

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XVII.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 19, 1886.

NO. 43

READ THIS COLUMN CAREFULLY.

Meroney & Bro's.

THE GRAND CENTRAL FANCY AND DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT OF SALISBURY.

For this season their line of Dress Trimmings is unapproachable. A full line of Rosary Bead Trimmings, fancy Halls and Crescents for Lambrequins, Special bargains in Hamburg and Swiss Embroideries. Large varieties of Buttons, large and small, with clasps to match. Largest and cheapest line of Pearl Buttons in the city. Below all competition, they have the best line of Laces, in all widths, of Ecru, Spanish, Black and Colored, Oriental, Egyptian, Cream and White. Aracene and Piliacelle Silk Floss in all shades. The best 50c. Corset ever sold. A full line of Warner's Corsets. Parasols from 15c. to \$6.00. Rare bargains in Kid and Silk Gloves and Mitts of all shades and quality. A complete line of Undressed Kids for Ladies. An unequalled assortment of Ladies and Misses Hosiery at all prices. RIBBED HOSE FOR CHILDREN A SPECIALTY. Gent's Silk Scarfs from 25c. to \$1.00. Just the place to get White and Colored Cuffs and Collars for Ladies. If you want Straw Hats, Fur Hats and Shoes for Gentlemen, Ladies, or Boys, you can find them here. The more careful you read the more you will be convinced that they have the best stock in town, and will sell to you at prices to compete with any one.

SEE THIS

In all the recent popular shades of

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They have all Wool Nun's Veiling at 25c. Belts and Embroidery to match. Embroidered Evening Robes, Embroidered Zephyr Robes, Full line plain Etoile Dress Goods, Combination Wool Robe Dress Goods, Brocade Combination Dress Goods, Striped Combination Dress Goods, Bouclay Canvas Plaid Dress Goods, Sheppard Plaid Dress Goods, Cotton Canvas Dress Goods, the Satteens, Crinkled Soursuckers, Ginghams. WHITE GOODS. In White Goods you cannot be pleased here anywhere they have Linen De Daisies, Indian Linnen, Persian Linnen, Victoria Lawn, White and Colored Mull, Nainsook, at all prices. All Shades of Cheese Cloth, Calicoes, 58 and 60c. per yard, Cassimeres for Gent's wear, all prices, Cottonades from 12c. to 30c. Ladies and Misses Jerseys, a full line, Curran Goods in Persian and Russian Drapery, Curran Holland, all shades, Old Shades, in all colors, Curran Poles and Fictives, Linen Lap Robes 75c. to \$1.50.

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CERTAIN CATARRH CURE
BEST REMEDY KNOWN FOR CATARRH SORE MOUTH OR SORE THROAT
In all forms and stages.
PURELY VEGETABLE
REQUIRES NO INSTRUMENT.
It cures where others failed to give relief.

Dr. R. B. Davis, Athens, Ga., says: "I suffered with Catarrh five years. But since using CERTAIN CATARRH CURE, an entirely new era in the treatment of this disease has been opened. I have been cured, and I heartily endorse it."
Miss Lucy J. Cook, Athens, Ga., writes, Sept. 13, 1886: "One bottle of your remedy entirely cured me of Catarrh, with which I had suffered for five years."
J. H. Algood, Athens, Ga., writes Sept. 8, '86: "I had severe sore throat more than two weeks, was entirely cured by CERTAIN CATARRH CURE in one day."

CAN YOU DOUBT
SUCH TESTIMONY? WE THINK NOT.
Only a few of our many certificates are given here. Others can be obtained from your druggist, or by sending for a copy of our Circular.

3 C. CO., ATHENS, GA.
For Sale by J. H. ENNIS, Salisbury, N. C. 21-1y.

I certify that on the 15th of February I commenced giving my four children, aged 2, 4, 6 and 8 years, respectively, Smith's Worm Oil, and within six days there were at least 1200 worms expelled. One child passed over 100 in one night.
J. E. SIMPSON.
Hall Co., February 1, 1879.
Saw—My child, five years old, had symptoms of worms. I tried calomel and other Worm Medicines, but failed to expel any. Seeing Mr. Bain's certificate, I got a vial of your Worm Oil, and the second dose brought forty worms, and the second dose so many were passed I could not count them.
S. H. ADAMS.
21-1y.

Happiness.
Is happiness a plant of mortal birth, Which, duly cultured, grows in gracious earth?
Rather 'tis heavenly glory or bright dew, Sipped from the bosom of the cloudless blue, On some far, far, to the soul's surprise, Fresh with the fragrance born in paradise.
—Paul H. Hayne.

Two Roses.
RICHARD E. BURTON.
A wild rose spake to a city rose
"How sad is your lot, your life!
You miss the kiss of the wind that blows
In the open field where the glad stream flows,
And the days with summer rife."

The city flower softly smiled,
For she knew what things are best:
"How little you dream of love, poor child!
What time you are out in the tempest wild
I sleep on my lady's breast."
Baltimore, Md. —Philadelphia American.

Two to a Bargain.
The miller stood at his open door,
A pleasing sight to see;
Of worldly things he owned good store,
And acres broad he had in fee.
Yes! I will wed whom'er I please,
And lead a merry life,
For happy's the man that lives at ease,
With a pipe and loving wife.
"Oh, miller, have you flour to sell,
That you will sell to me?
And here is gold to pay you well
Whether the price may be."
He laughed and answered in a trice,
"Twice the price I have!
And if you would know the market price,
Two kisses for every sack."
"Two kisses—that is a deal to pay."
She merrily answered back:
"Yet, as tomorrow's baking day,
We needs must have a sack,
And mother, (but here she laughed outright),
Has hidden me say to you
That she herself will come to-night,
And pay whatever is due."
—T. Malcolm Watson.

Love Land.
There's a far-off mystic country,
Sunned by hope's eternal beam,
In whose green and perfumed valleys
I have wandered in a dream.
Where the brooklets run in music,
Twist their curving banks along,
Where the forests wave in anthems,
Swayed by breezes winged with song.
Where the whole great heart of nature
Thrills with melody for aye;
Where the flowers that bud and blossom,
Never wither, fade or die;
But for me the clime is distant,
Distant far as morning's gleam,
Till in its fair and pleasant valleys
I have lingered in a dream.
And a pure and radiant being
Leads me gently by the hand,
When, through slumber's dusky portals,
Joyfully I seek that land;
And beside me in her beauty
Lingers like the radiant beam
Of some star that shines in heaven
Till I waken from my dream.
And that far-off, mystic country
Is the glorious land of love,
Where love is love for all men,
And all other things above;
And my heart yearns towards this being
As I breathe life's rapid stream—
Ever distant from me waking,
Ever near me in my dream.
—R. M. Squire.

From Wake Forest.
NEW PROFESSORS—NEW BUILDINGS—PERSONAL.
The Board of Trustees of the College, which met in Raleigh last week, to complete their work, in addition to the election of three new professors, have made arrangements for the erection of a large laboratory and have completed a contract for 200,000 bricks to be delivered here at once. It is also probable that another dormitory will soon be erected.
The Trustees were fortunate in securing men, like those elected, to teach at Wake Forest. Prof. Duggan, who is to fill the chemistry chair, is a man of unusual ability and well known in this and other nations. He is a fellow at Johns Hopkins University, the country of the most advanced in science in New York, and has lately discovered a new mineral.
Prof. Manly has sustained well the reputation of his ancestors whose names are dear to all North Carolinians. He speaks Latin almost as fluently as he does English, and is a fine scholar in every respect. He is a grand-nephew of the great Judge Manly.
Prof. Michael, assistant, is a graduate of the University of West Virginia, has made a fine reputation as a teacher and comes to us highly recommended. With such men as these in our institutions we need not fear as to the progress and advancement of education in North Carolina.
The improvement of the Campus, which President Taylor inaugurated last Winter, has been kept up through the Spring and Summer and the grounds now present an attractive appearance. A beautiful lawn is dotted here and there with young magnolias, sturdy oaks, beds of flowers, new rustic and other numerous improvements which tend to make the square a pretty one.
While all these improvements have been going on, the railroad authorities have not forgotten us and we now enjoy the convenience of a new passenger depot and it is an ornament to the town.
Twenty odd days will have elapsed and our population will again be doubled. A majority of the old students will return, besides Dr. Taylor is looking for an increased number of "newish." The prospects for the college the coming year is very flattering, and nothing is being left undone to make it a notable session for advancement and thorough work. The main dormitory has been thoroughly overhauled and kalsamined and now presents a new and improved appearance. The gymnasium has also been repaired and enlarged and is now able to cope with the muscles of the boys in September.
The refreshing rains which fell here last week seemed to have changed everything for the better. The farmers throughout this section have rarely seen the crops in a better condition and they are in high spirits over the outlook for a bountiful harvest.
As August wears away the professors and lauditors wind their way homeward.

The professors who have been laboring in different portions of the state have all returned except Dr. Taylor who is in the Blue Ridge section in the interest of the College.
We look for the new professors in about two weeks. It is a short time, yet we are impatient to welcome them.
Prof. L. R. Mills returned, Friday from the Normal school in the East over which he presides.
Dr. Simmons has spent the most of his vacation in the mountains.
Prof. Rayall has been holding a meeting at Youngsville for the past two weeks.
J. J. F.

Breezes from Blowing Rock.

For the Watchman:
The long deferred warm weather and the ever increasing popularity of this delightful summer resort have brought quite a rush of seekers after health and pleasure to Blowing Rock. The Watanga Hotel is filled almost to its utmost capacity, there being only a few vacant berths in the third story. All of Morris' houses, including *Bachelors' Retreat*, *Castle Thunder*, and *Hotel de Rats*, are filled from garret to basement. Estes, Stewart's and Ingle's are all well patronized. The amusements consist of dancing, lawn tennis, base-ball, fishing, and riding, driving, or walking, as taste prompts, to the numerous beautiful views in the vicinity of the hotels. *Vicinity!* It has been said of your correspondent, by some of the pedestrians whom he has inveigled into accompanying him on excursions to some of these points, that he has not the faintest conception of the proper meaning of this word. However, they are always glad they went, and wonderfully surprised to find how far they can walk, in this bracing atmosphere, without being over-fatigued. Think of a party of young ladies walking ten or twelve miles before dinner! And yet, this is almost an every day occurrence! But oh! their appetites for dinner.
A great many improvements have been made here since last Summer. Several lots have been sold on "Broadway," and Summer residences are being erected thereon. The Presbyterian Church, just being completed, is quite a neat structure. It was dedicated by Dr. Rample on Sunday, July 25th. In order to raise money for painting the church, the young ladies gave a concert, a few evenings since at the Watanga Hotel and rendered the following excellent

PROGRAMME:
1. Piano duet—Les Grelots—Boscovitz.
2. Hour of Sweet Repose—Howe.
3. Vocal duet—The Fisherman—Gabbusi.
4. Milk Maid Song—Terry.
5. Twelve variations in A major—Beethoven.
6. Waiting—Millard—Miss Lizzie Kerr.
7. Duet—Schubert's Serenade.
8. Solo—Ernani—Miss Stowe.
9. Recitation—Miss Henry.
10. The Return—Millard—Miss Waddell.
11. Piano duet—Pastillon d'Amour.
12. Recitation—Miss Mattoon.
13. Vocal duet—Good Night.
Misses Stowe and Harper.

Although the admission was only twenty-five cents, they realized \$30.42. There has been service in the church every Sunday since it was dedicated. The weather is fine now, only we have a little too much rain. For next week several excursions are planned to Grandfather, Roan Mountain and Linville Falls.
PIONEER.

Stay Where You Are!
CHIPLEY, HARRIS CO., GA.
August 10th, 1886.

Dear Watchman:—Perhaps a few dots from the "Empire State" might be of some interest to some of your many readers.
Politics are quiet since the great victory of Gen. John B. Gordon, for Governor.

The corn crop in Central and Western Georgia is very fine, and there is a larger acreage than usual, farmers are determined on raising their supplies at home, and cotton as a surplus crop. Would that this were more the case in the Old North State.

Cotton is backward, but is fruiting very well. If the season continues a few days there will be an average crop made.

There are a number of fine mineral springs in this section, but still a great many Georgians are leaving them and are visiting Springs and Summer resorts in North Carolina. So slowly, but surely, her (N. C.) attractions are recognized by her sister States. The day is not far distant when her resorts will be the most popular of any in the Southern States.

A great many of Georgia's oldest inhabitants are natives of Carolina, and while some are doing well others are longing to see their native old land and

once more call it home; to rove over the scenes of their childhood and at length lie down "where their fathers sleep."

But this is not vouchsafed many of them. Would it not be well for some of us who contemplate leaving the State, to profit by their experience and stay where we are? For considering all things, I do not think we could better our condition elsewhere.
E. H. M.

Will Merrimon be Scratched?

Whilst we do not approve of any utterance by the press designed to bring the Courts into disrespect, yet we hold that in this case (the case of the Asheville Citizen) there was no sufficient ground for punishing the defendants for contempt. The press must be left free to expose the shortcomings of Judges as well as other officials. Not only the press has this right but every citizen has the same right. Courts in this country at least are not above criticism, and the people who create the courts and the press which expresses the opinion of the people must be left free to criticize and condemn the action of the court whenever the occasion demands it.—Hickory Press.

That's right, and no respectable newspaper ought to occupy any other position. But what ought the free and independent newspapers of this State do about the course of Mr. James H. Merrimon, who voluntarily helped to prosecute the Asheville Citizen for its remarks about the Inferior Court of Buncombe? Mr. Merrimon has recently been nominated in the Asheville District as one of the Democratic candidates for Superior Court Judge—he is to be voted for by the State at large—ought free Democratic Editors support him, or ask others to vote for him? We raise the question now for serious consideration.—Home-Democrat.

Realities of the Cutting Case.

The national feeling that has been aroused over the Cutting affair may still be utilized. Cutting himself is not a fit object of solicitude. He is clearly a disreputable and pestiferous adventurer, and now that the facts are known, is seen to have been in the wrong all through.

Cutting is not a resident of Texas, but of Mexico. For more than eighteen months he has resided in Mexico, dwelling there and engaging in business under the protection of Mexican laws. It was in his capacity as such a resident that he was originally brought into court at Paso del Norte, and it has never been pretended that he protested against the exercise of its jurisdiction on that occasion. On the contrary he distinctly consented to it, ratified the judgment pronounced and undertook to discharge the obligations assigned him in the settlement. It was because of his default in this respect, because he actively circulated in Mexico, no matter where it was published, an article outrageously in contempt of the court within whose jurisdiction he resided and did business—it was for these reasons that the Mexican authorities arrested and undertook to punish him.

Everybody of intelligence subscribes to Secretary Bayard's proposition that Mexico cannot be allowed to punish an American citizen for acts committed in the United States. Upon that issue the whole country, without reference to party, would rally as one man to the support of the government. The only question is whether Cutting's case comes within this proposition. The Mexicans insist that his offense consisted in the circulation of the article in Mexico, and claim to be able to prove that he did personally circulate it. They do not except to Secretary Bayard's proposition. They simply protest that it does not apply to the case in point.

This is, therefore, a question of fact, not of principle, and it may safely be left to friendly inquiry and determination by the official representatives of the powers. The Mexican government, as well as the Mexican people, are most kindly disposed toward us. Mutual interests are hourly springing up to cement the bond, and commerce with her loving alchemy is shaping our efforts to a common end of peace. There is no *casus belli*, but the feeling that has been aroused, the interest that has been quickened, may well be used to bring about a better understanding and bend our purposes to justice and generosity and honor. This great nation will be all the dearer to the hearts of true men for being the type of gentleness and strength and dignity.—N. Y. Star.

A novelty, in North Carolina at least, is the fact that a Columbus county man is going to bring suit against a fair damsel of his region for breach of promise of marriage.

What Becomes of the Bullets?

The reports of the riots in Belfast bring up again the bewildering conundrum always suggested by English accounts of battles, "What on earth became of the bullets?" The papers are full of long, circumstantial narratives, introduced by grisly and reeking headlines, of furious conflict between the rioters and the authorities. We are presented with the spectacle of countless thousands of maddened men beleaguering the police and wrecking property, abandoning themselves to the wildest license and bent on the most comprehensive bloodshed. Into the dense masses of these infuriated demons the police and the military have for several consecutive days and nights poured a deadly rain of lead. We are assured that the scene passes description. The imagination is left to wade chin deep in flowing gore and, emerging sick and giddy from the gruesome torrent, to faint in the midst of ever widening hecatombs. And then we reel and stagger to the summary to find that eleven persons have been killed and nearly 130 wounded as the result of all this carnage.

Thousands of rioters and hundreds of police and military have been battling for days and nights, the latter firing innumerable volleys into the mob, and the list of casualties is "eleven killed and 130 wounded."

What becomes of the bullets? What sort of fighting is this, described so luridly and made to seem so terrible, which can cover two or three days of bloody conflict and yield so meek a consequence? Twelve years ago three or four hundred New Orleans dandies, armed with anything they could lay their hands on, attacked about an equal number of Kellogg's metropolitan police on the broad river front by the Custom House. It was a mere rally; a yell, a quick dash across an open space swept by Gatling guns, and in ten minutes the smoke had blown away and it was over. But a government was annihilated in that *mauvais quart d'heure*, more than fifty men were killed and over one hundred wounded.

Fighting is a deplorable business. If we could arrange matters in our way, there would never be any violence among men. But when we are asked to contemplate such a scene as they tell us has held the boards at Belfast these past three days, we are filled with curiosity to know how men can fight so long and so savagely, yet do so little harm.—N. Y. Star.

Andrews—a New Town.

Named in honor of Col. A. B. Andrews, president of the W. N. C. R., has been laid out at Leonard's cut, in Burke county, midway between Bridgewater and Glen Alpine Stations. Several northern gentlemen, owning extensive gold properties in the Brindletown district, have secured this site, surveyed it, laid it out in blocks of lots 75x150 feet each, with streets forty feet wide. They propose to make it a manufacturing town in which many industries, based upon the raw materials of this region, can be prosecuted to advantage. The first settler is now on the ground and preparing to put up his dwelling. Others will arrive during the month. A large warehouse, to be used temporarily as a store, will be commenced shortly, and pushed forward to completion as fast as possible. It will be occupied by a merchant from New York, who expects to open up an extensive jobbing trade in connection with a retail establishment. From reports from their New York and Boston agents, the proprietors of Andrews are of the opinion that at least fifty buildings will be finished or under contract before the first of next year. The next legislature will be asked for a charter for this new town.—McDowell Bugle.

The Decay of Paris.

Boston Traveler Paris Letter.
But in politics and literature Paris is losing her reputation for cleverness and vivacity. She has compromised her power. Some one cleverly says great capitals live not only by the monuments they build, by their exterior luxury, by the movement of the strangers within their gates, they live by the ideas which circulate through them like revivifying streams, by a mixture of tyranny and tolerance. They should stand forth the progressive spirit of the age and the nation. Paris, above all cities, once played this great role. She does so no longer. The government contents itself in living by expedients. Its support is not that of great capacities. Some foolish leader is followed by a flock of more stupid sheep. The well-known legend, "Liberty, equality, fraternity." So much for politics. It is the same thing in literature.

Foreign and American Cemeteries.

Boston Herald London Correspondence.
I do not think that either Pere La Chaise or Kensal Green are as naturally beautiful as Greenwood in Brooklyn, Laurel Hill at Philadelphia, Brompton at St. Louis or Mount Auburn in Boston, but they are superior in artificial embellishments. In the United States, where splendid fruit trees and shrubbery of all descriptions are so abundant, it is the easiest thing in nature to convert the churchyard of the smallest town into an attractive object without great expense. In England and in France the hand of affection plants cypress and willow over the grave and riches builds the proudest marble that art can erect. I do not know why wealth should place over our tombs a mark of any sort. A tomb is one of the shallowest ideas of our finite conceptions.

To Stop the Slaughter of Birds.

The Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds was incorporated yesterday by Charles B. Reynolds, Joel A. Allen, William D. Page, Edward R. Wilbur and George Bird Grinnell. The purpose of the society is "to protect American birds not used for food from destruction for mercantile purposes, to secure and publish information to show the extent of the present enormous destruction of birds for millinery decoration and other purposes, to point out the injury to the agricultural interests of the land which must certainly follow the decimation of insectivorous birds; to discourage the killing of any bird not used for food, the robbing of any bird's nest or the destruction of its eggs, and the use of any wild bird's plumage as an article of dress or ornament."

Mexico's Fighting Strength.

In case we should have a brush with Mexico we need not suppose that we would have but a pleasure jaunt through the republic. There would on the contrary probably be some lively fighting before the capital city were reached. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat reminds the country that "the regular army of Mexico numbers about 24,000 men, and this force can be increased in a rapid way, under present laws, to 250,000. Maximilian, it should also be remembered, had an army of 48,000 when he invaded the country, and he was very thoroughly defeated. The United States would of course triumph in any contest but it would not do so without considerable hard fighting and consequent loss of life."

The Colored Race to Disappear.

The white and death rates and their relation to each other are again being commented on extensively. The death rate of the negroes in the cities of the country indeed forces comment. It is enormous. In Washington it is 33.38 per cent, per thousand, nearly twice the mean rate, while in Savannah it is now 122, and in case of infants no less than 601. The last is almost incredible, but it is in accordance with the official reports. It seems to indicate that the negro is unequal to the strain of city life. In the country he manages to keep down the rate to a point somewhat near that of the white man, but in town he seems wholly unable to resist the pressure of his environment. What the result upon him of the burdens and exertions of freedom is to be cannot yet be told with accuracy, but it seems clear that he is destined to disappear before the Caucasian as the Indian has disappeared before him.

Items from Immigration Department.

Mr. W. E. Gigelow, of North Vineland, N. J., wishes to purchase land near Littleton.

W. T. Ogden, of Port Republic, Md., desires to visit North Carolina with a view of making a purchase of land; parties having good land for sale would do well to correspond with him. He writes that B. W. Garden, a friend of his will accompany him.

Seven gentlemen from Pennsylvania, arrived in Raleigh the first of this week and after looking around for a day or so went in the western part of our State. Several of the parties are looking for farms while others are looking for a desirable point to open a store and the remainder of the party are looking for timber lands. One of the Northern Immigration Agents informed us that the whole party could command ten thousand dollars or more. Some of them will undoubtedly settle, perhaps the entire number.

Dr. R. B. Johnson, editor of the Economist, Milton, Pa., would like to get all the information concerning North Carolina possible.

J. T. Crackett, of Adair Creek, Knox county, Tenn., wishes information concerning North Carolina farming lands. He is formerly of Massachusetts, but moved quite recently to Tennessee. He is not very well pleased with Tennessee and is anxious to move into North Carolina.

A Royal Printer.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

It is not generally known that Prince Ludwig, of Battenberg, son of Prince Alexander, of Hesse, is a practical printer. Like most of the Princes of the Prussian royal house, who have been taught either an art or a trade, Prince Ludwig of Battenberg was early called upon to choose a calling, and his choice fell upon the art of Guttenberg. In the palace of his father the Prince has a printing office completely fitted up for ordinary printing and book work. Prince Ludwig prides himself on his ability to compete with compositors and printers who follow typography for a livelihood. What is still more interesting is that the Princess, the eldest daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse, is a printer, too, and that the high-born pair work regularly together at the case. The latest work which has come from Prince Ludwig of Battenberg's press is a volume of notes on travels written by the Prince's sister, the Countess of Erbach-Schönberg. The book is said to be executed in a thoroughly printer-like way.

Policeman's Views.

Mrs. M. M. Prince, living at 35 west fair St. Atlanta, Ga., has been troubled for several months with an ugly form of catarrh, attended with copious and offensive discharge from both nostrils. Her system became so affected and reduced that she was confined to bed at my house for some time, and received the attention of three physicians, and used a dozen bottles of an extensively advertised blood remedy, all without the least benefit. She finally commenced the use of B.B.B. with a decided improvement at once, and when ten bottles had been used, she was entirely cured of all symptoms of catarrh. It gave her an appetite, and increased her strength rapidly, and I cheerfully recommend it as a quick and cheap Blood Purifier.

J. W. GLOER, Policeman.

Atlanta, January 10, '86.

A BOOK OF WONDERS, FREE.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poisons, Scrofula and Scrofulous swellings, Catarrhs, etc., can secure by mail, free, a copy of our 24 page Illustrated Book of Wonders filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known.

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