

# The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XIV.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., NOVEMBER 16, 1882.

NO 5

The Carolina Watchman,  
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1829.  
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The erection of marble is the last work of respect which we pay to the memory of departed friends.

**JOHN S. HUTCHINSON,**

Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 1, 1881.

**NOTICE!**

The firm of R. R. Crawford & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

I return my sincere thanks to a generous public for the liberal patronage bestowed upon me during the last 17 1/2 years, and respectfully ask all persons indebted to the firm to call at once and make settlement.

The business will be continued by my former partners, Samuel Taylor and W. S. Blackmer, and I ask for them the same liberal patronage bestowed upon the old firm.

I offer my splendid Brick Store, Dressing House and Four building lots for sale, privately.

**R. R. CRAWFORD,**

Sept. 25 1882. -52r

**In a Sunbeam.**  
In a sunbeam—eyelids white,  
Hiding merry, sparkling eyes;  
Curls half brown, half turned to gold—  
Fast asleep the baby lies,  
But a little gurgling laugh,  
From the parted lips steal out;  
What do her eyes, fast asleep  
In a sunbeam, dream about?  
Buds and flowers,  
Rainbows, showers,  
Butterflies and honey-bees;  
Peaches, cherries,  
Apples, berries,  
Birdies singing in the trees.  
Gross all over  
Fragrant clover,  
Dandelions golden bright;  
Chickens peeping,  
Squirrels leaping,  
Big-eyed cows in daisy meadows,  
Sweet warm milk and yellow cream—  
Of all these, when in a sunbeam  
Babies fall asleep, they dream.  
—Madge Elliot, in *Baldwin's Monthly*.

**IN A COAT POCKET.**  
Astley Cowper, hat in hand, was just turning the handle of the street door, when a soft call from the stair-top made him pause.  
"Are you going to the postoffice, Astley?"  
"No, not exactly, but near it. Is there anything you want done?"  
"Only this letter to post," and a girl's shape flitted down the stairs. Astley watched her as she descended, and with suddenly sharpened recognition of the fact, said to himself, "what a pretty girl Rosamond is!"  
Brothers are not always so alive to their sister's charms, but the fact was that rarely in her life had Rosamond Cowper been so near to a perfect beauty as that moment when she came down the stairs case, letter in hand; her cheeks flushed with the deepest pink; her eyes shining, and her red lips parted with a know not what happy stir of emotion and expectancy.  
Two long braids of pale brown hair, thick and glossy as those of German Gretchen, hung down her back. On the fair forehead clustered a fringe of light waving rings, not cut and trained after the manner of the conventional bang, but a happy freak of nature and accident.  
The slender figure in its white dress had all the rounded grace of youth and perfect health. Over all was an air of virginal freshness, indescribable but charming. It was one of those *bel moments* which comes at times to most young creatures.  
But Rosamond was too much pre-occupied to be conscious of her looks as she handed the letter to her brother, with fingers that trembled a little, and said anxiously, "you won't lose it, will you, Astley?"  
"Certainly not," with a superior smile. He stuffed it carelessly into a side-pocket of his coat, a coat made like the rest of his suit, of that immaculate white duck in which young swells delight to array themselves in hot July weather.  
Forth he went, clean, alert, handsome—the very picture of a luxurious young fellow enjoying a summer holiday. No thought of betraying Rosamond's trust was in his mind, and his steps had already turned toward the postoffice when a dog-cart drew up suddenly and a cheery hail roused his attention.  
"Well met, old fellow. I was just going round to ask if you felt like a game of tennis. The Porters sent a note early in the morning, to ask me to come down to the Croft to luncheon and a game, and to bring you."  
"All right, I will," Astley jumped into the cart and in another moment was bowling down the road toward the Croft—a pretty country place some three miles distant. Rosamond's commission was clean forgotten.  
Tennis was followed by luncheon, then by more tennis and a conversation under the shade of the branching cedars, which flanked the ground. Then pretty Mabel Porter proposed a walk, and led the way through a grassy valley to the gorge beyond, where a little brook tore its willow way from higher levels to the water meadows below.  
The rocks over which the party climbed were very slippery here and there, and saving Mabel from a fall, Astley himself had a tumble, trifling in itself, but damaging to the duck suit; so damaging in fact that the suit went to the laundress next day.  
Before its return the weather had changed to that odd, almost autumnal coolness which checkers and tempers the heat of our American summers.—It was some time before Astley had occasion to wear them again. When it was taken for use, by mere accident, he was searching for something in the pocket, when his astonished fingers encountered and drew forth a rather thick, flat, hard square of paper for which he could in no way account.

Mr. DW—EDGAR,  
P. Box 5—  
NEW-Y—

"Dwight Edgar. Why, what does this mean? I have had no letter from him," reflected the astonished Astley, still intent on the disorganized fragments. "But stay—this isn't a letter

from him—but to him. How could it get into my pocket?"  
Here and there a sentence could be made out, or parts of sentences. "I am so very, very happy, but I can't tell you about that until—'Ought to have got your letter four days ago.' 'So you needn't go to Europe, you see, for—and then a blarney signature. 'Come soon to your own Ros'—"  
It flashed across him then. This was the letter which Rosamond had given him to post four weeks ago. It had lain in his pocket all this time, and had gone through the wash-beds! Here was a pretty kettle of fish! Quickly his mind ran over the disjointed phrases, reading the half-obliterated meaning 'between the lines.' The letter was 'in reply to an offer from Edgar, there could be no doubt of that.

Astley had always suspected that there was a tenderness in that quarter. And Rosamond had said 'yes.'  
What must she have been thinking and feeling all these weeks?  
And then a groan escaped from Astley as it flashed upon his mind that it was only a fortnight since he had read Dwight Edgar's name in the list of 'sailed for Europe'; read it aloud with some careless comment.  
Rosamond was in the room, he recollected. What had she said? Had she said anything? He seemed to remember that she got up quietly and left the room.  
How should he ever tell her? And what use to tell, when Dwight was gone, gone for years likely as not? Oh, what had his carelessness done?  
"I suppose he went because he thought she had nothing to say to him," he said to himself, miserably.  
The sound of the dinner bell interrupted his unpleasant meditations, and he went down feeling as though he ought to be hanged.

Rosamond was in her usual place, neat, graceful, smiling even; but studying her face closely he noticed an effort in the smile and cheerfulness. The sweet face was a little thinner; the wild rose bloom, which was its characteristic, had paled to a fainter pink, and Astley heard his mother ask, "headache again, my child?" And caught the patient answer, "just a little."  
With increased remorse he execrated his carelessness. What ought he to do?  
Long and deeply did he study over the question. At last he took a half-manly, half-cowardly resolution. Confess his delinquency to his sister he absolutely dared not, but that night he wrote to Dwight Edgar, made a full exposition of his fault, and inclosed the faintly blotted scrap which said so little and meant so much.  
This done, he set himself to wait for the moment when he could produce evidence that, so far as in him lay, he had made amends for his misdoings, and till then he resolved to be silent.

Astley was right in his guess. Dwight Edgar had gone to Europe a deeply disappointed man. In the letter, he had written: "Don't say no. I could not bear that, nor could I give your gentleness the pain of uttering the word. I will wait two weeks and if at their end you have said nothing I shall go abroad and travel till I can bear to come home again."  
Not a wise arrangement this, considering what chances and changes, including postoffice laxities, are involved in this mortal life; but lovers are not always wise.

The two weeks passed without word or token, each slow day deepening his hopelessness, and at their end he sailed. His final arrangements were made in a hurry, and he had been glad to accept a friend's benevolent offer of half a stateroom on the overcrowded steamer. It was benevolence very poorly rewarded, for John Blagden found him very dull company.  
For the first few hours he made some little effort at conversation, then he dropped all pretenses sat in moody silence, staring at the dim backward horizon from which each stroke of the paddles carried them farther and farther.

It was no better after they reached London. The two men took a set of rooms together at the Langham, but to all plans for pleasuring Dwight turned a deaf ear.  
"Go by yourself, that's a good fellow," he said. "I won't bore you with my dullness. I'll just sit here till posttime and read the American newspapers."  
"And that is what I left him at," explained John Blagden to a mutual acquaintance encountered in the coffee-room. "Pouring over an old *Herald*, twelve days out—what an occupation for a man to take up in London!"

"Poor Dwight, I never saw a fellow so changed in my life. He's all cut up about something, and I wish I knew what, for really, I have no notion what I ought to do about him. Nothing I can say makes any difference."  
"And nothing did make any difference till, a week after this conversa-

tion, Mr. Blagden returned from an excursion to Hampton Court, find his friend busily engaged in cramming his belongings into a portmanteau, with a light in his eyes and a color in his cheeks which made him seem a different man.  
"Hallo! I'm glad you've come, old fellow. I'm off at once."  
"Off! Where to?"  
"Home! Liverpool train at 9 o'clock and catch the *Bellemeia*."  
"Home? The States! Why, what does it mean? You were going to Paris with me on Tuesday, you said."  
"Well—so I did intend, but I've had letters and must get back as soon as possible."  
"Nothing wrong, I hope."  
"Not at all; quite the contrary. Everything is right."  
Marveling greatly, John Blagden turned to the table, where, amid torn wrappers and other debris of a just-written mail, by a sheet of closely-written paper with a little heap on it of something old and blotted. "What's that?" he asked, with a natural curiosity, stopping to examine it.  
Dwight Edgar snatched it up. "It's—'it's nothing," he explained—"only a letter I've had." Then breaking into a laugh at his friend's discomfited countenance, the first real laugh which John had heard him give since they left America, he added:  
"Never mind, old boy, I'll explain some day. It's all right, at least I hope it is, and I know I've been a dull, unsocial dog all this time. You've been awfully good to put up with me, and I'll try to make amends next time we meet."

Meanwhile the days were passing heavily enough in far-away America, where Rosamond bore her secret pain. She had kept a knowledge of her plighted faith a choice secret, not to be revealed until Dwight should come. When he failed to come, pride kept her silent still.  
The news of this departure struck in her heart like a blow. What did it mean? "I will not be base, or little, or suspicious," she told herself; "there is some blunder. He will come back, he will explain."  
But weeks of suspense and uncertainty passed. She could school her words and her manner, but not her face, and that fair face began to look piteous and wan.

Astley, watching her with compunctious anxiety, felt an ever-deepening heartache. Three weeks had passed since his letter of explanation was posted. Any hour might bring a response, and he haunted the post-office with a pertinacity inexplicable to his father.  
"I can't stand it much longer," he told himself. "If that fellow isn't heard from by to-morrow night I shall make a clean breast of it to Rosa, and confess the whole thing."  
And the next evening, "that fellow" still not being heard from, he did it. Rosamond, spirit-fair and fragile in her white dress, was sitting on the moonlight, and sitting at her feet he plunged into media res.  
"Rosa, do you recollect a letter you gave me to post more than a month ago?"  
"Yes," with a little gasp.  
"Well, I forgot it."  
"Oh, Astley!"  
"Yes; it was in my pocket, you know. I was going straight to the office, but something interrupted me—lawn tennis at the Porters, I believe—and then I sent my coat to the wash with the letter still in it. I never found it out till the confounded thing came back some days after. As I put it on I happened to feel in the pocket, and there it was—what was left of it!"

Rosamond sat perfectly still. Not a sound came from her lips. Astley waited an instant, as if hope of an answer, and then went on:  
"Rosa, darling, you mustn't mind, but I couldn't help seeing who the letter was for, and that—that—it was something of consequence. It was all blotted and blurred, but a word or two could be made out here and there. I was awfully cut up about it. I couldn't bear to tell you, and I didn't know what to do. At last I wrote a full explanation to Dwight, and I put the scraps in my letter."  
"Astley!"  
There was a ring of hope and of dismay in the exclamation. So absorbed were both that neither noticed that some one swung the gate just then.  
"Yes, I did. It went three weeks ago yesterday, and by to-morrow you ought to hear from him, that is if he happened to be in London when the mail got in. I didn't mean to tell you till his letter came, but I could wait no longer. Just say you forgive—Why—what is it?" as Rosamond sprang to her feet with a cry, "Dwight! Dwight!"

"She's fainted!" exclaimed Astley, in an awe-struck tone, as his sister's head dropped heavily on his arm.  
But happiness is a better restorative than burnt feathers, and in a little time Rosamond was able to assure Astley of her forgiveness, to smile

and ask questions, and finally he left on the door step for a long moonlight talk with her truant correspondent.  
When I saw Mrs. Dwight Edgar at Newport last year, she wore on her wrist a slender chain, to which was attached a locket whose lid was a big moonstone.  
Within was a singular little wad of what looked like paper which had been wet and pressed together. When I asked what it could be, she answered, evasively; "Oh, papier mache: a bit of an old letter Dwight makes me wear. There's quite a story about it, but it's two long to tell."  
Her husband chuckled, and later, seeing that I was curious, he told me the story that I have told to you.  
"And you never saw any one so reformed as Astley is, ever since then," added Rosamond, with laughter in her voice. "He's the most particular creature you ever saw, always fidgeting and fussing for fear he may have forgotten something. If he lives to be a hundred, you may depend upon it he will never again forget another letter in his coat pocket."—*Youth's Companion*.

**Cotton Stalk Forage.**  
The Scientific American says that Edward Atkinson has found a new element in the cotton crop of importance to Southern farmers, which is, that for each bale of cotton there are fifteen hundred pounds of stems, which are very rich in phosphate of lime and potash. When ground and mixed with ensilage or cotton seed meal (which is too rich for use as fodder in large quantities,) the stem mixture makes a superior cattle food, rich in all the elements needed for the production of milk, meat and bone. It is believed that this utilization of the cotton stems, hitherto a nuisance, will prove to cotton growers a new source of wealth, and in many parts greatly facilitate the raising of stock, by furnishing a substitute for grain.

WINDMILLS have not gone out of use yet by any means. Two of large pumping capacity were shipped recently from New York city for Guantanamo, Cuba. The iron work of one of these mills weighs over 9,000 lbs., and the outfit was intended for pumping from a well 150 feet deep. Each of the windmills was complete in all its parts, having a large tower made of Georgia pine to support it, and pumps, pipes, connections, etc. The turtable of the larger mill, which supports the crank shaft, weighs 2,250 pounds. It is surprising that more windmills are not used in this country.—*Christian at Work*.

A Washington correspondent has discovered in the basement of the capitol an old man, acting as substitute for an engineer, who formerly was a member of the House, and subsequently lieutenant governor of his State. The love of rum has degraded him from the halls of Congress down into the cellar, and instead of \$5,000 a year he is paid \$18 a month to manage the elevator for other people.

**BRIEFS.**  
Floods prevail in England.  
A famine threatens Western Ireland.  
One hundred and thirty one failures last week.  
Mrs. Scoville has been declared insane but cannot be found.  
In Great Britain there is a sheep on every acre and one-third of cultivated land. In this country there is an average of but one sheep on thirty-four acres.  
The agricultural and mechanical exhibits this year, in North Carolina and Virginia, have been the best ever known in all respects. When the farmers and mechanics prosper, peace, plenty and happiness prevail. Thank Heaven for it all!  
It is rumored in Virginia that Mahone, the wrecker of railroads and of the character of his State, is to be President of the Richmond and Danville Road. That suggestion gives us a contempt for the English language for its dearth of words to express our horror at such a calamity.  
Greensboro Bugle: Typhoid fever is prevailing in the settlements between Reedy Fork and Haw river. "We had our second crop of Irish potatoes dug today and found many as fine as the first crop." We regret to learn that Chas. Lewis got his left arm broken from having his buggy upset Saturday night last.

A prominent French scientist has made a careful investigation of the sources of possible danger in the use of coal gas. In unburnt gas the injurious element is found to be carbonic oxide. Where a stream of escaping gas passes over ground not already saturated, the earth absorbs the odor of the gas, after which it may permeate dwellings or other buildings without being detected, but still retaining its poisonous qualities and being no less explosive.

## The Latest News!

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LEADING DEALERS IN DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES!  
**New Stock of Clothing**

**AND FURNISHING GOODS.**  
Large Assortment of Ladies' Cloaks and Shawls.  
**LADIES' HATS AND TRIMMINGS.—MEN'S HATS AND CAPS.**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES A SPECIALTY.** We keep the best made.  
AGENTS FOR COATS' SPOOL-COTTON. New supply of 5 cent Tin Ware.  
**Full stock of Glass and Table Ware.**

Best Flour, Meats, Sugar, Coffee, TEAS, Rice, Potatoes, Canned Fruits, Pure Lard, Corn, Bran, Meal, New Orleans Molasses and Syrups, &c. Full assortment of Family Medicines including Quinine.  
**One and three-fourth lbs. Cotton Sacking at 9 Cents. New Ties** at \$1.75 per bundle. Three lb. Cans Tomatoes at 15 cents.  
**OVER-COATS at \$2.50. Best 10 cts. Sugar,** try it. Be sure to see our Goods before you buy. We mean to sell you good Goods at the very lowest prices. We buy and sell all kinds of Country Produce.  
W. W. TAYLOR, H. F. ATKINS, } SALESMEN.  
and D. J. BOSTIAN.

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The largest Guano Co., in the U. S.  
The oldest and most reliable brand sold.  
The most popular Fertilizer, its sales being the largest.  
On average soils no Fertilizer produces better results.  
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The same planters continue to use it year after year.

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Combines the activity of Peruvian Guano with the strong and lasting effects of Animal Bones.  
It is prepared under our personal supervision, and is made of the best materials—contains no shoddy or other inferior ammoniacs.  
It is Fine, Dry and in Excellent Condition for Drilling.  
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**POSITIVELY IN ADVANCE.**  
ADDRESS at once,  
**EDWARD A. OLDHAM,**  
Editor and Proprietor,  
Wilmington, N. C.

**SHERIFF'S SALE**  
OF  
**HOUSE & LOT IN SALISBURY!**

By virtue of a *Venditio Execptio* and execution issued out of the Superior Court of Rowan County, in favor of Meroney & Bro. against Obe Atwell and Chal. Atwell, in my hands for collection, I will sell at public auction, at the Court House door in the town of Salisbury, on the 27th day of November, 1882, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Obe Atwell and Chal. Atwell, in and to the following real property, viz: A house and lot in the North Ward of the town of Salisbury, adjoining the lots of D. A. Atwell and others, where the said O. M. Atwell now resides.

Terms, Cash.—Dated at Salisbury, this 18th day of October, 1882.  
C. C. KRIDER, *Sh'ff*,  
1:4t—pd. TOBIAS LYERLY, Ext. 3:4w

**Notice to Creditors.**  
All Persons having claims against the estate of Zachariah Lyerly, dec'd., are hereby notified to exhibit the same to the undersigned on or before the 20th day of October 1882, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.  
Oct. 5, 1882. 50:1y

**Rife and Blasting Powder**  
**FUSE**  
and a full line of Mining Supplies.  
**We will**  
**Duplicate Any Prices in**  
**the State.**  
**CALL AND SEE US.**  
**W. S. BLACKMER, SAN'L TAYLOR.**  
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