

The Carolina Watchman.

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NO. 28

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

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What the great restorative, Hopstetter's stomach bitters, will do, must be gathered from what it has done. It has effected radical cures in thousands of cases of dyspepsia, bilious disorders, intermittent fever, nervous affections, general debility, constipation, sick headache, mental depression, and the peculiar complaints and disabilities to which the feeble are so subject.

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W. A. BLACKMER, 137 N. TAYLOR.

Oct. 7, 1882.

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The Ring's Motto.

A lover gave the wedding ring
Into the goldsmith's hand.
"Grave me," he said, "a tender thought
Within the golden band."
The goldsmith gravely,
With careful art—
"Till death us part."

The wedding hall rang gladly out,
The husband said, "O, wife,
Together we shall share the grief,
The happiness of life.
I gave to thee
My hand, my heart,
Till death us part."

'Twas she that lifted now his hand,
(O, love, that this should be)
Then on it placed the golden band,
And whispered tenderly:
"Till death us join,
Lo, thou art mine
And I am thine!"

"And when death joins us never more
Shall know an aching heart,
The bridal of that better love
Death has no power to part.
That truth will be
For thee and me
Eternity."

So up the hill and down the hill
Through fifty changing years,
They shared each other's happiness,
They dried each other's tears.
They died each other's tears,
Alas! Alas!
That death's cold dart
Such love can part!

But one sad day—she stood alone
Beside his narrow bed,
She drew the ring from off her hand,
And to the goldsmith said:
"Oh, man who gravely
With careful art,
'Till death us part,"

Now grave four other words for me—
'Till death us join." He took
The precious golden band once more,
With solemn, wistful look,
And wrought with care,
For love, not coin,
'Till death us join."

An Open Letter to a Farmer's Boy.

You ask me for some advice as to your future work in life. You say that you are dissatisfied with the prospect of being a hard working farmer all your days, but at the same time you do not consider yourself a genius, and do not expect to become a Stewart or a Vanderbilt, or to acquire a vast fortune by speculation. You expect to work for your living; but you think there may be some pursuit which would be equally remunerative and not so laborious and monotonous as the farmer's. You ask if it would not be better for you to become a "first-class mechanic" than to be a farmer.

This is an important question, not alone to you, but to many other boys who take a serious view of life; whose common sense gives them a fairly correct estimate of their own powers and capabilities, and who wish to learn a business for which they are adapted, a reasonable amount of leisure, and a respectable position in life.

Now, it is a serious fact that workers in almost every branch of industry take a gloomy view of their own business, think almost everybody else is better off than they are, and generally try to discourage others from entering their vocation. The farmer and mechanic are about equally ready to say, "Our business is going to the dogs. If I were a young man I should learn something else." Sometimes they do this from the selfish desire to keep down the supply of workers in their own line, in order that the demand for them may be greater; some times from the habit of judging other occupations by the standard of their most successful men.

But the fact remains, in spite of this almost universal disparagement of their own pursuits among working-men, that some occupations are more, some less, desirable than others; and I shall try to give you a few reasons for thinking that a farmer's boy, unless he has a very decided bent for mechanical pursuits, such as will quickly take him into that "upper story" where there is always plenty of room and recompense, had better "settle to the farm."

First, the farmer has the priceless boon of independence. He is his own employer. He comes and goes when he pleases, not when another man pleases. He is responsible to no one but himself. He is captain on his own ship. No matter if he only has a potato patch, his rule there is none to dispute in his workshop. His prosperity depends upon his own thrift and enterprise, not upon the prosperity and liberality of an employer. He asks no man what he shall do or how he shall do it, except as a matter of advice. He "cares no more for Lord James Douglas than Lord James Douglas cares for him." He is a man among men, a sovereign of his own domain. The man who owns and cultivates his little piece of ground can snap his fingers at Mr. Lofty, and sit on his fence with his hands in his pockets when the Great Mogul goes by; for he is getting his own living at first hand and need ask no favors of any one. The average mechanic, on the other hand, is little more than a hired serf while he remains a me-

chanic; he surrenders his individual liberty to his employer for his wages, and works through another man's brains; he is an automaton manipulated by the golden wires of capital. He learns to gauge his work by what is required of intelligent and conscientious service. Unless he is an exceptional case, his self-respect is undermined by the temptation to "loaf" while the "boss" is not looking, and to work industriously under his eye. He becomes a school-boy instead of a man; learns to look furtively and fearfully at his employer, and bridges his manhood through the necessity of pleasing him or losing his work. The mechanic is a subordinate in his department; the farmer is chief of his; and it is better to be captain of a canal boat, and preserve your independence, than to be second mate on the Great Eastern and have no mind of your own.

Secondly, the farmer has health; or the means of getting it free of cost if he does not possess it. His business assures him, in larger measure than almost any other, of nature's grand conservers of health—air and exercise. These are better tonics than any which go into people's stomachs. City patients get them after paying for a doctor's prescription, but to the farmer they come "as free as air." Better than any one else the farmer can combine business and the hygienist's golden rule:—
Take the open air—the more you take the better;
Follow nature's laws to the very letter;
Let the doctors go to the Bay of Biscay.
Let alone the gin, the brandy and the whiskey.
Freely exercise, keep your spirits cheerful,
Let no dread of sickness ever make you fearful;
Eat the simplest food, drink the pure cold water,
Then you will be well—or at least you ought to.

The farmer is free from many of the temptations which beset the workmen whose occupations bring many men into close association. The seductions of the dram-shop and of fast society do not appeal to him as they do to the townsman. He can choose his associates instead of having them forced upon him. He is not compelled to listen to the idle story or the profane gossip if he does not choose to hear it. Statistics show that farmers live longer than men in any other pursuit—except Washington's body-servants. The farmer can look forward to an earthly existence longer by several years than that of the blacksmith, the carpenter, the machinist, the mason, the printer, or any other artisan, and as long as that of the average professional man.

Third, the farmer has the means of obtaining mental culture if he has the will. The dissatisfaction with which many farmers and farmers' boys look upon their lot in life comes from their having too much hard work and too little spare time. They have not yet learned to adapt themselves to the modern ten-hour law of labor. They toil fourteen hours a day, and come home exhausted and fit for nothing but supper and bed. They feel discouraged and disheartened at such a prospect through life. Overwork is the thief that steals the farmer's happiness. But it ought not to be so. A farm can be made to pay on the ten-hour plan. I have in mind a farmer who makes his farm pay a good dividend, takes an active interest in the world's work, has a fair library, keeps abreast of thought of the age, spends his evenings in reading and writing, is teaching his sons the value of study and work combined, and does all this on ten hours daily work. It is not the amount of labor that we put into a thing that determines the result, it is the intelligence. The King of Spain, you have no doubt read, spent a day in trying to stand an egg on end; Columbus did it for him in a second. An hour spent in thinking out a new way will often accomplish more than fifteen spent in working in the old way. Farming requires enterprise and thought quite as much as any other business; and fresh plans cannot come from a weary brain. Ten hours spent in work and two hours spent in study, by a mind quickened by moderate physical exercise instead of exhausted by over-exertion, will achieve vastly more than twelve hours of unceasing manual labor. Make no mistake. When a farm is managed in this way the farmer can devote his evenings to study and to rational enjoyment far more effectively than the mechanic, for he is isolated from the distractions which usually surround the latter. Much of the farmer's work, too, does not require the constant straining of the attention which many mechanical pursuits demand, and he has opportunity for reflection while promoting his business interests.

So, my boy, if you wish to be manly, self-reliant, and independent; if you wish to be your own employer and your own master; if you wish to make a fair living independently of another's caprice; if you wish to lay a solid foundation of health on which to build your career; if you wish to avoid the temptation into which so many artisans sink year after year; if you wish to elevate your mind, broaden your sympathies, and deepen your understanding by study, reflection, and association with those who will help, not hinder, you in these things; in a word, if you wish to be
Healthy, wealthy and wise,
My advice to you is, stick to the farm.—H. H. M., in the Christian Union.

Electric "Shoe-Blacks."
Professor Ayrton, in delivering a lecture at the London Institution, dwelt on the future uses of electricity as a means of transmitting power, working tools and machines, and propelling trains, carriages and tricycles. He remarked—"At present much household work is done by hand, simply because there are no easily worked machines for doing it. The old knife board has given way to the rotary knife cleaner; but even that requires a certain amount of grinding to give the knives a polish, so that for large establishments a knife-cleaner boy is still necessary. The blacking of boots, the blacking of grates, and the cleaning of door-steps are all done in a most laborious way by hand. Now there can be no doubt that very shortly electricity will be supplied, as gas is now, to houses for lighting purposes, and when this has been accomplished the same wires that convey the electricity for lighting will be employed to convey the power to work electric motors, to turn rotary knife cleaners, to turn a wheel for the blacking of boots and a small motor carrying a brush like the one in my hand will simply be passed by the servant all over the grate for the purpose of giving it a good black polish. The black-lead brush will then be taken off and replaced by the blacking brush for the boots, and later on in the day a rotary flannel will officiate for the doorsteps."

The statistics of crimes in the South published by Redfield some years ago appeared to us so far at variance with the peaceful disposition of our people that we promptly rejected them as unworthy of credence. All of us have more or less information about the state of society in the various sections of the Union and we preferred to rely on this general information to accepting what had the appearance of cooked figures prepared to order or doctored for a purpose.

The census is impartial. Its figures are taken from the most reliable sources and the work has been done thoroughly. It is proper that we should be judged by the census figures and we are nothing loth to stand the test. The compilation below, taken by the Charleston Courier from the census of 1880, tells a tale that we of the South need not be at all ashamed of. All that we desire is that the truth shall appear, and these figures speak the truth as near as the thorough and impartial agents of the government have been able to arrive at it.

In the following table the population of all the New England States is given, with the number of prisoners and the percentage of prisoners as compared with the total population in each of the States:

	Pop.	Pr's.	Per cent.
Connecticut,	622,700	732	.0011
Maine,	648,335	408	.0006
Massachusetts,	1,783,055	3,659	.0020
N. Hampshire,	346,991	273	.0007
Rhode Island,	276,531	320	.0011
Vermont,	332,286	261	.0007
Total,	4,010,529	5,653	.0014

These figures show that there are 14 prisoners in New England to every ten thousand people.

The following table gives the same information concerning the Southern States:

	Pop.	Pr's.	Per cent.
Alabama,	1,232,565	1,282	.0011
Arkansas,	832,525	757	.0009
Georgia,	263,493	275	.0010
Florida,	1,543,180	1,837	.0011
Louisiana,	939,946	1,077	.0011
Mississippi,	1,131,567	1,329	.0011
N. Carolina,	1,289,750	1,619	.0011
S. Carolina,	995,577	643	.0006
Tennessee,	1,542,359	2,129	.0013
Texas,	1,591,749	3,153	.0019
Total,	11,477,651	14,226	.0012

From the above it appears that every county in Texas there are only 12 prisoners at the South to every ten thousand of population. They embrace both whites and blacks. But it is manifestly unfair to compare the tattered and learned and trained people of the North with the Southern negroes. The latter should not be counted. The comparison should be made between the whites of the two sections respectively. And these are the figures relative to the Southern whites:

	White Pop.	White Pr's.	White Per cent.
Alabama,	662,155	221	.0003
Arkansas,	501,531	302	.0006
Florida,	142,605	42	.0003
Georgia,	816,906	231	.0002
Louisiana,	454,954	293	.0006
Mississippi,	479,298	153	.0003
N. Carolina,	867,242	601	.0007
S. Carolina,	391,105	56	.0001
Tennessee,	1,138,831	770	.0007
Texas,	1,197,237	1,579	.0013
Total,	6,741,994	4,191	.0006

From this it appears that only six whites in ten thousand are in durance

A Desperado Meets Fate Near Bakersville.
William Pritchard—"Bad Bill"—was a notorious outlaw who has long been operating in this county, Burke and Mitchell, and in the courts of these three counties, on the criminal side, are all sorts of cases against him, the three sheriffs and their deputies having their pockets full of capias for him. He escaped arrest by slipping from county to county, living like a beast of prey.

Last Wednesday two constables named Darbeson, brothers, came up with him in the house of his brother-in-law, the notorious Keesee Blalock, a few miles this side of Bakersville, in Mitchell county. They had warrants for him and for his mistress, Ruth Carpenter, who was in the house. Pritchard made no attempt at resistance but said that the woman was too sick for removal and asked one of the constables to go and ask a doctor who was near by to come and give opinion. Scarcely had the constable gone when Pritchard snatched a gun and snipped a bullet into Pritchard's breast, and the rest of the firing bringing back his comrade they both opened fire upon the desperado who fought to the last, attempting to club his assailants with his gun. He was shot twice in the head and twice in the breast. The country is rid of a bad man.

SUNDAY IN SPAIN.—The Sundays in Malaga are very different from what they are in England. With the exception of their great festivals, which are numerous, Sunday is the gayest of all days. The Alameda is crowded with gaily dressed people, ladies with their mantillas and fans, soldiers, servants, beggars; here and there a stray priest in his black gown; and of these people not one in a hundred has been in church. The churches are empty; the theatres are full.

DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Preventive of MALARIA.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Sallow, Erysipelas, Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons residing on the Sick should use freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The most cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

SMALL-POX PREVENTED.

The physician here says that Darby's Fluid very much prevents the spread of Diphtheria. It is a household article for all families. It is not only a preventive of Small Pox, but it is also a cure for it. It is a household article for all families. It is not only a preventive of Small Pox, but it is also a cure for it.

Diphtheria Prevented.

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Have now received their entire stock of Spring and Summer Goods which have been selected with great care to suit the varied wants and tastes of their numerous customers, all of which they offer as cheap as the cheapest. They have now in Store the

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FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIVE CENT TINWARE.

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April 12, 1883



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March 28, 1883.—1m

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