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The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XIV.—THIRD SERIES SALISBURY, N. C., DECEMBER 7, 1882. NO 8

The Carolina Watchman,
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1832.
PRICE, $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

HOSTETTER'S
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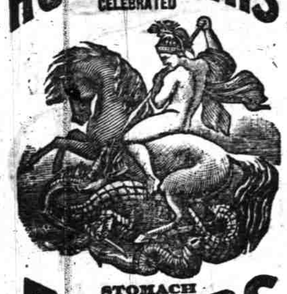
STOMACH
BITTERS

Remember that stamina, vital energy, the life-principle, or whatever you may choose to call the resistant power which battles against the causes of disease and death, is the grand safeguard of health. It is the garrison of the human fortress, and when it waxes weak, the true policy is to throw in reinforcements. In other words, when such an emergency occurs, commence a course of Hostetter's Bitters. For sale by Druggists and Dealers, to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1883.

29:1y

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A Home Company, Seeking Home Patronage.

Strong, Prompt, Reliable, Liberal!

Term policies written on Dwellings.
Premiums payable One-half cash and balance in twelve months.

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21:6m Salisbury, N. C.

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SCHOOL SUPPLIES
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45:tf

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A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous DEBILITY, PREMATURE DECAY, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertisers experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence. JOHN B. OGDEN,
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REMEMBER THE DEAD!

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GREAT REDUCTION
IN THE PRICES OF
Marble Monuments and Grave-Stones of Every Description.

I cordially invite the public generally to an inspection of my Stock and Work. I feel justified in asserting that my past experience under first-class workmen in all the newest and modern styles, and that the workmanship is equal to any of the best in the country. I do not say that my work is superior to all others. I am reasonable, will not exaggerate in order to accomplish a sale. My endeavor is to please and give each customer the value of every dollar they leave with me.

PRICES 35 to 50 Per Cent CHEAPER than ever offered in this town before. Call at once or send for price list and designs. Satisfaction guarant'd or no charge.

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 TO DEBTORS.

PERSONS indebted to the late firm of "R. R. CRAWFORD & CO.," are hereby notified to come forward and make settlement on or before December 1st, and save cost of collection, as the business of that firm must be closed.

R. R. Crawford & Co.

6:3t

THE WAGER.

Decidedly you are mad, my dear de Marsan, said the Count de Tevilly to a young officer of light cavalry, who holding a glass of wine in his hand, seemed to challenge a dozen of young companions, whom a table splendidly served excited at once to appetite and gaiety.

'Mad as much as you please,' answered de Marsan, 'but I still renew my proposal. I defy you to take from me this snuff-box, either by force or stratagem.

'Do you take it?'

'How many days do you allow me to prove to you your folly!'

'Six.'

'Done, then!' cried de Tevilly, 'and the stake?'

'A supper as luxurious as this, in eight days at my house.'

'Agreed!' cried all the company.

Three days afterwards, de Marsan met de Tevilly in the Palace Royal.

'Well! you feel no ill effects from our joyous night!'

'My dear fellow you arrange things to a marvel!'

'You think so?'

'Word of honor!'

'In that case give me a pinch of your admirable snuff.'

'With pleasure.'

De Marsan did not observe the slight smile that passed over his friend's countenance.

They alluded in no way to the foolish wager made by the blaze of lights and over the fumes of wine, which had suggested it; perhaps it was forgotten; however, the two young men separated.

That night, toward eleven o'clock, not far from his house, de Marsan was accosted by two servants, who begged him respectfully to be good enough to stop a moment.

At the same time, a man, enveloped in a long dressing gown, brown with red stars, and preceded by two torch-bearers, appeared in the middle of the street, an enormous beard flowed nearly to the waist of the singular personage, who, approaching de Marsan, bowed, and in a strongly pronounced nasal tone, said—

'How do you do, sir?'

'That is a very extraordinary question,' said de Marsan, after a moment's silence, caused by his astonishment.

'It is not the less a question,' observed the man with the long beard.

'But sir, this hour, that dress, these servants——'

'This hour pleases me, this dress suits my position, and these servants are mine.'

'For the second time, sir, how do you do.'

'What is that to you?'

'A great deal.'

'But then——'

'My dear sir, listen: my question is commonplace, I allow it, but here is what I would come to.

'You have a watch, ah! how happy you are!

'I have not, and I take medicine to-night at two o'clock, not a minute more, not a minute less; you can understand that for the exactitude of the thing I must have your watch——'

'Ah! ah!' cried de Marsan, who began to believe he had encountered a mad man, and hoped to get away by frightening him.

'It is then an ambush!

'Just wait——.'

He was about to draw his sword.

The man with the beard made a sign.

In an instant four pistols were pointed at the young man, who, seeing this unanswerable argument, trembling with rage, drew out his watch.

'There, sir,' said he abruptly.

'A thousand thanks, dear sir,' said the unknown; 'I feel much indebted to you for your generous haste,' added he laughing.

'Now let me go.'

'Willingly; but I have again a request to make.'

'Be quick about it then.'

'That sword——'

'My sword?'

'Yes.'

'You jest, sir!'

'I give you my word of honor, sir, that I never jest.'

'What do you mean, rascal?'

'This: to-morrow I have a duel, I require a sword, and have taken a fancy to yours; therefore, be so polite as not to refuse me if not——' he pointed to his armed domestics.

De Marsan flung his sword at the feet of this mysterious personage.

'And now?'

'Now, my dear sir, you are perfectly free.'

'It is very fortunate.'

'Your way is direct; first to the right, second to the left, then third door to the right——'

'Impertinent!'

'Too well bred to contradict you.

'Accept, my dear sir, the assurance of my profound esteem, and my most sincere gratitude.'

De Marsan had scarcely gone ten paces, before a voice called him—

'Sir!'

'Again?'

'Yes.'

'What do you want?'

'Will you be good enough to give me a pinch of snuff?'

'The plague stifle you!

'Here, take it!'

'Oh! the beautiful snuff-box!

'How splendidly it glitters in the moonlight!

'It belongs to you, sir?'

'Why do you ask?'

'That you may do me the honor to reply, sir.'

'Well! yes—it belongs to me.

'What then?'

'What then?'

'Why, I think that it will be much better in my hands than in yours.'

'Why so?'

'Because I shall not let it be stolen.

'Ah! you will——'

'As you say.'

'And if I cry! mur—'

'You shall be shot that moment.'

'And if I give you this snuff-box?' continued de Marsan.

'I will accept it.'

'Think that it is a gift from the Duchess of Berry, and that to-morrow I will have all the police on your track.'

'I authorize you, sir.'

'There, then!'

'Heaven be with you!

'I am happy to have made your acquaintance in such an agreeable manner.'

Freed at length from his tormentor, de Marsan made semblance to return home, but, instead, concealed himself in the angle of the street; from thence he saw the thief stop before a *portecochere* of sumptuous appearance, enter mysteriously into the house—then, nothing more, silence complete.

An instant after, de Marsan thunders at this door in a manner to wake the dead.

'They open it; a servant shows his face only half awake.

'What do you want?'

'Your master?'

'Is in bed.'

'Tell him I must see him.'

'Impossible.'

'I must, his life is menaced,' said de Marsan, in a whisper.

'Oh! in that case follow me.'

They mount, de Marsan enters a handsome apartment, and sees a man already of a certain age, preparing to enter his bed.

'Hush!' said de Marsan.

'Hush, sir! dress yourself, and give me arms.'

'What does this signify?'

'It signifies that there are assassins hidden in the house; the wretches have just robbed me of everything.'

'Oh, Heaven!' cried the old man; 'and when?'

'This instant, even; the thief and assassin, for I suppose that his intention is to murder you to-night, had on a dressing-gown, brown with red stars.'

'A dressing-gown,' stammered the old man, horror-struck.

'Yes, sir.'

'Brown?'

'Yes, sir, with red stars.'

'Merciful heaven!' groaned the old man, striking his forehead in despair.

'My son a robber!

'Oh, my friend! come up with me, and confound this miserable Etienne!'

'Etienne!' thought de Marsan.

'Oh! the infamous——

'This is then where his passion for play has led him.

'Come.'

They reach his room: they enter.

De Marsan nearly falls over a long black beard lying on the carpet, while from behind an alcove they heard loud peals of laughter.

'Do you dare,' cried the old man, in a voice of thunder.

'Ah! my father, let me laugh,' said a voice from the alcove; at the same time the owner of the voice made himself visible, a young man advanced.

'It was de Teville.'

'Here, take back your snuff-box,' said he to de Marsan, who stood stupefied, and a little ashamed.

The supper gained by the Count de Teville took place: and the adventure was long talked of in the gay circles of Paris.

It is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell your friend of his faults. If you are angry with a man or hate him, it is not hard to stab him with words; but so to love a man that you cannot bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to speak painful truth through loving words, that is friendship. But few have such friends. Our enemies usually teach us what we are at the point of the sword.

Outward action can never give a just estimate of us, since there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions.

Tobacco Tax Reduction.

VIEWS OF WINSTON MANUFACTUERERS.

Winston Republican.

In view of the early meeting of the present Congress and the control of the Democratic party in the House of the next, or 48th Congress, the subject of a reduction of Internal Revenue taxes, is engrossing universal attention. * * * * * *

Without giving our individual views on this subject and with the view of presenting those of men who have both the capacity and the interest to look well into this subject we waited on a majority of the leading manufacturers in this place on Tuesday morning and solicited their views as manufacturers. The first factory we visited was T. L. Vaughn & Co's. Mr. T. Vaughn the senior partner is a member of the National Tobacco Association and has been a manufacturer all his life with his father before him. The firm enjoys a good trade, manufacturing not less than a half million pounds of plug tobacco per year. We found him and also Mr. Len. Vaughn with Mr. Matt Stockton, their gentlemanly book keeper, all in the office. Upon addressing Mr. Vaughn and stating our business he said: "I am not entirely decided. I think the entire abolition of the tax on tobacco would be advantageous to the farmer, that appears natural, but I am in doubt whether, in the long run, it will be of benefit to the manufacturer. I am in favor of taking it all off rather than letting it remain at 16 cents. I am strongly in favor of a reduction to 8 cents.

B. Hamlen & Co. Found Mr. Hunt, the junior partner, in the office. To our question as to how the firm stood on the tobacco tax question, he replied: "My partner and I are entirely agreed on that subject. We are strongly in favor of wiping out all taxation on tobacco. Too much stress, in my opinion, is laid on the views of manufacturers, some of whom are actuated by selfish motives on this subject. In my opinion the great mass of people are strongly in favor of taking off the tax."

Messrs. Williamson & Smith, leaf dealers and who, by the way, have not only one of the most commodious, but one of the best equipped factories for handling the leaf in the South, with a capacity of two million pounds per annum. We found both the proprietors in, and on putting our queries to them they replied:—"We are in favor of whatever is best for the country, and reduction seems the thing. We believe this would be to the interest of the farmer, the trade and the manufacturer."

"We next hunted up Messrs. Bitting & Whittaker. Mr. Whittaker is Cashier of the First National Bank and a member of the National Tobacco Association. We found him at the bank. No firm is better posted on the trade. Large and successful manufacturers the views of either are entitled to much consideration. Putting our questions to Mr. Whittaker, after some reflection he replied: "I am for total abolition of the whole Internal Revenue system, to take effect January 1, 1884, or earlier if possible, with rebate of tax on all unbroken packages. We manufacturers can stand any rate better than agition from year to year, and any reduction, even as much as fifty per cent. would not quiet the country a longer time than would be required to adjust our weights accommodate ourselves to the new order of things and the cry for reduction would be raise again and our trade paralyzed as it now is and has at times been for the past several years. But I am opposed to it on principle also, it is demoralizing and dangerous. With it gone forever we will have better people, a purer government and better times."

At T. F. Williamson & Co.'s factory no one was in. Mr. R. J. Reynold also being in Patrick, Va., we did not see him either.

Messrs. Brown & Bros. These genial gentlemen, Dr. W. L. and R. D. Brown, are among not only our largest manufacturers but are conceded to be far sighted, close calculating business men. They enjoy an immense trade, manufacturing largely their celebrated navy goods, with a working capacity of two million pounds annually. To our query in regard to the tobacco tax question, the Doctor answered: "We are in favor of an entire abolition of the tax on tobacco. Congress may make the tax on whisky what it pleases. We consider tobacco the more innocent evil of the two. The manufacturer can pay the farmer more for his leaf. No tax will cheapen the goods, thereby increasing consumption. No tax will enable the manufacturer to increase his production 100 per cent. without adding a dollar to his capital, and goods will run more on their merit and less on their price as is the case now."

W. W. Wood & Co., manufacturers of the celebrated Old Oaken Bucket, Maud Muller and other brands. Mr. W. W. Wood, managing partner, came in while we were talking with Messrs. Brown Bros. He was in favor of abolishing the tax.

Bailey Bros. We next went to these gentlemen's factory, a new building of brick, just under roof. They are manufacturers, however, old in the business. We found Mr. P. W. Bailey in the office. He is in favor of abolishing the tax. He did not want to cut grooves on boxes.

P. H. Hanes & Co. This firm consists of three Brothers, all raised in the busi- of manufacturing. While they are all young men, they are among our oldest tobacco manufacturers. They have an immense trade in both plug and twist goods and a working capacity of over a million pounds per year. To our putting the usual questions, Mr. P. H. Hanes the Senior partner with some hesitation said: "I am rather at sea on the subject. I want what is the best for my section if I knew what that is. I am doubtful as to what the result would be to take the tax off. I would be willing to see the tax placed at 8 cents.

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

Show me the man you honor; I know by that symptom, better than any other, what kind of a man you are yourself. For you show me then what your ideal of manhood is—what kind of a man you long inexpressibly to be.

An Atmosphere About the Moon.

New Oorleans Times-Democrat.

The statement of the English astronomer, Mr. Stanley Williams, who claims to have seen clouds above the lunar Valley of Plato, on the 27th of March last; and the announcement of Mr. Jackson, of Delaware, that he had seen clouds floating above the Sea of Crises, on May 19; and the declaration of Mr. Trouvelot that he had seen vapors hovering about the Crater of Kant, might all be questioned with excellent reason. But the statement of certain French and English astronomers to the effect that while studying, in Egypt on the 17th of May, the total eclipse of the sun, they obtained some spectroscopic evidence of a thin lunar atmosphere, is peculiarly startling—inasmuch as the spectroscope had obstinately refused, upon all previous occasions, to offer any evidence whatever upon the subject.

The moon is comparatively near us—so near that the most powerful glasses bring its surface within a distance of 48 leagues from the telescopic observer. The magnificent photographs of the moon made by Nasmyth and Rutherford, present us with landscape views of astounudingly minute detail. We behold the crags, the peaks, the craters,—the zig zag fissures in the dry crust of that dead world,—the yellow deserts with their sand-dunes,—the serpentine courses of dried up rivers,—the voiceless plains speckled with rocky circles, that suggest a lunar Stonehenge,—the cavities,—the splintered strata,—the shadows, sharp and ghastly as those cast by an electric arc, and sometimes broken by the irregularities of the soil.

And every valley, every wrinkled bed pressed into form by a vanished sea, every cloudless mountain peak, every giant rent of that withered crust bears an illustrious name. The moon has been called the Cemetery of Astronomers;—their epitaphs are graven upon its volcanic pinnacles, upon the edges of its fractured strata in letters that will flame through the centuries. Two-thirds of the geography of the moon is as well mapped out for us as any earthly chart; and we have every reason to suppose that the remaining third, which no mortal eye has ever beheld, possesses the same characteristics as the rest—is only a continuation of that hideous volcanic Sahara. To have a thorough idea of lunar geography, one must have visited those bald patches upon our world, which may eventually spread into a universal desolation. Our African Sahara is like a fragment of the moon; there one beholds the beds of dead seas, the shores of dried up lakes, the rockiness of river cources voiceless since many thousand years. There one sees the same plains strewn with rocks and ruins; there also the sky holds no clouds, and the air is so dry that the stocks of European rifles shrink away from the steel, the seasoned mahogany of sextants splits asunder, the rims of marine glasses part with a snap. Nothing rots; the very air is lifeless—even the microbe of fermentation cannot find moisture for existence. And the desert spreads; century after century its yellow billows devour more and more green f rtility; it grows like an immense scab upon the face of the world some day the Atlantic and Pacific oceans shall cease their most ancient thunder-hymn, the stainless heaven will no longer be frescoed with clouds, the rivers will die in their couches of stone. Then we shall have become as the moon.

But even the Saharra is inhabited; its islands of palms have populations distinct from the nations of earth, fantastic blendings of races, Ethiopico-Arabic, Indo-negro. Behold the photographs taken by Largeau of these weird looking races, whose beauty or ugliness seems of another planet. The desert has changed their color, reformed their osteology. Death and solitude have moulded the features of their face. May there also be such faces in the deserts of the moon?

Until 1882 there was no positive belief in a lunar atmosphere. Every atmosphere must produce crepuscular light; but when it is half-moon time, we find that the lighted half does not fade off gradually into the black; the division line is sharp as if cut with a knife, excepting for sundry luminous points created by enormous volcanic peaks which catch the sunlight even in leagues of darkness beyond. Even during star-occultation, the star generally disappears behind the moon's disk without producing the ghost of a refraction. The spectoscopic analysis of a star light during the time of occulation has rarely given any posible evidence of atmosphere. During eclipses of the sun the moon's edge makes a sharp black curve across his face, and the analysis of the sunlight at the time has been barren of proof as to an atmosphere. Still, even these facts do not prove th t no air exists upon the surface of the moon. There may be air, but it is probably subtle as that remaining within the vacum beneath an air pump. Those who have found evidence of this spectral air-envelope are many. Schræter, Paul and Prosper Henry, Airy, Nelson, Plummer, Christie, Duncan, Noble, Tebbut, Gaunt and others claim to have observed a curious reflection during certain star-occultations. But the recent spectroscopic discovery in Egypt is more positive evidence.

There may indeed be creatures capable of breathing such rarefied air; but are there any capable of living without water! For there are no rivers, no seas, no clouds, no rains. Perchance subterranean lakes there may be, desert wells deeper than artesian; perchance there might also be a thicker statum of transparent air near the surface of the ground; perhaps the last people of the moon may even now be sitting about the last oasis awaiting the hour of the universal death.

But there are no proofs of intelligent life—not one. Volcanic life may possibly linger in spots; for there are strange luridness visible in the depths of certain dark craters. Nevertheless we see craters filling up with the lunar sand-drift. Was the moon ever a populous world? Probably; but in those ages the earth was void and formless and aflame with astral fires, the clouds were yet unborn, the mighty tongue of the sea had not yet spoken; and deep answered not unto deep.

The modern pie-rate ten cents apiece.

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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, and D. J. BOSTIAN. SALESMEN.

Nov. 1, 1882.

WANTED!—From the 1st of January next, Two Good Mill Men for a twenty stamp mill. Must have had long experience with silver plates, and must furnish first-class references as to ability and honesty. A permanent position for good men. Address,

THE HAILE GOLD MINING CO.,
Haile's Mine P. O., Lancaster, S. C.
6:3w

ADMINISTRATOSR'S SALE!

Having taken out letters of Administration on the estate of the late Wm. M. Kincaid, deceased, I will proceed to sell at public sale, on the premises, 5 miles west of Salisbury, on Tuesday, December the 5th, 1882, the following personal property, viz:

Wheat, oats, corn, horses, cattle, two milch cows, hogs, leaf tobacco, two 2 horse wagons, one buggy and harness, a turning lathe, farming implements, household and kitchen furniture, and other articles not enumerated. *Terms*, Cash.

Further Notice!—All persons having claims against said Wm. M. Kincaid, dec'd, are hereby notified to present the same to me on or before the 7th day of November, 1883, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. And all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make immediate payment.

A. L. HALL, Adm'r.
Nov. 6th, 1882.—4:6w

THE NEW SOUTH.

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