PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

The WATCHMAN is now in its fifty-fifth year—subscribe for it.

Why Jim Dutton Disappeared.

Atlanta Constitution.

When the war broke out Jim Dutton was the postmaster at Blue Rock, and for a short while after the Confederate government came into existence and authority he held on and performed his duties. But one Monday morning the villagers found the postoffice closed, and it was ascertained that Jim Dutton and his wife had mysteriously disappeared. No cause could be assigned for their departure and no trace found of their movements; and after constituting a nine days' wonder, the matter was forgotten amid the stirring events of the war.

Some time ago, in a little town in Western Texas, I accidentally ran up with Jim Dutton. There was no mistaking the man. Time had dealt gently with him, and he looked prosperous and happy. I slapped him on the back with a hearty—

"Hello, Jim Dutton!"

Jim turned, and fell all to pieces, so to speak. He recognized me and shook hands; and after a long conversation, he said:

"Colonel, I reckon you'd like to know why my wife and I left Blue Rock."

"Well, you may explain if you feel like it," I replied.

"Later, in my room at the hotel before a blazing fire, with a good cigar to stimulate him Dutton unbosomed himself.

"Colonel," said he, "it makes me blush now to think what a greenhorn, what a miserable ignoramus, I was at the beginning of the war."

"Oh, no," I suggested, deprecatingly.

"But I was," continued Jim; "I verily believe I was the biggest fool in Georgia, and yet I thought I was the smartest man in the State. You see, being postmaster had puffed me up so that I felt as big as the Governor himself. Well, after the Confederacy organized I went on attending to postal business under my old Federal commission. One night my wife, who was a great reader, hinted that maybe I had laid myself liable for high treason. At first I laughed at the idea; and then I rummaged through some old histories, and I found that in every civilized country where there was a rebellion, if a government officer sided with the rebels he was guilty of high treason. Now, it struck me that secession was in fact a rebellion, and if we were whipped, as I feared we would be, I would be in a bad box. I told my wife about it, and she reminded me that I had a copy of Blackstone, and advised me to read up on the punishment of treason.

"You see, I was so badly scared that I was afraid to consult anybody, so that night I got Blackstone down, and my wife and I looked through it. I give you my word that what we read made our hair stand on end. Why, sir, we learned from that infernal book that I was liable to be convicted of treason, drawn to the place of execution on a hurdle, hanged and quartered, besides forfeiting my property and having my blood corrupted. My wife burst into tears and threw her arms around my neck, while I blubbered a little, myself.

"To think," said my wife, "that my Jimmie must be quartered like beef, and be hanged, and all sorts of horrid things."

"'Its durned bad,' I said' 'and then I see that my blood is to be corrupted.'

"'How can that hurt you,' asked my wife, 'after you are dead?'

"'Dunno,' I said, 'but I don't like it.'

"Well the long and short of it was that we decided to skip. I made my arrangements about the property, as you know, and we slid out one Saturday night, never stopping till we got out here. It was on the frontier then, and, bless your soul, the war never bothered us."

"But," said I, "didn't you find out very soon that your fears were groundless?"

"No, sir; it was years and years before I felt safe. In fact, it was sometime after the war ended. I had begun to accumulate property, my ranch was turning out well, and I had leisure to read books and newspapers. You bet I looked up that treason business, and found out what a monumental fool I had made of myself."

I leaned back in my chair and laughed heartily.

"Oh, you may laugh," said Dutton, "but my folly and ignorance were the making of me."

"You would have done well if you had remained in Georgia," I replied.

"No, I wouldn't; I'd have stuck to Blue Rock, and perhaps been postmaster there yet on a salary of $75 a year. Now I have a ranch worth $150,000, and am beginning to enjoy life. Come home with me and see; I live only 20 miles from here."

I had to decline the invitation, as I was to leave next day.

"You can tell the boys, if you like," said Jim at parting: "some of those Blue Rock fellows are as green now as I used to be, and I don't care what they may think of it. And, Colonel, tell them the old woman and I are getting along just splendid, and that my two sons and daughters are the finest lads and lassies in Texas."

As I rode off I turned when I came to the first hill top, and half a mile below in the village street I could see the ex-postmaster of Blue Rock waving his sombrero.

Warts.

Put soda on the warts as often as you think of it. The worst seed wart I ever saw went off in about a month. As dry soda is so apt to rub off I made a strong solution of it with water, and kept corked. A small wart will disappear almost like magic. I took off one this past summer. Some day you will attempt to use the soda, but find no wart; leaves no trace and makes no return.

Philadelphia Preparing for War.

Philadelphia has had many riots, and just now, in anticipation of more, preparations are being made which would be rather amusing if it were not for the profound fear of mob violence they seem to indicate. Mayor Smith has announced that he is going to get a Gatling gun, capable of discharing 2,000 rounds a minute, for the police, and he also wants to arm 250 of his officers with rifles to form a little street army. Then all of the policemen are to be provided with the most improved style of pistols, and these various weapons of warfare, in addition to the clubs and murderous blackjacks which the officers always carry, are expected to spread dismay through the ranks of the most valiant mob that ever marched down from Kinsington and Richmond or was recruited in the vile alleys and recesses of the slums. The patrol wagon system, which has been of such advantage in Chicago in mobilizing the police force, is in operation over the central portion of Philadelphia, and the blue wagons with their spirited horses and jaunty officers, would doubtless be as serviceable here as in the western city.

The United States government has also taken a hand in preparing for emergencies. As the mint with its many millions of dollars in coin and bullion, would be a veritable bonanza for a mob with thievish intents, two ugly-looking Gatling guns have been procured from Washington and now guard the porticoed structure at Chesnut and Juniper streets. It is said they are to be placed on the roof, from which they could sweep all approaches to this great treasure house. Watchmen armed to the teeth patrol the building during the day, and at night a sleepless vigil is kept by a sufficient force to protect Uncle Sam's property. Just across City Hall Square a battery is stored in the great public buildings, and a little way up North Broad street are two armories in direct communication with the Police Department.—*New York Star.*

Carbolic Acid and Diseases.

I do not dread hog or chicken cholera at all, for as soon as either begins to show signs of disease I mix some carbolic acid in the feed, and they soon are all right again. It is the best preventive medicine I have ever seen tried, and farmers would do well to keep some in the house, and whenever they suspect that their stock has been exposed to some contagion, feed them some for several days, about two or three times a day. I tried it for the pinkeye on horses, and those that had been getting the acid after exposure to the disease had it so slight that it did not hurt them at all, while the first one that took it without being treated before got down very low with it. It is also recommended for rinderpest, or cattle plague, rot in sheep or glanders in horses. I have not had occasion to try it for those diseases, but have no doubt that if anything will cure or prevent them, carbolic acid will. But I have found it an unfailing remedy for gapes in chickens. If they are so bad that they will not eat any more, dissolve the acid in water until the water becomes clear, and pour a little in their throats, and it will cure almost immediately. Doses for horses or cows, 10 to 12 drops two or three times a day; pigs, 3 to 10 drops, according to size, chickens, 2 to 4 drops of the crude acid, but always dilute it with water.—*Commercial Gazette.*

Small Change in Mexico.

In one of the small towns I bought some limes, and gave the girl one dollar in payment. By way of change returned 40 pieces of soap the size of a water-cracker. I looked at her in astonishment, and she returned my look with equal surprise, when a police-officer who witnessed the incident hastened to inform me that for small sums soap was the legal tender in many portions of the country. I examined my change and found that each cake was stamped with the name of a town and of a manufacture authorized by the government. The cakes of soap were worth one and a half cents each. Afterward in my travels I frequently received similar change. Many of the cakes showed signs of having been in the washtub, but that, I discovered, was not at all uncommon. Provided the stamp was not obliterated, the soap did not lose any value as currency. Occasionally a man borrows a cake from a friend, washes his hands and returns it with thanks. I made use of my pieces more than once in my bath, and subsequently spent them.

The South Excused.

Under the Civil Service regulations, a Southern man over 35 years of age, in the vigor and glory of manhood, is not permitted to aspire to or hold office in the Postal Service of this Government. A beardless boy of 16, with heroic blood in his veins, who surrendered at Appomatox, and is now a loyal citizen of this Republic, as devoted to the Union as any man in it, is, by this monstrous civil service fraud, debarred from Government employment. A Northern man, who robbed hen roosts during the war, and probably did nothing more valorous, can become an officeholder at any age, because forsooth he happened to get on the muster rolls of the Federal army.—*Augusta, (Ga.) Chronicle.*

A Cleveland speculator sent his son to Wisconsin to buy hops, telling him to keep his eye open for any other speculation. After a few days a dispatch came saying: A widow has got a corner on the hop market of this state. Shall I marry her? 'Certainly,' was the reply sent over the wires. Then came: 'Got the hops,' the widow and seven step children, and shall go to Chicago to-morrow to see about a divorce.—*Wall Street News.*

Moral Training of Pupils.

There is a steady growing demand for the moral as well as mental training of children in the schools. The teacher has entire control of the child about six or seven hours daily for five days in each week, and surely no better opportunity can be presented for directing the minds and hearts in the proper channels. Do not stop when the child has recited what was assigned him as a lesson from the book, but teach him to think right, act right, talk right and have the right conceptions of life, of his relations to fellow pupils, his parents, and to humanity in general. Teach him a proper respect for Christianity, the Bible and the laws of the land, particularly the distinctions between "mine" and "thine," the priceless worth of truth, politeness, and in this connection the other graces—gentleness, forbearance, patience and integrity. The teacher ought also to lay the foundation for a temperate life as regards the use of alcohol and all other hurtful stimulants. It is presumed, of course, that the teacher will train the children in all these things by example as well as by precept.

Full Style.

Pittsboro Chronicle Telegraph.

"Let me see some of your black kids," said Mrs. Snaggs to a clerk at the 5th avenue store.

"These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced.

"Yes, madam," said the clerk. "We've had them in stock only two days."

"I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says that black kids have tan stitches and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa."

The clerk explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons, and Mrs. Snaggs bought the gloves.

No Doubt About Needing.

According to a correspondent of the Memphis Avalanche, the people of Somerville, a village near there, have adopted a successful plan to keep up an interest in their Wednesday evening prayer meetings, by inducing people who are contemplating marriage to decide at once, and have the knot tied at those meetings, which serves to keep up the interest in them. The time and place are both appropriate. If a man and woman ever need the prayers of the congregation, it is when they become one.

Rather too Polite.

Kosciusko Murphy is one of the most polite and differential men in Texas. Not long since he was sitting at a hotel table at which there were several drummers with whom he was not acquainted. They were telling stories and laughing vociferously.

Kosciusko never smiled, but after an excruciatingly funny story had been told, and the drummers were almost speechless with laughter, he leaned over and said timidly:

"Gentlemen, my name is Murphy, and if you have no objections I would like to chuckle a little myself over that last story."

A Married Man's Opinion.

Grover Cleveland has enjoyed many honors, but all fade beside that with which this young woman crowns him in the presence of sixty millions of his fellow-citizens. The highest position that any man can fill in this bonnie land of freedom is husband to one of its true daughters. Next comes the Presidency.

"Now, Mr. Johnson, you are well up in mythology." "Yes, sir, that's where you can always find me." "We have all sorts of muses—the muse of poetry, the muse of dancing and so on. Now, I want to ask for the information of all present, whether there is any muse of darkness—of night?" "Well, Mr. Hendricks, mythologically speaking, there is not. Cat-egorically speaking, the night is full of mews."—*Tid-Bits.*

Planter—"That's a vicious-looking mule you've got there, Pompey." Pompey—"Dat mewel, sah? Dat am one ob de wondahs ob de world." Planter—"One of the wonders of the world?" Pompey—"Yes sah, dat mewel spilled me outen de wagon yestirday." Planter—"Is that why you call him one of the wonders of the world?" Pompey—"Yes, sah; Pompey's spiller, you know. Hah, hah! Gid 'long dar!"—*Boston Courier.*

It is a common idea among those who labor with their hands that headwork is easy work—indeed, no work at all; but the Journal of Chemistry says that three hours of hard mental labor wears more on the body than a whole day of physical work.

A Woman with a Pink Feather.

Arlo Bates in the Providence Journal.

A story is told of a Boston doctor, though I do not know upon what authority. In a crowded church the deacon with the contribution box made his difficult way up the aisle and held that receptacle for the cash of the charitable, suggestively before the young man. "I am very sorry, sir," the doctor said, to the infinite scandal and astonishment of all about him, "but the woman with a pink feather in her bonnet has taken my purse, and I can't have her arrested until after service, so you will have to wait."

Cultivation has so affected the evolution of the tomato that the seeds are fast disappearing, and bid fair to pass out of existence entirely, as in the case of the banana, leaving the propagation of the plants dependent on cuttings.

First Dutchman: "Jake, vat you going to gif your son for a birt-day bresent?" Second Do: "I don'd know; it's putty hard times. I guess I haf some buddons sewed on his clothes." First Do: "Yes dat's so. I guess I haf my boy's hair cut."

"Pap," said little Jacob, looking up from his Sunday-school paper, "here is a piece that says "Beer versus Whisky.' Shall I read it?" "Trow dat paber in de schtove, Skaky. Inny mans vot says beer is vorse as visky ain't fit for nodings except kindling-vood."

The WATCHMAN is devoted to the best interests of the people of North Carolina; to the development of the State's industrial resources; to her farms, her forests, her minerals and her water-powers. It should be in your family. Subscribe for it.

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General Passenger Dep't.

SALISBURY, N. C., Jan. 16, 1886.

Commencing Sunday, January 17th, and superseding all others, the following Passenger Train Schedule will be operated over this road.

TRAIN NO. 1. WEST. Arrive	Leave	Main Line	TRAIN NO. 2. EAST. Arrive	Leave
P. M.	11 25A	Salisbury.	5 30PM	P. M.
12.25	12 29PM	Statesville	4 21	4 23
1.32	1 32	Newton	3 14	3 15
1.58	2 18	Hickory	2 18	2 43
3 05	3 06	Morganton	1 28	1 28
4.08	4 08	Marion	12 27	12 27
4 37	4 37	Old Fort	11 56	11 57
4.52	4 52	Round Knob.	11 40	11 40
5.29	5 29	Black Mountain	10 52	10 52
6.16	6 21	Asheville	9 56	10 01
6.56	7 21	Alexanders	8 56	9 21
7 57	7 58	Marshall	8 18	8 18
8.52	8 55	Warm Springs.	7 20	7 22
9.15		Paint Fork		7 00AM

TRAIN No. 7 WEST. Arrive	Leave	Murphy Div.	TRAIN No. 8 EAST. Arrive	Leave
A. M.	9 58AM	Asheville	4 30PM	P. M.
9 32	10 34	Ominy	3 59	4 01
11 21	11 26	Pigeon River	3 12	3 17
12 19	12 29PM	Waynesville	2 00	2 25
1 49	1 53	Hall.	12 34	12 35
2 28	2 29	Sylva	11 56	11 57
2 39	2 41	Webster	11 45	11 46
3 21	3 31	Whittier	10 54	10 55
4 15	4 24	Charleston	10 00	10 09
6 05	6 05	Nantahala	8 19	8 19
7 05	P. M.	Zerretts	A. M.	7 19AM

Alexanders, supper station for No. 1.
" breakfast " " " 2.

W. A. TURK, A. G. P.

V. E. McBEE. Supt.