The Carolina Watchman.

XVI.—THIRD SERIES SALISBURY, N. C., JULY 9, 1885. NO 88

GREGORY'S
Dyspeptic Mixture.
A DECISIVE AND PERMANENT CURE FOR
Dyspepsia and Indigestion.
Prepared by Dr. W. W. GREGORY,
Charlotte, N. C.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Nov. 29, 1884.
Dr. W. W. Gregory: I hereby certify that I have recently used your Dyspeptic Mixture with very great benefit to myself and cheerfully recommend it to others.
R. P. WARING,
Member N. C. Legislature.

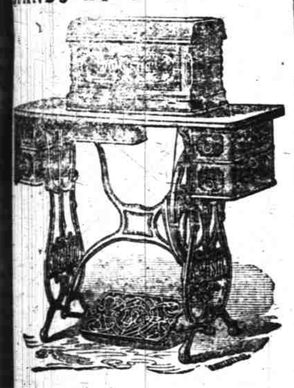
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Dr. W. W. Gregory: I take great pleasure in adding my testimony to the value of your Dyspepsia Remedy. I have used it with great benefit, and cheerfully recommend it to any one suffering from dyspepsia, indigestion and a bad condition of liver and bowels.
D. A. JENKINS,
N. C. State Treasurer.

For sale by J H McAden and T C Smith & Co., Charlotte, N. C., and T. F. Kluttz & Co., Salisbury, N. C. 49:1y

HEADQUARTERS FOR
STUDEBAKER AND TENNESSEE
FARM WAGONS.
COLUMBUS, WATERTOWN & CINCINNATI
Buggies & Spring Wagons.
BICKFORD & HUFFMAN
Grain and Guano Drills.
Thomas HAY RAKES.
AVERY'S Riding and Walking
CULTIVATORS.
THOMAS' HARROWS,
Telegraph Straw Cutters,
Avery and Dixie PLOWS,
Dexter Corn Shellers,
Engines and Boilers,
SAW AND GRIST MILLS,
Belting, Engine and Boiler Fittings—Guns, Rifles, Shells, Cartridges, Wads and Caps. Powder and Shot, Dynamite Fuse and Primers—Axes, Shovels and Spades, Building Hardware, Paints, Oils and Varnishes,
HOME-RAISED CLOVER SEED.
And everything else usually kept in First Class Hardware and Implement Stores.—I have on hand a full stock of the above, & offer them for the next sixty days, for less money than they have ever been sold in this country.
Salisbury, Oct. 23, '84. W. SMITHDEAL.

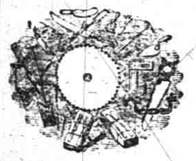
MAKE more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Books succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine. Nov. 27, '84—1y

STANDS AT THE HEAD!



THE LIGHT-RUNNING
"DOMESTIC."
That it is the acknowledged Leader is a fact that cannot be disputed.
MANY IMITATE IT.
NONE EQUAL IT.
The Largest Armed.
The Lightest Running.
The Most Beautiful Wood Work.
AND IS WARRANTED
To be made of the best material.
To do any and all kinds of work.
To be complete in every respect.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.
Address,
DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
Richmond, Va.
For sale by KLUTTZ & RENDLEMAN
'84—36:1y. Salisbury, N. C.

HARDWARE.



WHEN YOU WANT
HARDWARE
AT LOW FIGURES
Call on the undersigned at NO. 2, Granite Row.
D. A. ATWELL.
Agent for the "Cardwell Thresher."
Salisbury, N. C., June 8th—tf.

Help for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you *free*, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not require. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sex, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cts. to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. Nov 27, '84—1y

For the Watchman.

An Evening Walk.

BY ASAPH.

Along the shore
Of this bright sparkling stream
Have I wondered in days of yore,
As on it gilded through its flowery banks of green
With a dear friend
Conversing by my side,
When I thought my bliss would never end;
'Twas a glorious summer's day at even tide.

'Twas here we stood,
Neath these elms, oaks and beech,
While soft zephyrs cooled their deep dark shade;
And this one great lesson nature seemed to teach—
That God is love!
And we did both rejoice,
As on together we did rove;
All things praising with united heart and voice.

'Twas heaven then
With both of us, on earth;
Nor did we envy woman or man,
However great their fame, wealth or social worth!
Why should we care
For such trifling things?
Nor was the future by us then feared,
Or ought that time should bring us on his wings.

A sweet episode
Was that hour in our lives;
And what a bliss it did afford!
Oh yes! and in my memory it still lives!
But alas! for me,
The landscape still is here;
And still the trees and leaves I see—
And flowing stream—but Allean is no where near.

They say she's dead,
And will sleep forever
In her cold, deep and narrow bed,
And here again I will see her never!
Oh, what a thought;
And how it hath tortured me!
Nought else to me hath ever brought
Such poignant grief and heart-crushing agony.

But can it be
That this stream will ever flow,
And every shrub, flower and tree,
Will with our names thereon live forever more?
And do our names
Have more longevity
Than do our poor mortal frames?
There must our spirits live eternally.

Then ever run
Oh stream, and onward flow!
Emblem of life, when we are done
With time that we shall live forever more.
If this be so,
Then I again shall meet
Allean, where parting we'll never know,
And there with friends we will each other greet.

There, songs of praise
We'll sing louder than the spheres,
And in far more sweet and touching lays,
That will flow ever on with the eternal years.
And there we'll grow
In each grace and atribute,
Forever and forever more,
Up to the likeness of the Great Infinite.

The Scottish Carolina Timber and Land Company.

Asheville Citizen.

This company, with headquarters at Newport, Tenn., but whose lands are in Madison and Haywood counties, is thus referred to by the Knoxville Journal:

"We had a pleasant call yesterday from Mr. A. A. Arthur, General Manager of the Scottish Carolina Timber and Land Company; an organization of which we made mention in our issue of yesterday morning. From Mr. Arthur we learn further particulars of that wealthy and enterprising company. Their mill at Newport has closed for the present and will remain so two months perhaps for want of logs. Work on the river however, will be pushed with more vigor than ever. A large number of experienced "river men" from Canada are expected to arrive today. The work in the woods will go right along. They now have six camps, where their employees are engaged in getting out white oak and other hard wood timber, in all about 120 men.

As soon as the sap goes down in the timber, their woodmen will begin to cut and get ready for the mills poplar and pine, of which they have large quantities. They now have about 12,000 logs in the river, but must wait for a tide to float them down to their mills. They have about an equal number on the river bank awainting a tide. They are making improvements on the river, which, when completed, will prevent delays such as these to which they are now subjeeted. They are putting in slashdams and shears, which will not only benefit themselves, but all others who have occasion to use the river as a medium of transportation.

They have purchased ninety-two square miles of land in North Carolina and control the timber on 200,000 acres besides. In additien they have purchased two lots of timber, one at the head of Cosby creek and the other on Pigeon river. They are opening up their large property, constructing roads and have established two villages, one called Watertown and the other Glen Rosa. They have a large acreage of cleared land and are preparing to bring over Scotch farmers to till it. As mentioned yesterday, they will erect a large tobacco warehouse at Newport and engage extensively in the production of tobacco. They are about to put in operation in connection with their timber mills a planer of the latest and most improved patern, and a large steam dry-house.

The board of directors of the company all reside in Glasgow, Scotland, and are now there, with one exception. Of those who have immediate charge of the works, Mr. A. A. Arthur is general manager, Mr. Wm. Ferguson financial manager and Mr. C. K. McAdam superintendent of stores. They have ample capital, and mean to develop a very large business."

Women and men.

The Women Makes the Home.

[T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.]

There took place lately near my house two of those instantaneous deaths which are commonly called tragic, but which seem to me the most enviable mode of passing away from earth. Two maiden ladies had for many years led their blameless lives together in a modest cottage quaintly situated in the sharp angle of two streets, and made picturesque in summer by the flowers and vines that were devoutly tended by its occupants. They had long eked out their modest income by taking a few boarders, and had by simple kindliness made their house as genuine a home to many other persons as to themselves. As years grew upon them this care was laid aside, and they dwelt quietly together. One day last week one of them was taken to drive by a young girl, a relative. She took with her a pet dog. In some way the dog almost fell out. The old lady leaned forward suddenly to save him. The motion brought on palpitation of the heart, and she died without a struggle. The news was swiftly carried to her home, where the shock produced a similar effect upon the other sister, and was almost as suddenly fatal. In each case it scarcely seemed like death, but like the sundering of some exquisitely delicate cord.

"We scarce could say, She died;
So sweetly anchored on the other side."

In thinking on this sudden extinction of a household, my thoughts have often turned back upon the fact of that household itself; how complete it was, how contented, how serene, and how thoroughly femine. After all, let men boast as much as they please, and women complain as much, there is one immense advantage in the position of women—that they can create a home for themselves unaided, as men cannot. How independent seems the life of a young unmarried man compared to that of a young woman! How the sister usually envies the brother! But by a silent compensation in nature, as years advance, the balance changes, and if they are left alone in the world, it is the brother who has reason to envy the sister. "A bachelor's life," says some one in Hyperion, "its a splendid breakfast, a tolerably flat dinner, and a most miserable supper." A single man may have an estate, a principality; he can own a great hotel and fill it with guests; but he cannot create a home without a woman to help him, and that, too, a woman whose service is not for money. When it comes to a home there is not a solitary dress-maker in the land, ensconced in her one little room with her geraniums, her canary, and her sewing-machine, who cannot completely eclipse him, this being the result not of his sins, but of his sex.

Undoubtedly each reader will think, or try to think, of some exception to all this—some single man who is happy, some "jolly bachelor," some cheerful widower. No doubt there are those who can be happy, especially during the first half of life, without the sense of home. A, with his wealth and his paintings and his yachts and his delightful monologue; B, with perpetual journevings; C, with his six dogs; and our late Cambridge professor, with that family of hens which he tended, like a herdsman, with a long staff, and which he trained to take food from stakes stuck in the ground instead of scratching in the flower beds—all these may doubtless have found a bachelor life not inconsistent with happiness; but where, after all, is the home? Neither yachts, nor pictures, nor steamer tickets, nor dogs, nor hens, can supply that. 'Home,' says the proverb, "is where the heart is;" but if so, no man seems to have heart enough to fit out a home without a woman to help him. A woman can do it for herself: there lies her advantage.

It may be harder for a woman to make money; undoubtedly it is harder. She makes a dollar, perhaps, where a man makes twenty, but when it comes to purchasing power her dollar goes the farthest toward the maintenance of a home. So long as she retains it she is strong and self-respecting; and even if she parts with it, so strong is the instinct of home that she can sometimes reconstruct it for herself even in a boarding-house. If the home is combined with a little freedom in the use of money, it gives more comfort and more local prestige than a lone man can win by a fortune. What would be the social condition of any country village in our Atlantic States without its first-class Maiden Lady? She is the daughter of "old Squire" somebody, or of "Parson" somebody else; she lives in the great square house with its elms and its white lilacs and its breezy hall; she has a maid or two, who have lived with her so long that they seem like half-sisters; she has in daily use the precious china and the old chairs that her envious city nieces try vainly to rival at auctionrooms. She manages the book club and the church sociable; she is the confidante of all the love affairs; she calls upon the new-comers, if worthy—indeed, the new-comers, if worthy, bring letters to her. To the older inhabitants of the town she always seems young and even elegant; she has a prolonged tradition of precedence that outlays youth and beauty; if she has a sister, they are spoken of to the end of their days as "the Parker girls." All this is the joint result of womanhood and home, or of that womanhood which creates home. It is not only potent for itself, but it extends its potensy over all other homes. What, compared to this, is the social position given by wealth to the lonely old bachelor of the country village? Though he be a millionaire, he is simply "the old batch."

The truth is that as people grow older it is the man who becomes dependent, and the woman the central and essential figure of the household, since she can do without him, and he can not do without her. The proof of this lies in the fact that we see all around us self-sufficing and contented households of women, while a house that contains men only is a barrack, not a home. In youth it is easy to ignore this, to say with Shakspeare in Henry V.,

"'Tis ever common
That men are merriest when away from home;"

but the merriment is shallow, the laugh is forced, and years and illness and sorrow soon bring man back, a repentant prodigal, to his home and to woman, the only home-maker.

Bureau of Ethnology.

Interesting Discoveries in the More or Less Ancient Mounds of the West.

A Washington telegram announces that the coming fiscal year's work for the Bureau of Ethnology has been mapped out by Major Powell. Dr. Cyrus Thomas, in charge of the division of mound exploration, will take the field with two or three assistants, going first to Wisconsin to examine and study the effigy mounds of that locality, and later in the season to Mississippi and Tennessee, where considerable work has been accomplished. This division has been in operation about three years, under the charge of Dr. Thomas, and has secured about fifteen thousand specimens of the handiwork of the mound-builders, the study of which, together with the survey of the mounds themselves and their surroundings, is gradually leading to a solution of certain achæologic riddles which a few years since seemed insolvable.

While some of the mounds are doubtless very ancient, others, similar in character and equally interesting, have been built up since the advent of Europeans. A string of sleigh-bells, much corroded, but still capable of tinkling, was found among the flint and bone implements in a mound in Tennessee, while in Mississippi, at the point where De Soto is supposed to have tarried, a Spanish coat-of-arms in silver, one blade of a pair of scissors, and other articles of European manufucture were found in positions which indicated that they were buried by the original builders of the mounds. In a Georgia mine two copper plates were found upon which were stamped figures resembling the sculptures upon the Central American ruins.

Aside from these plates nothing has been found to indicate a connection between the mound-builders and the Aztecs or the Pueblos. A famous "elephant" mound, which has long been a bone of contention among ethnologists, and which, in the opinion of some, proved that the mound-builders were co-existent with the elephant upon this continent, appears by the lates and most careful survey to have no trunk at all. Without the trunk the mound bore as much resemblance to a fox as to an elephant.

Mr. Victor Mindeleff, whose models in clay of the Pueblo cliff and cave villages are among the most conspicuous and interesting objects in the National Museum, has already started out to revisit New Mexica, Utah and Arizona. Last season he went into Chaco Canon, New Mexico, and surveyed several remarkable ruined Pueblos of great antiquity. The canon is two or three day's march from the nearest civilization. The ruins are of masonry far superior to the Pueblos of the present days, and remain standing in places to the height of forty feet, showing the floor-lines of three and four stories. The largest group covers more ground than the Capital at Washington.

"CASTING PEARLS BEFORE SWINE."—Begging people to pay their honest debts while they spend money for dress and plated "jewelry." Poor fools, the Devil will give them a cordial reception.—Home-Democrat.

Death of an Able and Useful Man.

All students of Davidson College during the war period and of Washington and Lee University since 1866, as well as thousands of other persons who have listened to his sermons and addresses, feel sad at the news which comes from Lexington, Va., that Rev. Dr. John L. Kirkpatrick is dead. One of the really great men of the Presbyterian Church in the South, a distinguished theologian and pulpit orator as well as teacher of youth, the friend and coadjutor of Robert E. Lee, Dr. Kirkpatrick was known throughout the Southern States and to Presbyterian and educational circles throughout the Union. He was a man of most noble and lovable character. Devoted to the South, he was not a political preacher. He was a great scholar, but not a pedant. Always and everywhere a lover of his fellow, a genius, great-minded, high-hearted, most earnest, loyal Christian gentleman, he dies at the post of duty where his mighty leader fell, full of years and honors, and carrying with him to Beyond the praises and veneration of many thousands.—Transcript-Messenger.

Jericho and the Jordan.

This ancient town is celebrated for the great number of palm trees growing near it, and on that account is called "The City of Palms." The town is a square tower, surrounded by Arab huts and tents. It is only a short distance from the Jordan, a river taking its rise in Lake Philala, in Anti Libanus. It runs underground for fifteen miles, then breaks out at Peneum; passes through Samachomite Lake. Two miles after leaving the lake is a stone bridge of three arches, called "Jacob's Bridge," supposed to have been built before the days of Jacob. After separating Galilee from Tracontis, it passes through Lake Tiberias; then, after a caurse of 65 miles, part of the way through a vast, horrid desert, receiving the Carith—on the bank of which Elijah was fed by ravens—and many other tributary streams, it empties into the Dead Sea. It is a very rapid river, four or five rods wide and nine feet deep, and except in freshets runs two yards below the brink of its channel. It waters are turbid, but very wholesome.—*Fireside Visitor.*

Mrs. C. M. Rowell, who has just arrived in a New York village from California, relates some thrilling experiences of her trip across the continent. She, in company with three or four friends, was stting in a Pullman sleeper, and before the train had got far from its starting point a bullet crashed through the car and killed a young lady of the party. This startling tragedy had the effect of making another member of the party insane; and before Mrs. Rowell had travelled much further another bullet was fired through the window of the car in which she sat. All this happened in the far West, where the Republican party triumphs. It has no political significance, of course, but had such outrages occurrod in a Southern State Murat Halstead and Whitelaw Reid, the champion South-haters, would have made a great howl and fanatically pointed to the muderer's conduct as the fruit of Democratic rule. Those two rabid editors, no doubt, gnashed their teeth when they read Mrs. Rowell's recital to think that the Democratic South, instead of the Republican "far West," had not been the the scene of shooting.—Richmond State.

THINKING AND WORKING.—Every one who would rise must be a thinker and a worker. Not chiefly by study or reading will a man become the first; there is often much knowledge with few ideas; there are very learned men without any grand thoughts of their own. Every one, whatever his opportunities, can evert his own mental powers upon what is near to him; and this force will increase with exercise. He can observe, and compare, and reason for himself; and though his knowledge may be limited, his ideas will grow. There is no elevation for humanity without toil, none without active thought, feeling and purpose.—*Ex.*

Lieut. Scheutze will take to the Lena delta a sword, designed by himself, as a gift from the Government of the United States to the Governor of Yakutsk. The blade is of finest steel. Its scabbard and hilt are of gold. On the former are engravings of reindeer sleds and the Jeannette. It is inscribed: "Presented by the President of the United States to Major General Georguy Fedorovitch Tchernaieff, Governor of Yakutsk, East Siberia, for eminent services rendered to the survivors of the Arctic exploring steamer Jeannette and the seach parties." It is valued at $500.—*Citizen.*

Jimmy Gilman, a boy 15 years old, employed at the Hotel Lincoln, Cleveland, Ohio, was caught in the elevator and frightfully mangled. His tongue was cut in two, his nose cut off and his face and head terribly crushed. He is still alive, but the physicians say he cannot recover as his neck is dislocated.

ODDS AND ENES.

Dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of ambition is merely the shadow of a dream. And I hold ambition is of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

The death of ex-United States Minister Phelps, at Lima, Peru, was due to fever contracted while on a pleasure trip to Oroya. The government is making arrangements for the funeral.

The experience of Mr. J. F. Denning in the storm last week has filled him with consternation. He lives about a mile from town, but since the night we speak of he has been thinking of moving. The wind soared away with the chimney to his dwelling, and when John opened the door to see what was the matter, he saw his cart, attended by a string of plows, come sweeping across the yard and perch on the fence. Then John shut the door to dodge. That's the reason John wants to move.—*Goldsboro Messenger.*

An old darkey was preaching some time since and he saw one in his congregation asleep, so he began: "You remember when Paul was preeching in de temple a damsel was asleep in do fouth story, and she fell down smashing all to smashers, and of de fragments they picked up twelve basketsful, and whose wife will she be in de resurrection?"

The steamship Puno arrived at Lima, Peru, Thursday, with 63 survivors from the wreck of the Italia, lost near St. Lomas, last Friday. There are 70 persons missing and as far as known only eight passengers were saved, while only one one of the crew was lost. The disaster was due to wrong orders given by the third officer, who has since committed suicide.

A Turin jeweler has made a tiny boat formed of a single pearl, which shape it assumes in swell and cavity. Its sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light of its prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and its stand is a slab of ivory. It weighs less than half an ounce; its price is $5,000. Now, if you want something really sensible and useful to a small family, here's your chance.

Attorney General Garland has recently decided that an Indian is ineligible to the office of Postmaster. Among the seventy-five postmasters in Indian territory are a number of Indians, and the question of their eligibility seems never to have been raised before. The Attorney General holds that an Indian who is a member of a tribe cannot take the prescribed oath of allegiance to the government so long as the tribal relation continues and that the fact that an Indian cannot be held upon his bond further disqualifies him.—*Citizen.*

"When I come to Tribulation Hall you can set it down that I'm on business," chirped a lean woman in a high key, as she peered into the door of the Mayor's office yesterday.

"What's up now?" asked His Honor quietly as he turned from a batch of blank warrants that he was about to fill.

"What's up, d'ye say?" Why, my dog 'Ketch' is up—up in the pound, that's wot's up," gasped the woman, red with rage, as she clutched the doorfacing with one hand and a hairpin with the other.

"Ah, I perceive," carroled his Honor; 'it will take just one dollar to secure that dog's manumission.'

'To secure his what?' shrieked the visitor, as she panted with excitement.

'His manumission, madam,' repeated his Honor, suavely.

'Don't want none o' that,' howled the woman hysterically; 'I'm just after Ketch, an' don't want nothing else,' and she reached around and straighted her bustle.

'Certainly, madam, as I said before, it will take a dollar to get him out—a dollar to secure his freedom.'

'That wasn't what you said,' she shouted, 'and you needn't to hide your meaning behind big words. This town wants to rob me of Ketch, and I hope to be pizened if I'll stand it,' and she made a face and sneezed.

'A dollar will arrange matters,' emphasized the court.

'You needn't think because I'm a widder in a slow decay that I can't boost up a dollar. Why didn't you let me know at first that it took a dollar to git Ketch loose?"

'That was my intention,' observed his Honor, perspiring.

'Oh, yes; well, here's your dollar, and now, it'll be mighty strange if that dog don't follow me home,' and she flashed her eyes tumultuously.

Then Officer Price handed her a badge, and as they waltzed together to the pound, she turned her gaze upon him and hissed throug her teeth:

'When I come after a dog named Ketch, I don't go back without him.'—*Ex.*

NEW STORE!

HAVING bought out the Grocery Department of J. D. McNeely, I intend conducting a First Class
GROCERY STORE.
My stock will consist of SUGAR, COFFEE, BACON, LARD, FISH, Molasses, FLOUR, Butter, Chickens, Eggs, &c. Also, Candies, Fruits, Nuts, Crackers, &c.—in fact, I intend keeping everything usually kept in the Grocery and Provision line; and by close attention to business and selling low for cash, I hope to merit at least a portion of the trade. Come and see me at J. D. McNeely's Store.
June 4, 1885. J. M. HADEN. 2ms.

ALL ENTIRELY
New & Fresh!
J. S. McCUBBINS, Sr.,
Will continue the business at the Old Stand, having closed out all the old stock. His present stock is Entirely New, and will be offered on reasonable terms for Cash, Barter, or first-class Mortgages.
Those who could not pay all their mortgages last year may renew, if papers are satisfactory and appliance is made at once.
HIS STOCK CONSISTS OF
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Confectioneris, Crockery, Drugs, Bacon, Lard, Corn, Flour, Feed and Provisions of all kinds, with a full line of
High Grade Fertilizers,
as cheap as the cheapest. You will do well to see him before purchasing elsewhere.
Salisbury, April 1st, 1885.—25:tf

Notice to Settle:
All persons indebted to the estate of Mrs Julia L. Smyth, deceased, are requested to make immediate settlement; and all persons having claims against her estate are notified that they must present them to the undersigned on or before the 22nd of April, 1886, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.
ROBERT MURPHY,
ANDREW MURPHY,
Ex'rs of Julia Smyth.
April 21st, 1885.—6w

Yadkin Mineral Springs Academy,
PALMERSVILLE, (Stanly Co.) N. C.
C. H. MARTIN, PRINCIPAL,
Graduate of Wake Forest College, and also of the University of Virginia.
TUITION, $5 to $15 per session of 5 months
The only school in this section that teaches the University of Va. methods.—Vigorous, extensive, thorough.—The cheapest school in U. S. where these world-renowned methods are taught.—Good Board only $6 per month.
27 1y] Address, C. H. MARTIN, Prin.

ORGANIZED 1859

CAPITAL & ASSETS.
$750,000.
J. RHODES BROWNE, Prest. } WM. C. COART, Secretary.
Twenty-sixth Annual Statement.
JANUARY 1, 1885.
LIABILITIES.

Cash Capital	$300,000 00
Unadjusted Losses	24,0[illegible]
Reserve for Re-Insurance and all other liabilities,	162,11[illegible]
Net Surplus,	255,5[illegible]
	$741,3[illegible]

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS:

Cash in National Bank	$ 7,904 06
Cash in hands of Agents	11,962 29
	$ 19,866 35
United States Registered Bonds	179,500 00
State and Municipal Bonds	51,097 [illegible]
National Bank Stocks	158,4[illegible]
Cotton Manufacturing Stocks	114,75[illegible]
Other Local Stocks	29,7[illegible]
Real Estate (unincumbered city property)	97,25[illegible]
Loans, secured by first mortgages	80,4[illegible]
Total Assets,	$741,880 [illegible]

J. ALLEN BROWN, Ag't.
Salisbury, N. C., March 26, 1885. 6m

SOMETHING NEW!
LAMP CHIMNEYS that will not break by heat, for sale at ENNISS'.
DIAMOND DYES—All colors you wish at ENNISS'
DON'T FORGET to call for Seeds of all kinds at ENNISS'.
TO THE LADIES:
Call and see the Flower Pots at ENNISS'.

NOTICE!
GO to Mrs. James M. Furcron's to get Gentlemen and Ladies' clothing made. Satisfaction guaranteed. Will also keep boarding house. Residence southeast end of Innis Street.
Salisbury, N. C., June 2d 1885. 8[illegible]

MY CHILDREN DO NOT THRIVE. They have such a changeable color. It now occurs to me that worms are the cause of all this trouble. I will try Shriner's Indian Vermifuge.