

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XIV.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., NOVEMBER 30, 1882.

NO 7

The Carolina Watchman,
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PRICE, \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.



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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, Dwelling House and Four building lots for sale, privately.

R. R. CRAWFORD,
Sept. 25 1882. 2411

AN EASTERN JUGGLER.

While traveling through India, between Surat and Nagpore, my body servant one day informed me that a great juggler and snake charmer wished to have the honor of showing me something of his skill.

"What can he do?" I asked my servant.

"Almost everything that is marvelous, I've been told," was the answer I received.

"Admit him."

My servant withdrew and presently returned with a small, withered old man, about whom I saw nothing remarkable except his eyes, which were small, black and piercing, and seemed to have lightning imprisoned in them. I do not know whether the man could see in the dark like a cat, but there was at times that peculiar fiery appearance of the balls which is so often observable in night prowling animals.

He wore a white vest, Turkish trousers, a kind of crimson petticoat worked with strange devices, a turban of many colors and red morocco shoes, pointed and turned up at the toes. His arms and neck were bare, and, with the exception of a couple of heavy gold rings in his ears, he displayed no extraneous ornaments. His age I judged to be sixty, and his short mustache was almost white. He made a low salaam, and then appeared to wait to be addressed.

"Your name?" said I, in Hindoostanee.

"Pannjar, your excellency."

"I am told that you wish to show me some wonders?"

"If your excellency will."

"Well, what can you do?"

He suddenly produced—from where I did not see and cannot tell—a large ball of twine, which he appeared to toss into my lap, keeping hold of one end, so that it unrolled the whole distance between him and me—at least ten feet, saying as he did so:

"Will your excellency please examine what you see?"

Now, I honestly aver that I saw that ball of twine when he threw it as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life—saw it come toward me, saw it unroll and apparently drop into my lap, so that I brought my knees quickly together to catch it, and yet when I put my hand down to get it and looked down for it, it was not there—nothing was there, and, at the same instant, I perceived the juggler balancing it on the end of his finger.

"Shaw!" said I; you deceived me by making me believe you threw it toward me."

"Does your excellency think I have it?" he asked.

And, before I could answer I saw, in place of the ball, a beautiful, large rose, which was balancing by the stem—and yet he had not altered his position in the least, and scarcely stirred a finger.

I began to be astonished.

"While yet I looked I saw in his right hand a cup, and in his left the rose. He stepped forward a few feet, laid the rose down on the ground, and placed the cup over it.

Here, it will be observed, there was no machinery to assist him—no table with its false top, concealed compartments and confederate, perhaps, to effect a change as we see similar tricks performed in a place fitted by a magician for the purpose—but only my own quarters, in the full bright light of day, with myself closely watching every movement within five feet of him, and my attendants grouped around almost as near.

Having covered the rose with the cup, as I would be willing to make oath, for I saw the rose distinctly as the hollow vessel, held by the top, went slowly down over it, the conjurer resumed his former place and said:

"Will your excellency be kind enough to lift the cup and see what is under it?"

Of course I would have wagered a heavy sum that the rose was still there for one thing, because expecting some trick, I had kept my eye on it to the last moment, and was certain there was no possibility of its being removed after the hand had left go of the cup at the top.

I complied with the request, stepped forward, and raised the cup: but instantly dropped it, and bounded back with a cry of terror—for there, instead of the rose, was one of the little, green, deadly serpents of India, coiled up and ready for a spring, with its small glistening eyes fixed intently on mine. Snakes of any kind are my horror; and this only horrified me, but all my attendants, who, with cries of alarm, enlarged the circle very rapidly, for they knew its bite to be fatal.

"No more such tricks as these, conjurer!" said I sternly.

"It is perfectly harmless, your excellency, grinned the old man, walking up to it, lifting it by the neck, putting its head into his mouth, and

allowing it to run down his throat. I shuddered, and half-believed the juggler possessed of a devil, if not a devil himself.

He next produced a tube that looked like brass, about two feet long and half an inch in diameter, and next, the ball of twine again.

Where these things came from, or went to, I could not tell. They seemed to be in his hands when he wanted them; but I never observed his hands passing near his dress, either when they appeared or disappeared.

When I looked for the cup that I had lifted from the snake, it was gone; and yet neither myself nor any of my attendants had seen this wonderful man pick it up! It was indeed jugglery, if not magic, of the most unquestionable kind!

Through the brass tube the conjurer now passed one end of the twine, which he put between his teeth. He then placed the tube between his lips, threw back his head, and held it perpendicularly, with the ball of twine on the upper end. Then suddenly this ball began to turn, and turn rapidly, and gradually grow smaller, till it entirely disappeared, as if the twine had been run off on a reel.

What turned it, or where it went to, no one could see. The juggler then set the other end up, and a new ball began to form on the top but apparently ribbon, of half an inch in width, and of different colors. These rolled up, as if on a bobbin, till it formed a wheel of two or three inches in diameter, when the performer seemed to toss ribbon and the tube over his shoulder, and that was the last I saw of either.

He next produced what appeared to be the same cup I had lifted from the snake, showing something that looked like an egg, advanced the same as before, and placed the latter on the ground and the former over it, and again requested me to raise it, which I declined to do, fearing I should see another serpent, or something equally horrifying.

"Will any one lift the cup?" he said, turning to the others.

No one ventured to do so, but all rather drew back.

At this he took up the cup himself and appeared to throw it into the air, and there sat in its place a beautiful dove, which flew up and alighted on his shoulder. He took it in his hand, muttering over some unintelligible words, seemed to cram it into his mouth, and that was the last I saw of that also.

He performed some other tricks similar to these, and concluded with the mysterious bag. This bag—which somehow came into his hands, as did all the other things he used, in a manner unknown to us—was from two to three feet long, and about a foot wide. It looked as if it had been used to hold some kind of flour; and I certainly saw something like the dust of flour fly from it when he turned it inside out and beat it across his hands.

He turned it back again, and tied it at the mouth with a string, muttering a low incantation.

This done, he threw it on the ground and stamped on it, treading it all out flat with his feet. He then stepped back a few paces and requested us all to fix our eyes on it. We did so, and after the lapse of perhaps thirty seconds, saw it begin to swell up, like a bladder when being expanded with wind. It continued to swell till every part became distended, and it appeared as round and solid as if filled with sand. Its solidity, however, was only apparent—for when the juggler went up and placed his foot on it, it yielded to the pressure, but immediately sprung back, or rounded out, as soon as that was removed. He then jumped on it with both feet, and flattened it all out as at first. He then went away again; and the bag being left to itself as before, again began to rise, or inflate, but this time as if some animal like a cat were inside of it.

In fact, I could see where there appeared to be legs; and then to my utter amazement, I may almost say horror, it began to move toward me, as if impelled by the unknown something in it!

I do not think I am a coward—my worst enemy has never accused me of being one, at least—but I confess that on this occasion my nerves would not let me remain passive; and I retreated from the advancing mystery, and informed the magician that I had seen enough to satisfy me of his wonderful occult powers. At this he smiled grimly, walked up to the bag, trod it down again, picked it up and beat it with his right hand across his left, caused it to unaccountably disappear from my sight, and then made his concluding salaam.

How these wonders were performed—by what art, power, or magic—I do not and never expect to know. I have conversed with many persons who have seen quite as strange unnatural things, but never heard any one give any explanation—that I considered at all satisfactory.

"If your excellency wills, I shall now have the honor of showing you

how I charm serpents," said the necromancer.

I had heard something of this singular power, and desirous of seeing it displayed. Accordingly myself and attendants all repaired to an open field, at no great distance, where, after some search, Pannjar discovered a hole, in which he said he doubted not there was a snake.

"But before I call him forth," he proceeded, "I must be assured that some one of sufficient courage will stand ready to cut him down when I give the signal—otherwise, should he prove to be a cobra capella, my life may be sacrificed."

"I will myself undertake the business," said I, drawing my sword.

The man hesitated, evidently fearing to insult me by a doubt, and yet not eager to risk his life on the strength of my nerves, after the display of timidity I had already made. I thought I read all this in the man's face, and I said, very positively,—

"Never fear, good sir! I will cut down whatever you bring up this time, be it snake or devil!"

"My life is at your excellency's mercy," bowed the man with a show of humility. "Remember the signal! When I raise my hand above my head, may the blow be swift, sure and deadly!"

He then gave his whole attention to the business before him. Putting an instrument, not unlike a flageolet, to his lips, he began to play a shrill, monotonous, disagreeable sort of a tune, keeping his eyes riveted upon the hole in the ground; and soon after, to my utter astonishment, though I had been prepared for anything, I saw the ugly head of the hooded snake, the dreaded cobra capella, the most poisonous of all deadly reptiles, come slowly forth, with its spectacled eyes fixed steadily upon the strange musician, who began to retreat backward slowly, a step at a time, the snake following him.

When at length, in this manner, he had drawn the hideous creature some ten or fifteen feet from its hole, he suddenly squatted down and began to play more loudly and shrilly. At this the serpent raised itself on its tail, as when about to make his deadly spring, and actually commenced a dancing motion, in time with the music, when the charmer gave me the signal to strike. Guardedly and stealthily I advanced near enough for the blow, and then struck, cutting the reptile in two, and sending its head flying to some distance. I never took life with better satisfaction.

Whatever deception there might be about the juggler's tricks, there was certainly none about the snake, for I have its skin still in my possession. I gave the man a couple of gold moulars, and he went away perfectly satisfied, wishing my excellency any quantity of good luck. I was perfectly satisfied, too, and would not have missed seeing what I did for ten times the amount I paid.

The Wilmington Star says, let Southern men be on their guard. Let North Carolina members be very careful to do nothing rash. Grant that the internal revenue system is a monstrous, an offense, a staunch oppression, an outrage, what then? Will you wipe out the 145 millions raised by this badly abused system when you know that it will fasten upon the country for a decade the oppressive war tariff that absolutely taxes fifty millions of people for the benefit of one million? Do you call that statesmanship? Do you consider that wise legislation? Give the country free cigars, free plugs of tobacco, free smoking tobacco, free whisky and tax fifty million people upon all necessities that enter into household expenses.

Such legislation as that would be absurd, unwise, unprofitable, and would be sure to prove a boomerang in the end. The Times says editorially:

"The chances of tax reduction at the coming session of Congress are being already discussed in Washington. The protectionist policy is easy to predict. It will, as heretofore, be directed toward a sweeping reduction of internal revenue taxes by way of warding off any reduction of duties on imports. The Republicans will hardly improve their position by lending themselves to this programme.—Chaotic as public opinion may be on the subject of the tariff, the majority of the American people are certainly not in favor of making whisky and tobacco cheap that all the necessities of life may continue dear."

MAKING FENCE-POSTS LAST.—A Western farmer says that he has discovered a model by which the part of fence-posts buried in the ground can be made to last longer than iron. Time and weather seem not to affect it. Posts can be prepared for less than two cents apiece. The recipe is to take boiled linseed oil and stir in it pulverized charcoal to the consistency of cream, and apply a coat of it to the lower half of the post a few days before setting.

Some Short Proverbs.

Russian.—Pray to God, but continue to row to the shore.

Sanskrit.—Silence is the ornament of the ignorant.

Chinese.—There are two good men. One dead, the other unborn.

Tamil.—The handle of the axe is the enemy of its kind.

Persian.—One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.

Arabian.—It is hard to chase two hares.

Modern Greek.—Two watermelons cannot be carried under one arm.

Sound Advice.

Wall Street Reporter.

A stranger who had made a purchase of a second-hand dealer on Chatham street grew confidential and said he would like some advice.

"Vheli, go ahead."

"If you were in my place and wanted to go into business here would you lend your money and live on the interest, or would you go into the second hand clothing business?"

"My friend," replied the other with a serious look on his face, "let me tell you a story like a fadder. Doan go into second-hand peesness yourself, but lead me your money and become a silent partner."

"Are the profits large?"

"Large? How much you thinks I made on dot west I sold you for two dollars? I made shust twelve shillings."

"Not by a blamed sight, for I haven't paid for it and won't take it!" exclaimed the stranger as he dropped the bundle and walked out.

"Vheli, vheli," sighed Moses, as he looked after him, "efery time I tell der truth I loose money, and efery time I tell a lie I lose a customer. How can an honest man make a living in New York?"

Are You a Man?

One day a young man was teasing a little girl, when she, becoming tired of him, exclaimed impatiently,—

"If I wore as big cloths as you do, I'd be a man."

Her mother overhearing the remark called her away, and chided her for being so saupy, but soon the tears caused by the rebuke were brushed away, and the cause forgotten by the little girl. A few years later the same girl, then a young lady, was returning home from school, and in making some changes of the train was obliged to stop at a hotel over night. A rising and popular lawyer of the place chanced to see her name upon the register, and at once called upon her. As soon as he greeted her he said,—

"I called to thank you for what you have done for me."

She replied,—

"You must be mistaken about my help for although I do remember you as a clerk in my father's store, when I was a child, I cannot recall one single favor I ever did you, or in fact remember that I had seen you since then."

He then referred to the impatient remark before quoted, and said that day he resolved to be a man, and from that time had honestly tried to make something of his life. He also said he had never been tempted to do a mean thing without hearing the warning, "I'd be a man."

How to Succeed.

You are the architect of your own fortune. Rely on your own strength of body and soul. Select some specialty for your life's work, and adhere to St. Paul's precept, "This one thing I do." Let your motto be industry, self-reliance, faith and honesty, and inscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool; pluck is a hero." Earnest effort in one direction is the surest road to wealth and high position. Don't take too much advice; keep at the helm, steer your ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take upon yourself a share of the work.

Don't practice too much humility. Think well of yourself. Strike out; assume your position.

It is the jostlings of life that bring great men to the surface. Put potatoes into a cart over a rough road and the small ones will go to the bottom.

Fire above the mark that you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination with a right motive are the levers that move the world.

Teach not the wine cup; don't chew or smoke, nor use profane language; don't deceive; don't read novels.

Be earnest; be generous; be civil; be a gentleman.

Superintend your own business; use the printer's ink; keep your own counsels. Love God and your fellow men; love truth and virtue; love your counsels and obey its laws.—Age.

Thurlow Weed died on the 22d.

Gov. Stephens is playing havoc with the laws of Georgia. He has already pardoned twenty-five criminals. The courts would do well to close up. What's the use with such a willing one-man power.—Wil. Star.

The Latest News!

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The Safety of the Republic.

The recent elections show an enlightened and virtuous public opinion, which is the safety of our free institutions. The river and harbor bill swindle, the shameless assessments to raise money to corrupt the elections, the base prostitution of the powers of the Government to partisan purposes, the countenance and aid given to repudiation of State indebtedness, and even to final and conclusive awards and judgments of international tribunals, destructive of all confidence in the public faith, the bribery and corruption of the trial by jury by the Department of Justice itself; in short the general demoralization and extravagance in the administration of the General Government alarmed and roused the people and they have rebuked the rankling corruption of partism in high places. Intelligence and public virtue among the people constitute the only safe reliance for the public welfare and liberties of the country.

Our political system, truly said to be the fairest fabric of civil government that ever rose to animate the hopes of civilized man, is yet liable to be corrupted and destroyed by the wranglings and contentions of partisan leaders. The history of popular government in other ages and countries has shown the dangers arising from the partisan struggles and devices of ambition and cupidity. Forewarned by the examples in other countries, our people will be found foremost against the dangers which beset their republic.

—American Register.

Fifty contests in the next House is the number estimated. Let the Democrats resolve that no contest shall receive pay who is unsuccessful.—Wil. Star.

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