

The Carolina Watchman, ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1852, PRICE, FIVE CENTS ADVANCE.

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

STRENGTH OF A DISEASED LIVER. It is the life of the body, and when it is weak, the body is weak. It is the source of all vitality, and when it is deranged, the body is diseased.

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

Persons travelling or living in unhealthy localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Diarrhoea, Nausea, Headaches, Depression of Spirits, etc.

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. Simon's Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical sciences.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From my experience in the use of Simon's Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use it as a purgative medicine.

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A GREAT TEMPTATION.

Alice Arden was not a woman one would select for a heroine because of her personality. She was neither large nor small; she was beautiful, I think (beauty is a hard thing to define and limit), but it was a beauty of no wonderful or unusual type, and was of that kind which grows on one gradually, as his knowledge of the possessor of it grows. There was a wealth of sweetness and purity shining up in her eyes which tears could never wash out; and the mouth indicated firmness and resolution, which had its beginning long before the night's vigil which had left it so sternly agnized.

The trouble which has come to Alice Arden is of no unusual kind. One may say, "only a lover's quarrel," but one should remember that there are heart tragedies in this world, under the torture of which men and women drag out long lives without finding peace. To Alice Arden it seemed as though everything worth having in life was now forever utterly beyond her hope.

She arose from the seat she had occupied for so long and, moved slowly around her humble room. She had not known until she moved how much she was suffering physically; how cold it was; how cramped and weary it was. She made a fire, and into the fire she remorselessly put all the fragments of the paper which she had spoiled in her efforts to write a simple letter, long ago when her sorrow was new. Long ago! Last night! Happiness gives wings of lightness to eternity (lying about our being and so called time rather than eternity), which we roughly measured, and call minutes and seconds; but sorrow weighs their noiseless feet with lead.

Mr. George Fenby was next among the actors in this little fragment of human life. He had sat at his window that morning as Alice Arden sat at hers. His window looked in the same direction. From it he saw much the same scene she saw. The stars faded out for him as for her; day brightened; the sunlight fell across his face. George Fenby thought of what he had to be thankful for this lovely morning. A small fortune, enough for himself—and one other, a fair woman—and good as fair—for his promised wife; health, education, friends, influence, position; it was indeed a goodly prospect.

There was a happy smile on his face as he heard his little brother knock at the door, and he answered "Come in" in a cheery voice. "Here's a letter for you, George." "Thank you," said George, as he took it. "You are welcome. By the handwriting on the envelope I judge the message will be a pleasant one." And the boy left the room. A pleasant message! The smile deepened on the man's face as he lovingly handled the letter a little time before he broke the seal. A pleasant message!

These were the words he read: "Mr. George Fenby—I will not consent to be any longer a hinderer regarding your higher ambition. I never wish to speak with you again in all my life. I give you back your freedom." ALICE ARDEN.

So Mr. Fenby's morning gift was the gift of his freedom. What should he do with it? His cheeks and lips grew cold and white at the thought. Merciful heaven! What could he do with it? The sky seemed darkened, the earth seemed dreary and desolate, George Fenby and Alice Arden, a bear quarter of a mile apart, could not have been more widely separated had an ocean stretched between them. And each looked at the same landscape and saw it alike at last.

she had been won by George Fenby instead of Ralph.

Ralph had never spoken to Alice of love, and we will respect his reserve. What he cared for her may remain a sealed book. George Fenby walked home alone. Ralph Warden came the same road, but a quarter of a mile behind him. Some distance out of the village, Ralph suddenly came upon two papers, resting on the roadside. They had most likely been pulled from the pocket of the owner in removing his pocket handkerchief. The smaller paper had been blown apart; it lay upon the other, and its contents were scattered all about. Ralph had read it before he had taken it into his hand, and before he was aware of what he was doing. We have seen the paper before. It was the brief letter in which Alice Arden had dismissed George Fenby.

Ralph Warden stood for a long time with the letter in his hand. "I've read it once; I can do no harm to read it again," he said. And he read it again—pot once merely, but a dozen times. It seemed as if he was trying to draw something from the bit of paper which he did not find there.

After a time he stooped and picked up the other paper—a long, folded document; but the action was merely a mechanical one. He did not open it to see what it was; but, with his head bent forward on his breast, and with a very grave face, he went on his way. He walked more slowly than before. He sometimes stopped and talked to himself from time to time. He read Alice Arden's letter again. Then for the first time he looked at the other. He turned it over and saw at once what it was—a deed from Bertram Kingsley, conveying certain lands and buildings to George Fenby.

Suddenly he stood still, and a hot fierce flush crept in to his face. "I wonder if it is true that hearts are ever caught in the rebound," as they sometimes say they are? I will—? And he clenched his hands and hurried on his way. He did not stop again until he reached home, where his mother and sister were waiting for him, nor did he think his thoughts aloud any more. With a few words of greeting, and a few more of excuse, he put his mother and sister aside for the present and went up to his own room.

Ralph Warden drew a long breath, and the light faded slowly out of his face. In a single moment he had seen the whole secret of the misunderstanding. Down went his head upon his hand on the table—the winter sunshine shown that day on no nobler head—and from his lips came those words of which frail humanity has deepest need, "Lead us not into temptation." He thought it all out. Bertram Kingsley owned the finest place in all Marsham, or had until the deed was made which conveyed it to George Fenby. Estella Kingsley, the daughter of Bertram, was a beauty and something of a flirt.

More than one lady of Marsham had quarreled with her lover on Estella Kingsley's account. And last night there had been a little gathering of the young people in the church, and circumstances had done their worst—seemingly. In the first place George Fenby came with Estella Kingsley; the meeting was not of a character to make it unkind for him to leave his promised wife to come with her father, as she had, but his coming with Miss Kingsley had been noticed by several. With the deed before him, Ralph Warden had no difficulty in deciding why George had been at Mr. Kingsley's, and subsequently why he had come as he had.

Ralph was well acquainted with a young man living where the Kingsleys had formerly resided, and through him he knew of the engagement of Miss Kingsley to a gentleman living there. He had known this for a long time; and knowing this had thought little of events which might otherwise have deeply affected him. Last night, for instance, a laughing group of gentlemen had spoken of Miss Kingsley. One had said: "She is a beauty and an heiress. Whoever wins her will have a beautiful home. The Kingsley estate is the finest one in Marsham."

"It's my highest ambition to be the master of that estate," laughed George, "and I have made an offer which I think will be accepted. I am to have an answer to night. If I succeed I shall be supremely happy. If not—why, I will do as other men have done—failing of what I want, I will take what I can get." Ralph could not remember where Alice Arden had been when those innocent words had been spoken. That she had been near enough to hear them was evidenced by her letter, which was before him; so he sat there and pitied Alice Arden for the faith in man which she had lost, as well as for the man himself who had been put from her. Ralph raised his head. The time had not been long since he sat down

to think. But he knew it all. Two proud and obstinate young creatures had parted by fate. And he muttered, with white, compressed lips: "I alone understand it all, I alone, of all the world can set it right. What a temptation!"

"We will not seek to follow his thoughts. What a man does should be the basis of our judgment, not what he would do. If he thought of the curative effect of time on suffering hearts, we can forgive him; if, a possible future, in which a happy home of his own was the central figure, rose up to meet him, he can do so as a man of his own mind."

The hand of sunshine rested on his head like a golden crown. His face was shining, glorified as he raised it to the light again. And surely the angels' record of a gift that day coming to the lot of those whose lives fall for a little time within the line of our story, when he said aloud, "I will do right! Alice Arden shall have her lover back again."

Evening service at the little church was over. Ralph Warden stood on the steps as the congregation came out. He looked happy. "If it be true that coming events cast their shadows before," and that "virtue is its own reward," he was happy. He spoke cheerfully to this one and that when they passed. He did not look like a conspirator. One would not have dreamed that he had made a plan which for audacity would find few rivals, while for simplicity it might find fewer.

"It's better to have it over as soon as possible," he said to himself; "better for them and for me." Alice Arden was passing him. He leaned forward, "Will you come for a little drive with me, Miss Arden? The night is perfect, and you look as if fresh air would do you good."

"She accepted at once, hoping as she did so that George Fenby would see her. He was not there to see, however, and Ralph had taken good care to know that. He was already half way home. But Miss Arden was in no mood to refuse. She was in reckless temper, and Ralph Warden had accounted on that. One desirous of widening the breach between Alice and George would have found it an easy task to make a beginning that night. Ralph Warden's lips moved slowly as he seated himself beside Alice, but we will not try to determine what he said to himself, in that crisis in more lives than one.

"I admire your cloak and hat," exclaimed Ralph, "though the saying may be as much a compliment to my sister's as to your own taste. Her's are like them, are they not?" "Very nearly; not quite. But I didn't know you ever noticed what your lady friends wear." "I don't very often. I did to day. Would the masculine eye detect the differences?" "I think not. But it is a pity to talk of dress on such a night as this. What a strong and helpful sermon we had this evening?" "Yes," said Ralph.

"They made a turn in the road and there was George himself only a few yards ahead. Alice put down her veil at once. "Surely, fate was on the side of Ralph Warden's plans that night. "Get in, George. I won't take a refusal." "Who is with you? Your sister?" "Yes," said Ralph, with a promptness which should be admired and pardoned. "Sit on this side," said Ralph, as George got in; "I will sit between you. The night is beautiful, isn't it?" "Very beautiful!" "Very beautiful!" said George, who really had not thought of it before. "You needn't go home at once. I will turn here, and we will drive over toward the shore."

He had turned his horse down the road leading in that direction before either of his companions could say a word. The two lovers were gazing on the scene they had looked upon in the morning. The moonlight may have softened the harshness of it a little, but the man between them heard a sob from the woman at his left, and saw the moon light sparkle suspiciously of the eyelashes of the man of his right. And he thought grimly of himself as the image of fate—fate, with the destiny of two human beings in his hand. "I found a paper of yours this morning," said Ralph, slowly, "and here it is. I could hardly help seeing what it was. I congratulate you on our bargain. You have bought the finest estate about here, George. It is remarkably cheap at that price. I believe the deed was signed last evening?" "Yes."

residence somewhere when that event takes place, for Mr. Jones, who is to marry her, has no fortune of his own.

"It has been your highest ambition to own that estate, hasn't it?" "Certainly. I wanted the finest place here." "You ought to be supremely happy. You said last night you would be when you owned the place." "Yes."

The answer was short. Ralph could feel the strong man on his right tremble in spite of his efforts to control himself, and he knew that the woman on his left was crying softly. "You said something last night about your ambition to be 'master of that estate. Do you remember what it was?" "Yes, I think I do. Something boastful, was it not?" "George Fenby was beginning to understand dimly why he had received the letter he had."

"Worse than that. Did you ever think that one overhearing it might think you meant to marry Miss Kingsley?" "Never until now. Oh, what have I done!" "No matter. Did you ever intend to marry her? Not a word of objection. You've been led into answering too many to stop now. I demand an answer, George. Did you?" "The eyes of the two men met. In Ralph's there was the determination to know, and perhaps something more. In George Fenby's there was surprise, which changed to satisfaction and indignation, which gradually faded out.

"Never on my honor," he answered. "Ralph Warden stopped the horse. They had driven far to the south, and now turned back toward the village again. In front of them was the level sweep of frozen marsh, but further on was the peaceful village with its lighted windows, and with its fringe of sheltering wooded hills behind it. On the right was the sea, calm and bright. He stepped into the road, placed the reins in George Fenby's unresisting hands. "Bring the horse home when it is all right," he said, "but take all the time you wish. Here is another paper of yours which I found this morning. Be thankful to-night that so meddlesome a man found it. Alice Arden and George Fenby, I give you back your future—and my blessing."

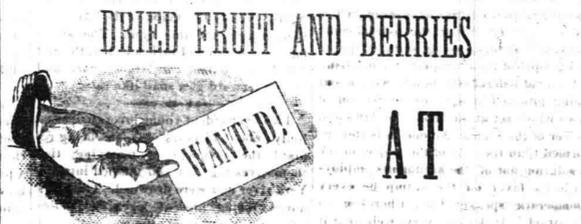
"He spoke to the horse, and obedient to his word, it dashed down the road and left him alone. There is no more need of following the lovers, to be sure that all came right, than there is following the rushing mountain stream to be sure it finds the sea. The Furman System in Cabarrus.

Correspondence Concord Register. I see in your last issue you speak of my cotton planted on the "intensive system." I ask your permission to state: 1st, I applied twelve thousand and not twelve hundred pounds of compost per acre. 2nd, I stated that I would increase the manure, according to Furman's plan to see if I could bring it up to three bales per acre. I do not believe that that amount of cotton can be made to the acre with one year's preparation, no matter what quantity of manure be applied. Some experienced cotton planters who saw mine the first part of August, thought with a favorable season, it would make some 3,000 pounds, and the seasons have been as bad as I ever knew at this time of the year.

I believe that the hill culture is by far the better and cheaper way to raise cotton where the land is level enough to admit of plowing in two directions—and a sufficient amount of manure can be applied. I may at some future time give you some items of cost, cultivation and yield. Yours truly, ERVIN HARRIS.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—In conversation to-day Ex-Governor Hendricks said he could not understand why Niel Pierce declined the republican nomination in Massachusetts. It may be politically significant, he said, but we can't tell about that yet. Butler will be re-elected. I think he is popular and gets the votes of the masses of the people of both parties. He is abused by almost everybody, but he keeps on his course without regard to whom he tramples on. He is ordinarily successful and always popular. I have heard that Butler refused to run against Pierce. None of them can beat Butler however.

1,000,000 POUNDS OF DRIED FRUIT AND BERRIES



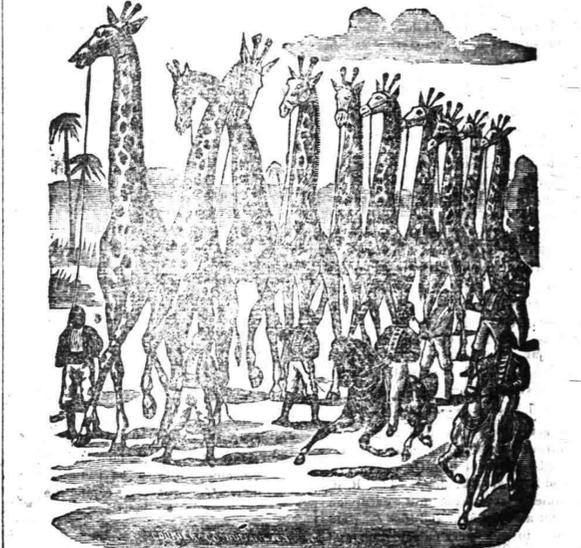
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They have just received a new supply of SUMMER GOODS, which they offer very cheap, with a full assortment of Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Furnishing Goods, SHOES AND HATS. Their Stock of Family Groceries is large and complete. They still have the best Flour, Oat Meal, Meats, Sugars, Teas, Coffee, 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.

J. R. KEEN, Salisbury, N. C. Agent for PHOENIX IRON WORKS, Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, AND TURBINE WHEELS Also, Contractor and Builder.

THE ONLY BIG SHOW COMING THIS SEASON WILL EXHIBIT AT SALISBURY, OCTOBER 11.

Thursday SELLS BROTHERS ENORMOUS RAILROAD SHOWS NOW ALL UNITED IN ONE VAST and COLOSSAL EXHIBITION



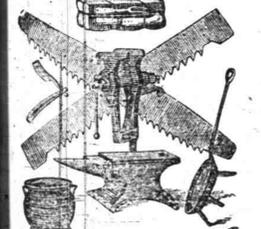
NO OTHER SHOW HAS ONE OF THESE FEATURES!

HERDS OF ASIATIC ELEPHANTS, A DROVE OF GIRAFFES, NINE AFRICAN ELEPHANTS, A WHOLE FLOCK OF OSTRICHES, THE ONLY WOOLY ELEPHANT, A FIVE TON RHINOCEROS, A SCORE OF LIONS, FIVE BENGAL TIGERS, A SCHOOL OF SEA LIONS, PERFORMING ZEBRAS, A BLUE NOSE MANDRILL, THE ONLY LION SLAYER, BRAZILIAN TAMBOUR, TWO GOLDEN HORLARS, TWO HORNED HORSES, AFRICAN ELANDS, KANGAROOS, POLAR BEARS, NYL GHAI, BLACK YARKE, BABBOONS, APES, COLONIES, MYRIADS OF BIRDS, 100 MONKEYS, 20 CLOWNS, 10 Great Riders, 24 Gold Charlots, 6 Bands of Music, 24 Great LEAPERS, Troupe of Aerobists, Troupes of GYMNASTS, SCORES OF ACROBATS, TO ALL THE PATRONS, STRONGEST MAN Living, OF OUR GREAT SHOW, STIRK BICYCLE TROUPE, Prof. WHITE'S DOG CIRCUS, 6 FRENCH EQUESTRIENNES, THE CARON FRENCH FAMILY, MOST GORGEOUS PAGEANT, 3 MILES OF STREET DISPLAY, 50 CAGES OF ANIMALS, A THOUSAND MEN AND HORSES, THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE REVIVED, A GLITTERING ROYAL MARCH, GLISTENING WITH GOLD AND SILVER, A THOUSAND COSTLY BANNERS.

Notwithstanding the Enormous Expense attending so vast an Exhibition, the Admission is not more than small Shows charge.

BLACKMER & TAYLOR

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

We also handle Rifle and Blasting Powder FUSE and a full line of Mining Supplies.

We will Duplicate Any Prices in the State. CALL AND SEE US. F. N. BLACKMER, SAML TAYLOR, Oct. 7, 1882, 50:1y