

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XVII.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., FEBRUARY 11, 1886.

NO. 17

Wild Cat Advertising.

That the *Observer* is in favor of advertising goes without the saying, but at the same time it is not in favor of, or ready to endorse every wild-cat scheme that may be presented to our citizens for their patronage. For solid benefit we believe the legitimate newspaper ahead of any other channel through which to reach the public, though we do not condemn all other methods. There is a difference, however, between the newspaper and the sheet gotten up occasionally with no better view than to catch the dollars of those who see fit to advertise in them. In this connection we desire to call attention to a card published elsewhere by Mr. John Hirst in relation to an advertising sheet distributed in this city yesterday. It seems that Mr. Hirst, without knowing anything about the matter, received the credit for printing it. To relieve those interested we will state that the work was done at the *Observer* job office, and so far as the printing of it is concerned, was perfectly legitimate. A contract was made for the printing of a certain number of copies, every one of which was printed and paid for. If those who patronized the affair are anxious to know how many were printed they can ascertain the fact by inquiry at the *Observer* business office.

We are ready to print some more at the same price, but never expect to print any for a Charlotte man. The thing won't work somehow when a home man tackles it. It won't pan out. But the stranger can come along write up the town or get up some sort of a scheme, and by a couple of day's work, skip out with \$50, \$75 or \$100 clear profit, while the advertisers are perfectly satisfied it is no concern to others. There is one advantage offered to those wishing to advertise in these schemes—they can fix their own price. But after all, it is a question whether such advertising is cheap at any price.—*Charlotte Observer*.

Just so, Mr. *Observer*. A man can do better than that in Salisbury. He can take a shading pen and write cards on a roll and hang it in the post office, and collect enough to pay for a month's advertising in the *WATCHMAN*, from each man. But the written advertisement has the advantage of only being seen by the townspeople who stroll into the post office, which would not be the case were the work done through legitimate channels.

Extracts: Rev. Mr. Talmage on Elopements.

Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage preached one of his double-barreled sermons on the subject of clandestine marriages and elopements on a recent Sunday in Brooklyn, N. Y. It was one of his series on the "Marriage Ring." His text was Proverbs ix, 17. He said:

"I want to aim a point blank shot at clandestine marriages and elopements. Marriage is the ship that was launched by God for the good of mankind. But the ship has been struck by the winds of free loveism. The notions of society must be entirely reconstructed on the question of marriage. In New England, the supposed home of purity there are 2,000 divorces a year. In Massachusetts there is one divorce to every fourteen marriages. In Maine, that frigid State of good charity, there are 478 divorces granted each year, and in Vermont the swapping wives is no great rarity.

This sacred rite of marriage is being defamed daily. For every case that is reported, many more are hushed up. There is not an hour of the night that persons engaged in defiling the sacred rite are not climbing down ladders and hastening to other States where the law is less severe than in their own. The coach box and the back seat of the landau are constantly in flirtation. Ministers of religion, mayors of cities and arms of the law are aiding to make the lives of young people miserable by uniting them in marriage, the bans of which have never been published. Marriage is made a joke.

But ninety-nine out of every hundred—yes 999 out of every 1,000 clandestine marriages—mean ruin here and hereafter. A girl might as well jump off at East River dock to think of it. The result is, first, trouble; then, police court; then, divorce; and, finally, hell. Satan presides over these matches. He names the trysting places. He points out the preacher who will perform the ceremony. He directs to the railroad station, purchases the ticket, and, when the couple are whirling to wretchedness at the rate of forty miles an hour, he deserts them. Truant marriages are to be deplored, because they are nearly always proposed by bad men. They are generally bigamists, drunkards or brutes. They may be well dressed, well coiffed and pomatumed, but they are really nothing but the essence of villainy.

A man may marry a woman below him in station and elevate the woman to his level. But if a woman marries below her station she always falls to the level of her husband. The first year of such a life is happy from its very novelty. The second year both grow heartily tired of each other. The third year brings divorce, the husband becomes

a drunkard and the woman a blackened waif of the street.

Women so often take men whom they know nothing about! A business man doesn't give credit to a stranger, neither does a sensible man buy a house that is mortgaged; but, every day, women are marrying men who are covered with first mortgages and second mortgages of habit.

Let all ministers of religion and officers of the law refuse to officiate in marrying runaway couples and refuse to leave the date blank in the certificate. Let us have a law requiring a license for marriage and requiring the publication of the engagement before hand.

But I bring this whole subject into the light of the judgment day. 'God shall bring every work and every secret thing into view.' Then all the fingers of condemnation will be pointed at the wicked. All the squeamishness of society will be past. The unclean man and the impure woman will be seen as they are, with their records stamped on their faces, hands, bodies and feet. All the marriage intrigues will be known more plainly than the light of a thousand suns could make them. What will be the chance of evil doers then? How will it be on the last day, when all the inhabitants of earth and heaven and hell rise up and shout, 'Behold the bridegroom cometh! Let us pray.'

A Polish Infatuation.

Mon Finger and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Barnett, an account of whose elopement and subsequent capture in Alexandria had been published, were tried before a magistrate at Lincoln on Friday. Both parties acknowledged the stealing of the money, their intimacy prior to the robbery, and in fact everything they were charged with. They were sent to jail in default of bail, to await trial at the next term of Lincoln Superior Court. The *Newton Enterprise* says the woman is completely infatuated with Finger, who is ugly enough to stop a clock every time he looks at his face. When her husband offered bond for her she refused it, saying that she "loved Mon," and intended to stay in jail as long as he did. Saturday her husband visited her in jail and again offered to furnish bail for her, but she still refused to allow it, and declared that she detested him. He then went away and bought a lot of nice furniture, which he sent to her room in the jail. She is only 15 years of age, but has been married two years.

Another.

Joaquin Miller's daughter Maud is twenty-one years old. She has disobeyed her father, kicked out of the parental traces and has two living husbands. She will probably land in jail. Her first husband A. L. MacKaye has sued for a divorce. Her father urged her to go with him to Mexico but she refused. He wrote to her:

"Every moment of your present life is a crime. As for your companion, the penitentiary is too good for him. He has taken you to shame and ruin, and it seems that the first thing he did after the shameful marriage was to send you to beg money in my name, pretending that I had sent you out homeless. If you do not want to travel you can remain in Washington at the Cabin and resume your music, painting and other studies. Then, if Mr. MacKaye gets a divorce and you believe Mr. McCormick to be a fit companion, I shall not say a word. If you have no respect for yourself or me, or your mother's memory, come because it is best for you to come, Mrs. McCormick decided to stay in New York.—*WV. Star*.

France in 1815—Napoleon and Ney.

A friend has given us a clipping from an old paper. What paper it is cannot be ascertained, but it seems to have been printed in 1815. Of course it abounds in foreign news. The editors of those days didn't think that anything but foreign news was worth printing. It didn't make any difference what was happening under their noses, they didn't pay any attention to it, but just naturally "honed" for intelligence from over the seas. We reproduce, as nearly like the copy as possible, some of the foreign news that appeared in this old paper, as it has something of an interest even at this day:

PARIS, Oct. 6.—Such is the state of irritation among the lower classes, that the king, in his carriage, was insulted on the boulevards the day before yesterday; his guard found it difficult to keep them off from the royal carriage; they used the most insulting language, and advised him to retire quietly to England before it was too late. Several cried out to him that he had brought upon them all the miseries of famine, and asked how he could appear in public in a manner whilst they wanted bread. The apprehension of a famine is very general, the poorer classes are in great distress even at this moment. It is impossible not to recollect that the cry of bread was the signal which preceded the horrors of the Revolution.

LATEST OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. Captain Burnie of the brig Sir Geo. Beckwith, arrived at New York in 15 days from Barbadoes, informs us, that the British slooc of war, dauntless had arrived at Barbadoes in a short passage from the East Indies, having stopped at St. Helena, where she found

the Northumberland, Admiral Cockburn. Napoleon Bonaparte had been landed at St. Helena and was in good health. Capt. B. did not bring any Barbadoes papers, but he informs us that they contained the particulars of the landing of Napoleon.

NEW YORK, December 1. Yesterday arrived at this port the fast sailing brig Kentucky Belle, Capt. Deshon, in 30 days from Nantz, which port she left on the 28th of October. The Editors of the *Mercantile Advertiser* have received her files of the *Paris Moniteur* and *Journal de Paris* to the 24th of October; but they are extremely barren of intelligence. The proceedings of the Chamber of Peers are not published; and a Chamber of Deputies are employed in discussing projects for amending the constitutional charter and ameliorating the peoples condition. Of Marshal Ney, not a syllable is mentioned in the papers. We learn verbally, however, that his trial is progressing.

PHILADELPHIA, December 1. We have been informed by a gentleman from Havre de grace, in Terrier, that Marshal Ney has escaped from his imprisonment; but of his destiny he is not informed. He further states, that the presence of the allied forces alone prevents revolutionary scenes in France.

Unnecessary Work of Women.

Elizabeth Cummings, in an exchange, says: "I am convinced that one quarter of the work performed by women is unnecessary, and that the world would get on just as well without it. It is like the ottoman cover I once saw a lady work. She was all bent up, and was putting her eyes out counting stitches. 'I don't get any time for reading,' she said, plaintively, as she picked up some beads on her needle. 'You must have a great deal of leisure.' And yet she had spent more time embroidering a ridiculous dog on a piece of broad cloth than would have sufficed to read 20 good books.

It did not have the poor merit of being economical, for the price of the materials would have bought enough handsome damask for two covers. A friend of mine tells of seeing a squaw sew herself by the town pump, unroll a bundle of calico, cut out a dress, make it, put it on and walk off, all in about two hours. I have always regretted that he did not continue the story by telling me that the squaw spent her leisure beautifully. I would not have women reduce their sewing quite to so simple a performance, but a good deal would be gained if they thought more about living and less about their accidents. The transcendent fact is what we are, not what we accumulate or possess. Even knowledge may be so used that it is merely an ornament, which keeps up a twinkling about the mind, like bright jewels in pretty ears, and is only a possession, and not a part of ourselves.

To fill time, to pass it busily, is not to use it. Labor in itself is not worthy. The meanest work that makes home a lovely, sacred place, is consecrated and fit for the hands of a queen; but delicate work that ministers to no human need, even if it has artistic merit to recommend it, if it consumes the hours a woman ought to use training her mind to think, and her eyes to see, and making her brain something more than a mere filling for her skull, is but busy idleness and a waste of time. I hope the day will come when every woman who can read will be ashamed of the "column for ladies," printed in some of our papers, and which tells with more sarcastic emphasis than any words of mine, how women choose to spend their leisure. Surely if they have time to follow intricate directions for all sorts of trimming, and not so good as that sold in the shops at two cents a yard, they may, if they will, find a few moments in which to read a book.

Senator Ransom's Speech on Mr. Hendricks.

From the New York World. Mr. Ransom believed it almost impossible at this time to measure the worth to our country of a great character like that of the late Vice President. We are yet too near his life to write his history. He had lived forty-three years conspicuously before the public gaze, and had always proved himself the earnest, faithful champion of the people's rights. He had proved himself a lover of his whole country and its liberties. The Southern States in this emergency felt deep, sincere and overflowing sympathy and sorrow at the bereavement of their Northern sisters. "Tank Almighty God," said Mr. Ransom, "that the everlasting covenant of our Union is established in the hearts of all our people, and that through the clouds of his sorrow we can behold the peace that never is to be broken."

The cigar that is called imported is about as appropriately named as the hired girl we call domestic.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Gogglesop—"Very stupid girl, that Miss Wilpin." Hanworth—"How so?" "Why, you see, we were guessing conundrums the other evening, and I asked her what was the difference between mys and andandoney." "Well?" "Why, by Jove, she said she didn't know."—*Philadelphia Times*.

Mary Anderson in Washington.

At Washington, D. C., Rhea and Mary Anderson, who have been playing engagements as rival stars at the two theatres, have carried the rivalry into society. Mary Anderson drew a large audience, with standing room only, at Mrs. Z. B. Vance's home there last Thursday. The news spread at the different receptions that Mary Anderson was there, and the street before Senator Vance's home was immediately blackened with carriages, and the people lingered near until long after 5 o'clock, "until Mary did appear." There was envy in other Senatorial homes that the North Carolina colleague should secure such a strong attraction, and chagrin to see a room full of callers suddenly melt away when told that the dramatic star was twinkling in Mrs. Vance's parlor.—*News and Observer*.

Love for Newspapers.

The following extract so well expresses our idea that we think the space it occupies will be well used:

"The strong attachment of subscribers to a well-conducted newspaper is fully confirmed by all publishers. 'Stop my paper, words of dread to beginners in business, lose their terror after a paper has been established a few years. So long as a paper pursues a just, honorable and judicious course, meeting the wants of its customers in all respects, the ties of friendship between the subscribers and the papers are as hard to break by an outside third party as the link which binds old friends in business or social life. Occasional defects and errors in a newspaper are overlooked by those who have become attached to it through its perusal for years. They sometimes become dissatisfied with it on account of something which has slipped into its columns, and may stop taking it; but the absence of the familiar sheet at their homes and offices for a few weeks becomes an insupportable privation, and they hasten to take it again, and possibly apologize for having stopped it. No friendship on earth is more constant than that contracted by the reader for a journal which makes an honest and earnest effort to merit its continued support. Hence, a conscientiously conducted paper becomes a favorite in the family.

Hints to Young Men.

That clothes don't make the man. That if they once get into debt they may never get out of it. That parting the hair in the middle brings on softening of the brain. That to deal honorably with all men they begin with their washerwoman. That they need something more substantial than cigars kid gloves and a cane to start housekeeping with. That they can't reckon on their father's fortune to carry them through life. Fortunes are slippery things—better have something else to fall back on. That girl who decks herself in the latest things out, and parades the street while her mother is doing the washing, isn't worth visting much love on. That a fellow who deliberately proposes matrimony to girl when he can't support himself, is either a first class fraud or a fool—unless he marries for money and becomes her hired man.—*Baltimorean*.

Statesmen who are Queer Drinkers.

Correspondence of the Cleveland Leader. "Some of these statesmen are queer drinkers," the saloonist went on. "A member I know drinks about forty drinks a day. He fills his glass to the brim and tells the barkeeper, when it runs over, his sight is bad and he can't see well. One must have three lumps of sugar, a tablespoonful of water and a half goblet of whiskey for his usual dram. He dusts a little nutmeg over this, gulps it down and exclaims every time he does so that it is a drink fit for the gods. One Congressman drinks beer in great quantities, and he always puts pepper sauce in it. He is an economical fellow and says that pepper sauce makes the beer burn his stomach as well as whiskey, and his drinks cost him but half the price. "Some statesmen drink on the sly, and one I know who, if he sees any one in the saloon whom he is ashamed to have known that he drinks, will buy a cigar or get change for a quarter and then wait around until his friend goes out before he orders his dram. I don't think," concluded this man, "that statesmen drink as much as they used to. Public opinion is against it and they have to be careful."

Bill Arr on Women.

There is no record anywhere, in any history, of a happy married state where a man had more than one wife. Lammech had two, but the scriptures say nothing more about him. Adam didn't have but one, and Noah and they started the business of peopling the world. Old Father Abraham had one, and when he took another on the sly, old Anan Sarah got after him, and she frailed out the second one with a thrash pole and run her off. Jacob had two, and if ever a man deserved two he did; but they didn't get along well, even though they were sisters. Moses didn't have but one. King David had several,

but he was cursed with them and actually committed murder to get one of them and lived in anguish ever after, for he said, "My sin is ever before me." Old Solomon must have had an awful time of it, for he had a thousand, and they kept him so harassed and bedeviled that he fled to his inkstand and wrote that he had found one good man, but a good woman in a thousand he had not found. Of course not. How could a woman be good when she was only a thousandth part of a wife? But Solomon repented of his folly, and said it was all vanity, and advised all men to "live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest," and to "beware of strange women."

I never think of those surplus wives who are sealed to the Mormons without a feeling of sadness and pity, for every new one causes the others a pang of shame. They are all in prison, and their dependence is like that of a caged bird that tamely looks to its keeper for food. There is no escape, for woman is a proud creature and will suffer in silence rather than parade her folly to the world. Did you ever notice how a woman will suffer and be strong, especially if she had a child or children to keep her company?

The Observer and Gazette, Also.

The *Wilmington Star*, in its issue of Sunday, 31st ult., says:

"The *Star* is not alone in standing up for sound Democratic principles in North Carolina. The *Charlotte Democrat*, *Salisbury Watchman*, *Scotland Neck Democrat*, *Clinton Caucasian*, *Pittsboro Home*, and perhaps others, edited by men of intelligence and education, are opposed to the Paternal system, and to such dangerous measures as Blair bills.

We do not know whether or not our contemporary is disposed to place us in the category of those "of intelligence and education;" but, at any rate, with all the intelligence and education we have, we desire to be ranged with those who oppose in toto the Blair bill and all such measures, as we have more than once emphatically stated in our columns.—*Fayetteville Observer and Gazette*.

The Philadelphia Hortical society has had a wonderful and little known flower on exhibition in its rooms. It is called the moon-flower and blooms in the evening, when a small bud becomes a beautiful flower four inches in diameter. The development requires less than an hour, and the buds can be seen opening.

[This flower is among Mrs. Luke Blackmer's collection, and was in full bloom last summer.—Ed.]

Don't be rash young man. The feeling within you which you believe to be love, may only be dyspepsia.—*Philadelphia Herald*.

[This opinion is concurred in by a North Carolina doctor.—Ed.]

More Wonders.

Wil. Star. It is now said that Edison, the inventor and electrician, has added another wonderful invention to his list. He has invented a machine by which messages can be sent or received while trains are at full speed. An experiment testing the process has been made and with complete success. A New York dispatch of the first inst., says:

"Messages written by the gentlemen of the party, addressed to themselves, were left at Clifton, and were received by the same gentlemen on the train while going at full speed. The apparatus used consists of an ordinary Morse key, a phonetic receiver, an electric magnet and a battery. No special or extra wire is used running between or near the rails, but the messages jump through the air between the tin roof of the cars and the ordinary wires strung along by the side of the railway, a distance of from twenty-five to four hundred feet. The farthest distance traversed to day without a wire was some forty or fifty feet. The metallic roofs of the cars were connected together by wires which communicated with a Morse telegraphic instrument placed in one of the cars. An operator sat in front of the instrument, and through the noise of the train rendered the ticks indistinct, he read them easily by means of a telephone, and wrote out the messages as they were delivered."

Maidens of the South.

The casual visitor of the South knows little of the refinement and loveliness of the well-bred Southern women. Like the haze covered mountains of North Carolina, "the land of the sky," view before you can properly appreciate them. They must know you are before they unveil themselves to you. They do not overwhelm you with their knowledge of philosophy or abstruse science, and especially do they shrink from strong-minded views of things. But do not infer from their gentleness that they lack character. Deprived of the luxury and ease in which they were reared, they teach, keep boards, become milliners and even descend to their own kitchen with a sweetness and dignity that admits of no sense of degradation and mark them everywhere as the true-bred gentlefolks that they were. The maidens of the South, as may

be inferred from the above outline, of their mothers, are more shielded from the world than Northern girls, and are less independent. If you see a bevy of Southern school girls boisterous on the street or in public cars (something I have never seen), you may know that they do not belong to the first families. You may say that they do not accomplish so much at their studies, and all that; but still the fact remains that there is much that is admirable in their breeding and manners. If you hear a Southern lady speak you may know whether she belongs to the first families by her pronunciation of the word "about." It cannot be expressed in types, nor is it easy for Northerners to master this Shibboleth of Southern refinement.—*Greensboro Patriot*.

Over on Dayton's Bluff, is a school-house. The school is presided over by a very pretty and interesting young lady teacher, who is a great favorite with the juveniles entrusted to her care, and the boy scholars are constantly in a turmoil as to which shall have the privilege of escorting her home after the close of school. Last week one sagacious six-year-old man determined to be ahead of his competitors, and during the afternoon he raised his hand to attract the teacher's attention. When asked what he desired, he arose and, in a polite manner, asked the teacher if "he might have the pleasure of escorting her to her home after school." The girls laughed, the boys looked cross, and the teacher accepted.—*St. Paul's Globe*.

[She should have pulled his ear.—Ed.]

"A genuine patriot," said an orator recently, "must at all times be ready to die for his country, even though it should cost him his life!" (Thundering applause.)

"Them's my sentiments," he said, pointing at a banner in the labor procession. "What sentiments?" "Down with prison labor." "Ah, then you are a workman, are you?" "Not just now, but I'm afraid I will be, I've been indicted, you see."

HAPPY NEW YEAR -1886-

Do you hear a big noise way off, good people! That's us, shouting Happy New Year! To our ten thousand Patrons in Texas, Ark., La., Miss., Ala., Tenn., Va., N. C., S. C., and Fla., from our Grand New

TEMPLE OF MUSIC,

which we are just settled in after three months of moving and regulating.

Hallelujah! Anchored at last in a Mammoth Building, exactly situated to our needs and immense business. Just what we have wanted for ten long years, but couldn't get.

The Largest, Finest and Most Complete Music House in America.

A Fact, if we do say it ourselves. Visit New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, or any City on this continent, and you will not find its equal in Size, Implying Appearance, Tasteful arrangement, Elegant Fittings, or Stock Carried.

BUSINESS.

and now, with this Grand New Music Temple, affording every facility for the extension of our business; with our \$200,000 Cash Capital, our \$100,000 Stock of Musical Wares, our Eight Branch Houses, our 200 Agencies, our army of employees, and our twenty years of successful experience, we are prepared to serve our patrons far better than ever before, and give them greater advantages than can be had elsewhere, North or South.

This is what we are living for, and we shall drive our business from now on with tenfold energy.

With hearty and sincere thanks to all patrons for their good will and liberal support, we wish them all a Happy New Year.

Ludden & Bates So. Music House, SAVANNAH, GA.

P. S. If any one should happen to want a Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, accordion, Band Instrument, Drum, Strings, or any small Musical Instrument, or Sheet Music, Music Book, Picture, Frame, Statuary, Art Goods, or Artists' Materials, WE KEEP SUCH THINGS, and will tell you all about them if you write us.

L. & B. S. M. H.

VIKES' FLORAL GUIDE
It is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 100 illustrations, with descriptions of the best flowers, and how to grow them. Price 25 cents. It gives the names of the flowers, and how to grow them. It is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 100 illustrations, with descriptions of the best flowers, and how to grow them. Price 25 cents. It gives the names of the flowers, and how to grow them.

MY WIFE!

My wife has been a great sufferer from Catarrh. Several physicians and various patent medicines were resorted to, yet the disease continued unabated, nothing appearing to make any impression upon it. Her constitution finally became implicated, the poison being in her blood. I secured a bottle of B. B. B. and placed her upon its use, and to our surprise the improvement began at once, and her recovery was rapid and complete. No other preparation ever produced such a wonderful change, and for all forms of blood disease I cheerfully recommend B. B. B. and superior Blood Purifier.

R. P. DODGE
Yardmaster Georgia Railroad
Atlanta, Ga.

GREAT GRIEF.

From the Athens (Ga.) Banner-Watchman. Uncle Dick Sauter says: Fifty years ago I had a running ulcer on my leg which refused to heal under any treatment. In 1858 I went to California and remained eighteen months, and in 1873 I visited Hot Springs, Ark., remaining three months, but was not cured. Amputation was discussed, but I concluded to make one more effort. I commenced taking the B. B. B. about six weeks ago. The Fifty-year old sore on my leg is healing rapidly, and yesterday I walked about fifteen miles fishing and hunting without any pain, and before using the B. B. B. I could not walk exceeding half a mile. I sleep soundly at night for the first time in many years. To think that six bottles have done me more good than Hot Springs, eighteen months in California, besides an immense amount of medicines and eight or ten first class physicians, will convince any man on earth that it is a wonderful blood medicine. It has also cured me of catarrh.

MOUTH!

There is a lady living here, Mrs. — who has had catarrh for many, many years. I have known she had it for fifteen or twenty years, and my father once doctored her, as she was then a tenant on our place. For the last two and a half years she has been bedridden, the catarrh or cancer (the numerous physicians have never decided which) during her two years and a half in the bed, had eaten all the roof of her mouth out. She was so offensive no one could stay in the room; she could not eat anything, but could swallow soup if it was strained. She gave up to die, and came near perishing all thought she would die. Her son bought the B. B. B. and she used several bottles, which effected an entire cure. She is now well and hearty. I have not exaggerated one particle.

LUCY STRONG.

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. 22-1/2.

IF YOU WANT TO FILL YOUR GAME BAG, AND MAKE BIG SCORES, USE

REMINGTON RIFLES—AND SHOT GUNS.

All the Latest Improvements.
FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS, ADDRESS
Lamberson, Furman & Co.,
SOLE AGENTS FOR
E. REMINGTON & SONS'
Spartan Arms and Ammunition,
281 & 283 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

REMINGTON SHOVELS, SCOOPS, SPADES.

MADE IN THE BEST MANTEL, BY SKILLED WORKMEN. REMEMBER THAT OUR SHOOLS ARE ALWAYS DELIVERED. One Piece of Solid Steel. NO HOLES OR RIVETS TO WEAKEN THE BLADE. SEND FOR CIRCULARS.
REMINGTON AGRICULTURAL CO.,
ILLION, N. Y.
New York Office, 115 Chambers Street.