

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XIV.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 16, 1883.

NO 44

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

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Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by increasing the vitality of the system, and rendering the physical functions regular and active, keeps the stomach in good working order, and protects it against disease. For constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaint, nervousness, indigestion and rheumatic ailments, it is invaluable, and it affords a sure defence against malarial fevers, besides removing all traces of such disease from the system. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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CALL AND SEE US.

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Oct. 5, 1882 50:1y

ADMINISTRATOR'S

SALE OF LAND!

In pursuance of a judgment of the Superior Court of Rowan county, in the special proceeding of James P. Trexler and C. W. Stewart, administrators of D. A. Miller, vs. Nancy Miller and others, heirs-at-law of the said D. A. Miller, we will sell at public outcry to the highest bidder, at the Court-house door in Salisbury, **On Monday, the 10th of September, 1883,** the following described tract of land, situated in Franklin township in Rowan county, being lot No. 4, in the division of the lands of Jehu Foster, Sr., and being the lot assigned to Laura C. Foster, and by her conveyed to D. A. Miller, by deed dated 4th day of January, 1883, and duly registered in Book 62, page 378 P. R. office of Rowan county, containing One Hundred and Forty-three acres, more or less.

TERMS OF Sale: One-third cash, one-third in six months, and the balance in twelve months. Title retained until the purchase money is paid, and interest charged upon deferred payments at the rate of eight per cent per annum.

JAS. P. TREXLER & C. W. STEWART, Administrators of D. A. Miller. Commissioners. Dated Aug 9th, 1883.—43:4t

Moonrise in the Pines.

FROM THE "EVENING STAR," WASHINGTON, D. C.

[The following stanzas from the pen of a North Carolina poet residing in Washington, D. C., have seldom been equalled in delicacy of fancy, elegance of diction and fidelity to nature. Though written at the national capital this "Midsummer Night's Dream" is evidently a reminiscence and an inspiration of the whippersnappers of the Old North State. There is throughout the poem an undertone of sadness and longing akin to that which "found a path Through the sad heart of Ruth when sick for home, She stood in tears amid the alien corn."]

The sultry day is ending,
The clouds are fading away,
Orange with purple is blending
And purple is turning to gray;
The gray grows darker and denser
Till it and the earth are one;
A star swings out like a censur,
And the brief warm night is begun.

The brown moth floats and poises
Like a leaf in the windless air;
Awake by insect noises
The gray toad leaves his lair;
Sounding the dead depth quickly
The bull-bats fall and rise,
And out of the grasses thickly
Swarm glistening fire-flies.

Now darkness heavy, oppressive
And silent, completes the gloom.
The breathless night is excessive
With fragrance of perfume;
For the land is enmeshed and ablaze
With vines that blossom and trail,
Embanking the traveled ways
And festooning the fences of rail.

Afar in the southern sky
Heat lightning flares and glows,
Vividly tinting the clouds that lie
At rest with a shimmer of rose—
Tremulous, fitting, uncertain,
As a mystical light might shine
From under an ebon curtain
Before a terrible shrine.

And the slumberous night grows late,
The midnight hush is deep.
Under the pines I wait
For the moon; and the pine trees
weep
Great drops of dew, that fall
Like footstep here and there,
And they sadly whisper and call
To each other high in the air.

They rustle and whisper like ghosts,
They sigh like souls in pain,
Like the movement of stealthy hosts
They surge, and are silent again.
The midnight hush is deep,
But the pines—the spirits distrust—
They move in somnolent sleep—
They whisper and are not at rest.

Lo! a light in the east opalescent
Softly suffuses the sky
Where flocculent clouds are quiescent,
Where like froth of the ocean they lie
Like foam on the beach they eripple
Where the wave has spent its swirl—
Like the curve of a shell they dimple
Into iridescent pearl.

And the light grows brighter and high—
Till far through the trees I see
The rim of a globe of fire
That rolls through the darkness to me,
And the aisles of the forest gleam
With a splendor unearthly, that
shines
Like the light of a lurid dream
Through the colonnaded pines.

—JOHN HENRY BOKER.
Washington, July, 1883.

Currency.

There was a young daniel, oh bless her,
It cost very little to dress her,
She was sweet as a rose,
In her every-day clothes,
But had no young man to dress her.
Because, you see, she had given the mitten to the only fellow in the neighborhood, and the amount of sweetness she was therefore obliged to waste upon the desert air
Was enough to distress her.

DELIVERY OF NEWSPAPERS.

The special order of the Postmaster-General requiring the prompt delivery of newspapers as well as letters is what has been needed for some time. Persons outside of the newspaper business can scarcely realize the amount of inconvenience the publishers and subscribers have been subjected to for years by the neglect on the part of postmasters in country towns, and occasionally in cities, failing to recognize the importance of newspaper delivery. Instances are not infrequent where a newspaper has been read by the postmaster and his entire family, even "lent" to the neighbors, before it reached the hands of the person to whom it was directed. The order includes among other important matters, an express prohibition of such detention of newspaper packages. There is no reason why a contract for carrying a newspaper should not be as carefully filled by the government as a contract for letter carrying. It is a pleasure to note the recent very acceptable action of the department.—Hartford Post.

MOSQUITOES.

It is said that a room may be rid of mosquitoes by taking a piece of gum camphor about one-third the size of a hen's egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel, holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes.

The Republican Party and Its Position.

Baltimore Sun.

The Republican party is approaching a presidential election almost without an issue upon which it can appeal to voters for support. The sectional question is dead, at least so far as it can be of any use to it. The devices it has adopted to divide the South and their partial success in Virginia have deprived the cry of a solid South of all its alarming force. The administration has, by its trades and bargains with Southern political adventurers, taken from its party the weapon to which it is most accustomed and given it nothing in return. The Republican party is by no means a unit in favor of high protective tariffs, and a definite adoption of a policy of extreme protection would lose it at least as many votes as it would gain for it. Political parties are simply voluntary associations of individuals whose views on certain leading questions are similar, and the object of their union is to put into practical operation those principles of government which they hold in common. When the task for which the party was formed has been accomplished and is no longer a matter for dispute, it must either be reorganized on an entirely new basis or it must cease to be a political party in the proper sense of the term, and become a mere combination of voters for the purpose of putting as many of their numbers in places of power, trust or profit as they can. If the latter alternative be the one chosen, the combination is itself bound inevitably to become a prey to faction. Its members, and especially those active in political life, will form smaller rings within the great one, in order that they may appropriate to themselves all the "spoils" that are won by the common exertions of all the voters of the so-called party. At the present time the Republican party is in a curious position. Most of the men prominent in its management appear to be only anxious to maintain the power they now have. Of course they want the party to succeed, because their own places are thus more valuable, and they are willing to commit it to any policy that seems likely to make votes; but it has for some years been plainly apparent that the larger part of their attention is directed to maintaining their own position against the efforts of other members of the same organization to wrest them from them. What these petty struggles are likely to lead to in the absence of absorbing issues may be seen in the contest now going on in New Hampshire over the United States senatorship. The Republicans have a majority of nearly seventy in the Legislature, and yet for six weeks they have been balloting without a choice. The caucus nominee, Senator Rollins, has been compelled to withdraw, beaten, from the struggle, and it begins to look as if Secretary Chandler will be forced to follow his example. Since 1880 similar divisions have attended the elections for officers for Senators in no less than seven of the States that voted for Gen. Garfield and which gave him 102 out of the 214 electoral votes that he received. In Pennsylvania, in 1881, in Oregon in 1882, in Michigan, Minnesota and New Hampshire in 1883, the regular caucus nominees were defeated, while in New York in 1881 and in Massachusetts in 1883 the disorganization was so serious that it was not practicable to hold a caucus at all. While the machine leaders are fighting among themselves a large part of the voters are anxious to be rid of all of them. They are desirous of committing to the reform of the administration methods of the national and State governments, and have made up their minds that they would rather see their party defeated than that it should any longer be the means of placing in power men unfit to administer the trusts committed to them. The spoilsmen have the organization; they are in politics primarily for what it pays, and the triumph of the reform of their own party would be from their standpoint every bit as bad if not worse than a general Democratic victory. Circumstances of one sort or another have made these internal quarrels in the Republican party and these abuses in its management more prominent than similar failings in the other party; but they exist in both. Both alike will in the campaign of next year be exposed to the temptation to yield principle to expediency, to acquiesce in the control of their machinery by the professional brokers in political spoils. At the present time, when voters are specially aroused to the evils of political management in the country at large, the victory is likely to follow that party which most determinedly resists the temptation.

It has been truly said that the bread of dependence is bitter indeed compared with that which we earn by our own exertions. "Labor is the sweetest joy" is true in every respect.

Atlanta to Asheville.

We alluded in the last issue to the through Pullman car train from Atlanta to Asheville via Salisbury, and the good time made. It is now our pleasure to mention the arrival of another through Pullman car from Atlanta by way of Knoxville and the Warm Springs, arriving the same day, this time under the excellent management of Mr. S. H. Hardwick, Southern Traveling Agent of the Eastern Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Road. This train left Atlanta Monday at 11:40 P. M., via Western and Atlantic Railroad and came into the Asheville depot promptly on time Tuesday at 5:40 P. M. This bringing Pullman cars through from Atlanta to Asheville without change is a most important fact, and speaks volumes for the future travel from the South to our city. It is this same company which is running whole through trains from Louisville to the Warm Springs. We trust such enterprise on the part of the several lines running into and towards this section, may continue to grow. We were pleased to meet Mr. Hardwick and hope he may have occasion to visit our city frequently under such circumstances.—Asheville Citizen.

Not Quite Satisfied.

"You say you are from New York?" queried an old farmer in Massachusetts of a New Yorker, who had halted at the farmhouse to ask for a drink of buttermilk.

"Yes."

"New York City?"

"Yes."

"Do business there?"

"Yes, I'm in Wall street."

"Are, eh? keep a grocery?"

"No, sir; I'm a broker."

"Broker, eh? Do much breaking?"

"Well, I'll leave that to my customers to decide. I do the best I can however."

"Well, you look as if you might be respectable if you had a chance," said the old farmer, and turning the corner of the house called out to his wife in a voice plainly heard at the gate:

"Say, Mariar, here's a feller from New York who wants a glass of buttermilk. He looks all right, and I guess he'll pay cash down; but it won't do any harm to thin it out pretty well with spring water."—Wall Street News.

ACCIDENTLY KILLED.

Tuesday morning the wife of Peter Kerr, colored, left her three children at home and went to Mr. Gaither's to wash. During the afternoon between 1 and 2 o'clock while the baby, about two or three years old, was sitting in the yard, his brother, about 6 years old got an old gun and laid it on the window and discharged it, the contents entering the left eye of the child killing him instantly. When the crowd arrived at the house they found that the boy had covered the face of the dead child with soot to stop the blood. When asked who killed the baby he said he didn't know, that he was on the bed when it was done, and the girl who is about two years older, can't tell anything about it. This is another warning to parents not to leave fire arms within the reach of children.—Davie Times.

A Good Man Gone.

Chas. Hawley, the colored shoemaker, died in this town on Monday last, and his was a character which deserves some notice. He was reared a slave and belonged to the Hawley estate. In his younger days he was noted for his skill as a shoemaker, but he was afflicted with a brief period of insanity from which, it is believed, he never entirely recovered. He was a man of incorruptible honesty, and bore a high character with all who knew him. He was scrupulously neat in his person and almost courtly in manners, and for many years his erect figure attired in glossy black has been familiar on the streets on Sunday.—Fayetteville Observer.

HUMAN NATURE.

It is a curious trait of human nature that men who are constantly exposed to some special form of danger are the last to take the obvious precautions against it. It is no uncommon thing, for example, for a sailor to be ignorant of swimming, if indeed this may not be said of the majority of sailors. The shell rower is liable at any moment to be tipped out of his crank and flimsy craft; yet Edward Hanlon, the champion rower only learned to swim last summer, and can even swim but a few strokes, the muscles of his arms, strangely enough for so powerful a sculler, quickly becoming tired.

Dr. F. J. Kron, a good citizen, and at one time a prominent physician of this county, died Friday, the 22d of July. Dr. Kron was a German by nativity, but was educated in Paris, France. He came to this country many years ago and commanded a large practice. He was in hearing of the battle of Liepaig, and enjoyed the rare privilege of personally seeing the great Napoleon.—Stanly Observer.

The post-mortem examination of the body of Capt. Webb, the great English swimmer, disclosed the fact that death resulted from the immense pressure of water upon his body.

What Men Need Wives For.

It not to sweep the house, and make the beds, and darn the socks, cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he wants, hired servants can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needle-work and bed-making; or put a broom into her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them. But what a true man wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love.

The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by him and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin, and needs a woman that, while he puts his arm around her and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him to fight; who will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspirations. All through life—through storm and sunshine, conflict and victory; through adverse and favorable winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's and a mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek for nothing further than success in house work. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, obtain more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.—Market Journal.

He Didn't Want Any Supper.

During the campaign in Egypt a Mohammedan dervish was continually preaching to the army of Arabi Bey, and proclaiming the doctrine that the soldier who died fighting against the English would die that night in Heaven. As soon, however, as the fight began, the dervish was the first one to run. He was soon overtaken by other fugitives, who upbraided him for running away, and reminded him of how severely he was neglecting such an excellent opportunity of slipping into Heaven. "Allah il Allah!" exclaimed the dervish, as he soared over a high bunch of prickly pears; "Dod gash the luck, don't you know I'm forbidden by my sacred calling to eat supper on fast days, and this is the fastest day of the season. Get out of my way! Faugh-a-Ballah! Clear the track!" yelled the venerable dervish, as he went tearing into the woods.—Texas Siftings.

AN exchange says no doubt ere long "peanut flour" will be an important product in the South. The crop of the country has averaged \$3,000,000. Virginia is set down this year for 2,100,000 bushels. Tennessee for 250,000 and North Carolina at 135,000 bushels, these being the chief States engaged in their cultivation. Virginians are beginning to turn the peanut into flour, and say it makes a peculiarly palatable "biscuit." In Georgia there is a custom now growing old, of grinding or pounding the shelled peanuts and turning them into pastry, which has some resemblance both in looks and taste, to that made of cocoanut, but the peanut pastry is more oily and richer, and, we think, healthier and better every way.

CHICAGO, August 9.

Special dispatches report that a severe storm prevailed in Shelby, Cass and Pottawattomie counties, Iowa, last night. The growing crops were leveled to the ground and considerable damage to other property was done. The track of the storm was five miles wide. Near Brayton, 22 head of cattle were killed by being stampeded and running down an embankment. At Lora nine freight cars were blown from the track.

"Well, what is the best thing on the market this morning," inquired Jones of his youthful partner the other day.

The young man deliberately scratched his head and replied:

"The best thing I have seen on the market since my experience in the exchange is a nice young lady.—Irrepressible.

An Apache Indian complained to the agent that the people called him a bad Indian. He said: "They say I killed my mother. Yes, I did, but I did it because she was too old to work. Then they say I killed my wife. I did that because she was too sick to work. They talk about not killing my papoose. Well, I did that, too, but it cried too much and I couldn't sleep. I'm 'good Indian,' not 'bad Indian.'"

1,000,000 POUNDS OF

DRIED FRUIT AND BERRIES



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. HOSSTAN, Salesmen.

J. R. KEEN,

Salisbury, N. C.

Agent for PHOENIX IRON WORKS, Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, AND TURBINE WHEELS Also, Contractor and Builder.



THANKS, THEY COME!

Our Stock Constantly Replenished.

UNDER THE FIRM NAME OF PLUMMER & MORGAN.

Wm. J. PLUMMER, long known as the best Harness and Saddle Maker who ever did business in Salisbury, presents his compliments to old friends and patrons with an invitation to call and see his present stock of new Harness, Saddles, Collars, &c. He warrants satisfaction to every purchaser of New Stock, and also his repair work. Rates as low as a good article will admit of. Call and see. PLUMMER & MORGAN.

CHOLERA!

PROF. DARBY'S

PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

The most powerful Antiseptic known.

WILL PREVENT THE CHOLERA.

It Destroys the germs of Disease.

It Destroys the germs of Disease. Its use either internally or externally renders all it comes in contact with pure, sweet and clean. It is a fact established by science that many diseases are introduced by the production of impurities, which render the air and water impure and propagate the disease in ever-scalds, Burns, Eruptions, and sores that stop all pain, soothes the parts and promotes the rapid formation of healthy flesh.

Asiatic Cholera.

It is now devastating the East, and advancing on its mission of death rapidly to our shores. Other diseases of the same sort are Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Small Pox, Measles, Yellow Fever, Erysipelas, etc. All these germs are destroyed by the use of Darby's preparation of Carbolic Acid and Camphor. These results are secured by the use of Darby's preparation of Carbolic Acid and Camphor. It renders all it comes in contact with pure and healthy.

DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

Space does not permit us to name many of the uses to which this great germ-destroyer is applicable. Ask your druggist for printed matter descriptive of its usefulness, or address

J. H. ZEHLIN & CO., PHILADELPHIA, 50 cents per Bottle. Pint Bottles, \$1.00.

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