

The Carolina Watchman.

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The Carolina Watchman,
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1852.
PRICE, \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

A Household Article for Universal
Family Use.

**Eradicates
MALARIA.**

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Stomatitis, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons living on the coast should use it 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 worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

**SMALL-POX
AND
PITTING OF SMALL
POX PREVENTED.**

Amber of my family was taken with small-pox. I used the Fluid, the patient was not delirious, was not pitted, and was about the house again in three weeks, and no others had it. — J. W. PARKER, Philadelphia.

**Diphtheria
Prevented.**

The physician here used your Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria. — BROOKS, Savannah, Georgia.

**Scarlet Fever
Cured.**

The eminent Physician, J. MARION SMITH, M. D., New York, says: "I am convinced Prof. Darby's Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."

Manufacturing Chemist, PHILADELPHIA.

The Story of Life.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born.
A helpless babe to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy moon and night:
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
With sunny smiles between—and then?

And then appear the infant boys
To be laughing brightly by
Happy despite his little woes.
Were he but conscious of his joy!
To be in short, from two to ten,
A merry woody child—and then?

And then in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say the Decalogue,
And break it, an unthinking lad,
With mirth and mischief all agog;
A truant off by field and fen,
And capture butterflies—and then?

And then increased in strength and size,
To be, anon, a youth full grown;
A hero in his mother's eyes,
A young Apollo in his own;
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable sin—and then?

And then, at last, to be a man
To fall in love, to woo and wed!
With seething brain to scheme and plan
To gather gold or toil for bread;
To sue for fame, with tongue and pen,
And gain or lose the prize—and then?

And then in gray and wrinkles old
To mourn the speed of life's decline;
To praise the scenes of youth beloved,
And dwell in memory long and true;
To dream awhile with darkened ken,
Then drop into his grave—and then?

Where Do Wrinkles Come From?
"Where do wrinkles come from?"
And the joyous little Grace,
Looked gravely in the mirror
At her rose-tinted face.

"Where do the wrinkles come from?"
Why first, dear, I suppose,
The heart let's in a sorrow,
And then the wrinkle grows.

"Then anger comes a tapping,
And the heart's door opens wide;
Then hasten naughty envy
And discontent and pride.

"And the wrinkles follow slowly,
For the face has for its part
To tell just what is doing
Down in the secret heart.

"And the red lips lose their sweetness,
And draw down so," said Grace;
"And the lovely, youthful angel
Goes slowly from the face."

"Watch the gate of the heart, my darling,
For the heart is the dwelling place
Of the magical angel of beauty,
Whose smile is seen in thy face."

A Significant Story.

A wealthy banker in one of our large cities, who is noted for his large subscriptions to charities, and for his kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on by his pastor, one evening, and asked to go with him to the help of a man who had attempted suicide.

They found the man in a wretched house in an alley, not far from the banker's dwelling. The front room was a cobbler's shop, behind it, on a miserable bed, in the kitchen, lay the poor shoemaker with a gaping gash in his throat, while his wife and children were gathered about him.

"We have been without food for days," said the woman, "when he returned." "It is not my husband's fault. He is a hard working, sober man. But he could neither get work nor pay for that which he had done. To-day he went for the last time to collect a debt due him by a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way," turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker having fed and warmed the family, hurried home, opened his desk, and took out a file of little bills. All his large debts were promptly met, but he was apt to be careless about the accounts of milk, bread, etc., because they were so petty.

He found there a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing children's shoes, \$10. Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the banker's unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave, and driven this man to desperation, while at the very time, the banker had given away thousands in charity.

The cobbler recovered, and will never want a friend while the banker lives, nor will a small unpaid bill ever again be found on the banker's table.

No man has a right to be generous until his debts are paid; and the most efficient use of money is not alone in alms-giving, but to pay liberally and promptly the people we employ.—*Companion.*

Opossum Hunting in Australia.
Prof. H. N. Moseley, in his "Challenger Notes," speaks of a visit he made to the domain of Sir William MacArthur, at Camden Park, forty miles from Sydney, New South Wales, and gives his experience in hunting the opossum. He says:

The park is 10,000 acres in extent. Here I went out on several occasions to shoot opossums by moonlight. The opossums are out feeding on the trees at night, or are out on the ground, and rush up the trees on the approach of danger. They are very difficult to see by one not accustomed to the work, but by those who habitually shoot them with astonishing ease.

In order to find the animals, one places himself so as to get successive portions of the tree between his eye and the moonlight, and thus searching the tree over, at last he catches sight of a dark mass crouching on a branch and usually sees the ears pricked up as the animal watches the danger. This is called "mooning" the opossum.

Then, with a gun in one's hand, one fully realizes for the first time the meaning of the saying, "Opossum up a gum tree." The unfortunate beast has the toughness of his skin alone to trust to. "Bang!" and down it comes with a heavy thud on the ground, falling head first, tail outstretched; or it clings with claws or tail, or both, to the branches, swaying about wounded and requires a second shot. It must come down at least, unless, indeed, the tree be so high that it is out of shot, or it manages to nip a small branch with its prehensile tail, in which case it sometimes contrives to hang up even when dead and remains out of reach.

Nearly all the female opossums which I shot had a single young one in the pouch. The young seemed to be attached with equal frequency to the right or left teat.

A Year Without a Summer.

During the cold spring, like that which, we hope, is just now drawing to an end, people generally console themselves with the reflection that the sun will eventually get the victory and that summer will certainly come at last, though its coming may be delayed. Uncertain as the weather is, the general features of the seasons recur with a regularity which warrants the confidence thus reposed in the annual return of seed time and harvest; but there are instances on record in which even the seasons seem to have lost their characteristic features, as if the ordinary laws of meteorology had been temporarily suspended. A remarkable case of this kind, and one which the long continued cold weather of this spring makes particularly interesting just now, is that of the year 1816, which has been called "the year without a summer." A communication printed in the *Congregationalist* gives the following summary of the weather of this remarkable year:

January and February were mild; March was cold; April began warm, but ended in snow and ice. Ice formed an inch thick in May and fields were planted over and over again till it was two late to replant. June was the coldest ever known in this latitude; frost and ice were common. Almost every green thing was killed; fruit nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Vermont, seven in Maine, three in the interior of New York, and also in Massachusetts. There were few warm days. It was called the dry season. But little rain fell. The wind blew steadily from the north, cold and fierce. Mothers knit extra socks and mittens for their children in the spring, and woodpiles that usually disappeared during the warm spell in front of the houses were speedily built up again. Planting and shivering were done together and the farmers who worked out their taxes on the country roads wore overcoats and mittens.

In a town in Vermont a flock of sheep belonging to a farmer had been sent as usual to their pasture. On the 17th of June a heavy snow fell in New England. The cold was intense.

A farmer who had a large field of corn in Tewkesbury built fires around it at night to ward off the frost; many an evening he and his neighbors took turns watching them. He was rewarded with the only crop of corn in the neighborhood. Considerable damage was done in New Orleans in consequence of the rapid rise of the Mississippi river. Fears were entertained that the sun was cooling off, and throughout New England all picnics were strictly prohibited.

July was accompanied with frost and ice. Indian corn was nearly all destroyed; some favorably situated fields escaped. August was more cheerless, if possible, than the summer months which preceded it. Ice was formed half an inch in thickness. Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part was cut down and dried for fodder. Almost every green thing was destroyed in this country and in Europe. On the 30th snow fell at Barnet, forty miles from London. Very little corn ripened in New England and the Middle States. Farmers supplied themselves from corn produced in 1815 for seed in the spring of 1817. It sold from \$4 to \$5 per bushel.

September furnished about two weeks of the pleasantest weather of the season, but in the latter part of the month ice formed an inch thick. October had more than its share of the cold weather. November was cold and snowy. December was comfortable, and the winter following was mild. Very little vegetation was matured in the Eastern and Middle States. The sun's rays seemed to be destitute of heat during the summer; all nature was clad in a sable hue, and man exhibited no little anxiety concerning the future of his life.

The average price of flour during the year was \$13 per barrel. The average price of wheat in England was 97 shillings per quarter. Bread riots occurred throughout Great Britain in 1817 in consequence of the high price of the staff of life.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

LYNCHING.—Waverly, Iowa, June 9.—The Barber brothers were taken from the jail by a mob at 11.30 o'clock last night and hung to a tree half a mile east of the jail. The mob was composed of men from Fayette county, led by a brother of Deputy Sheriff Sheppard, who was killed by the Barber brothers last fall at West Union. The Sheriff refused to give up the keys of the jail, whereupon the mob, battered down the doors with sledge hammers and after a short delay inside the lynchers brought the criminals out with ropes tied around their necks. Neither of them flinched a particle and they did not even plead for mercy at any stage of the proceedings.

Queer Family Complication.

A Frenchman's Plan for Righting a Woman Wronged by His Son.
In the suburbs of Paris there lived a short time ago a wealthy widower, who was blessed with an only son. This young gentleman took a somewhat low view of morality in general, and was living with a lady whose finger was adorned with no wedding ring, but who was nevertheless the mother of his two children. The father was a kindly hearted unworldly old man, and constantly impressed upon his son the advisability of marrying the lady and thus (according to French law) legitimizing his children. The son, however, did not take the idea and at least the anxious parent, deeming that he was at the point of death, summoned him to his bedside and declared that unless he at once married his mistress he would do something that his son would afterward regret. The son remained obdurate and the next day his father sent for the cure and himself went through the form of marriage with the lady in question. Having thus done what he considered to be his duty, died and was buried. His son then found that his own children had been converted into his stepbrothers and inherited with him and their equal shares of the paternal estate. If he is a wise man therefore, he will at once marry his father's widow. But he can hardly marry his stepbrothers. So at least half of the property which would otherwise have been his has been sacrificed to his obstinacy.

News from Northampton county in this State, has been received here to the effect that Samuel J. Wright, a young lawyer of respectable connections, has committed forgeries to the amount of \$30,000. Wright has been doing business for a number of the wealthiest men in the county. He forged their names to notes and then forged the name of James Boone, clerk of the Supreme court as endorser. The notes were discounted either in the bank at Suffolk or Norfolk, Va. The forgeries have been going on for three years. Wright was speculating in cotton futures and sometimes made money and took up the notes, in this way preventing exposure. He is married and has an excellent family. At one time he was county attorney. He ran away about three weeks ago and has not been caught although diligent search has been made for him.

THE EVIL OF IMPURE LITERATURE.—One of the most insidious evils of the day, and consequently of the worst and most difficult to deal with, is the rapid increase of impure literature. Our book stores, news stands and, to our shame be it said, even our private libraries and parlour tables are piled high with this sort of stuff, from the flashy story-papers and filthy chronicles of crime to the works of popular novelists, who gild their poisonous pellets with the graces of rhetoric and the flowers of fancy. The upas tree overshadows all society and from its venomous branches there is a constant drip, drip, drip of acrid poison, vitiating all life. The boys and girls of the land are feeding on this literature to their everlasting detriment.—*Boston Post.*

The voracious Gath remarks: "Mr Richard Bright said: 'Why, sir, some time ago I was in a hat factory, where they were cutting up straw hats made outside of the United States in order to get the star to manufacture into other hats. Said I: 'What in the world does this mean?' Then they told me that the duty on straw and the straw braid was almost prohibitory, whereas the duty on manufactured hats was relatively small. So they brought in the hat already made, and ripped it up to get the braid. Did you ever hear of a more ridiculous illustration of the insanity of the present tariff than that?'"

The aisle of a church is not the proper place for a sexton with squeaky boots. He should try some other kind of "file."—*New York Advertiser.*

Fate is the friend of the good, the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish, the enemy of the bad.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame that nobody ever had the confidence to own it.

English capitalists are reported to have "cornered" the largest remaining tracts of black walnut timber in this country.

According to the report of the directors of the mint, the mines of North Carolina produced last year \$190,000 in gold and \$25,000 in silver.

Several reforms, looking toward giving the native some part in managing their affairs, have just been proposed by the present viceroy, the liberal and progressive Marquis of Ripon.—*Youth's Companion.*

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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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they have bought for many seasons. A new stock of TABLE and GLASSWARE, FULL ASSORTMENT OF FIVE CENT TINWARE.

We still have the best FLOUR, OAT MEAL, MEATS, SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES, RICE, CANNED FRUITS, JELLIES, PURE LARD, BRAN, MEAL, New Orleans MOLASSES and SYRUPS, &c. A full assortment of FAMILY MEDICINES.—Agents for Coats' Spool Cotton.—Agents for the EMPIRE GUANO, which is the First class, and which we offer for 400 lbs. of Lint Cotton.

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Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills,
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D. HARTER'S

PURIFIES THE BLOOD

IRON TONIC

James Gordon Bennett estimates the value of the *New York Herald* at \$10,000,000 and says it is paying six per cent. per annum interest on that amount.

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

Adam is the only man who never tantalized his wife about the "way mother used to cook."

Priest: "Pat, I understand you are going to be married again." Disconsolate widower: "Yes, your reverence." Priest: "But your wife, Pat, has only been dead two weeks." D. W.: "Yes, your reverence; but shure an't she as dead as she ever will be?"

A boy wrote a composition on the subject of the Quakers, which he described as a set that never quarrelled, never got into a fight, never clawed each other, and never jawed back. The production contained a postscript in these words—Pat is a Quaker, but ma isn't.

Up in Milwaukee they labored diligently all day yesterday to recover the bodies of seven tramps supposed to have perished in a falling building. They evidently place a higher value on a dead tramp than on a live one.—*City Times Star.*

If this life be unhappy, it is a burden to us which it is difficult to bear; if it be in every respect happy, it is dreadful to be deprived of it; so that in either case the result is the same, for we must exist in anxiety and apprehension.

"Jake" Hallyburton, formerly editor of the *Morganton Blade*, met with a serious and very painful accident the other day near his home on Lower Creek, in this county. He was working the road with a number of other men, and one of them was cutting a tree, when the axe slipped from his hands and struck Mr. Hallyburton in the mouth, cutting thro' his cheek and dislodging several of his teeth.—*Morganton Mountaineer.*

New York has finally abolished the obnoxious law authorizing the detention of innocent witnesses of crimes, and now persons who have knowledge of the commission of a crime can furnish the information to the proper officers without running the risk of being locked up. The statute just repealed was not only a disgrace to the State, but hindered instead of helped forward the detection of crime and the administration of justice.—*Times Star.*

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