The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XIV.---THIRD SERIES SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 28, 1883. NO 37

The Carolina Watchman,

ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1869.
PRICE, $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of dreariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,
And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.

Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.
J. Gill Shorter, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

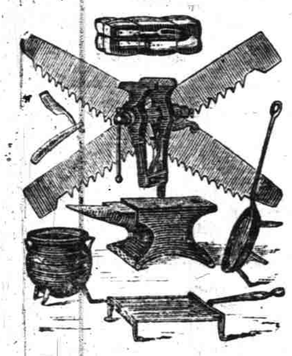
"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.
P. M. Janney, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

☞ Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BLACKMER & TAYLOR

HAVING PURCHASED THE



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WM. SMITHDEAL,

AS WELL AS THE INTEREST OF R. R. Crawford, of the firm of

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We are now prepared to supply our customers with all kinds of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

In addition to the Best Selected Stock of HARDWARE in the STATE.

We also handle

Rifle and Blasting Powder

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and a full line of Mining Supplies.

☞ We will ☜ Duplicate Any Prices in the State.

CALL AND SEE US.

W. S. BLACKMER, SAM'L TAYLOR.
Oct. 5, 1882 50:1y

Over and Over Again.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We can not measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run though a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod,
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depth be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

A Little Lady.

I know a little lady
Who wears a hat of green,
All trimmed with red, red roses,
And a blackbird on the brim.

She tied it down with ribbons,
Under her dimple chin;
For oftentimes it's breezy
When she comes tripping in.

She'll drop a dainty courtesy,
Perhaps she'll throw a kiss;
She brings so many hundred
That one she'll never miss.

With laughing, sunny glances
She comes her friends to greet;
There's not another maiden
In all the world so sweet?

Her name? The roses tell you!
'Tis in the blackbird's tune!
This smiling little lady
Is just our own dear June!

—Lizzie L. Gould, in St. Nicholas.

A commonplace life, we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and stars are commonplace things,
The flower that blooms and the bird that sings;
But sad were the world, and dark our lot,
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not,
And God, who sees each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

—Susan Coolidge.

The Solid Content a Farmer Has.

BY BILL ARP.

Farming is a slow way to make money, but then there is a law of compensation about everything in this life, and farming has its blessings that other pursuits do not have. The farmer belongs to nobody. He is the freest man upon earth and the most independant. He has more latitude and longitude. He has a house in the country with plenty of pure air and good water. If he makes but little in the field, he has no occasion to spend but little. He can raise his own hogs, and sheep, and cattle and chickens. His wood costs nothing, and the luxury of big backlogs and blazing fires in open fireplaces all winter long is something that city people long for, but cannot afford. My own farm cost me $7,000. I have 120 acres of open land in good condition, and it yields me on an average about five dollars an acre over all expenses. Say nine per cent. upon the investment. Well, that is mighty little considering my own labor and supervision. I've seen the time when I made five times as much without any capital except my head. But then we have to keep a pair of horses to ride around, and they have to be fed from the farm.

There are little leaks all round, but still we are happier on the farm than we were in the town, and feel more secure from the ills of life. We fear no pestilence or disease, no burglars or thieves. We lock no doors, and Mrs. Arp has quit looking under the bed for a man. I love to hear the churn dasher splashing in the butter milk. I love to hear the rooster crow and the peacock holler, and see the martins sailing round the martin gourds. I love to have a neighbor stop and chat about the growing crops. I love to take the children with me to the watermill and fish below the dam amid the roar of falling waters, or paddle around the pond in an old leaky bateau. I love to wander through the woods and glades, and wear old clothes that can't get no older or dirtier, and get caught in a shower of rain if I want to. Old man Horace remarked about two thousand years ago that the town was the best place for a rich man to live in, and the country was the best place for a poor man to die in, and inasmuch as riches were uncertain and death was sure, it becomes a prudent man to move to the country as soon as he can get there. Farmers have their ups and downs, of course, but they don't collapse and bust up like tradesmen. They don't go down under a panic.

The Conversational Style.

It was a rainy Sabbath and but few were present in the little country church. As the preacher came in, some of the sisters gathered about him and said: "Don't preach to-day, Brother ——. Just talk to us." How many long-suffering congregations, with systems wearied, and nerves rasped under the loud, shrill, high pitched, declamatery tone of the preacher, if they could only find a voice during the sermon, would cry out to the pulpit, "Don't preach to us any longer; just talk to us!"

Hooker, in his "Ecclesiastical Polity," tells of the complaint of the people about the preaching in his day: "Some take but one word for their text and afterward run into the mountains so that we cannot follow them, not knowing how they went up, or how they will come down again." So some preachers no sooner name their text than they mount up in a high swelling tone as far removed from the ordinary way in which a man talks, as the East is from the West; and, having once mounted, they never come down again until the end of the sermon. Etymologically, the sermon or homily is a talk, and not an oration. The best rule, then, for the ordinary preacher is to make the conversational style the basis of his delivery. Not that he is never to rise from this, but let this be the point from which he starts out as his favor leads him, and to which he returns after a short excursion. The following advantages will result: The preacher will not be so much in danger of wearying himself. One may talk for hours in conversation without fatigue. It is the unnatural declamatory tones that make the throat ache. Again, he will not be much in danger of wearying the people. One may listen to a conversation for hours without feeling tired, but one cannot listen to one declaiming in a uniform pitch for half an hour without aching. In conversation one varies his tone to suit his thought, while one who declaims is in danger of keeping one pitch for all kinds of thought. To be sure, there are some in every congregation who will think the preacher tame who only talks. "How do you like your new preacher?" said one neighbor to another. "Oh, he is improving wonderfully; he preaches louder and louder!" But those who have this test—in any congregation—are comparatively few.

Further, a preacher who talks will not be so much in danger of affectation and cant. "De new preacher is mo' larnt dan Mistah Boles: but, bless you, sah! he ain't got de doleful sound like Mr. Boles had. No, indeed!" If a man assumes a preaching and doleful tone the moment he enters the pulpit, he cannot but be guilty of affectation; his tones cannot be a true index to his feelings. There are some good souls, indeed, upon whom the doleful tone seems to act as a kind of charm. They will close their eyes and float to heaven under the influence of the preacher's tone without any regard to what he is saying. But, it is safe to say, that while one in a congregation, under a preaching tone, will close his eyes and soar to heaven, ten will close their eyes and sink to sleep.

If one speaks in the tone of conversation, he will use the short, simple words of conversation. Nothing is more manifest than that the pulpit should use, not the artificial language of books, but the simple, common words of life. Great, swelling tones necessarily draw after them great, swelling words. All great revivalists are colloquial and conversational in their preaching. "Nothing is more calculated," says Mr. Finney, "to make a sinner feel that religion is a most mysterious thing that he cannot understand, than this mouthing, formal, lofty style of speaking, so generally employed in the pulpit."—*The Church Advocate.*

Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.): The Republican party has been a useful party and a great party and a strong party and a respectable party in this country; but for all this, it must not imagine that when its trusted chiefs and lieutenants are haulded up in court day after day to be tried for criminal offenses against the laws of the country that the party itself is not also upon trial. It is; and the people so understand it.

Asheville *Citizen*: Mr. C. E. Graham, one of the most prominent merchant of Asheville, was married in Charlotte on Wednesday the 6th, to Miss Susie Jordon, of Charlotte. The happy pair left the same day for a northern tour.

Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom."

Rev Josiah Henson, known for many years as Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," died recently at Dresden, Ont., in his ninety-fourth year. We find in an exchange the following account of his life:

Mr. Henson was born a slave in 1789, in Charles county, Maryland, and in his infancy he was separated from his father, and a few years later from his elder brothers and sisters. Josiah and his mother remained in Montgomery county, Md., on the plantation of Isaac Riley, whose confidence Josiah gained by protecting him in many drunken brawls and by caring for his estate. After the slave had reached manhood the master became bankrupt, and, fearing that his negroes would be sold, he persuaded Josiah to lead them to the estate of his brother, Amos Riley, in Kentucky. Henson safely conducted twenty-one slaves including his wife and two children a distance of nearly 1,000 miles. In Kentucky the religious faith which his mother had instilled into him deepened, and without being able to read, he became a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal church. Such was his character for truthfulness that he was frequently allowed to leave the State on business, and even to go Northon his promise to return.

At a Methodist conference in Cincinnati, in 1828, he obtained gifts amounting to $275, and sometime after he arranged with his master to purchase his freedom for $450. He paid the money, only to find that he was the victim of a trick, and would have to pay $500 more for his freedom. Soon after he resolved to escape, and after many hardships he made his way to Canada, with his wife and four children. He found work with the farmers of Dawn (now Camden), in upper Canada, and he soon accquired some property and became the leader of hundreds of escaped slaves. He took an acctive part in "The Underground Railway," risking his life more than once by venturing into Kentucky. In 1851, after his eldest son had taught him to read, he visited England, carrying introductions to many people and meeting with great kindness. On his return he wrote and published his autobiography for the purpose of raising money to buy the freedom of his elder brother.

Mrs. Stowe doubtless obtained from Mr. Henson much of her material for "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but that novel is not the history of Mr. Henson as a slave, nor was he the model for "Uncle Tom." Mr. Henson visited England again a few years ago, and had an interview with Queen Victoria. The British public has purchased 40,000 copies of his autobiography.

The rapid strides which Mexico is making in civilization cannot be well appreciated by those who have no particular dealings with that country, so long steeled against progress.

As indicative of the situation there the army numbers now but 26,661, and the Mexican *Financier* advocates cutting this force down largely, pointing out that the discharged men can all find ready employment in the various enterprises now in successful operation. When papers devoted to the monied interests urge army reduction the social and civil condition must indeed be stable and strong. We trust that this may be so and that Mexico may take a first-class rank among the nations of the world.

In like manner we would gladly see Blaine's idea realized, of a consolidation of the many little States of Central America, so that the people may devote themselves to the ways of peace prosperity, happy and enlightened.

As it is they add nothing to the commerce of our country because of their deplorable condition. Could they be raised in the scale of humanity they would take from us a large quantity of manufactures.—*News-Obs.*

ABOUT MEXICO.—Mr. T. B. Mills, a capitalist of New Mexico, now in St. Louis, states that large investments are being made by Americans and foreigners in New and Old Mexico lands. He says a Scottish syndicate paid $4.000,000 for 6,000,000 acres of land near Durango, a few days since, and that a German syndicate bought up several million dollars worth of land in New Mexico not long ago. In Old Mexico ranch after ranch is owned by foreign capitalists. He perdicts that in 50 years' time Americans will own nine of Mexico's Northern States, as the foreigners who invest capital there eventually locate upon their lands and become Americans. In speaking of Chihuahua, he said: "It is a splendid city. It has well paved streets, is well lighted and watered, and is one of the best policed cities I ever was in. I havn't heard of a row there for two years. Every saloon is closed at 11 o'clock."

The State of Society in Arkansas.

Arkansas Traveler.

A traveler on horseback, attracted by a large number of children huddled around the door of an Arkansas cabin, stopped and asked of a woman who suddenly appeared:

"Is this a school house?"

"Did you take it for sich?"

"Yes, considering the number of children."

"Well, I reckon you had a right to your opinion."

"But is it a school?"

"No, it ain't."

"Are all these children yours?"

"I reckin they a'r. 'Pears to me that way, anyhow."

"How do you make a living for all of them?"

I don't. I turns 'em out and let's 'em scratch."

"Where's your husband?"

"In town."

"In business there?"

"Yes, I reckin."

"How long has it been since you saw him?"

"About a year."

"Why doesn't he come to see you?"

"Well, you see, them deputy martins came along one day and seed him bilin' some corn in a kettle, an' they 'lowed he was makin' whiskey, so they took him along. Look out there!"

The stranger dodged, but not quite soon enough. A boy fell from a tree under which the stranger had stopped, and struck him on the shoulder.

"I didn't know he was there," said the traveller, regarding with astonishment the youngster who arose to his feet and commenced to throw dust at the horse.

"I don't reckin you did," the woman replied, "but lemme tell you, the woods is full of 'em, an' they're liable to drop down on you at any minit, an' as it ain't safe to stay in the timber, you'd better take to the big road and moosey. Good day. You, Ike, put that lizzard down. Eph, that ar tarrapin'll bite you if you put your finger in his mouth. Drap that scorpion, John, and blow Tommy's nose."

Care of Fowls.

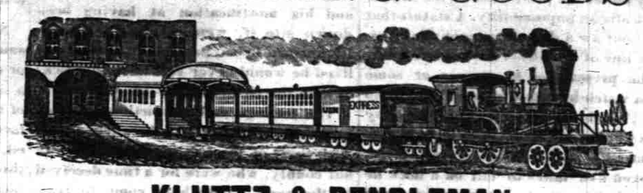
A correspondent of the *Poultry World* says: "We sell twenty dozen eggs per week from 54 hens. I select out and keep a record of those laying the largest eggs for sitting purposes, for the purpose of raising a brown Leghorn whose egg for size shall equal that of most other fowls. My brown Leghorns laid about three-fourths of the eggs I got this winter, although they do not comprise quite one-half in number of fowls, and it is my intention to keep only Leghorns in future, as I find they bear confinement better than others, and I am very limited in room. My fowls are never out from under cover, having a roof over their heads the entire year. As I do not allow them outside in the cold and wet they are always in good health, and consequently in good laying order. I spare no work that will conduce to the health and comfort of fowls. I am especially careful to feed regularly and enough, but not too much, and in as great variety as the season will admit of; careful to give air and clean roosts, and continually battling against vermin, whether I can find any traces of any or not."

WHAT SHERMAN SAYS: Senator Sherman, of Ohio, in a recent interview says: "The tariff undoubtedly will be the great i-sue between the parties next year. In my opinion the outspoken declarations of our (the Ohio) platform on this issue foreshadow what the Republican National platform will declare. It is the great issue between the two parties; each party is committed upon it; there is no doubt how each stands." Senator Sherman is right. The Democratic party must fight squarely for "a tariff for revenue only," or else it can make no real fight at all.

It is a fact that so firm in texture is the paper of a genuine Bank of England note that burning alone can hardly destroy it. The authorities have in a little glazed frame the remnant of a note which was in the great fire of Chicago. Though completely charred and black, the paper still holds together, and the printing of the note is said to be sufficiently legible to establish its genuiness and to warrant its being cashed. There are some other notes at the bank after having gone down with the steamer Erydice a few years ago and reduced to a little more than pulp.

All of the Northern papers nearly are having a tilt at "the abuses of the jury system." Under this system there are indeed very many great and inexcusable abuses. When such fellows as Dukes and the Star Routers can get off free of punishment there is surely something rotten in the jury box.—*Wil. Star.*

NEW SPRING GOODS!



KLUTTZ & RENDLEMAN

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

LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF DRY GOODS

NOTIONS, CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, SHOES, Ladies' and Men's HATS,

AND FAMILY GROCERIES

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 ☞ First class, and which we offer for 400 lbs. of Lint Cotton. ☜

Come and See us

before you buy or sell, for we will do you good.

April 12, 1883 W. W. TAYLOR & D. J. BOSTIAN, Salesmen.

J. R. KEEN,
Salisbury, N. C.
Agent for PHŒNIX IRON WORKS,
Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills,
AND
TURBINE WHEELS
Also, Contractor and Builder.
Ja 25, '83.—1y

Presence of Mind.

Four officers sitting in a bungalow in India, writes Miss C. C. Hopley in her recent book, "Snakes," were deep in a game of whist. Suddenly one of them, turning deadly pale, made signs that no one should move or speak. In a hushed whisper he exclaimed:

"Keep still, for heaven's sake! I feel a cobra crawling about my legs!"

He knew that timidity was one of the strongest characteristics of the snake, and that, if not disturbed or alarmed, it would in due time depart of its own accord. All present were accustomed to the stealthy intruders, and did not, happily, lose their presence of mind. They very noiselessly bent down so as to take a survey beneath the table, when, sure enough, there was the unwelcome visitor, a full-sized cobra, twining and gliding about the legs of their helpless friend. Literally, death was at his feet. A movement, a noise, even an agitated tremble might have been fatal.

Luckily one of the four was acquainted with the milk-loving habit of the cobra, and rising, with quiet and cautious movements from his seat, not daring to hasten, yet dreading delay, he managed to steal from the room, while he signed the rest to remain motionless. Quickly he crept back with a saucer of milk in his hand, and still with noiseless movements, set the saucer under the table as close to the terrible reptile as it was safe to venture. The fearful strain on their nerves was happily of not long duration, for presently they were relieved by seeing the creature gradually untwine itself and go to the milk. Never before did that officer leap from his seat as he did then, the moment he felt himself free from the coils of the cobra, and read in the faces of his comrades that he was saved. Short shrift, however, had Mr. Cobra, for sticks and whip-handles were freely administered, even before the saucer was reached.

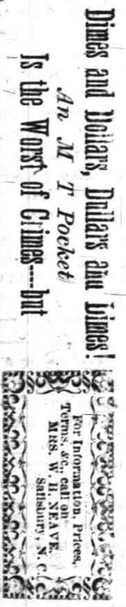
POLISH JAKE'S REMARKABLE SLATE.—Two months ago a Pole, named Jacob Meriwisky, came to Centralia, Pa., and opened a saloon. He was patronized by his countrymen and the roughest of the other nationalities. Being unable to read or write English, he requested the English speaking habitues to charge themselves with the amounts they were indebted. They did so, and yesterday all the prominent business men were startled by the presentation of bills for liquor at Polish Jake's. They indignantly refused to pay, saying they had never entered the saloon, and other parties had used their names. An investigation of Polish Jake's books showed this to be true. Henry Ward Beecher, according to the book, owes $42; John B. Gough, $35; Roscoe Conkling, $39; Freddy Gebhard, 17; Mrs. Langtry, $30, and Mace and Slade, $40. The sheriff closed out the saloon yesterday. The loss to the saloon keeper is $700.

BALL'S HEALTH CORSET

Increases in popularity every day, as ladies find it the most COMFORTABLE —AND— PERFECT FITTING corset ever worn. Merchants say it gives the best satisfaction of any corset they ever sold. Warranted satisfactory or money refunded. For sale by

J. D. GASKILL only,
17:tf Salisbury, N. C.

Dimes and Dollars, Dollars and Dimes!
An M T Pocket
Is the Worst of Crimes---but
A GOOD PIANO IS A BALM GILLIARD OF HAPPINESS TO ALL!
A good Organ is the Fountain of Goodness!
McSMITH MUSIC HOUSE
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Is JAM full of PIANOS, ORGANS and MUSIC, and HAPPY MC'S POCKETS ARE M T.
NOW IS YOUR TIME TO STRIKE HIM!
☞ Send for Catalogues, PRICES and TERMS. They will make your wives and daughters SING, LAUGH and WHISTLE 24 hours out of 4s. ☞ Satisfaction guaranteed.
Address McSMITH, Charlotte.



For Information, Prices, Terms, &c., call on MRS. W. H. NEAVE, Salisbury, N. C.
19:3m

A GOOD COW and CALF FOR SALE!

A good Cow, of medium age, and a young calf, will be sold at a fair price. Cow giving milk. Apply at this Office.
30:3t—pd.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ALL Persons having claims against the estate of Wilson Turner, dec'd, are hereby notified to exhibit the same to the undersigned on or before the 28th day of May 1884, or this notice will be plead in bar their recovery. J. W. TURNER, Adm'r

This, 28th day of May, 1883. 6t—pd

Administrator's Notice

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Lawson J Peeler, dec'd, notice hereby given to all creditors to exhibit their claims to me on or before the 30 day of June, 1884, and all persons indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment. ALFRED L. PEELER, Adm'r of Lawson J Peeler.

Craige & Clement, Attorneys.
Dated May 23, 1883.