The Carolina Watchman.

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The Carolina Watchman,

ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1832.
PRICE, $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

THE 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 weariness 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 remedy, and would advise all who are similarly afflicted 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 believe them 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

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R. R. Crawford, of the firm of

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

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

We also handle

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☞ We will ☜

Duplicate Any Prices in the State.

CALL AND SEE US.

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

Press Convention Poem.

You have set me gallant gentlemen,
A task beyond my powers—
My muse is just a butterfly
That sports thro' sunny hours.

Its fragile wings essay no flight
Beyond the rosy flush,
Where throbbing in warm golden light
The summer roses blush.

And reaching upward to the height
To which your aims aspire,
Would need an eagle's soaring flight,
An eagle's eye of fire.

No longer Pleasure's idle guest
Allures your eager feet,
As gathering from the east and west,
From north and south you meet.

Aroused at last you recognize,
And wiser grown, confess,
How high the calling that is yours;
How powerful the Press!

Your task it is to hold the gnage
That measures public right;
And for the people's good to wage
With wrong an endless fight.

No private gain, no selfish end,
Must check the utterance strong,
With which the Right you e'er defend,
Or boldly censure Wrong.

No coward's heart, no fawning thrift,
No lust of place, nor gold;
For tho' self-chosen, still it is
A public trust you hold.

Between the factions of the day,
That mean ignoble strife,
Men look to you to point the way
To a purer public life.

To lift the public standard up
To a higher, broader plane,
Where the country's good is sometimes sought,
Instead of private gain.

You spin the subtle threads that sway
The people in their choice;
The echo of your words it is
That swells the public voice.

By you in large degree is wrought
The country's weal or woe,
You start the springs of public thought
Whence public actions flow.

There was an old Egyptian law,
A strange, majestic thing—
When death before the bar of God
Called him, who was their king;

A herald summoned forth the dead,
Once more in royal state,
To take his place midst living men
And solemn trial wait.

While all the nobles of the land,
In grave tribunal then
Judged all his life, the good, the ill,
That he had wrought for men.

Time changes form; altho' that court
Is held in every land.
No longer dead but living men
At its tribunal stand.

And every editorial desk
Has a judgment seat been made,
Whereat the deeds of public men,
The good and ill are weighed.

Their actions scanned, their motives sought,
Whether for wrong or right,
And woe to him who falleth short,
When weighed in public sight.

But the public mind is fair and true;
The public heart is kind.
Take heed no selfish motives tinge
The verdicts that you find.

For should the test of time disprove
The charges that you made,
The public scorn will shift to him
Who stabbed with treacherous blade.

And yet a higher trust you hold,
A trust both grave and great;
For those who train the children's mind,
Make the future of the State.

Who fills a child's unreasoning mind
With tales of crime and vice,
Is planting there a scorpion's egg,
To bear a cockatrice.

From a fountain poison'd at the source
A poisoned stream must flow;
And the grain we reap at harvest
Springs from the seed we sow.

Then oh! take care my masters,
That you sow no hurtful seed
In the columns of the journals
That the little children read.

Let innocence still hlod a veil,
Unrent before her eyes,
Nor barter harmless ignorance
For knowledge that is not wise.

God save you all, brave gentlemen,
And make strong to raise
Your calling far above the snares
Of narrow devious ways.

To be so brave, so just, so true,
That all men must confess
How noble is the work you do,
How mighty is the Press!

Rebecca Cameron.
Hillsboro, N. C., July 4th, 1883.

Keep the Mouth Shut.—The influence of nasal respiration on the ear is illustrated by Mr. George Cantlin, in his history of the "North American Indians." Among two million Indians he found not one who was deaf or breathed through the mouth, except three or four deaf mutes; and in the memory of the chiefs of 150 tribes, not one case of deafness could be remembered to have occurred. This explained by the mothers always closing the mouth of a child whenever it attemps to breathe through it.

A Notable Difference.—The Republican idea is to distribute the surplus among the several States. The Democratic idea is to leave the surplus in the pockets of the people, where it belongs.—*Boston Post.*

A NEW ORLEANS LEGEND.

The Weird Story of Mme. La-Laurie's Home in the Old French Town.

A New Orleans correspondent of the Nashville *American* writes as follows: There is no portion of New Orleans so full of interest to a stranger or nonresident than that which a stranger prettily called "the New Orleans of George W. Cable." Its old red-tiled, cottage-houses, some with great overhanging roofs that serve as a sort of awning, with high balustrades of tiles set on end, forming a decoration around the edge of the roof, are pretty to look upon. Time has softened the angularities in these small houses, the winds of many years have blown a rich soil upon their tops, as witness—I passed a cottage on Bourbon street the other day upon the tiled roof of which grew, in luxurious profusion, golden rods each stock at least four feet high.

Far down upon the corner of Royal and another street stands a big square house, built in old French style. It is five stories, and although there are great scars upon the gray stone walls, and the ornate carvings over the peaked tops of the small-paned windows are beginning to crumble off, it is a building whose architectural features attract the attention of all the sight-hunting strangers. About fifty years ago this house belonged to a wealthy old French woman whom one may call Mme. La-Laurie. She owned many slaves, and when she went to live in her Royal street residence she furnished some of rooms in grand style.

That the Madame was a she-devil, who tortured her slaves, all the town was beginning to know. There was a deep well in the back yard, in which it was said she hung the negroes, even to the little babies, suspending them by the arms so that the cold, black, foul-smelling water came up to their lips, and there they hung till almost dead. If they died in the water, especially the babies, who could not naturally endure such treatment, the body was weighted, the rope cut, and the poor freed darkey sunk swiftly out of sight.

In a room on the lower floor of the house Mme. La-Laurie had built a sort of dungeon—a brick room in a brick room. It has one window, with iron gratings across it, and is as black and awful looking as any dungeon you can imagine. The floors in this echoing old building are full of murderous-looking-stains, and to-day if water is thrown upon them, they come out blood-red. It was up in the garret, though, that the worst torturing was done. Here this blood-thirsty old woman, so they say, upon the least provocation, used to take her negroes, tie them to the walls or nail them by the hands to the floors, and then amuse herself by cutting off their ears, tearing out their nails, and cutting out their tongues. One night there came a hoarse roar blowing down the narrow length of Royal street, and toward midnight a black crowd of human beings—that awful result of an outraged community, a mob—surrounded that stately, grim building. The old French mistress listened in scorn to the storm-like clamor, until the tumult of people apparently came to a halt under her own windows, and she heard her own name cried out with threats for her of the torture.

She sprang down the oaken stairway, across the marble hall, past the dungeon, then full of festering wretchs, past the well of water—they say the reason 'tis so black to-day is owing to the little negro babies on the bottom—and loosening the heavily barred back gates, she made her way to the river side. She dodged her pursuers and crossed over the river in a canoe. Finally, she escaped to France, where she afterward died. They say the mob, after freeing the negroes, fairly gutted the house. Of course the place is haunted. By all the laws of sensationalism it could not but be a place where black ghosts walk. The building was once used as a public high school, but the parents of the girls were superstitious and would not allow their daughters to cross the threshold of the place, so it was abandoned.

[We clip this from an exchange with some knowledge of the subject. The narrative is true, yet hardly half told. When a lad, we were in New Orleans shortly after the attack on Madame La-Laurie's house. The interior was a wreck. We were pointed out the places from which the dead bodies had been taken, the cells in which the tortured slaves daily received the cruel visits of the she-devil who passed hour after hour in inflicting the most cruel torments. It was said that this woman alone of all her family escaped the massacre of St. Domingo, and her daily cruelties were in revenge for the death of her husband and her children. She escaped by the aid of a negro man; and this same man again saved her from the fury of the New Orleans mob. Madame La-Laurie was rich and her house was richly furnished. When her house was attacked, all this furniture, of every description, was piled in the street and burned. Not a single article was carried off, the populace feeling themselves contaminated by having in possession anything belonging to so loathsome a being. The subsequent fate of the woman is unknown to the public.—*Ed. Asheville Citizen.*]

North Caolina Revenue Districts.

Washington, July 17.—Arrangements have been made at the Internal Revenue Bureau to have the collection districts in North Carolina reorganized in accordance with the recent executive order. On the 21st ultimo the number of districts in that State was reduced from four to three. No change whatever was made in the Sixth District, of which T. N. Cooper is the collector. The other three districts were consolidated into two, to be known as the Fourth and Fifth Districts, and I. J. Young, one of the present collectors, was designated as collector of the new Fourth District. The bonds of these gentlemen have been approved, and they have been instructed to take charge of the affairs of their new offices on the 21st instant. Commissioner Evans said to-day that he proposed to transfer the offices in the collect districts of the other States and Territorries affected by the recent executive order as soon as the necessary arrangements could be perfected.

The Express Prince.

Mr. O'Brien, the manager of the Southern Express Company, who is much of the time in New York, said to me on the third day of July: "It is just twenty-five years this day since I entered the service of Adams Express as the driver of a wagon. Mr. Adams, the founder of the company, kept a bar in early life." I inquired about Mr. H. B. Plant, the President of the Southern Express Company, and Mr. O'Brien said: "He came originally from the Eastern States, but has lived very many years at Augusta, Ga., and is one of the chief railroad builders in the South. He owns the railroad south of Savannah, not only to Jacksonville and the Appalachicola river, but he has built a line to Tampa Bay in South Florida, and will put on steamers next winter to make the run across to Havana in twenty-three hours, so that less than one day and night of sea voyage will divide the people in New York from Cuba, which I think will become the most popular resort of Americans."

Solid for Plunder.—On one question only is the Republican party harmonious. The one underlying principle, the one bond of union which influences, animates and guides alike the protectionist and the free-trader, the reformer and the boss, the prohibitionist and the distiller, is the cohesive power of public plunder. This is the key note of their harmony, and it is well that it should be so, because here a real issue is raised, and on this platform the Republican party finds it is antagonized and opposed by a united Democracy, determined to put an end to public plunder, fixed in the purpose of putting plunderes out and putting honest men in.—*N. Y. World.*

Cut raw potatoes in slices as thin as wafers with a thin sharp knife; lay them in cold water over night; a bit of alum will make them more crisp. Next morning rinse in cold water and dry with a towl. Have ready a kettle of lard, hotter than for fried cakes, and drop in the potatoes, a few at a time. They will brown quickly. Skim out in a colander and sprinkle with salt, or lay them on a double brown paper in the oven till dry. If any are left over from the meal, they can be warmed in the oven, and will be just as good for another time. These are Saratoga potatoes.

The New York Tribune says that while Blaine is undoubtedly the most popular man in the Republican party and stronger now than he has ever been, it is well known that he has peremptorily refused to be considered a candidate, or to let his friends do anything for him. He has been out of politics for two years, and has found congenial employment, and has no desire to engage in political strife again.

The Chinese claim printing from immovable types at a very early period, and from new arrivals at the rooms of the British Museum it appears that in this, as in many other particulars, there is some sort of connection between the civilization of China and the Euphrates Valley. Bricks from Babylon covered with fine writing show that the method used was printing from metal plates not inscription by hand, as in other examples.

A Wonderful Clock.

Theodore Rohrer, a Swiss watchmaker of this city, has just completed an automatic clock, which for intricate mechanism surpasses the celebrated timepiece at Strasburg. It is built in imitation of an ancient castle, and is about five feet in width and eleven feet high. On the top is perched an eagle holding in its beak a pendulum. Beneath the bird is a globe encircled by a dial plate of twenty-four hours, which, in its revolution of once a day, gives the time at any meridan. At 4 o'clock, dials placed on each side of the stand in which the national bird rests, register the time at Washington, San Francisco, London and St. Petersburg.

The machinery is so adjusted that at the hour of 1, two figures, representing Roman soldiers with shield and sword, announce the dawn of time, and man's entrance upon the stage of life. Five minutes later a small door near the top of the clock flies open and an almost life-like bird appears, and in exceedingly doleful notes chants the "Flight of Time." Another five minutes glided by, when the door of another apartment opens and reveals a little babe, which remains five minutes. At different periods until the next hour there come and go figures which repre ent the child, youth, man in his strength, in his decline, helpless age, and his last long sleep.

During the entire day and night a sentinel walks to and fro along a gallery prepared for him, and halts and turns as natural as life. At each hour there appears a figure representing the different nations of the earth—at 1 o'clock the Russian, at 2 the Prussian; at 3 an invisible orchestra mystifies the hearer with most excellent renditions of choicest selections; at 4 the Austrian appears; at 5 an Italian; at 6 two doors in the chapel open and the sexton sounds chimes, which are set to form perfect harmony, and several beautiful selections are rendered; at 7 a representative of France bows to the lookers-on, and then marches on to make room at 8 for the Spaniard. At 9 the orchestra is again heard. At 10 red-coated Johnny Bull steps forth, and is followed at 11 by Uncle Sam, who appears from the rear of the clock, flag in hand, and performs the remarkable feat of climbing a pole on the top of the clock. He fastens the Stars and Stripes to the top, descends and disappears. While this scene is going on drums in the interior are beating merrily.

At 12 o'clock large folding doors are opened and a sacred scene is presented, which is still more wonderful than those already mentioned. It shows the Saviour in the presence of the Apostles evidently giving them their instructions, as it is His last night on earth. He moves about and addresses each one of His faithful followers in turn, making lifelike gestures. After thus having delivered himself, He lies down and surrenders himself to his enemies. The Apostles then withdraw from the scene, followed by the traitor Judas, who, with the bag containing thirty pieces of silver, strikes five bells as he leaves the scene. The cock on top of the clock then flops his wings and crows three times. During the time Christ is instructing his Apostle, Satan appears upon the scene twice, as if in doubt as to his actions. This scene closes, when two trumpeters appear, and raising their bugles to their lips, proclaim the close of night. During the twelve hours the clock plays three musical selections, and 2,022 automatic movements are made. Of course, the machinery is so arranged as to permit the entire performance of the automatons taking place every fifteen or twenty minutes.

The inventor of this wonderful time piece was born in Baden, Germany, in 1846, and serving an apprenticeship to a watchmaker in his native place, went to London, where he remained six years. In 1881 he came to this city and secured a situation with Mr. J. C. Hanna, where he has since remained. His wonderful clock he constructed in spare moments, in the mornings and evenings, having commenced work on it seven years ago. He has always shown remarkable ingenuity, having several years ago made a maniature clock which he wears for a shirtstud, and which keeps correct time.

This invention caused considerable talk in scientific circles, as Mr. Rohrer was the first person who succeeded in demonstrating the fact that a pendulum could be made to swing while the time piece lay on its back. the dial of his "shirt front" clock is held in the pin hole nearest the collar, while the lower part of the maniature concern appears about one inch below, where the pendulum is seen swinging to and fro. Mr. Rohrer intends putting his latest product on exhibition throughout the country.—*Newcastle (Pa.) Letter.*

The New York Times thinks the Republicans have uphill work before them in Ohio.

1,000,000 POUNDS OF

DRIED FRUIT AND BERRIES

AT

KLUTTZ & RENDLEMAN'S!

They have just received a new supply of SUMMER GOODS, which they offer very cheap, with a full assortment of

Dry Goods, Notions, ClothinG, Furnishing Goods,
SHOES AND HATS.

Their Stock of Family Groceries is large and complete. They still have the best

Flour, Oat Meal, Meats, Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Rice, Meal, Bran, Shorts, New Orleans Molasses, Syrups, Pure Lard, &c.

A full assortment of Family Medicines. FRUIT JARS cheap and all kinds.

Table and Glassware, A Good Stock. Agents for Coats' Spool Cotton.

Still have a plenty of Five Cents Tinware. ☞ Come and see us before you buy or sell, for we will do you good.
July 4th, 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

Mining is not properly a speculative business, but in the broadest sense, legitimate. As an industry, it should no more be forced into speculative channels than farming or manufacturing. It is true there is a speculative element in it, but no more so than in the other industries named. It has been made the football of unscrupulous and irresponsible financial dummers, who knew no more about a mine than an Apache Indian knows about the plan of salvation.—*Cal. Mining Ex.*

The Government printing office, now that the appropriations for the new fiscal year have become available, is full of life again, issuing the publications ordered by the last Congress. One of the most important of these is the official list of pensioners, which will make a work sufficient to bind in three volumes as large as Webster's "Unabridged Dictionary." This list, which will comprise some 300,000 names, is awaited with much interest.

Once upon a time, and not so very many years ago, loving fingers prepared the long slips and robes that constitute the first dress of an infant, but all this is changed. The fondest mother has now but to make out a list and spend a few hours in selecting the entire outfit, when her baby is furnished with dainty garments produced in quantities by professional workers, whose skill and taste attain results entirely satisfactory. It ought to be explained that in the Liliputian wardrobe furnished by professionals there exist many grades, so that every mother, in these busy nineteenth century days, may avail herself of the ready made garments if she so desire.

"Did you lose much by the Reubottown failure?"

"Not a cent."

"Why, I thought you had large business dealings with him?"

"So I did up to last summer. Then, when he rented a seaside cottage, bought a diamond necklace for his wife, and sent his three daughters to Europe to be educated, I at once chopped off short."

"You knew he was going to fail and offer ten cents on the dollar."

"No, sir; I supposed he was going to fail and not pay a farthing. He made a slip somewhere and has got to pay something."—*Wall Street News.*

Ismail, the deposed Khedive of Egypt, gave a correspondent lately the following candid description of his son Tewfik, who is now at the head of Egyptian affairs: "Tewfik, like all feeble natures, is always ready to conspire against those above him, and against whom he does not dare openly to stand up. He will always prefer to associate with those who are enemies of his masters rather than with their friends, and if he does not conspire himself he is delighted to know that others are conspiring. Powerless, but refractory, people always revenge themselves in that way."

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

BALL'S HEALTH CORSET
Increases in popularity every day, as ladies find 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.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

No time should be lost if the stomach, liver and bowels are affected, to adopt the best remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases of the organs named beget others far more serious, and a delay is, therefore, hazardous. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, early rheumatic twinges, kidney weakness, bring serious bodily troubles not trifled with. Lose no time in using the effective and safe medicine.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

If we would improve our minds by conversation, it is a great business to be acquainted with people wiser than overselves. It is a piece of useful advice, therefore, to get the favor of their conversation frequently as far as circumstances will allow; and if they happen to be a little reserved, use all obliging methods to draw out of them what may improve your own knowledge.

A nurse in an insane asylum remarks: "We outlive quickly all sorts of our patients, for we know the peculiarity in the eye of each, and when a dangerous outbreak is at hand and finally we reach so callous that sane people outside seem at once lunatics, while the madmen seem sane."

An ex-soldier of the confederacy on trial for larceny at Beaufort the other day, was defended by a colored lawyer, who made a pathetic appeal for the man who had lost an arm in the service, but all the good the court gave him two years in the penitentiary.

A gentlemen whose wife was suddenly ill, hastened to a physician and immediately responded.

"What is the matter with her doctor?"

"I fear she has the lockjaw."

"Law jaw! Well, say, doctor, I can run along that way for a few hours."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

Eight of the graduating class of the University of Virginia, this year have been called to professorships in other colleges of the South.