

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XVII.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., DECEMBER 24, 1885.

NO. 10

THE GREAT EXTERNAL REMEDY!
KLUTTZ'S TOBACCO LINIMENT
FOR
RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS, ACHES, &c.
Combining the wonderful curative virtues of Tobacco, with other approved rubefacients, making a marvelous compound for the relief of human suffering.
ITS ACTION IS WONDERFUL.
Suffer no longer. Be humbugged with quack cure-calls no longer. Tobacco is Nature's great Remedy. It has been used in a crude way from the days of Sir Walter Raleigh down, and has worked many a marvelous cure, and saved many a valuable life. In the "Tobacco Liniment" its virtues are scientifically extracted, combined with other valuable medicinal agents, and confidently offered to the public, not as a cure-all, but as a safe, powerful and effective External Remedy, applicable wherever there is pain to be relieved.
In large bottles at only 25 cents. For sale by all Druggists. Ask for it, and insist upon having it. Don't be put off with worthless substitutes. Try it and you will be thankful for having had it brought to your attention.
THEO. F. KLUTTZ & CO.,
Wholesale Druggists, Proprietors,
SALISBURY, N. C.

COME QUICK!
DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS!!
J. S. McCUBBINS
has just returned from the Northern cities with the
LARGEST & BEST SELECTED
Stock of Goods that he has ever offered to the public; consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Sole Leather, Crockery and Queens-ware, Clothing, Provision, Wood and Willow ware, &c.
Also a full line of
FERTILIZERS
of the very best brands, viz:
BAKER'S Well Tried FOR WHEAT.
MERRYMAN'S A. D. Bone " "
WALKER'S Ground Bone " "
NATURAL Guano from Orchilla, and supposed the only Natural Guano on the market.
Go and get Testimonials and if you want to save money, don't forget to call on him before buying either Goods or Fertilizers.
Salisbury, Oct. 1, 1885.

DEBILITY IN ADULTS IS often caused by worms. The change from child to manhood is not sufficient to rid the system of this awful plague. Shriver's Indian Vermifuge will expel them and restore health and a bright complexion.

ENOCHVILLE, N. C., Dec. 15th, 1885.
Dear Watchman:
By request of friends, I furnish you the following bit of news.
At a call session of the E. L. Synod of North Carolina, held in Mt. Pleasant, N. C., for the purpose of considering the interests of North Carolina College, it was decided to try to raise an endowment fund of \$30,000 during the next five years. \$15,000 to be raised within the bounds of Synod. Rev. W. Kimball, the great church builder of Synod, was unanimously chosen as the agent to raise said fund. \$15,000 to be raised in the church at large. Rev. F. W. E. Peschau of Wilmington, N. C. was chosen as agent to raise this amount. A good choice. These agents are to have a salary, and their work is to begin with 1886. They are under the supervision of a committee of five, viz: Revs. J. A. Linn, C. A. Rose, B. S. Brown, Hon. H. H. McAlister, and Jesse W. Miller, Esq.
If any men can raise an endowment for North Carolina College, those chosen will certainly do it.
If \$15,000 is not subscribed in five years, then all subscriptions will be null and void.
This is a grand and noble effort on the part of the North Carolina Synod, which numbers about 5,000 communicant members. It will require laudable sacrifices and liberal giving to the move a success. W. A. L.

Handing the Lariat.
AN ART IN WHICH THE MONTANA COWPUNCHERS TAKE GREAT PRIDE.
I noticed a variety of lariats with a round-up party, nearly all of which were made of the very best quality of hemp, twisted so very tight that it was almost impossible to untwist the strands. Others were made of sinew cords, and were braided very neatly, the ends or lassoing parts being greased so as to slip easily. Their lassos are about sixty or sixty-five feet long, one-third of which forms the noose, and when swinging it, it is grasped a little above the loop, so as to prevent it from slipping until launched through the air. The lasso is swung over the head and left shoulder, and back over the right shoulder, a peculiar turn of the wrist as it begins to return keeping the loop wide open. When flying through the air the noose takes a slightly oval form, but remains open, and settles quietly around the object aimed at. McGaigan exhibited to me the modus operandi of handling the rope, and some of his feats performed in my presence were not only executed with marvelous precision, but were also beautiful to look at. The model cowboy is certainly an expert in his profession, perhaps the best rider and lassoist in the whole northwest. What Slosson is to billiards McGaigan is to his profession.
One afternoon, while loafing around the camp fire on the Musselshell, McGaigan and I got to talking about the skill he had acquired in throwing cattle, and I had little difficulty persuading him to let me into the secrets of his wonderful dexterity and actually showing me some of the fine points of the business. Mounting our bronchos, we rode off through the sage brush and out upon the open prairie, where num-bless cattle were peacefully munching the luxuriant buffalo grass. My friend had his best lariat fastened to the pommel of the saddle, and first showed me many fancy shots, throwing the lasso from at any point, over either shoulder, behind or in front.
He caught a tremendous bull by the horns, which looked up in surprise and started off like a steam engine, but the pony bestrode by the cowboy, planted his fore feet firmly in the ground and checked Mr. Bull in his mad career before the latter got well started. The enraged steer went round and round in a circle at a 2-40 gait, the pony acting as a perfect pivot and turning slowly around with him; but it was no use; the bull was a prisoner, and would have remained so had not McGaigan taken pity on him and passed the wonderful ring down the line, upon which the rope leaped from around the horns and fell to the ground.
McGaigan remarked that it was no credit to catch a bull by the horns, for he cannot be thrown by them, and is simply held a prisoner, but the skill of throwing a lasso is to pitch the noose just in front of an animal when he is going at full gallop, so that at the next step he treads into it. He tried it on another bull while both of our ponies were jumping along on a dead run. The old fellow was going about as fast as we were, but the fatal loop shot through the air at a tangent, and fell, wide open, just in front of him on the square. The left forefoot plunged square into the circle, the rope was tightened with a sudden jerk, and the steer rolled over in the dust, as cleverly caught as anything I ever saw. The broncho, too, understood his part of the business thoroughly, for he bore at the right moment in the opposite direction, else he might have been thrown instead of the bull, to which he was much inferior in weight.
McGaigan also caught great big steers galloping past at an angle by any leg I named. Not once was his judgment at fault. The noose, whizzing through the air in every direction, went as true to the mark as a bullet shot from a rifle.

I was much taken with the free and

easy sort of life experienced by this round-up party, and enjoyed the trip and camping out experience so hugely that I was almost tempted to give up the profession of a scribe and become a cowboy myself, but thought better of it next day, and although I had lots of fun and enjoyment, I concluded that cowboy life must have its dark as well as its bright, sunny side.—*Montana Letter.*

Closing Up.
December finds the planter with comparatively little to do on the farm, except to close up the little odd jobs that come of the season, such as getting in a supply of winter fuel, hauling in litter to be used as needed, completing shelters for stock and such like things. The corn and cotton are all secured, or should be at once; the tobacco is all in barn and nicely cured, and only awaits damp weather for stripping; potatoes and apples have been celled or are ready to resort preparatory to culling, and the hogs to be fattened are already in pen, and receiving liberal rations of corn and collards, preparatory to the slaughter. All is snug and secure all over the farm, with little work and plenty of good things to enjoy, and high anticipations of the near holidays.
The stock farmer, however, and poulterer has more to do. There is the daily feeding and oversight of the stock. Rations must be liberal and regular to the trough and rack. Milch cows need special attention. Hay alone, at this season, will not yield much milk. They must have bran or meal. Even one quart a day to each cow will be found to make a great difference in the yield of milk, but three or four quarts would not be lost on them. The sheep should be fed daily in a sheltered sunny place, and protected from the rains and snows when they come. But give them free range in dry fields in open weather.
The poulterer must be on the alert for eggs all this month and next. He must feed well, and keep the hens warm and contented, and they will lay. In general, give them the run of the farm now. They will pick insects, grass, pebbles, seeds, and all these go far to keep them in health and laying. Feed corn at night and bone meal at noon; green leaves, fruit, &c., often. Do not crowd the stock, and keep the species as much apart as possible. At any rate, restrain quarreling and contention, and have nests empty for the laying stock. Do not omit the bone if you want eggs. Break and beat fine the bones from the kitchen, and if possible have the pure fresh ground for them.—*Petersburg Messenger.*

A Host of Tyrants.
A unique document was submitted to the Senate Wednesday. It was a memorial from a Brooklyn man, urging that the government shall establish a newspaper at every first-class postoffice in the United States, to be published at public expense and for public use; such papers to be for the publication, free, of all advertisements of the people, and of the utterances and opinions of people who may choose to avail themselves of the columns of the government newspapers. The memorialist sets forth that the only tyranny existing in this country is the tyranny of the press; that the press is a powerful dynasty, and unless this despotism is checked and overthrown it will subvert the government. The only power, says the memorialist, competent to grapple with the tyrannical press is the government, and he urges that government papers be established. The memorial covers thirty-six pages of legal cap paper, and the opinions and grievances of the memorialists are set forth in the minutest detail. The scheme is a brilliant one, and of course will be adopted by the government with alacrity. The idea of the tyranny of the press is excellent. What American newspaper man would have known he was a tyrant but for this Brooklyn discoverer?—*News-Observer.*

Names of Multitude.
A little girl was near the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed: "See what a flock of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And here we may add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect of names of multitude, that a flock of girls is called a *berg*, and a bevy of wolves is called a *pack*, and a pack of thieves is called a *gang*, and a gang of angels is called a *host*, and a host of porpoises is called a *school*, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a *troop*, and a troop of partridges is called a *covey*, and a covey of beauties is called a *galaxy*, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a *horde*, and a horde of rubbish is called a *heap*, and a heap of oxen is called a *drove*, and a drove of blackguards is called a *mob*, and a mob of whales is called a *school*, and a school of worshippers is called a *congregation*, and a congregation of engineers is called a *corps*, and a corps of robbers is called a *band*, and a band of locusts is called a *swarm*, and a swarm of people is called a *crowd*, and a crowd of gentlefolks is called *elite*, and the elite of the city's thieves and rascals are called *roughs*, and a miscellaneous crowd of city folks is called the *community* or *public*, accordingly as they are spoken

of by the religious community or the secular public.

Some of the Heroes.
JOAQUIN MILLER ON BUTLER, SHERMAN, &c.
Literary Life
A lady from Boston, who is connected with a mission in one of the low districts of New Orleans, told me this anecdote.
With three rows of little half nude black people before her at the mission, and in hand, she began:
"Who was the first man?"
"Twenty or thirty little black hands shot up in the air, and twenty or thirty little voices piped out "Adam."
"Who was the strongest man?"
"Sampson."
"Who was the wisest man?"
"Solomon."
"Who was the wickedest man?"
"Ben Butler!"

This feeling has become and will remain a tradition; a name that the old black "Mamas" will use to frighten their little ones with. And thus it may be that this man will be remembered when the rest of us are forgotten.
Two little acts, out of my many such, I set down here. The elegant home of the present clerk of the Supreme Court has been forcibly entered and searched from garret to garden three times. The fourth-time the soldiers came the indignant Creole took his little son with him and went to General Butler, and handing him a receipt said: "Sir, it is useless to send your soldiers or any one else to search my house for treasure. This you will see, is a receipt for my silver and treasures. It is signed by the Commander of the Spanish man-of-war which left this city the day you entered it."
General Butler assured the Creole, in the presence of his son, above referred to, that his house would not again be disturbed.
One more, the oldest United States Senator now living, and a celebrated historian, took his treasures, and, by the help of a black servant, buried them in his garden. They were soon on their way North along with a ship load of pianos, silverware and libraries. In fact the most famous and best loved preacher of the South, a man whose word like that of the venerable Senator or the clerk of the Supreme Court referred to, is beyond all possible question, told me that nearly twenty years after the pillage of New Orleans by Butler, he found many of his books on the second hand stalls in Boston, and some of them were voluntarily returned to him. * * * * * Stick a pin here, and think of this man, Sherman, Sheridan, beggars at the beginning of the war; princes after. If they are true soldiers where did their colossal fortunes come from? But they are not soldiers, as Caesar, Alexander and so on, who led to battle sword in hand. The modern "hero" has no taste for the front. There is not a single scar among all the "heroes" I have named. Butler is no doubt brave enough in speech, the bravest as well as well as best of the famous lot, no doubt. Yet none of them every really smelled powder, and each has made his fame by invading and burning Christian homes and made his fortune by plundering them.
You reproach me for opening up these old wounds! I want to get the iron out; I want to let the light in. And then, not till then will these wounds heal. Let the truth be told of such men, and let them keep their places.
The South is, has been and shall be, because God made it. God made the South, and man cannot unmake it. The man who says he knows no South, no North, no East, no West, is simply a demagogue or fool.
The people have gone after false gods before. The worship of gold is new religion. But it is none the less false. The hand that struck down the golden calf in the desert lifted up the greatest race that has been, and never was a Moses so needed among men as now.
As for this other form of idolatry it is none the less perilous because less loyal. The people may, and do, almost any day abandon their idolized "hero," but often only to worship another and less worthy.

State Horticultural Society.
The Raleigh correspondent of the *Charleston News & Courier* writes that paper under recent date:
The State Horticultural Society met here several evenings ago and heard some remarks on fruit growing in N. C. This has been successful the past season and attention has been given the general subject of fruit culture in its various branches by persons who evidently mean to devote money and time to what is certain to speedily become a great source of wealth. Strange to say, North Carolina produces, in the extreme eastern and western part of her domain the choicest apples grown anywhere. In the counties west of the Blue Ridge and in Hyde county, near the sea, this fruit is found in remarkable profusion and perfection. The reports as to apples, peaches and pears were all of a gratifying character. Grape culture has increased 25 per cent. in four years. Never before was so much clear profit realized on grapes as in 1884 and 1885.
This society has been of much bene-

fit to our State, and can be of much greater benefit, especially in the way of educating the fruit growers in proper methods of handling and shipping fruit. The growers of Western Carolina especially need to be stirred up on this matter. West of the Blue Ridge the finest apples in the world are raised and the quantity of production is increasing very rapidly every year. It ought to be a source of large wealth to our section; but, our people must learn to take more pains in gathering, handling, packing and shipping, before they can hope to compete successfully and upon equality with even inferior fruits, well packed and shipped from more remote points. Present freight rates, which are full high, but will decrease with increase of traffic, our people can reach Southern markets off the seaboard upon an equality with Northern shippers; but the condition of their fruit when it reaches the market, mixed and bruised, and in many cases dirty, at once places our shippers at a disadvantage. The same will apply to vegetables. Let the Horticultural society give special industry to this branch of fruit business, and give the people full instructions and advice upon the matter, and they will render their fellow citizens and the fruit industry a lasting and profitable benefit.—*Asheville Citizen.*

Dangerous and Useless Practice.
The doctors are now inveighing sharply against the black crape veil so generally worn by ladies in mourning. They pronounce it unhealthy, expensive and unbecoming. Dr. Hunter McGuire says: The black crape veil is undoubtedly hurtful, and the custom should be abandoned; apart from its poisonous dye and offensive smell, mechanically it interferes with healthful respiration. Dr. Brock says: I have long considered black crape veils detrimental to health and mentally depressing in their effect; and Dr. McCaw says: the custom of wearing a crape veil as an article of mourning apparel would be honored in the breach rather than in the observance. These heavy double black veils prevent the free access of air and light—two essential elements in health. They are unbecoming, expensive, and from the dye are always more or less disagreeable of odor. It has long been known that black crape over the face is exceedingly injurious to health, but the custom of wearing it has so long been in vogue that it will probably be found impossible to break it up. Still the Richmond physicians say that some ladies are taking their advice, and are either doing away with heavy crape or consenting to wear their veils up. This is at least a beginning of the reform so much to be desired.

Good Music in France.
The French will not dance to bad music. If they eat potatoes and salt all the week, and drink water without wine from Easter Monday of one year to Good Friday of the next, they will have good music. Those who have traveled in the French provinces must have often been astonished with the excellence of mere village bands, and at the perfect acquaintance with the best and newest pieces of the musicians at village fetes. Nothing of a popular character in music escapes them; and the villagers hum a new air in the provinces a very few days after it is known in Paris.

WARD'S WOES.
His Desperate Struggle and how It Ended.
Just twenty-seven miles from the classic city of Athens, Ga., is located the thriving little town of Maxey's, the residence of Mr. Robert Ward, who has just been released from a most perilous predicament, the particulars of which he has consented to give to the public. He writes as follows:
MAXEY'S, OGLETHORPE CO., GA.
July 9th, 1885.
For twelve or fourteen years I have been a great sufferer from a terrible form of blood poison which ran into the secondary, and finally it was pronounced a tertiary form. My head, face and shoulders became almost a mass of corruption, and finally the disease commenced eating away my skull bones. I became so horribly repulsive that for three years I absolutely refused to let people see me. I used large quantities of most noted blood remedies and applied to nearly all physicians near me, but my condition continued to grow worse, and all said that I must surely die. My bones became the seat of excruciating aches and pains; my nights were passed in misery; I was reduced in flesh and strength; my kidneys were terribly deranged, and life became a burden to me.
I chanced to see an advertisement of B. B. B. and sent one dollar to W. C. Birchmore & Co., merchants of our place, and they procured one bottle for me. It was used with decided benefit, and when eight or ten bottles had been used, I was pronounced sound and well.
Hundreds of scars can now be seen on me, looking like a man who had been burned and then restored. My case was well known in this country, and for the benefit of those who may be similarly afflicted, I think it my duty to give the facts to the public, and to extend my heartfelt thanks for so valuable a remedy. I have been well for over twelve months, and no return of the disease has occurred.
ROBERT WARD.
Maxey's, Ga., July 1, 1885.—We, the undersigned, know Mr. Robert Ward, and take pleasure in saying that the facts above stated by him are true, and that his was one of the worst cases of Blood Poison we ever knew in our county, and that he has been cured by B. B. B.—Botanic Blood Balm. A. T. BRIGHTWELL, Merchant.
W. C. BIRCHMORE & Co., Merchants.
J. H. BRIGHTWELL, M. D.
JOHN T. HART.
W. P. CAMPBELL.
Atlanta, Ga., July 10, 1885.—We are acquainted with A. T. Brightwell and W. C. Birchmore & Co., whose names appear above, and take pleasure in saying that they are gentlemen of undoubted veracity and worthy of confidence in any assertion they make.
HOWARD & CANDLER,
Wholesale Druggists, Atlanta, Ga.
Sold everywhere.

REMARKS.
IF B. B. B. will cure such terrible cases as the above, is it not reasonable to suppose that any and all cases of Blood Disease can be cured? We do not announce the cure of a man while he is at home groaning and suffering with the disease, but all of our certificates are words of truth from those who have been cured and can look you squarely in the face and say so. We cure in a shorter time, with less money and less medicine than ever before known. We will mail our "Book of Wonders," free to any one, filled with most astounding home evidence than ever before published. Call on your druggist, or address BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.
Dec 17/17

Kerosene Oil!
BY THE BARREL AT
ENNIS' Drug Store.
July 9, '85 tf.

FRESH TURNIP SEED?
The Earliest and Best Turnip Seed for sale at
ENNIS'.

TRUSSES Of all kinds, at reduced prices, at
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Fruit Jars!
CHEAPER THAN EVER.
Rubber Rings for Fruit Jars, at
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SCARR'S PRESERVING POWDES
For sale at
ENNIS'.

MACHINE OIL
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
For Threshers, Reapers, and Mowers at
ENNIS'.

PRESCRIPTIONS!!
If you want your prescriptions put up cheaper than anywhere else go to
ENNIS' Drug Store.
July 9, '85.—tf.

Ennis' Blackberry Cordial,
FOR
Disentery, Diarrhoea, Flux, &c., for sale at
ENNIS' Drug Store.

NOTICE.
Having qualified as Administrator of Paul Holshouser, dec'd, I hereby give notice to all persons having claims against the estate of said decedent, to present them to me on or before the 12th day of November, 1886. CHRISTENBURY HOLSHOUSE, dec'd
Adm'r of Paul Holshouser, dec'd
Craig & Clement, Att'ys.

C. A. KRAUS,
BOOKBINDER, STATIONER AND
ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.
Particular attention paid to freecopy and indoor decorative painting in oil, wax or water-color. Will make bids on Churches, public buildings and private residences. Work guaranteed. References desired. Post office address
C. A. KRAUS,
Salisbury, N. C.

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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—1f.

Yadkin Mineral Springs Academy,
PALMERVILLE, (Staley Co.) N. C.
C. H. MARTIN, Principal, and also at the University of Virginia.
Term, \$3 to \$15 per session of 5 months.
The only school in this section that teaches the University of Va. methods.—Vigorous exercise, thorough.—The cheapest school in the U. S. where these world-renowned methods are taught.—Good Board only \$6 per month.
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TO THE
Salisbury Woolen Mills
THIS NEW FACTORY is now in operation, and facilities for manufacturing Woolen Goods such as have never before been offered to our people, are within the reach of the entire Wool growing community.
We manufacture JEANS, CASSEMERES, FLANNELS, LINSEYS, BLANKETS, YARNS, HOLLIS, &c.
Soliciting a liberal patronage of our people, we are respectfully,
SALISBURY WOOLEN MILLS.
Office at old Express Office.
May 28th, 1885.

R. T. HOPKINS
IS NOW AT THE
Corner of Kerr & Lee Streets,
with a full line of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES. Also keeps a First Class BOARDING HOUSE. Call and see him.
28 pty.

IF YOU WANT TO
FILL YOUR GAME BAG,
AND MAKE
BIG SCORES,
USE
REMINGTON RIFLES—AND SHOT GUNS.
All the Latest Improvements.
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MADE IN THE BEST MANNER, BY SKILLED WORKMEN. REMEMBER THAT OUR SHOVELS ARE ALWAYS HELD IN ONE PIECE of Solid Steel.
NO HOLES OR RIVETS TO WEAKEN THE HEAD.
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SOMETHING NEW!
LAMP CHIMNEYS that will not break by heat, for sale at
ENNIS'.

DIAMOND DYES—All colors you wish at ENNIS'.
DON'T FORGET to call for Seeds of all kinds at
ENNIS'.

TO THE LADIES:
Call and see the Flower Pots at
ENNIS'.

A MILLION of worms gnawing day and night is quite enough, we think, to throw a child into spasms. Shriver's Indian Vermifuge will destroy and expel them and restore the child.