

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XIV.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 9, 1883.

NO 48

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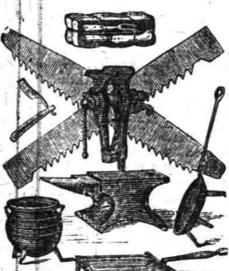
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Oct. 5, 1882

DANISH BARQUE RIALTO.

On the Voyage from Boston, Mass., toward Fort Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope, Apr. 13th, '83.

Friday, May 18th.—I did not have time to go ashore until Wednesday. All communication with the shore is by means of small steam launches, which make three trips per day, and charge the vessel five shillings a day for their attendance. All passengers land on a magnificent iron jetty. Cargo is landed in the surf, and carried ashore on the shoulders of naked Kafirs. I think the first thing that attracts ones attention on landing in Port E., is the great variety of nationalities represented on the quay. The population is made up of stragglers from the four quarters of the globe. Swarthy Arabs from Zanzibar, handsome-Hindoo men from Bombay and Calcutta, Malay women from the East Indies, almond-eyed Chinese—wild-looking fellows from the interior—and big, strapping, ugly Zulus and Kafirs, are all to be seen here. I never before saw such a medley. Besides those I have enumerated, I think I have met representatives from every country in Europe. Such a lot of churches as there are here! Every Protestant denomination, Jewish synagogue, Hindoo mosque, Roman Catholic cathedral and Chinese joss house. The Kafir language is very generally spoken, both by natives and by the European residents who pick it up. (I tried to "pick it up" too, but could not. It is too heavy.) Most of the newspapers are published in Dutch and English, as the Boers do not condescend to learn any other than their native language.

I was told that the park was well worth a visit, and accordingly started in that direction. I met a team coming from the diamond mines, and stopped to gaze at the huge wagon drawn by twenty-two bullocks, driven by a band of wild-looking natives, their heads decorated with feathers and their bodies decorated in Adam. A little further on I was nearly run over by a flock of ostriches which were being driven down to the quay to be shipped to New Zealand. This caused another gazing delay. By the time I got under way again for the park a crowd of Parsee women came clattering along with their wooden sandals, and bright colored turbans, snowy silken robes and muffled faces—again I had to "heave to." "The Park" had begun to lose some of its attractions, but I struck out manfully and was beginning to congratulate myself on escaping further temptation to loiter, when a party of tiger hunters came dashing down the street on horseback. A band of howling, singing Zulus in their war paint followed with a magnificent tiger on a bamboo litter. That settled it; I saw no park that evening.

Port E., is a stirring business town of 14,000 inhabitants. It contains many buildings larger and finer than any in the State of North Carolina, and does ten times the business of Wilmington. Its harbor is—well, not crowded. All the fleets in the world would not be crowded in Algoa Bay, but there are always a great many vessels here of all sizes and nationalities. Wool, hides, diamonds, ostrich feathers, gold, ivory, and lies about the Zulu war are all shipped from this port. The imports are everything imaginable, from locomotives to lucifer matches. There is a railway running far up to some indefinite place in the country. A gentleman told me the name of it, but was too large to handle conveniently, and I asked him to have it put up in packages and sent on board. They also have street railways. The cars are divided into first and second class. They have gas and water works, several manufacturing and numerous newspapers. Steamers leave here every week for England. All mail for this place from Europe is landed at Cape Town, whence there is a mail, per coasting steamer twice a week. The postage is rather exorbitant—sixteen pence per ounce—but for some inexplicable reason this place does not enjoy the advantages of the postal Union.

May 24th.—This is the Queen's birthday, beautiful, bright and sunny, quite befitting the character of the good old lady in whose honor it is celebrated. All the ships are gaily decorated with flags; guns are booming from the U. S. man-of-war. Boat-races, processions, grand dinners, and other festivities too numerous to mention are the order of the day. On board the Rialto we are working hard, getting the ship ready for the long Northward voyage. A bran new steamer, the Hawarden Castle arrived at Cape Town yesterday, having made the trip from England in nineteen days, including a stoppage at Madeira and one at St. Helena. When we get around the Cape the worst is over. It sometimes occupies one-third of the time just going from here to a few miles west of the Cape. We did it in forty eight hours coming out, but the wind always blows the same way there and alas for the "homeward bound," that way is from W. to E. The only way to get around from E. to W. is to make fast sails and drift around with the current. This current runs against the wind as from East to West, and, strange to say, the harder the wind blows from the West the stronger the current runs to the West. This differ-

ence of opinion between the wind and the water is the cause of the frightful storms and high seas which have made this Cape such a bugbear.

We could not have desired finer weather than we have had here. It has not rained since we arrived but the dew-fall is very heavy. The sun shines every day during the day, but the mornings and nights are perfectly splendid, and they call this Winter. It is latitude South, corresponding to that of Wilmington North.

June 1st.—Yesterday I went to the ostrich and ostrich feather market. There were several hundred of the birds walking quietly around, 'gobbling up' old horse aloes, dock knobs, broken bottles and other delicacies. The ostrich market is not a healthy locality for dogs, as the ostriches seem to take special delight in making life a burden for those animals. Sometimes a bird will quietly approach a dog from the rear, then suddenly reach down and bite his tail off. Again an ostrich, with an innocent expression of countenance, will walk up to an unsuspecting canine, eye him mildly for a moment, then wheel around and give him a kick that sends him yelping clear across the house. Then the dog leaves, but he also leaves a good deal of hair, hide, blood and canine imprecations behind him. Nearly all ostriches are treacherous, and many accidents occur from persons going among the droves. Even those accustomed to them are sometimes attacked. An ostrich's manner of attacking a man is to rush suddenly up behind him, knock him down, and trample upon him. In the same room were long tables covered with bundles of ostrich feathers. These are sold at auction and shipped to England. They generally bring about \$75 per pound, but the prices vary greatly, according to the quality. The feathers of the tame birds being generally worth twice as much as those of the wild ones. They are mostly shipped by steamer, being packed in small tin cases, each one containing about \$1,200 sterling worth of feathers. I went hunting the other day with some English captains, and shot a beautiful little deer called a "bush-bok." Last Sunday night we had our first rain. It blew and rained fearfully. Most of our men were ashore on liberty, and I had to take watch from 8 p. m. to 12.30 a. m. I was soaked through and through in spite of my oil skins, and nearly blown off my feet sometimes. Before the rain came the sand from the deserts around the town was blown over the harbor until the ship's deck was covered an inch or two deep. Our eyes, ears, noses and mouths were filled with it, everything we ate was gritty, and it even got into our tanks. About 11 p. m. it commenced to thunder and lighten. For an hour I was nearly blinded by the glare of the lightning and deafened by the almost incessant crashes of thunder. We had to let go our spare anchor and pay out sixty fathoms more chain cable, and then the old Rialto tugged and strained at her anchors as if she would break loose in spite of us. On shore considerable damage was done. Many houses flooded; some standing on the side of the hill had their foundations washed from under them and they came rolling down. Great stones from the mountain sides were washed down into the streets obstructing traffic for sometime.

We are expecting the U. S. man-of-war Brooklyn here next week. She is the flag ship of the Indian Ocean squadron and consequently has the Admiral on board. We have two or three Zulus on board working for us. They are dreadfully stupid and have a fearful appetite. They speak no English and as I neglected my Zulu at school I am not able to carry on any very extensive correspondence with them. We are loading murex and merino for Liverpool, will take about a thousand bales of six hundred pounds each. I suppose we will go from Liverpool direct to Wilmington.

A TRUE HERO.—After the strike on Thursday one of the chief operators of the Western Union here called up the operator at Culpeper, Va., who is a very good operator, though getting a small salary and long hours of labor, and said: "Will you come to Washington to work for a salary of \$90 per month and a guarantee of five years?" After making a few dots on the key, the answer came: "Judas Iscariot died 1,800 years ago."—Washington Critic.

General Rosecrans tells this anecdote about Sunset Cox: "I remember one day some one on the other side, I forgot his name, was making a strong pro-Chinese speech, winding up something in this way: 'The Chinaman is clean, he is temperate, he is frugal; what fault have you to find with him?' Cox piped out, 'He wears his shirt outside of his breeches.' The house was convulsed and that was the last of that orator and his Chinese speech."

Mr. A. M. Booe sowed three bushels of wheat and threshed out one hundred and four. S. A. Woodruff sowed one bushel of extra wheat and threshed out thirty-five.—Durie Times.

AN OLD ROMANCE.

The Tale of Riviere's Life and Love.

From the New Orleans Democrat.
Yesterday, intently gazing into a show window on Canal street, a feeble, white-haired old gentleman recalled memories of a tragedy which, in the hurly-burly of life, seem to have passed into oblivion.

In 1841, outside of the city proper, there was, perhaps, no more delightful place of resort than at the Bayou Bridge. It was far excellence the great suburban attraction at the time, and between beating parties on the waters of the bayou and card reunions over the tables of old Barleud's gambling saloon out there, the jeunesse doree of New Orleans of that day managed quite comfortably to while away many a leisure moment. Possibly no two young men enjoyed the quiet hospitality of Barleud more than Alphonse Riviere and Henri Delagrave; in fact most of their afternoons were spent in the dimly lighted saloon of the old gamester, at whose shrine all the card-loving element of the city paid homage.

Riviere was a dashing fellow of 22, with a large estate in the parish of St. James, and a round account in the old Union bank. He had passed successfully through the Ecole Polytechnique in France and taken a bout in Algeria and returned to Louisiana as an accomplished and companionable a gentleman as one could wish to chat with. He was fond of his horses, his wine and a quiet game of cards. Refined in his manner and dignified in his deportment, he was a warm favorite wherever he went, and his entry into old Barleud's establishment was always the signal for a cordial greeting from all who might be present.

On this particular June afternoon Riviere, with the activity of a gymnast leaped from his buggy in front of the saloon, and throwing the reins to his negro servant, told him to drive to the shade of the pecan trees in the yard. Switching a delicate ivory-headed cane with a nervous, jerky motion, he crossed the broad-gallery, and unannounced entered the gambling room. Most of the players were wrapped in attention to the game, but one there was who turned his head at the entrance of the last corner. This was Delagrave. He felt that a crisis was at hand, but even with this knowledge he did not strive to elude its coming. That morning he had been accepted as the betrothed lover of Mme. Celestin, one of the most beautiful and wealthy widows of the lower coast, and Riviere, who had been for the past year her most devoted admirer, was left to nurse his disappointment as an unsuccessful suitor. Riviere had had no hesitancy in letting the world know that he wanted to marry the coquetish widow, and further, he, in a very plain way, gave people the information that he did not want interlopers paying their devoirs at the same shrine. These matters are hard to arrange exactly as one would wish. One finds much difficulty in closing all avenues of approach, for love is not unlike light which the photographer in his dark room finds so much difficulty in keeping out. It steals in under doors, through nail holes and even down the chimney. At least so it had been the case at Mme. Celestin's, for jealous and watchful of rivals as Riviere was, Delagrave had made the conquest under the very eyes of the enemy, and the widow had that day so informed the unsuccessful suitor.

Riviere was very pale as he approached the group of men around the table. With the yellow light shining through the curtains and his bloodless appearance, he seemed rather a ghastly corpse than a living body, but there were motion and voice in him which soon dispelled such an illusion.

As he neared Delagrave the latter turned to confront him, when Riviere, with a voice that seemed to come from behind the door of a tomb, said, "Delagrave, we cannot live on this globe together; it is not large enough."

Delagrave, quietly puffing his cigarette, in a cold and impressive tone replied: "Yes; you annoy me—it would be better if you were dead."

Riviere's face flushed, and reaching forward laid the back of his hand gently against Delagrave's cheek. The game was at once interrupted. The slap, which was so light it did not even crimson the young man's cheek, was enough to call for blood, and leaving the house he sought an intimate friend; to him he opened his heart. It must be a battle a l'outrance. Such was the enmity between himself and Riviere, only a life could wipe it out. The old doctor, who had grown up, it might be said, on the field, shrugged his shoulders and remonstrated, but at last acquiesced and said: "Very well, then; it shall be to the death."

Few people knew what sort of a party it was driving down the shell-road bordering Bayou St. John. Two carriages stopped just on the bridge

leading to the island formed there by the bifurcation of the bayou, and four gentlemen alighted. Saville, a well known character here forty years ago, accompanied Riviere, and Dr. Rocquet was with Delagrave. The seconds had met previously and arranged everything. Delagrave as he stepped from the carriage looked furtively around for the cases of pistols, but seeing none he was a little disconcerted. After walking about 100 yards from the carriages, the party stopped and the doctor motioned them to approach closer. When they had done so, he called them by name and said: "Gentlemen, we have discussed this matter nearly all of last night, and both Mr. Saville and myself feel satisfied that there is no solution to the differences between you but the death of one. The world is so formed that both cannot live in it at the same time." The doctor nodded. "Therefore," the doctor went on, "we have agreed to make the arbitration as fair as possible, and let fate decide." He took out a black morocco case, and from it produced a pill-box containing four pellets. "One of these," said he, "contains a positively fatal dose of prussic acid, the other three are harmless. We have agreed that each shall swallow two of the pills, and let destiny decide." Saville inclined his head, and said, as the representative of Riviere, he agreed.

The two men were pale, almost bloodless, but not a nerve trembled or a muscle contracted.

"Gentlemen," said the doctor, "we will toss for the first pill." Saville cried out, "tails," as the glittering gold piece revolved in the air. It fell in a bunch of grass, the blades of which being separated showed the coin with the reversed head of the Goddess of Liberty uppermost. "Mr. Delagrave, you have the first choice," said the doctor.

Reposing in the little box the four little globes seemed the counterpart of each other. The closest scrutiny would not develop the slightest difference. Nature alone, through the physiological alembic of the human stomach, can tell of their properties. In one there rests the pall of eternity, the struggle for life, the falling of sight, the panorama of years rushing in an instant through the mind, the science and peace of sleep for evermore, the ceremonies, the burial case, the solemn cortege and the noisome atmosphere of the grave. All these were contained in one of these little pellets. Delagrave, having won on the first choice, stepped forward and took a pill. With a calmness which was frigid he placed it on his tongue and with a cup of claret, handed him by the doctor, washed it down.

"And now, M. Riviere," said the doctor. Riviere extended his hand and took a pill.

Like his opponent he swallowed it.

The two men stood looking one another in the face. There was not a quiver to the eyelid, nor a twitch to a muscle. Each was thinking of himself as well as watching his adversary. So minute passed. Two minutes passed. Three, four, five. "Now, gentlemen," said the doctor in solemn tones, "it is time to make the final drawing."

This was the fatal choice. Both men were ready for the cast of the die. Saville tossed the gold piece aloft, and the doctor cried out, "heads." "Heads" it was, and Delagrave took a pill from the box, leaving only one. "Now," said the doctor, "M. Riviere, the remaining one is for you. You will please swallow them together."

The two men raised their hands at the same time and deposited the pills on their tongues and took a draught of claret.

One second passed and there was no movement. Then—"Good God!" exclaimed Riviere, his eyes starting from their sockets. He turned half around to the left, raised his hands above his head and shrieked a long wild shriek that belated travelers even to this day say they hear on the shell road near the island.

He fell prone to the earth, and, save a nervous contraction of the muscles of the face, there was no movement.

Delagrave took him by the hand as he lay on the damp grass, and said in a tender voice: "I regret it, but it was so to be."

The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in New Orleans, and for weeks the cafes were agog with the story of the duel. The beautiful widow, horrified at the affair, would never see Delagrave afterward, and is now a happy grandmere on Bayou Lafouche, having married a wealthy planter two years after the fatal event.

Delagrave, weighed down with the trials of an unhappy life, wrinkled and tottering, strolls along Canal street of warm afternoons, assisted by a negro servant. Having a bare competency, he has never actually suffered from want, but he shows evidence of great mental anguish. The sight of a pill box makes him shudder, and the taste of claret will give him convulsions.

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July 4th, 1883. W. W. TAYLOR, Salesmen. D. J. BOSTIAN, Salesmen.



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MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

On last Sunday morning about day the kitchen of Mr. T. B. Bailey was discovered to be on fire and before assistance could be rendered the entire building was completely consumed. The origin of the fire is unknown.—Durie Times.

A Nashville dispatch says the jury in the case of ex-Treasurer Polk returned a verdict Wednesday, of embezzlement, and the penalty was fixed at twenty years in the penitentiary and a fine to the full amount of the embezzlement.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—Last night while a man named Besey was on his way to the train with his three children, James, Josephine and Christine, aged respectively ten, twelve and sixteen years, the horses became frightened and plunged into the river at polk street bridge, the draw being open. The hackman and Besey escaped but the children being cooped up in the vehicle were drowned. The horses were all drowned.

A PRECIOUS PAIR.—The United States Senate has a committee on labor who travel about the country at the government's expense to examine into the condition of the workman. The two leading members are Woodpulp Miller, of New York, and Billy Mahone, of Virginia, one a hidebound monopolist, the other a shameless repudiator. A precious pair to be looking out for the interests of the working man.—Boston Star.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., August 1.—Today, at Sewanee, Tenn., at a meeting of a convention of the Episcopal Church consisting of bishops, ministers and laymen from thirteen Southern States, it was resolved, in accordance with a report of a committee consisting of Bishop Lyman of North Carolina, Bishop Gregg, of Texas, J. M. Duley, assistant bishop of Kentucky, H. M. Thompson, assistant bishop of Mississippi, and W. C. Williams, Pike Powers and R. H. Footman, of Georgia, that the general convention, which meets this fall, be memorialized to establish schools for the education of colored men who desire to enter the ministry of this Church and that all colored ministers of this Church have equal rights and power in all Church councils.

A new process is in the course of introduction at the Edgar Thompson Steel works which will materially lessen the cost of producing steel rails. Last January the method of rolling the metal as it came from the converter, instead of putting into pigs and remelting, was put into practice, and to this is to be added the soaking pits. In these ingots, as soon as they are cool enough to leave the mold, are placed, and by the heat held within them they are brought to a uniform degree of heat and rails made with one heating of the metal. This method has been successfully used in England, and will be used here in the course of six weeks or two months. The saving will be from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per ton. Some of the Western papers place the figures at \$5, but they are away out in their reckoning.

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CONCORD, N. H., August 2.—The following is the 41st ballot for Senator in the Legislature which numbers 315, necessary for a choice 158: Rollins 1, Stevens 1, Ladd 1, Marston 19, Bingham 112, Pike 181. Pike having the majority was declared elected; great applause followed.

LONDON, August 3.—The Daily News asserts that the total number of deaths from cholera in Egypt so far has been sixteen thousand. It says the disease is now less violent. Of ten men attacked among the British troops an average of six survived.

Clearing the Garden of Weeds.

(F. G. in Country Gentleman.)
Our gardens are pest beds of weeds, and they need a year's fallow and working to clean them. This thoroughly fms the ground and favors the thorough incorporation of manure, securing thus a clean soil with an increase of growth and a full yield, which can not possibly be had where weeds are striving for the mastery, to say nothing of the labor required to subdue them, which is a whole season's work, the same work to be repeated each year. It does not require much manure, the working of the soil favoring enrichment.

This does not necessarily deplete the farmer of a garden. Let him select another piece of ground, and put it in order, which is readily done by simply plowing and tilling the soil and applying what manure is needed. Soil may be treated successfully by plowing it as deep as it will allow in clay soil, and it followed by the subsoil plow all the better, providing the subsoil breaks up mellow. In sandy or alluvial soil deep plowing is all that is required for working and pulverizing the soil when rotted. This must be done the fall previous, and finished with a coat of manure, to be ready to work up in the spring. If the manure is clean there will be comparatively little trouble from weeds, as a new plant is usually free from the pest and gives better satisfaction than the old, the produce grows more healthfully and thriftily, and setting the ground in excellent condition to grow other crops.

The Valley Mutual Life Association of Virginia stands endorsed by such men as Judge A. C. Avery, Rev. C. T. Bailey, R. T. Gray, and other prominent men of this State. Judge Avery says of it: "I have held a policy in The Valley Mutual Life Association since the fall of 1880, and consider myself fortunate in having relied upon its solvency. The cost will never amount to more than forty per cent. of the premiums charged by regular companies on the same risks."