

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XV.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., APRIL 17, 1884.

F O 27

MONEY IN IT FOR FARMERS.

Think just a moment! It may be greatly to your profit
To Buy Your
KAINIT, ACID, PHOSPHATE AND GUANOS

from one to whom you can sell your cotton, &c.—I have now ready and am selling
every day for cash, or on time to suit my customers,

ROYSTER'S

HIGH GRADE ACID PHOSPHATE,

which is the best acid sold in the State beyond doubt.—Also, the

ASHEPOO ACID PHOSPHATE,

which stands so high in Georgia and South Carolina that they pay \$1 per ton more for
it than for other brands. But I will sell at a small profit to meet prices of other brands.
Also, I have the best

GERMAN KAINIT

ON SALE IN THE COUNTRY.

These Goods for Composting, &c., are the very best that can be got anywhere. There
is none better. Call at once, get prices and put in your orders.

J. D. GASKILL.

TOBACCO!

If ever you had a showing for fine prices, it is in
the crop of Tobacco to be planted this year.

We keep a store, and strive to have in that store everything a farmer would like
to buy, both for himself and his family. We want our customer to be a cheerful man,
and if he has money in his purse he will be cheerful; but he can't be if, when he comes
to sell his crop, it brings him little or nothing. Everybody knows that on the fertilizer
he uses, allowing the season to be at all favorable, depends the result of his crop, and
this being the case, he has no right to risk that crop on anything that has not been
tried and proved. The following will show what has been "tried and proved," in the
fertilizer way, on fine tobacco, and Major RAGLAND, of Halifax county, Va., the great
tobacco authority, and grower of pedigree tobacco seed, is the man who tells about it.
If anybody knows what tobacco is he certainly does:

"There are several brands of fertilizer manufactured specially for tobacco, differing
in composition, price, and merit; and after repeated experiments with most, if not all
the best, the author gives it as his decided opinion, that for fine, bright, silky tobacco,
NOTHING EQUALS THE

'ANCHOR BRAND'

Tobacco Fertilizer, prepared by the Southern Fertilizing Company, Richmond, Va.
And this opinion is based upon seventeen years' trial, and often in competition with the
best of other brands on the market. It is a tried and proved fertilizer, which the planter
can use without the risk of getting something unsuited to his crop; and therefore I
can recommend it with confidence.

Messrs. Mathews & Williamson, of Reidsville, N. C., wrote the following to the
Company, and state that they have seen nothing since to change their judgment.

"From our own personal experience, and it covers a long time, in watching the re-
sults from the use of various brands of commercial fertilizers handed in this section, it
is our mature judgment that the 'ANCHOR BRAND' stands at the head of all
for the production of fine, silky, yellow tobacco. The plant seems to receive more fitting
nourishment from the use of this article than from any other, and we are of opinion
that if our farmers made it their stand-by, we would hear less of light chaffy tobacco,
having some color but no body, and that the farmer would realize the result he ought
to enjoy from his labor; for low-grade tobacco will not bring big money."

Now we want you to have "big money" for your crop; because we not only desire
you to make good bills with us, but pay for them when they are made; hence we han-
dle the 'Anchor Brand,' and will supply you, in quantities to suit, direct from the
factory. We don't want people to abuse us about their fertilizer; we, therefore, sell
only what time has shown to be the best. So, make no arrangements in this line, until
you see or confer with us. You certainly can't afford to take any risk this year.

J. D. GASKILL.

COTTON!

I will have this Season in larger quantity than ever before, the old reliable

SEA FOWL GUANO

FOR COTTON. It is a pleasure to sell this brand because it pleases. And one fact
worthy of notice is, that it has increased in sales the last two years, which no other
brand has done in this market. Also, I will have

HYMANS & DANCY'S PREMIUM GUANO,

which is one of the favorites of Cabarrus farmers.

No other brand stands any higher with them, and we all know that they are good and
successful farmers, and especially raise fine large crops of Cotton.

"And to accommodate my friends and customers, I will keep on hand a fullstock of
Flour, Corn, Meal, Oats, cotton seed Meal, Bran, Ship Stuff, Bacon, Molasses, Salt,
&c., &c., that I will sell for cash or barter very low. Also, will sell on time.

Have a small lot of prime CLOVER SEED.

J. D. GASKILL.

DANISH BARQUE RIALTO,

On Voyage from Wilmington, N. C.,
Towards Trieste, Austria, Dec. 18,
1883.

On a bright cold morning in December when a keen Nor'wester was causing the fortunate possessors of topcoats to button them up more closely, a jovial party was clustered around the roaring, cherry stove in the snug cabin of the "Minnehaha."

These persons were not unreasonable pleasure seekers, but were voyagers from Wilmington, to that sandy city by the sea which bears the wild, weird name of Smithville, and thence to lands beyond the sea. The party consisted of a stalwart, handsome Norwegian captain and his pretty Norwegian bride, destined to share with him for the first time the ups and downs (and they are distressingly lively sometimes) of a sailor's life, a jovial little barrel-shaped German, who looked the very personification of the old adage "laugh and grow fat," and last but not least several rosy checked damsels of assorted nationalities, the daughters of various captains whose ships lay at Smithville. These damsels, judging from the multiplicity of their parcels, had been indulging in that great feminine luxury "shopping," and were returning to their vagrant homes. Besides the cabin passengers there was a little knot of deck passengers gathered together forward. These were for the most part truant "Jacks" who had run the risk of their captains' ire and certain punishment for the sake of a parting glass of grog with some charming maid with an extensive capacity for tarry lovers. These desperately amorous mariners were under the convoy of their respective "old men," and were consequently a lugubrious looking party. In about three hours after leaving Wilmington, the Ville de Smith hove in sight. As we steam between the monstrous vessels lying at anchor there was a lusty hailing of ships by the passengers of the Minnehaha, and a simultaneous dipping of flags aboard the crafts whose commanders or "commanders" were among our number. "Echo ahoy!" Rialto ahoy!" "Polandra ahoy!" rent the air, and by the time we reached the wharf a lively race was ensuing between the gigs of the different ships, trying which should first reach us. After a good many ejaculations by the boat's crew, induced by the specific gravity and general unman gentleness of my Saratoga, we pulled off and in ten minutes were alongside the great black hull of the Rialto. This vessel had been and was destined again to be for many months my home my prison, and "guendabre?" my funeral pyre, or sepulchre, for as Bill Afer says of womankind, with knowledge gained by experience, ships "are variegated and peculiar" in their actions. My hand was grasped in the cordial but exasperatingly vigorous welcome of "Min Herr Styromond" Jorgensen. This hearty "velkommen on board!" assured me that I was at home again. All morning we worked hard endeavoring to get the remainder of our stores on board before ebb tide. In the afternoon a strong south wester effectually terminated our chances of departure for that day. So in lieu of something better we went visiting. May I tell you how an afternoon was spent among the descendants of "Virking's bold" and "Norsemen brave?" A short pull in the neat little gig, which flew swiftly over the wave crests urged by the lusty strokes of four sturdy "blue jackets," brought us to the Norwegian barque "Echo," bound, like the "Rialto," for Trieste. We were cordially received by Capt. H., and his bride, whom we prevailed upon to accompany us on our visitatorial round. The breeze had freshened, and the angry, foam-crested waves were beginning to roll threateningly across the bar and disturb the placid waters within. Our little boat laden to the gunwales with human freight began to indulge in some surprising antics; now dancing gaily upon the milky crest, now making an exploring dive into the dark trough of the waves in a manner far from assuring to nervous constitutions. She suddenly capped the climax of her bad behaviour by presenting her broadside to a great green monster which speedily rushed in, thereby dampening the ardor and attire of the occupants. Fortunately the unwelcome Neptunal salutation was made when we were near our destination. In a few moments after the whole party was snugly ensconced in the warm cosy salon of the Tros. The hospitable commander was soon exploring his marine wardrobe in quest of suitable attire for his bedraggled guests. Unfortunately however the mystery of feminine drapery was one which good Capt. B. had never solved, and when his eye fell upon the dripping bride his countenance lengthened visibly. As his bold spirit had never quailed

under the demonstration of feminine rule, surely it would not be daunted by the absence of feminine apparel. The young "Fru," after much persuasion disappeared into an inner state room whence shortly emerged, clad in glowing blushes and a hybrid attire which seemingly added more to her confusion than her comfort. After the well being of the outer man had been secured, a diminutive tow headed cabin boy made his appearance at the door and disgorged a string of gutturals, "Versagod Fruen og Herren teen er fardig," (If you please, ladies and gentlemen, tea is ready.) We adjourned to the dining salon to partake of a typical Scandinavian repast, consisting of black bread, white bread, Norwegian smoked salmon, preserved fish roes, a mysterious and utterly undefinable porcine preparation. Ost, a kind of cheese which smells like Vesuvius in eruption and compared with which Cumberger is aromatic with other dishes too numerous to mention and too hard to spell. Scandinavians never drink tea or coffee at their meals but always after. At the conclusion of the meal we all arose and bowing to our host, said "Tak fer mad" (thanks for the food), after which we were again taken to the inner salon. Capt. B. is a B. A. of the Royal Christiania Institute, and the master of eight modern and two ancient languages. He is also an accomplished musician, and favored us with a charming selection from his "repertoire." Now a gem from Strauss, now a snatch from Il Trovatore, or a bit from I Puritani or La Sonnambula, then the spirited strains of a national anthem. Most strikingly beautiful and characteristic are the Folkgesang, and some pieces from the Scandinavian lieder. One does not require to be told that these heart songs had their birth in the land of the sea kings, the land of Odin and Thor. The spirit of that far away peninsular runs through the whole. Now we hear the sullen Arctic waves as they break upon that iron bound coast, now the rush and scream of the circling sea gulls, again the shriek of the wintry gale as it sweeps with resistless fury over snow capped hill and foam capped billow, carrying death to the sturdy toilers of the sea, and destruction to the hearts of those who in their sea girt cottages watch for the coming of their dear ones. At long intervals a bright chord reminds one of a sudden gleam of wintry sunshine reflected from the glittering summits of snow capped mountains. This is the true music of nature and of nature's children. It is the influence of these never forgotten strains that fires the heart and courage of the Scandinavian wanderer, which fans the flame of home love, and strengthens sturdy arms. It is the ever present memory of these songs of home and Fatherland that gives to the children of the North their sturdy independence and unity of purpose, and inspires respect for them "where'er their wandering footsteps turn." They never cease to love their birthplace, and never abandon the hope of returning to that bleak and storm cursed land so dear to them.

We had ordered our boat for 10 P. M. While merriment and good fellowship reigned within the Tros, Neptune and Boreas were marshaling their forces. The shriek of the wind through the naked spars, the creaking of the ship's timbers and the "thud" of the waves against her side warned us that the battle of the elements had begun in earnest. One of the men on the lookout announced that an American vessel was signalling us with colored lights. Upon going on deck the vessel informed us that our boat's crew was with them and would remain until the turn of the tide. About 12 o'clock they came to us, almost exhausted from struggling against the tide. Our homeward trip contained all the elements of discomfort. It was piercing cold, the waves ran high, "their white tops flashing through the night,
Gave to the eager, straining eye
A wild and shifting light."
Our little egg shell of a boat was tossed about in a most unceremonious manner. After two hours of desperate rowing we reached the place where we had left the "Echo." Mirabile dictu! She was gone! Dragged her anchors and drifted far out into the darkness! Here was a nice state of affairs. A bride to go out for an afternoon call and find when she returned that her house had drifted off! When we did come up with the vessel we had delicate maneuvering to get alongside without being hurled against the ship. After safely disposing of our fair passenger we joyfully laid our course for the Rialto.

The first sound which greeted our ears the next morning was the roar of the breaker. Turning our eyes seaward we could see them dashing angrily on the bar, piling up the gleaming froth, and casting the spray high in the air. The bar was defu-

led by a long line of milky foam. Clearly there was no chance for the Rialto to unfurl her white wings that day. We abandoned ourselves to another day of weary waiting. The next day was as gloriously bright as the most exacting mariner could desire. All over the harbor was heard the joyous songs of the sailors, and the clank, clank, of the windlasses as the "outward bound" hastened to take advantage of the favoring breeze. Long ere the rosy fingers of the goddess of the dawn had drawn aside the sombre hangings of her couch, the Rialto had spread her snowy wings to the gentle N. W. breeze, and was speeding toward the land of sunrise. On crossing the bar we found ourselves in the midst of a fleet of vessels. Some eager ones, catching the first whisper of the long-early watches, "while stars their vigils kept," and were now towering clouds of gleaming canvas. Others, mistrustful of the propitious elements had waited to see what came in Aurora's train. From their decks came the "chantants" of the slothful mariners as they "sheeted home the topsails," or shook out the folds of the mainsails.

(To be Continued.)

The Political Side Show Business.

The Liberal and Republican State executive committees met at Raleigh the same day last week and each issued a call for its State convention to meet the 1st of May. The mode of procedure already adopted shows that the pitiful face of two years ago is to be enacted again this year. Under the direction of Dr. Mott, his obedient servants will meet in convention under one name, nominate candidates, adjourn, meet again under another name and endorse what they did not do before. Republicans who are not ashamed of being Republicans will call themselves Republicans. They again, with those who are ashamed of it, will call themselves "Liberals." All will subscribe to the same platform and support the same candidates, State and national. We suppose these tactics are not designed to fool any one. They are adopted, no doubt, for the purpose of giving those persons lately Democrats, who are ashamed of their Republican associates, the opportunity to co-operate with them without taking their name outright. If this is the idea it is undoubtedly a very neat paying of the way for them into the Republican camp, and if they are willing to associate with the Republicans upon this basis it is none of our business what the old line Republicans think of their allies who are ashamed of them.—Vines & Obegerer.

At Harrisville, Ind., Friday night, masked robbers entered the house of Carl Schultz, killed his son, beat him and his wife terribly, and stole \$3,000 in gold. Near Rising Sun, Ind., Friday night, masked men entered the house of John Smith and roused him over a fire to make him give up his money. He was found next morning alive, but horribly burned.

On March 31, the United States treasury contained \$211,000,000 of gold, and \$163,000,000 of silver; a total of \$374,000,000 of precious metals. The assets of the treasury were \$492,000,000. The bank of England held at the same time about \$125,000,000 of coin and bullion.

FUNNY.—Everybody knows that the Internal Revenue influence defeated Maj. Robbins and elected Mr. Tyre York to Congress from the Statesville District, and it really did sound funny when Mr. York announced from his seat in the House of Representatives, the other day, that he was in favor of abolishing the Internal Revenue.—Charlotte Democrat.

KNOWING AND TEACHING.—Those who first try to teach look solely at the studies. They try "to pass an examination," and if successful consider their troubles over. This autumn a hundred thousand persons will begin their teaching from this point of view. They have answered certain questions in arithmetic, grammar, geography, etc.; they are then invested with a certificate and the work begins. Now one principle must be admitted: not all who know a thing can teach that thing. True, it is the common opinion that you can teach a thing if you know that thing, but this is a mistake. To know a thing is one thing; to possess the art of teaching that thing is another affair. If a man owns a boat it does not follow that he can sail it; an apothecary is not a physician. There is great space between knowing and teaching.—Teacher's Institute (N. Y.)

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.—If you hold some perfumery within your hands and clasp them ever so closely over it still some will steal forth and be felt by all about you. In like manner every person has a moral power within him he cannot help exerting. He cannot shut this within him so tightly that it will not escape. It is not what a person tries to be that influences others; it is what he really is. He influences by his character and not by his outward teachings, just as an iceberg is carried along by the mighty under-current and is but slightly influenced by the surface flow.

Maternal reasoning: Old Mr. Ploggers indignantly—"Look here, Mrs. Snags, this is twice that boy of yours has thrown rocks at me! It's about time you ought to know how he is going on!" Mrs. Snags—"Yes, Mr. Ploggers, but you know, Mr. Ploggers, there are other boys who throw rocks! It isn't my boy alone!"

\$66 a week at home, \$5 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

Administrator's Notice!

All persons holding claims against the estate of D. S. Cowan, dec'd, are hereby notified to present said claims, duly authenticated, to Joseph R. White, adm'r, on or before the 14th day of February, 1885, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. And those indebted to the estate will be required to settle as early as practicable.
JOS. R. WHITE, Adm'r.
Febr'y 14, 1884.—6w:pd

NOTICE!

Parties having claims against, or indebted to the China Grove Co-operative Association, are notified that, by Power of Attorney, the time to settle is limited to January 1st, 1885.
J. M. GRAY, Att'y.
14:1



J. RHODES BROWNE, PRES. W. C. COART, Sec.
Total Assets, \$710,745.12.
A Home Company.
Seeking Home Patronage.

STRONG, PROMPT, RELIABLE, LIBERAL.

Term Policies written on Dwellings. Premiums payable One half cash and balance in twelve months.

J. ALLEN BROWN, Agt.,
23-6m. Salisbury, N. C.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

FOR THE
LIVER
And all Bilious Complaints
Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.



This Space Reserved

FOR

SHEPPARD, SWINK & MONROE,

PROPRIETORS

KLUTZ'S WAREHOUSE

For the Sale of

LEAF TOBACCO,

Salisbury, N. C.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For Female Complaints these PILLS have no equal. Physicians use them for the cure of LIVER and BILIOUS diseases. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Circulars free. J. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

DIPHTHERIA
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE PILLS FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stiff Neck, and all the Diseases of the Throat. Sold everywhere. Circulars free. J. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in the country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolute pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make Hens Lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure CHICKEN CHOLERA. (See Circulars, etc. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Formulated in large cans, price \$1.00; by mail, \$1.25. Circulars free. J. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.)

MERONEY & BRO.,

OFFER

SPECIAL BARGAINS!

CHEAP

SEWING MACHINES.

- 1 Elias Howe Leather Machine, \$15.00.
- 2 18-inch arm for heavy Leather, (good as new,) 40.00.
Original cost \$125.00.
- 4 New Family Singer Machines, \$10 to \$15.
- 3 American No. 1, \$10 to \$15.
- 2 Wheeler & Wilson, \$12 and \$15.
- 2 Home Shuttles, \$5.00.
- 1 Weed, \$12.00.

The above have been used some but warranted to do good work.

We also sell the

New Davis, American and

Royal St. John's,

at bottom prices—warranted for 5 years and guaranteed to give

SATISFACTION.