions.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Up to Friday last 981 tickets have been purchased at Goldsboro for colored men who during the past month had been employed in the Eastern portion of the State to go South and work on farms and in the turpentine business.—*Newbern Nut Shell.*

The *Memphis Avalanche* says: Ten years ago the present site of Birmingham, Ala., was a cotton field. Now it is a brisk manufacturing town, with a population of 6,000, and bright prospects for the future. So much for the manufacturing industries.

Unrecognized Qualities in Charcoal.

Among the numerous and varied properties possessed by charcoal there is one—one, too, of the most wonderful—which does not seem to be adequately recognized, probably from its being imperfectly known except to physicians. It is that of being able to condense and store away in its pores many times its own bulk of certain gaseous bodies, which it retains, thus compressed in an otherwise unaltered condition, and from which they can be withdrawn, as required, as from a reservoir.

That eminent scientist, M. Saussure, undertook the task of a systematic examination of the subject, with a result which will prove surprising to the general reader. Operating with blocks of fine boxwood charcoal, freshly burnt, he found that simply placing such blocks in contact with certain gases they absorbed them in the following proportions:

Ammonia	90 volumes.
Hydrochloric acid gas	85 "
Sulphurous acid	85 "
Sulphurated hydrogen	85 "
Nitrous oxide (laughing gas)	40 "
Carbonic acid	35 "
Carbonic oxide	35 "
Oxygen	25 "
Nitrogen	25 "
Carbureted hydrogen	5 "
Hydrogen	1 75 "

It is this enormous absorptive power that renders of so much value a comparatively slight sprinkling of charcoal over dead animal matter as a preventive of the escape of the odors arising from decomposition. A dead dog having been placed in a box in the warm laboratory of an eminent chemist, and covered with charcoal to the depth of between two and three inches, could not be discovered to have emitted any smell during several months, after which time an examination showed that nothing of the animal remained but the bones and a small portion of the skin. To the large excess of oxygen over the nitrogen in the atmosphere, which, according to the above table, was absorbed by the charcoal, and which thus rendered harmless the noxious vapors given off by the carcass as they were being absorbed, is doubtless owing to the fact above stated and the further fact of the charcoal never becoming saturated.

A reader of the *Scientific American* who has been trying certain experiments of the value of charcoal as a convenient means of storing oxygen, reports favorably as to the results. In a box or case containing one cubic foot of charcoal, may be stored, without mechanical compression, a little over nine cubic feet of oxygen, representing a mechanical pressure of a hundred and twenty-six pounds on the square inch. From the store thus preserved the oxygen can be drawn by a small hand pump.

From the fact of the charcoal absorbing oxygen in so much greater proportion than nitrogen, we have here a means of utilizing its discriminative powers of selection in obtaining unlimited supplies of oxygen from the atmosphere, which contains nitrogen five times in excess of its oxygen, or twenty per cent; whereas by the separating or selective powers of the charcoal the mixed gases capable of being extracted from it contain over sixty per cent of oxygen. It only suffices to withdraw this now highly oxygenized air into another vessel of charcoal, by the further exposure to which the proportion of oxygen will be increased to a still greater extent. This indicates a most feasible means by which atmospheric air can be decomposed in such a way as to provide a cheap supply of oxygen.

One cannot readily recognize the fact, which is nevertheless true, that the condensing power of charcoal as applied to ammonia is equal to what would be obtained by subjecting this gas to a pressure of nearly one thousand two hundred and sixty pounds on the square inch.

**Playing "Dead."**

From the *Carson (Nev.) Appeal.*  
A gentleman who took a trip into the country yesterday when on the plain, a mile from any house, noticed a cat, a huge one, almost as large as a fair-sized dog. It was lying upon the ground, its feet uppermost, in such a way that he had no doubt that it had fallen a victim to some vicious dog. Around it, feeding unsuspectingly, was a flock of small birds. The apparently lifeless cat was within range of the vision of the observer for some time, and just as he was thinking how much easier it would be for the animal to feign death and catch a bird by deceiving it was astonished to see the cat suddenly roll over and grab one of the feathered tribe that was very near. The other birds flew off a hundred yards or so and alighted. The cat only made one or two mouthfuls of the game and then crept around to the windward of the birds laid itself out again and once more successfully played the dead dodge. The gentleman drove away without seeing how many birds it took to satisfy.

A fight is reported to have occurred in the Baptist Church, Pulaski, county, Ky., last Sunday, in which knives were used. One man was fatally cut. The row was started by the deacons attempting to sit in the same pews with the ladies whom they had brought there, which is contrary to rule.

The Truth Pays.

A few days ago a train over one of the railroads running west ran over a cow just beyond the Grand Trunk Junction. The matter was reported at headquarters, but the owner of the mangled bovine was not heard of until Tuesday last, when he entered the president's office and remarked: 'I guess we'd better settle up now for that cow.'

'Ah! you owned that cow killed by one of our trains in November, did you?'

'I expect I did.'

'And what did you value her at?'

The man scratched his head, hitched around on his chair, and finally replied: 'Well, I dunno. My brother-in-law said I had the company tighter'n a blazer, and he told me to say she was a new milch-cow and lay damages at \$70.'

'Yes.'

'But my wife said I had better say that the cow was not worth over \$50.'

'Yes. Well, how was it?'

'That's where the stick comes in, you see. I want all she was worth, and yet I don't want to swindle anybody. Fact is she was an old cow dry as a bone, and worth about \$15 for boarding-house beef. Yet, she was took away kinder sudden, and it made a bad muss around the place and I reckon you might add a little extra.'

'Let us say \$25.'

'That's plenty. I 'pose I might have had fifty just as well as not, but I didn't want to lie about it.'

'No, never tell a lie.'

'Oh, I wouldn't have lied, 'cause I know you sent a man out there to get all the facts in the case,' replied the man, as he received an order on the treasurer for his check.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**Sees at Jackson's Inauguration.**

Mr. Webster, writing from Washington says: "I never saw such a crowd here before. Persons have come five hundred miles to see General Jackson." Judge Story writes: "After the ceremony was over the President went to the palace to receive company, and there he was visited by immense crowds of all sorts of people, from the highest and most polished down to the most vulgar and gross in the nation. I never saw such a mixture. The reign of King Mob seemed triumphant. I was glad to escape from the scene as soon as possible." No doubt Story was glad to escape, he was a bitter opponent of Jackson, and it was not to be expected that he could enjoy these festivities.

*Ille illic lachrymæ!* "A profusion of refreshments," writes a participant, "had been provided. Orange punch was made by barrels full; but as the waiters opened the doors to bring it out, a rush was made, the glasses broken, the pails of liquor upset and the most painful confusion prevailed. To such a painful degree was this carried that wine and ice-cream could not be brought out to the ladies, and tubs of punch were taken from the lower story into the garden to lead off the crowd from the rooms. Men with boots on heavy with mud stood on the damask-satin chairs in their eagerness to get a look at the President.—*Letter in the Washington Star.*

A gentleman passed up the road this week from Raleigh where he had spent some days and mingled more or less with the members of the Legislature. He thinks they won't pass any law looking to prohibition. We heard of one poor fellow down there who says the scheme is just calculated and intended to kill. He says if he voted for it, it would kill him, if he voted against it, it would kill him, and he did not know what to do. That is about what ails the most of them, while they talk about the constitutionality or legality of the people voting on the question. They are afraid if they pass the law for absolute prohibition the people will pass them into private life and if they submit the question to the people they are afraid they will vote away their supply of whiskey. What a dilemma.—*Western Carolinian.*

**Only Married Six Months.**

A census taker, whose name we were requested not to disclose, related the following as an incident in his experience while taking the recent enumeration in his district.

'What does your husband do?'

'He ain't doin' nothin' at this time of the year,' replied the young wife.

'Is he a pauper?'

'Law, no!' she exclaimed, somewhat indignantly, 'we ain't been married more'n six months.'

A Cincinnati paper says that "women dress too hastily." This clearly is "sarkasm," or else the editor never sat for two mortal hours in a hired cutter, waiting for Angelina to "be down in a moment."—*Catskill Recorder.*

Stories Out of the Whole Cloth.

It is of no use for an Eastern man to try to tell a big story when there is a Western man about.

'When I was a young fellow,' said Colonel B., an eastern man, 'we live in Pennsylvania. The farm had been well wooded, and the stumps were pretty thick. But we put the corn in among them, and managed to raise a fair crop. The next season I did my share of the plowing. We had a "salky" plow and I sat in the seat, and manage the horses, four as hard-boiled boys as ever a man drew rein over. One day I found a stump right in my way. I hated to back out, so I just said a word to the team, and, if you will believe it, they just walked that plow right through that stump 's though it had been cream cheese.'

Not a soul expressed surprise. But Major S., a Western man, who had been a quiet listener, remarked quietly:

'It's curious, that I had a similar experience myself once. My mother always made our clothes in those days, as well as the cloth they were made of. The old lady was awful proud of her homespun—said it was the strongest cloth in the State. One day I had just plowed through a white oak stump in the way you speak of, colonel, but it was a little too quick for me. It came together before I was out of the way, and nipped my trousers. I felt mean, I can tell you, but I put the string on the ponies, and, if you'll believe it, they just snaked the stump out, root and all. Something had to give you know.'

**Sand-Bags for the Sick-Room.**

The New York "Post" tells its readers that one of the most convenient articles to be used in a sick-room is a sand-bag. Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove, make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with the dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen cloth. This will prevent the sand from sifting out and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven, or even on the top of the stove. After once using this, you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them ready for use.

**Laws for the Million.**

A note dated on Sunday is void, if a note be lost or stolen it does not release the maker; he must pay it.

An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm, except in cases of special partnership.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one, An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures in lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money is not legally conclusive.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A contract made with a minor is voidable.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

Checks or drafts must be presented for payment without unreasonable delay.

A member of the New York House, from Chataqua, does talk queer. He has introduced a bill requiring all substances sold as butter and not a dairy product made from cream at all milk, to be plainly marked and branded "imitation butter," and compell all hotels, restaurant, lunch counters, and boarding houses using such articles to post conspicuously in their places cards bearing these words: "Imitation butter served here."—*News & Observer.*