Mrs. Robt Harris

The Carolina Watchman.

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The Carolina Watchman,

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PRICE, $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

CHOLERA!

PROF. DARBY'S

PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

The most powerful Antiseptic known.

WILL PREVENT THE CHOLERA.

It Destroys the germs of Disease

It is a fact established by science that many diseases are introduced by putrefaction, which reproduces itself and propagates the disease in ever widening circles.

These diseases generate contagion and fill the air with death. SUCH IS THAT DREAD TRAVELLER,

Asiatic Cholera,

which is now devastating the East and advancing on its mission of death rapidly towards our shores. Other diseases of the same sort are DIPHTHERIA, TYPHOID FEVER, SMALL POX, MEASLES, YELLOW FEVER, ERYSIPELAS, etc. All these generate contagion. Other diseases—FEVER AND AGUE, MALARIAL FEVER, etc., arise from contagion which becomes of dampness, unhealthy situations or uncleanness.

All these diseases can be cured only by stopping the production of Disease germs and destroying those already produced. Both of these results are accomplished by the use of Prof. Darby's preparation of of Boracic Acid and Chlorine, known as

DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

The most power Antiseptic agent which chemistry has produced.

Its use either Internally or Externally renders all it comes in contact with, *pure, sweet and clean*—the production of disease germs ceases and the patient recovers.

When used on ULCERS, SCALDS, BURNS, ERUPTIONS and SORES it stops all pain, sweetens the parts and promotes the rapid formation of healthy Flesh.

It Purifies the Atmosphere.

Its exposure in a Sick-room, Cellar, Stable purifies the atmosphere and drives away the germs of disease and death.

Taken Internally it *purifies the Stomach*, giving it tone and healthy vigor. It is thus that it *cures* Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

When used as a lotion it destroys all Freckle and Blotch-producing germs, leaving the skin clear, white and transparent as that of a little child.

It renders all it comes in contact with pure and Healthy.

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. ZEILIN & CO.,

Manufacturing Chemist, 50 cents per Bottle. PHILADELPHIA. Pint Bottles, $1.00.

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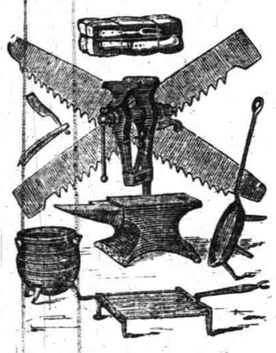

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In addition to the Best Selected Stock of HARDWARE in the STATE.

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Rifle and Blasting Powder

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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

TO FARMERS!

The subscription price of the WATCHMAN is only $1.50, with Kendall's book, "A Treatise on the Horse," free to every subscriber.

Gracie's Conclusion.

Grace tosses back her bonnie hair,
Soft and fine as a skein of silk,
And her blue eyes darken dreamily
Over her bowl of bread and milk.

What is she meditating upon—
The earnest thinker, not yet seven?
She ponders awhile, then slowly asks—
"Mamma, is there milk in heaven?"

O. wise mamma who sees at once
That should she answer "No,"
Her little brown haired questioner
Would have no wish to go!

So she waits a minute, half-doubtfully
And then, with a loving caress,
And thinking of "milk and honey" texts,
She fearlessly answers "Yes."

Grace plies her spoon contentedly
With a cheerful little clatter,
As if her mind were now at rest;
On a very important matter.

But her next remark is one of those
Surprising, unlooked for things!
For she asks in simple childish faith,
"Then, mamma, do the cows have wings?"

—*Interior.*

Judge Jere Black.

'GENE FIELD.

A nation weeps—
A nation with uncovered head
Stands in the presence of her dead;
And he for whom the bitter cry
Swells up unto the leaden sky
Unmindful sleeps.

The angel came—
Not to the tiny babe at rest
Upon the mother's glowing breast;
Not to the youth of restless kind;
Not to the man whose eager mind
Reached out for fame—
But to the sage
Upon whose hoary, noble head
Had earth her kindliest honors shed,
And whose life's sunset seemed to be
The dawn of that eternity
Which cheered his age.

A nation weeps—
But what—ah, what are human tears
To him who, full of useful years,
Meekly his burden layeth down,
And, with the promise of a crown,
In Jesus sleeps.

—*Chicago News.*

A CHANGE IN FORTUNE.

Timothy Bloom, salesman in Mr. Crabbe's big retail dry goods store, was stealthily eating his lunch in a dusty corner amongst some empty packing boxes. It was not very good lunch, and warm as the day was, he had but one glass of ice-water with it.

A mild, pleasant looking young fellow was Timothy Bloom, with eyes like a pretty girl's and fair hair parted down the middle: but he was rather doleful at this moment, for Crabbe, senior, had just been abusing him for permitting a lady who was not to be suited by mortal salesman to get off without buying anything, and had likewise informed him that he had been five seconds late that morning and would in consequence "be deducted an eighth" on Saturday evening.

That was not pleasant, and Mr. Crabbe's manner was not pleasant, and the dusty corner and the stale sandwich were not pleasant. And who can wonder that poor Timothy Bloom looking up at a row of decorated corset boxes above his head, and taking his idea from the winged infant pictured upon them, remarked under his breath:

"I wish I was a cherub."

At this moment, even as the wish fluttered up to the corset boxes, a little boy, about three feet high, bearing on his bosom a badge with the enormous number 1189, came around the corner, and fixed his pothetic eyes on Mr. Bloom's glass of water.

'I say, Mr. Bloom,' he whispered, pathetically, 'won't you give me just a mouthful of that water? Mr. Crabbe says us cashes ain't to have no drinks, and I'm chokin'.'

Mr. Bloom smiled pitifully at the child, a forlorn widow's bread winner, and said mildly as he held out the glass:

'Here, Johnny, take half, I'd let you have it all if we were not limited to one glass ourselves,'

'Guess water's gettin' dear,' said Johnny, eagerly swallowing the share allowed of the cooling draught, but scrupulously careful not to exceed the permission.

'Thank'ee. You're a brick. Mr. Bumps hit me a lick when I asked him. Here we have the evening paper. A customer left it on the desk. Save it for me to take to mar when I go home to night. She likes to read the murders, and them things—'

'Cash 1139!' shrieked a female voice. 'Cash! Cash!'

'It's Miss Pringle. I must go,' whispered Johnny, and sped away in terror.

There were ten cash boys in the store, and they had been numbered high to sound well.

Mr. Bloom peered around the corner at the clock, and saw that he had ten minutes more to himself, and opened the paper. The first thing his eye lighted upon was the advertisement of a fine country seat for sale, and he read it through—the description of the stables, barns, bath tubs, conservatory, veranda, land and kitchen gardens; the well, the tiled hall and frescoed ceilings, as though he intended to buy it for himself that afternoon.

Then he cast his eyes upon an account of how Mr. Mullen had beaten Mrs. Mullen, and had been arrested for so doing; and then he found himself reading a paragraph to the effect that the heirs of Timothy Bloom, of Lancaster, England, if living, might hear something to their advantage by applying to Jones & Johnson, —— street.

'My name,' thought Mr. Bloom at first. Then, with a start, he remembered that he had heard that his grandfather was named Timothy. Certainly, he came from Lancaster England. His father, David Bloom, had been an only son. He was an only son himself. Well, then, he was Timothy Bloom's heir, if it should prove that the Timothy Bloom mentioned was really his grandfather's name.

'But, oh pshaw!' said Mr. Bloom, 'This sort of thing couldn't happen to me. It's some other Timothy, not poor old grandfather.' And he copied the address of Jones & Johnson into his pocket book and went back to his counter quite calmly, though he wrote to Jones & Johnson that night.

However, wonders will never cease. When Tim Bloom, the meekest of all young mon, went home that Saturday evening with a 'deducted' salary and a scolding, he found Mr. Johnson himself in the boarding house parlor, and an examination of the family Bible in his possession, and of a certain bundle of yellow letters that Mr. Bloom had more than once decided to burn, but had fortunately spared, settled the matter. Half a million of money had come to him in the regular course of nature, and he was richer, not only than Mr. Crabbe, but than any of his most fashionable customers.

It was a wonderful surprise to little Tim Bloom, and he scarcely grasped the idea at first. Even after he had told his chief confidant, his landlady's pretty granddaughter, Mehitabel White, a pretty, pink-cheeked, capable damsel, called Hetty for short—he only went so far as think of a pair of patent leather boots and a diamond cravat pin.

Hetty waked him to a full realization of his changed condition by saying, rather seriously, and looking away from him:

'Of course, grandma's won't suit you any longer, Mr. Bloom, and you'll have to go back to Crabbe & Co.'s again.'

By George! I never thought of it; so I shan't,' said Tim Bloom. 'No more counter jumping for me; and if Mrs. White will let me hire the back parlor, take I'll that. Go away? Not I.

Not yet: it's too soon,' said Hetty to herself; 'but he'll go as soon as he quite understands.'

'Let me congratulate you, my dear Mr. Bloom,' said Mr. Crabbe, bowing as he parted from the departing clerk, as he did to carriage customers at the very store door. 'I always felt a superiority in you over the other young men. I said to my daughter Belinda the other day: 'If it were not for giving offence to others I should ask Mr. Bloom to our little evenings. Something of the prince in disguise about him, but an employer has his duties. They sometimes make his heart ache, but he must perform them.'

Mr. Bloom remembered the placard over the water cooler: 'Cashes not allowed drinks; "a cash who drinks deducted one-half,' and thought that if Mr. Crabbe really had a heart this must be true.

Tim Bloom was a rich man; but he had no rich friends as yet. The clerks at Crabbe & Co.s' had been always quarreling among themselves, and he had not known one in private.

The boarders were not 'sociable.' He treated them to ice cream several times, and took Hetty White to a concert or two.

He improved his mind in libraries and museums, and set up a bookcase of his own, into which he put a miscellaneous assortment of volumes. When one day he received a perfumed envelope, inviting him to a lawn tennis party at Mr. Crabbe's country seat, he felt that the wealthy had just begun for him. He accepted it of course, and went attired in perfect style, and looking very well indeed.

He returned bewildered. Miss Crabbe was very handsome. She played and sang and danced and was 'stylish.' She had set her cap for him, and Mr. Crabbe—yes, actually Mr. Crabbe—had plainly allowed him to see that he would give his consent to the match.

'Two months ago he called me a stupid idiot. Two months ago he snubbed me whenever he spoke to me,' thought Tim Bloom. 'Yes, this is the old story; everybody, everybody, even old Mrs. White flattering and cringing for my money. I wonder whether Hetty is the same?' And in the seclusion of his own apartment poor Tim Bloom actually cried; though Mr. Crabbe called that evening and took him to a charming stag party, where the guests were principally in the dry goods line, and in every direction one's ears caught the remark, 'sold a bill of goods to a man.'

'You rascal,' said the excellent father, on the way home, 'I see you are afraid to speak, but I know you couldn't keep your eyes off my Belinda last Wednesday.'

'Could I hope for your consent if she—'

'My dear boy—ha! ha! Why ask her and see!' cried Mr. Crabbe. 'It has always been the wish of my heart, even when you were a poor clerk, and she (don't you say I told you) always admired you—always!'

At nine o'clock one night Mrs. White's door bell rang and a messenger boy handed in a letter—a big seal and 'immediately' on it. What could it be? Something about the property, of course. Mrs. White carried it herself to Mr. Bloom's room, and as she handed it in, she saw him seated beside a table on which stood a tray of delicacies. Mr. Crabbe was at supper with her boarder.

'Excuse me,' said Timothy.

'Oh! certainly,' said Mr. Crabbe.

Timothy opened the letter, read it, uttered a deep sigh and passed it to Mr. Crabbe. Mr. Crabbe read it and turned pale.

'Do I understand it?' said Timothy, hiding his face.

'Your lawyer says the property is no longer yours, that your grandfather was not the right Timothy Bloom, and that the real heir will demand a restoration of what you have spent already.'

'Yes, I was right,' said Mr. Bloom. 'But, Mr. Crabbe, after all, I shall do very well. I can go back to your store, and Miss Belinda has quite a little fortune of her own. We can still be happy.

Mr. Crabbe leaped to his feet.

'Sir! sir!' he said, 'this is a great piece of impertinence, sir. You haven't spoken to Belinda.'

'But you assured me—' began Timothy.

'I didn't!' shrieked Mr. Crabbe. 'At least I was mistaken. I came here with the intention of telling you upon my word and honor that she can't endure you; and as for the store, you are a most incompetent salesman. There is no situation open. Sorry for you, but—good night. Good night.'

'Good night,' said Timothy.

'Then, as the door closed, he took up the letter and carried it to old Mrs. White, who with Hetty as assistant was seeding raising for next day's pudding, sitting one on either side of the drop light in the dining room.

'I shall have to give up the back parlor,' said poor Timothy. 'And as for my half-hall bedroom, I don't know how to pay for that, for Crabbe won't take me back.'

'Time serving old wretch!' said Mrs. White. 'No matter Mr. Bloom. I'll trust you. Intentions being right, I never will be hard on my boarders, and you can keep the parlor until it is hired, because its more comfortable.'

'And try to keep up your spirits,' said Hetty, 'for, after all, money isn't everything.'

'It seemed too sudden to last,' said Mrs. White. 'I never trusted these lawyers.'

So the good souls comforted him, and after a while, when he asked Hetty to take a little walk with him she consented.

There was a little park on the opposite side of the street, and though the gates were locked, they walked around its railings. Their talk was long and earnest, and at last Timothy said:

'Well Hetty, poor as I am, will you promise to marry me some day?'

'And she had answered, 'Yes, Tim,' very simply—and so it was settled; and for a young man recently reduced from affluence to poverty, Mr. Bloom certainly looked very happy as they went home together. But it was only after Mrs. White had given her loving consent to his marrying Hetty when they had enough for bread and butter, that he made confession:

'I can't keep it to myself any longer, grandma. I wrote that letter myself. I'm as rich as ever I was, and I've tested my friends. Old Crabbe has proven false and you have proven true. I felt sure about Hetty all the while; and when we are married, you must come and live with us, and there will be no more hard work and boarders for you in this world, you dear old soul.'

Taking Cold.

A person in good health, with fair play easily resists cold. But when the health flags a little and liberties are taken with the stomach, or the nervous system, a chill is easily taken, and according to the weak spot of the individual, assumes the form of a cold, or pneumonia, or, it may be jaundice. Of all causes of "cold," probably fatigue is one of the most efficient. A jaded man coming home at night from a long day's work, a growing youth losing two hours' sleep over evening parties two or three times a week, or a young lady heavily "doing the season," young children overfed and with a short allowance of sleep, are common in instances of the victims of "cold." Luxury is favorable to chill-taking; very hot rooms, soft chairs, and feather beds, create a sensitiveness that leads to catarrha. It is not, after all, the "cold" that is so much to be feared as the antecedent conditions that give the attack a chance of doing harm. Some of the worst "colds," happen to those who do not leave their house or even their bed, and those who are the most invulnerable are often those who are most exposed to changes of temperature, and who, by good sleep cold bathing, and regular habits, preserve the tone of their nervous system and circulation.

Probably many chills are contracted at night or at the fag end of the day, when tired people get the equilibrium of their circulation disturbed by either overheated sitting rooms, or underheated bedrooms and beds. This is especially the case with elderly people. In such cases the mischief is not always done instantaneously, or in a single night; it often takes place insidiously, extending over days or even weeks. It thus appears that "taking cold" is not by any means a simple result of lower temperature, but depends largely on personal conditions and habits, affecting especially the nervous and muscular energy of the body.—*London Lancet.*

EXPERIMENT IN GRAPE CULTURE.—Mr. G. H. Wearn, of Berryhill township has been experimenting in grape culture and yesterday brought us a lot of fine grapes of his own raising. They were a cross between the Concord and Winter grape and have the peculiar taste of both combined. In size the grapes are a little larger than buckshot. The vine upon which they grow resemble the wild grape vine in every respect. Mr. Wearn secured this odd result by grafting. This new style of grape, Mr. Wearn says, makes wine of a particular fine quality.—*Journal Observer.*

Commerce quickly sees the best way to effect her purpose. Since the St. Gothard Tunnel was finished much of the Italian trade has been diverted into the hands of Belgians, Germans and Hollanders. Through the tunnel and without breaking bulk early fruits many be taken from all parts of Italy to the principal seaports of the Continent on the German Ocean, and from such places as Antwerp and Rotterdam swift steamers convey the precious but perishable produce with all speed to London and other English cities where a ready market is obtained.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., September 8.—On the 18th inst., an international fair will be held at Vinton, Cherokee Nation. The Cherokees are making every effort to make the exhibition a success. The premiums aggregate $5,000. Races will be one feature and a band of wild Indians another. All the leading Indian Chiefs have been invited and will make brief addresses.

If President Arthur is a sensible man he will prefer a second term in the wilderness, and a longer one, to leading a forlorn hope towards a second term in the White House.—*Boston Herald, (Ind.)*

H. H. Bancroft, the Calfornia historian has gone to Mexico and Central America for one year to study the antiquities of of those countries. He is accompanied by three assistants and proposes to carry on historical work without intermission.

The composition used by Mr. Hatch, of San Jose, Cal., to kill phyloxera consists of equal parts by weight of sulphuret of carbon, potash, oxide of iron and sulphur, mixed with eight times the same amount of Mercury.

Leather may have its color restored by an application of good blacking, a subsequent brushing, a very slight oiling, and an after dressing of gumtragacanth. It is surprising what an effect this treatment has upon old and shabby looking leather.

Carrier-pigeons are sometimes attacked and destroyed by birds of prey. Lately, it was resolved to try how well ravens would perform the same functions as the pigeons. The test was made at Coblenz with young birds. The point of arrival was a small place on the Moselle, near Troves, distant from Coblenz about forty miles. The sable messengers did their duty admirably.

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.

W. W. TAYLOR, D. J. BOSTIAN, } Salesmen.

July 4th, 1883.

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Salisbury, N. C.

Agent for PHŒNIX IRON WORKS,

Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills,

AND

TURBINE WHEELS

Also, Contractor and Builder.

Ja 25, '83.—1y

The Boston *Globe* in noticieng the industrial exposition says "the North Carolina exhibit is nearly arranged and is well worthy of the most careful inspection. The grand display of cereals and mineral cannot be passed by without many inquiries, and the gentlemanly attendants are ever ready to give the most complete information.

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 prominet 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 charge by regular companies on the same risks."

A Great Water-Power

FOR SALE!

The most extraordinary unimproved Water Power on the Yadkin River is for sale at low figures. It is situate at the head of the Narrows in Stanly county, 8 miles from Albemarle, the county seat; 13 miles from Gold Hill, and about 28 miles from Salisbury. It is one mile from the public highway leading to Salisbury, from which road it is easily accessible down to the water's edge. The peculiar feature of this property is that it is a natural stone dam which makes about a six foot head of available water. The dam runs at an angle of about 20 or 25 deg. up the river nearly all the way across, gradually diminishing in height as it approaches the opposite shore. A race of 400 feet in length will add from 12 to 14 additional feet of head, making the grand power of 18 or 20. There is any quantity of building stone and slate of excellent quality, on the premises, easily transported by water.

This excellent power may be used for

GRIST AND FLOURING MILLS,

COTTON & WOOLEN FACTORIES,

REDUCTION MILL FOR SULPHURETED ORES.

It is conveniently near the mines of **Montgomery, Stanly,** parts of **Cabarrus, Rowan** and **Davidson Counties** to make it a custom mill, for the reduction of ores, with the great advantage of being in the centre of the mining districts named above. The ores within easy reach could not be worked out in a century.

This water power with 10 acres attached is offerred at **$2,500**, with the option of 100 acres at **$3,500**. The lands are valuable for farming purposes; the situation healthy, the society good, and church and school advantages very good. Persons wishing further information may address "Watchman," Salisbury, or Mr. J. R. Littleton, Albemarle, N. C.

[Map of place furnished on application.] 33:tf.

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.

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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.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

In fever and ague districts, in tropical and other regions visited by epidemics, and indeed in all localities where the conditions are unfavorable to health, this famous vegetable invigorant and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been found a potent safeguard even to feeble contitutions and fragile frames, while as a cure for indigestion, biliousness and kindred complaints, it is without a rival.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

BOOK STORE.

School Books—Full Stock, lowest prices.

Writing Paper, Pens and Pencils.

Envelops, Visiting Cards.

Seaside Novels and Monroe's Library.

Blank Books, Gold Pens.

Autograph and Photograph Albums.

Wall Paper, Toilet Articles, Perfumery.

Fine Toilet Soap, Combs and Brushes.

Bathing Gloves and Towels.

SILVER

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FINE CIGARS, FRENCH CANDIES A SPECIALTY, TROPICAL FRUITS IN SEASON, PICTURES & PICTURE FRAMES, TOYS, DOLLS, VASES AND TOILET SETS. ACCORDEONS AND BANJOS, VIOLINS. GUITARS AND BANJO STRINGS.

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