J. R. Smith

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XIV.---THIRD SERIES SALISBURY, N. C., OCTOBER 4, 1883. NO 51

The Carolina Watchman,
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1852.
PRICE, $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

DARBYS
PROPHYLACTIC
FLUID.
A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Eradicates MALARIA.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Salivation, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the Sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

Fevered and Sick Persons refreshed and Bed Sores prevented by bathing with Darbys Fluid.
Impure Air made harmless and purified.
For Sore Throat it is a sure cure.
Contagion destroyed.
For Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Piles, Chafings, etc.
Rheumatism cured.
Soft White Complexions secured by its use.
Ship Fever prevented.
To purify the Breath, Cleanse the Teeth, it can't be surpassed.
Catarrh relieved and cured.
Erysipelas cured.
Burns relieved instantly.
Scars prevented.
Dysentery cured.
Wounds healed rapidly.
Scurvy cured.
An Antidote for Animal or Vegetable Poisons, Stings, etc.

I used the Fluid during our present affliction with Scarlet Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick-room.—Wm. F. Sandford, Eyrie, Ala.

SMALL-POX and PITTING of Small Pox PREVENTED

A member of my family was taken with Small-pox. I used the Fluid; the patient was not delirious, was not pitted, and was about the house again in three weeks, and no others had it.—J. W. Parkinson, Philadelphia.

Diphtheria Prevented.

The physicians here use Darbys Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria.
A. Stollenwerck, Greensboro, Ala.

Tetter dried up.
Cholera prevented.
Ulcers purified and healed.
In cases of Death it should be used about the corpse—it will prevent any unpleasant smell.

The eminent Physician, J. MARION SIMS, M. D., New York, says: "I am convinced Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."

Scarlet Fever Cured.

Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and detergent it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted.—N. T. Lupton, Prof. Chemistry.

Darbys Fluid is Recommended by
Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia;
Rev. Chas. F. Deems, D.D., Church of the Strangers, N. Y.;
Jos. LeConte, Columbia, Prof., University, S.C.
Rev. A. J. Battle, Prof., Mercer University;
Rev. Geo. F. Pierce, Bishop M. E. Church.

INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY HOME.
Perfectly harmless. Used internally or externally for Man or Beast.
The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we have abundant evidence that it has done everything here claimed. For fuller information get of your Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietors,
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.

BLACKMER & TAYLOR
HAVING PURCHASED
THE

STOCK
OF
WM. SMITHDEAL,
AS WELL AS THE INTEREST OF
R. R. Crawford, of the firm of
R. R. CRAWFORD & CO.

We are now prepared to supply our customers with all kinds of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
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.
W. N. BLACKMER, SAM'L TAYLOR.
Oct. 5, 1882 50:1y

The following letter was published in last week's paper but was badly mutilated by the accidental omission of two paragraphs. It is republished here in justice to the author of it, in a corrected form.

Our Exhibit.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 21, 1883.

The most welcome change here this week is the marked improvement in attendance. It is more than double that of last week. The indications are that when the great system of excursions, which is so arranged as to not only accommodate all New England, but sections more remote, shall pour in their thousands, the attendance will amount to a throng. These excursions begin the first of October and last through the month. It is very essential to the success of North Carolina's great effort that the attendance be large; for otherwise our mammouth collection would be shorn of its strength. There need be no apprehension on this score, however.

Some material improvement in the more tasteful and artistic arranging of exhibits is always going on, and is, of course, much more noticeable to the occasional visitor than those constantly here. It may be well to remark that our exhibit has been very much complimented for its arrangement, which is attractive and systematic.

Our people may wish to know something definite of what we have here and how it strikes the visitor. Suppose we look around. To-day, a scientific man of some prominence from New York city, visited us. He said he had seen so much in the papers about North Carolina's exhibit that he made the journey purposely to see it. Beginning with the gold ores, he was shown through. Of the gold ores there are 110 mill specimens, of say 80 pounds each, average. As he looked he said; "Why Rowan seems to be the boss county." Of these 110 specimens, Rowan has 26—nearly one-fourth. These ores are of special interest in that they show an immense variety from a source practically inexhaustable.

Next we come to the copper ores, some twenty-five bright specimens, varying from lean ores to the highest grades of prill and gray copper. When the extent and value of these were recited, the argentifferous galena next commanded attention. These were from some dozen localities, and of considerable interest. Some forty specimens of iron ore are next examined—ores of all grades, magnitite, hematite, limonite, spathic ore, or siderite, &c. "Well," says our visitor, "I never would have believed it; I have heard North Carolina talked, but I was unprepared for this."

Now look at the marbles—a table full of nicely polished specimens—all colors; black, white, dove, rose and variagated, very attractive for all ornamental work. Building stones? Yes, here they are. Granites, from fifteen localities—white, black, green, red, gray, Scotch and porphyritic; sandstone, from eleven localities—red, brown and yellow; gneiss—solid colors, stripped and spotted; serpentines of several shades; syenite from three or more localities, including "Dunn's Mountain" in Rowan; leopardite (segregations of manganese in quartz porphyry) showing both the spots and the ferns and mosses. All of these are highly polished and created much favorable comment among all visitors, and especially so among quarrymen and stone-masons. Besides these there are, in the rough, ten or more varieties of talc or soapstone from various localities, embracing all grades from purest talc to ordinary gray soapstone; shell-rock, itacolumite, hone-stone, grindstone and millstone grit. A very interesting collection of stones. The Davie county spotted stone bears the name of "orbicular granite" until some higher authority changes the appellation.

Now look at those piles of wood, a hundred and fifty-eight stumps of huge trees fresh from the forest, cut in disks of from one to four feet, and arranged in order. Some of these are from five to six feet in diameter, while the whole lot will probably average 2½ feet. Walking between this display of wood and long showcases of bright, golden tobacco, until you reach the other end of our space, where it is well to pause and look at the precious stones, some cut and some set in gold. Charles W. Wheeler, of Charlotte, has his private cabinet of cut gems here, and J. A. D. Stephenson, of Statesville, part of his cabinet. Mr. Sephenson's cabinet contains crystals and rare minerals of scientific interest mainly. The most beautiful and expensive precious stones are displayed by Prof. W. E. Hidden. It may be well to state what they are, together with their value. Among the most noteworthy are two crystals of emerald, one 5 inches long and the other 3½, the two having an aggregate value of $1,500 as they are, in their rough state. Two crystals of Hiddenite, transparent and of fine color, on a matrix of hard quartzite, valued at $500. A pair of cut earrings $250, and a beautiful small stud set in solid gold worth $60, both of hiddenite. A citrine topaz of unblemished transparency and very large size—as large as a partridge egg—worth about $400, and a smoky topaz, nearly three times the size of the first named, of a pleasing chocolate brown color—value $150. A pair of yellow spodumenes, beautiful as diamonds, worth $200 the pair. A quamarines, garnets (almost ruby color), rutile, *"fleck d'amour,"* etc., of value from $10 to $50 each. This whole collection, embracing not only the cabinets mentioned above, but the numberless gatherings of the late Prof. Humphreys, of Greensboro, excites much attention from scientific people, and is the admiration of all vistors.

In the early part of the week we were visited by embassies of Corea and of the West India Islands, and yesterday by Gov. Cameron and party, of Virginia. The truth of the matter is that North Carolina has the attion of the American Fair, and around our department the visitor lingers; for here he finds most of interest. T.K.B.

GOLD AND GILT.

CHAPTER I.

She was a very pretty girl, and she knew it, and did her best, in an innocent sort of way, to let other people know it, and she could not help thinking, as she walked along the Feltham road, that keeping company with Tom Dawlish—who was just a plain, honest, hard-working young felllow—was rather a waste of time, and that marrying him would be altogether throwing herself away.

Her reflections came to an end at the door of Messrs. Bradbury's office, and she walked in wholly intent on the bill she had to pay. A smart looking young man received the money; when the receipt was made out, and she turned to go, she found the shower, which had threatened for some time, was coming down with a vengeance.

"Oh! dear," she said, "and I have no umbrella."

'Wait here a few minutes, Miss; it will soon be over,' said the smart young man; and then having accepted his offer of shelter Mary found herself after a minute or two, thinking that he was a very nice young gentleman (as she afterwards described him to the cook), and that he had beautiful hair—it was so nicely curled, and he had a little dark mustache, and wore such a pretty blue necktie; oh, he was very nice looking indeed.

'Are you Miss Poole's sister?' he asked, after a few minutes' conversation. Mary flushed as she replied truthfully—for she was far too good a girl even to equivocate—that she was not such a distinguished individual, but only the housemaid and chambermaid combined. And then he asked what her name was; and with another blush she told him that it was Clara, but Mrs. Poole said it was too fine a name for a servant, and so called her Mary.

'I shall call you Clara,' he said—'shall I?' he added, with an appealing glance. Mary felt her heart beat faster; something seemed to tell her that her destiny had come and she had no words to utter, so he followed up his successful sally with another one: "Do you ever get out of an evening for a walk?"

'Sometimes,' she said, softly.

'Will you go out for a walk with me next time?'

'It wouldn't be right; you are quite strange, you see,' she answered softly.

'Oh, we'll soon get over that, you know. Perhaps you are engaged, though?'

Mary's inconvenient heart gave a thump, which showed that he meant business—i. e., matrimony.

'No, I'm not; but I'm wanted to be.'

Not a very lucid answer, but he understood it.

'Who to?' he asked, coaxingly.

'Well, perhaps I oughtn't to say his name,' she answered slowly; for in this the most important moment of her life, as she felt it to be, words seemed altogether to fail her.

'What is he?'

'He—he's a carpenter.' Mary never felt the truth more difficult to tell in all her life.

'A carpenter?' he said in a telling tone of inquiry, not unmixed with scorn.

"Well, of course, I'm no better than a carpenter'—

'Oh, you are, you are, sir!' said Mary, in her excitement, putting out her hand and resting it for a moment on his sleeve.

Mary lost her heart to the smart young man with the blue tie and the well-oiled hair. He never said anything more definite than he said that first day; but he was always ready to take her out, and most particular about her dress; and the result was that all her little hoard of savings went in more or less ill-chosen finery, and Tom Dawlish was forgotten.—There was one thing she refused to do, and that was she would not give up her Saturday afternoon to him.—She had always had to take little Franky Poole out for a long walk on that day, and she never would consent to his being allowed to run about wild in Kensington Gardens, as Alfred Hill (for so the smart young man called himself) suggested, while she walked about with her sweetheart.

He is such a wild little fellow; nobody knows what he might do if he had the chance.'

'Ah! you don't care for me,' said the hero of the coal merchant's office, and the proud recipient of thirty shillings a week income. No answer came save that her clasped hands made one dumb movement in contradiction.—Not love him? Why, every moment in the day was devoted to thinking of him; her work was neglected; her money spent; her place in a fair way of being forfeited, and poor Tom Dawlish nearly heart-broken, and yet he said she did not love him. "Ah! you don't care for me!' he repeated artfully enough, for no avowal of his own feeling had ever escaped his lips.

'Oh! I do, I do,' she said; and covering her face with both hands, let her head down upon his shoulder.

CHAPTER II.

'I hate school,' Franky Poole informed her one morning as he sat on the table while she sewed a button on his trousers.

'I should like to be a sailor.'

'Goodness! Master Franky, what's put that into your head?'

'Oh, nothing; only Tom Dawlish was telling me about it; what they did in the wrecks, you know, and all that. I should like to be on a raft, I should,' and he drew his naked toes on to the table and wriggled them about at the thought of the great things he would do. 'Tom's coming to-day, I heard mamma say so; and if he isn't gone when I come back this afternoon I shall ask him more about it.'

'I'd tell him not to be filling the child's head with such nonesense, only I don't want to get in his way,' Mary thought. But somehow Tom got into her way in the afternoon.

'Look here, Mary,' he said, 'I want to speak to you. It isn't that I want you to look at me if you havn't a mind to, though goodness knows I'd do anything for you; but I don't want to see a nice girl like you a lowering of yourself by walking out with a chap like Alfred Hill.'

'What's it got to do with you?' she said angrily.

'Why, just this, that I found out a bit about him, and he's only laughing at you, and thinking you are a nice looking girl when you are dressed up, to walk about with; but as for marrying you he'll no more do it than that"—and snapped his fingers, tho' what that action had to do with Mr. Alfred Hill's intention he did not explain. 'Why, he's going to marry the daughter of Mr. Brooks, what travels for the firm, that's what he's going to do. Ask him, and see if he can deny it. Why, it's coming off directly, only she's nothing to look at, so he isn't fond of showing her off, but she's got some money, she has, and plays on the piano, and looks like a lady.'

'How do you know?' Mary asked, her very lips turning white, for her exacting heart knew that he had fallen off lately, and that he was not what he had been in the Spring (the Summer was over). Not that for a single moment she believed Tom's words.

'Why, I work there, and the servants told me. Besides, I've seen him go there courting.'

'I don't believe it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself,' and she rushed away to hide her gathering tears and frightened face.

She wrote to him asking him to meet her that night; but he replied with an excuse that made her heart sick. He would meet her to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon in Kensington Gardens, if she liked, he said; and to this she consented, and for the first time, and for his sake, was false to her charge of Franky.

'You run about, Master Franky, dear,' she said; 'I want to talk to a friend of mine—but don't go out of sight,' and then in her bewilderment she forgot all about him. Alfred Hill looked rather bored than otherwise, but he was smiling and shiny as ever. She hardly greeted him when he appeared, but she looked at him with all the admiration she had ever felt for him intensified by her fear. He sat down beside her, and elegantly crossing his legs, began tapping his highly polished boots with his bone-headed cane.

'Alfred,' she said, crossing her hands and looking him straight in the eyes, 'is it true that you are going to get married directly?'

'Who's told you so?'

'It isn't any account who told me; is it true as you are going to marry Miss Brooks because she plays on the piano and has money, and I—' The tears came into her eyes, and her lips quivered with anguish. 'Oh, it isn't true! I know it isn't!' and she touched his hand in her dismay, and looked up into his eyes with all her heart's story written in her eyes.

'I don't see why it shouldn't be, and so there's the long and short of it, my dear girl.'

'But it isn't, it isn't?' she said appealingly.

'Well, yes, it is true,' he said, slowly, not daring to look her in the face; 'so you may as well know it at once.'

She stood up before him.

'True! Do you mean to say, Alfred, after all that has passed between us, that you are going to be married to some one else?'

'I really don't know what you mean by 'what has passed between us.' You don't think I was going to marry you?'

'Why couldn't I?'

'Well, I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but consider the difference in our positions. One walks out with a pretty girl, but one dosent' marry her.'

'You are not a gentleman, as you think yourself, Alfred Hill,' she said slowly. You are dressed like one, but you are just a bit of a clerk, not better than a respectable girl like me; you are not a gentleman. A gentleman doesn't try to take a girl's good name and win her heart as you have done.'

Mary often wondered how she fought her battle as she did; but she seemed to have no feeling then, only to realize that which would come hereafter.

'I'm sorry that you let yourself fall in love with me,' said he tapping his boot again. 'I thought you would have had more pride, at any rate till you were asked.'

'More pride! What do you take me for?' she asked, her cheeks flushing. 'Do you think I'd walk out with one, and talk to him, and let him talk to me as you've done if I hadn't cared for him? I've too much pride for that, and I shouldn't be fit company for any honest man if I hadn't. And you know that I've liked you, for you made me say it, and you know it; but it isn't you that I like, but the man I took for you, and he isn't he at all.'

'Well, I'm sorry you are disappointed in your hope of bettering yourself by marrying above you. I think after all yo've said, we'd better part.'

'The sooner the better;' and she let him go, and then she sat down and almost sobbed her poor foolish heart out, and spent the bitterest hour of her life beneath the trees from which the leaves were falling. Suddenly she looked up for Franky; he was nowhere to be seen. She called at the top of her voice; no answer came. With a fear that deadened all other feelings she ran to and fro in a wild endeavor to find him. She asked the policeman at the gate: he had not seen him; an hour passed in fruitless search; and then, pale with fear and trembling in every limb, she went home to relate the terrible news. Just as she got to the door she saw through the gathering shadows Tom Dawlish, and in his arms a little figure, which her heart told her was Master Franky.

'I met this young gentleman as he was running away to be a sailor, and luckily brought him back.'

'Running away! Why, how were you going to get to sea?'

'I was going to walk there,' said Frank, stoutly.

'You would have killed your poor mamma.'

'Mamma,' said Frank Poole the next day, would it kill you if I ran away to sea?'

'Yes, dear, I think it would.'

'Oh, well then,' he answered patronizingly, 'I won't.'

It was springtime again when Tom Dawlish asked Mary the question once more. He had a good situation and a prospect of a rise; and he'd always been daft on her; and he wanted to know if she could love him. She looked up with a face that had grown thin and pale and answered truthfully and simply:

'I don't think I do now, Tom, but if you like to wait, I think it'll come.'

'Bless you!' said Tom; 'I'd wait seven years rather than lose you.'

But he had only to wait one. 'He's gold and t'other was gilt,' said Mary on her wedding day; and she was right.

Farish Furman left his widow and children in comfortable circumstances. He was insured for $5,000 in the American Legion of Honor and $3,000 in the Royal Arcanum. This will more than pay his debts and leave his estate unencumbered. His rental from his plantation amounts to about 70 bales of cotton, and his profits from the farm he cultivates will be about $1,500. His estate will get a royalty on every ton of fertizers made by his compost, and sold by the Furman Fertilizer Company, which is estimated at $1,200 $1,500 for the present season, and more in the future.

Two of the oldest and best remedies are Allcock's Porous Plasters and Brandreth's Pills. They are celebrated household necessities. For sprains, rheumatism, pains in the side, back, or chest, or any suffering that is accessible from the exterior, Allcock's Porous Plasters are perfection, while for regulating the blood, Brandreth's Pills are unequaled. Always keep them on hand. 18:1y

Water for Stock.

Animals need good water as well as men do. We all know more or less about the effects of filthy water on the human system. Many and dangerous diseases come from its use, perhaps more than from any other cause. It is precisely the same with animals. We believe says the Kansas Farmer, and our belief is founded on many years' observation, that most of the fevers in cattle, sheep, horses and hogs, are caused by the drinking of impure water. We have lost cattle that we believe died from that cause alone. Only four years ago we lost a good cow, and no cause could we find that could have possibly produced the fever of which she died, except the standing water she drank out on the open prairie. We have seen many instances of supposed Texas fever in places where no Texas cattle had been for years.

The subject is a very important one, and farmers and stockmen need to exercise much caution and prudence in the matter.

C. E. Hillard, of Faulkner county, Arkansas, is making a folding secretary for the Louisville Exposition. The top of the secretary is made of specimens of Arkansas wood, fitted in so as to form a map of the United States; each State is made from a different kind of wood. There are forty eight varieties of Arkansas wood worked in the secretary.

Fireworks on Broad Street.

On Tuesday evening, October second—a week from next Tuesday—our citizens will be treated to a grand pyrotechnic display on Broad street—the occasion being the reception of Company H. of the famous 22d regiment of New York, which comes here as the guests of the Veteran Zouaves, who intend to make the parade one of the most brilliant ever seen here. Company H is one of the best drilled organizations in the metropolis, while its members move in the best society—most of them being gentlemen of wealth. They will arrive here at half past eight o'clock, the street reception taking place near the depot. The pyrotecnics will be under the personal supervision of Mr. Wakefield, representing the firm of Isaac Edge & Son, of Jersey City. The Zouaves will parade with full ranks, and their band and drum corps of forty musicians. At the armory Mayor Grier will welcome the visitors, after which there will be military exercises and dancing until 12 o'clock, when the Zouaves will entertain their guests at supper.—*Elizabeth, (N.J.) Sunday Leader.*

George Wallace, the negro convicted of the murder of Jansen in Savannah, Ga., became a raving maniac when it was announced to him that the Governor would not interfere with the death sentence.

J. R. KEEN,
Salisbury, N. C.
Agent for PHŒNIX IRON WORKS,
Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills,
AND
TURBINE WHEELS
Also, Contractor and Builder.
Ja 25, '83.—1y

THE ONLY BIG SHOW COMING THIS SEASON
WILL EXHIBIT AT
SALISBURY, Thursday OCTOBER 11.
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
NINE AFRICAN ELEPHANTS
THE ONLY WOOLY ELEPHANT
A SCORE OF LIONS
A SCHOOL OF SEA LIONS
A BLUE NOSE MANDRIL
BRAZILIAN TAMINOIR
Two HORNED HORSES
KANGAROOS
NYL GHAU
BABBOONS
COLONIES OF MONKEYS
100 Artists
10 Great Riders
6 Bands of Music
Troupe of Aerialists
SCORES of ACROBATS
STRONGEST MAN Living
STIRK BICYCLE TROUPE
6 FRENCH EQUESTRIENNES
MOST GORGEOUS PAGEANT
50 CAGES OF ANIMALS
THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE REVIVED
GLISTENING WITH GOLD AND SILVER

THE $100,000 FEATURE.
NO OTHER SHOW HAS THEM!
LOOK! A TWO MILLION DOLLAR UNION. ONE THOUSAND ASSOCIATED NEW PAINTINGS. THE LARGEST AND BEST SHOW ON EARTH. A WHOLE WORLD OF NEW WONDERS. SEE!
WE EXHIBIT THEM FREE TO ALL THE PATRONS OF OUR GREAT SHOW.

A DROVE OF GIRAFFES
A WHOLE FLOCK OF OSTRICHES
A FIVE TON RHINOCEROS
FIVE BENGAL TIGERS
PERFORMING ZEBRAS
THE ONLY LION SLAYER
HUGE GORILLAS
AFRICAN ELANDS
POLAR BEARS
VLACK VARKE
APES
MYRIADS OF BIRDS
20 CLOWNS
6 LADY RIDERS
20 Gold'n Chariots
24 Great LEAPERS
Troupes of GYMNASTS
7 Performing STALLIONS
Prof. WHITE'S DOG CIRCUS
The CARON FRENCH FAMILY
3 MILES OF STREET DISPLAY
A THOUSAND MEN AND HORSES
A GLITTERING ROYAL MARCH
A THOUSAND COSTLY BANNERS

THE FEATURE OF ALL FEATURES! A PAIR OF LIVING
HIPPOPOTAMI, MALE & FEMALE

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