

A Painful Position.
A man with a painful expression of countenance sat on a goods box.
"Are you ill?" some one asked.
"No."
"Have you lost anything?"
"Never had anything to lose."
"What's the matter then?"
"I'm sitting on a wasp."
"Why don't you get up?"
"Will that wasp my first impulse, but I got to thinkin' that I wuz hurtin' the wasp as badly as he wuz hurtin' me, an' I concluded to sit here awhile, specially as I am tired. I thought too, that I ought to be thankful for this is about the easiest seat I have had lately."
"What have you been doing that is so painful?"
"Savin' on a jury in a prohibition town."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

Lieut. Gen. D. H. Hill, Confederate States Army, was invited to repeat his address on "The Confederate Soldier" in Baltimore on the evening of Memorial Day in that State, June 6. In response Gen. Hill, who is president of the Military and Agricultural College, Millersville, Ga., writes that his subject will be the "Old South," an address he had previously delivered, and says: "Since the war our late enemies have discovered a new island or a new country, which they have named the 'New South.' I have some acquaintances but no friends in this freshly discovered region. I wish to be entirely conservative and loyal in my talk consistent with the theme."

The total number known to have perished in the mining disaster at Naamoo, B. C., Feb. 13, of whom 83 were Chinese and 107 whites.

Women
For "run-down," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housewives and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative medicines. It is not a "cure-all," but admirably fills a niche of necessity, being a most potent tonic for all those who are weak, nervous, or debilitated, and especially in women. It is a powerful general as well as a specific medicine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, dizziness and depression, and other ailments. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our postpaid guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00. A large tract of this medicine is now being sold by mail, in sealed plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 20 cents in stamps. Address: **Wm. D. Pierce, Medical Director, Dr. Pierce's Medical Association, 661 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.** SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure, a small, 8-cent bottle, by druggists.

The Old Doctor
A Life Experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial Packages. Send stamps for sealed particulars. Address: **Dr. Ward & Co., Louisiana, Mo.**

50 ACRES of good land, 6 miles from Salisbury, on the Concord road, terms reasonable for cash. **P. S. PISKIEY, LUDWICK, 51st.**

If You Wish a Good Article of Pure Tobacco, ask your dealer for "Old Rip."

THE WATCHMAN JOB OFFICE

Job Printing, POSTERS
as big as a barn door down to most delicate

TRADING CARDS.
Letter and Note Heads, Bill Heads and Statements, BUSINESS CARDS, PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, PRICE LISTS, School and Party Programmes, AND BLANKS OF ALL KINDS. Court and Magisterial.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR
A SPECIFIC FOR WOMAN'S DISEASES
Painful, suppressed and irregular menses, SCANTY and IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION or MONTHLY SICKNESS.
It taken during the CHANGE OF LIFE, great suffering and danger will be avoided. Price 25c. BRADFIELD'S REGULATOR Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Children
Often need some safe cathartic and tonic to avert approaching sickness or to relieve colic, headache, sick stomach, indigestion and the complaints incident to childhood. Let the children take Simmons' Liver Regulator and keep well. It is purely vegetable, and pleasant to the taste and safe to take alone or in connection with other medicine. The genuine has our Trade Mark "27" in red on front of wrapper. **J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.**

Praying With Children.
The loving instruction of a mother may seem to have been thrown away, but it will appear after many days. "When I was a little child," said a good old man, "my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and placing her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the happy days of infancy; and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, a voice that was obeyed: 'O, do not thus wickedness, my son, nor sin against God.'"

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale by Klutz & Co.

Rich Men With Poor Memories.
It is very singular indeed the effect of money on memory. Jay Gould can tell all about the mouse trap he invented when a boy, but he remembers nothing about Black Friday, his speculations in gold and his manipulation of telegraph stock. That is because he was poor then and rich now. C. P. Huntington can tell all about his youthful struggles, but remembers little or nothing of the means he employed to get certain railroad schemes through Congress only a short time ago. Charles Francis Adams can talk for hours about his grandfather, who was President, but he can hardly remember a thing about his illegal practices of the railroad of which he is the chief executive officer. Most unfortunate man!—*Post Express.*

Trace Up.
You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with headache, you are fatigued, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alternative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at Klutz's Drug Store.

Spotted His Man.
A small boy reported to the district attorney's office during the present term of court at Asheville, claiming to have been summoned as a witness in behalf of the United States. No subpoena could be found among the papers to show that he had been summoned. The boy insisted that he had been summoned. The district attorney remarked impatiently, "Who summoned you anyhow?" The boy replied, "Guess it must have been a revenue officer; he was drunk."—*Asheville Advance.*

Their Business Booming.
Probably no one thing has caused such a revival of trade at Klutz's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous. It is very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

Butter Test.
There is a qualitative test for butter so simple that any housewife can put it into successful practice. A clean piece of white paper is smeared with a little of the suspected butter. The paper is then rolled up and set on fire. If the butter is pure the smell of the burning paper is rather pleasant; but the odor is distinctly tallowy, if the butter is made up wholly or in part of aimal fat.

Divided.
I
An empty sky, a world of heaven,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.
Crowds of bees are busy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

II
Over the grass we stepped onto it,
And God He knoweth how blithe we were!
Never a voice to bid us eschew it:
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!
Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled beside it,
We parted the grasses dewy and green;
Drop over drop they filtered and slid,
A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

III
A dappled sky, a world of meadows,
Circling above us the black rooks fly
Forward, backward, lo their dark shadows
Flit on the blossoming tapestry—
Flit on the beck, for her long grass
parth
As hair from a maid's bright eyes
blown back;
And, lo, the sun like a lover darts
His flattering smile on her wayward track.

IV
A breathing sigh, a sigh for answer,
A little talking of outward things,
The careless beck is a merry dancer,
Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.
A little pain when the beck grows wider;
"Cross to me now, for her wavelets
swell."
"I may not cross," and the voice beside her
Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.
No backward; ah! no returning;
No second crossing that ripple's flow:
"Come to me now, for the west is burning;
Come ere it darkens."—"Ah, no!
ah, no!"

V
A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
A tired queen with herstated oppression,
Low by rushes and swordgrass stooping,
Lies she soft on the waves at rest.
The desert heavens have felt her sadness;
Her earth will weep her some dewy tears;
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

VI
A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
A little piping of leaf-hid birds;
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.
Bare grassy slopes, where kids are tethered
Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined;
Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,
Swell high in their freckled robes be-hind.
A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,
When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide;
A lashing edge for the milk-white

river.
The beck, a river—with still sleek tide.
Broad and white, and polished as silver.
On she goes under fruit-laden trees;
Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,
And plaineth of love's disloyalties.
Glitters the dew and shines the river,
Up comes the lily and dries her bell;
But two are walking apart forever,
And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

VII
A braver swell, a swifter sliding;
The river husteth, her banks recede:
Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
Bear down the lily and down the reed.
Stately prows are rising and bowing
(Shouts of mariners winnow the air),
And level sands for banks endowing
The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

VIII
And yet I know past all doubting,
truly—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
You better—'en better than I love him.
And as I walk by the vast, calm river,
The awful river so dreamed to see,
I say, "Thy breatheth and thy depth forever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."
—*Jean Ingelton.*

He Went to the Circus.
"No, my son, you can't go to the circus," he replied as he put on his hat.
"But, why father?"
"Well, in the first place, I can't foot away my money on things like that."
"Yes, but I have enough of my own."
"And in the next place it is a rough crowd, the sentiment is unhealthy and no respectable person can countenance such things."
"But father—"
"That's enough, sir. You can't go! I want you to enjoy yourself but you must seek some more respectable amusement."
An hour later a curious thing occurred in the circus tent. A boy climbed to the top of the seats and sat down beside a man who had just finished a glass of lemonade and was lighting a cigar. He had his hat pushed back on the back of his head and seemed to be enjoying himself hugely. It was father and son. The father had gone straight to the ground from dinner and the lad ran away. They looked at each other for a half minute, then the boy got in the first blow by whispering:
"Say father, if you won't lick me, I won't tell you was here."
The father nodded his head to the agreement and the great spectacular parade in the ring began.

The members of Pickett's Division Association has been anxious to erect a monument at Gettysburg to mark their heroic charge. They have visited the battle field with this end in view and naturally desire to place their monument at the point within the Federal lines that the division reached. After consultation with the Gettysburg Memorial association, however, they have decided not to put up a monument at Gettysburg. So we learn from the *Richmond State*. It appears that by a law of the Memorial Association which that association has no power to infringe, it is especially provided that no Confederate monument shall be erected within the lines of the federal forces. That is the whole of it. Some bloody shirters have made much of the incident in the hope of fomenting bad feeling but it remains that the best of feeling has always prevailed and still prevails between the northern and the southern associations. Strong friendships, indeed, have been made between their members. As the *State* puts it: "Gettysburg Association controls the battlefield. It has a right to make its own rules and regulations. And the ex-Confederates, if unable to agree to all these regulations, have a right to keep away." That is just what they have done.—*News-Observer.*

The W. N. C. R. R. Company has had a great deal of trouble with the caving in of the Swannanoa tunnel and it has been decided to arch it over with masonry. A large number of hands are at work and the brick are made at Morganton by Messrs. John H. Pearson & Company. There are three brick yards actively at work at Morganton which furnish employment to a considerable number of mechanics.—*McDonell Bugle.*

Little Dot: "What does Mr. Nice fellow go to your house so often for?"
Little Dick: "He wants to marry Nell."
"Is she engaged?"
"No."
"Did he say he wanted to marry her?"
"No."
"Then how do you know he does?"
"Oh! he acts so like a fool."

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blowing, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

In one week Ely's Cream Balm opened a passage in one nostril through which I had not breathed in three years, subdued an inflammation in my head and throat, the result of Catarrh.—Colonel O. M. NEILLAY, Oswego, N. Y. (See adv.)

They Die Together.
Munich, May 13.—Another tragedy has just been enacted at Lake Starnberg. Two young ladies of Munich, Baroness Anna and Baroness Louise, of Guttenburg, rowed in a boat to the spot where King Ludwig, of Bavaria, met his death, and deliberately threw themselves into the water and were drowned. Next morning the boat was missed and a search was made. The bodies were found lying in soft clay.

WHAT KILLS AMERICANS.
Fast Living—Reckless Eating—Hard Drinking—Poor Sleeping—Social Jealousy—Political Ambition—Violent Passions—The Race for Money.
The alarming disease of this country is nervous debility and prostration. It goes under many names but it is essentially the same complaint. Hospitals and private institutions for nervous patients are crowded. The average of life in the United States is decreasing every year. Sudden deaths from nervous collapse among our business, professional and public men are so frequent as scarcely to excite remark. The majority of suicides, committed without apparent reason, or under so-called "depression of spirits," are really prompted by nervous prostration, which is a fruitful source of insanity and crime with all their grief and horror. These facts are startling. They threaten the very life of the nation. They assail the springs of its power and prosperity. They wreck manhood's strength and woman's usefulness and beauty. Every one should know the causes. What are they? The answer is easy and terribly plain: Our vicious personal habits; our careless and lawless eating and drinking; the intense mental and physical strain arising from our mad race after money, position and influence; the fears and struggles of poverty; the use of narcotics and stimulants; our fashion of turning day into night and night into day; and, briefly, our desperate willingness to pay any price for an hour's pleasure or success. So we burn life's candle at both ends and fill the lunatic asylums and the graveyards.

The disease from which we suffer and die in, in plain English, *Nervous Dyspepsia*, as it is seated in the Nerves and in the organs of Digestion, Assimilation and Nutrition. Healthy digestion being impeded or destroyed, the whole body, nerves included, is literally starved; even when there is no emaciation to tell the sad story. Nervous prostration sends out its warnings—headache in the morning; a persistent dull heaviness or aching at the base of the brain; wakefulness; loss of appetite and disgust with food; loss of mental energy and interest in ordinary duties and business; restlessness and anxiety without any assignable reason; eructations; bad breath; foul mucous on the teeth; occasional giddiness; palpitation of the heart; salowness of the skin; coated tongue and gradual failure of strength and ambition. The remedy is a total abandonment of the habits and customs which cause the disease in each individual case, and the use of *Shaker Extract of Roots* (Seigel's Syrup) to cure the mischief already done. This great remedy, prepared by the Shaker Community of Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., is especially adapted to eradicate Nervous Dyspepsia. To do this it acts directly and gently but powerfully upon the disordered stomach, liver and kidneys, restoring their tone and vigor, promoting the secretion of bile, expelling waste matters from the system, and purifying the blood. Upon the nervous system *Shaker Extract* (Seigel's Syrup) acts as a safe and wholesome anodyne without the slightest narcotic effect, and then leaves the nerves to regain their natural tone and strength through its wonderful influence upon the function of nutrition. It is safe to say more nervous dyspeptics have been restored by it from the depths of misery to a fresh enjoyment of life and labor than by any or all other forms of treatment combined.

NEW FIRM.
The undersigned have entered into a partnership for the purpose of conducting the GROCERY and PRODUCE COMMISSION BUSINESS, to date from March 28, 1887. Consignments especially solicited.
MCNEELY & TYSON.

The undersigned takes this opportunity to return thanks to his numerous friends for their patronage, and asks the continuance of the same to the NEW FIRM. He will always be on hand to serve the patrons of the NEW FIRM.
J. D. MCNEELY.

Valuable Farm FOR SALE.
Situating in Clay Township, Rowan Co., N. C., near Salisbury, N. C., the lands of Jas. H. Calvin H. Hutton and others, containing 144 acres, nearly one half of which is SECONd CREEK BOTTOM, heavily timbered. A good dwelling, house, barn, well, and out-buildings, all new. Purchaser paying some cash can have indulgence on the balance.
Address—Mrs. J. C. MCCORKLE, Jerusalem, Davie Co., N. C.

Richmond and Danville Railroad Co.
Western North Carolina Division.
CIRCULAR NO. 188.
GEN'L PASSENGER DEP'T., ASHEVILLE, N. C., May 6th, 1887.
The following Passenger Train schedule between Asheville and Spartanburg is hereby announced, to take effect May 8th, 1887:

TRAIN NO. 18.		
Leave	Arrive	Time
Asheville	11:30 a.m.	
Asheville Junction	11:50	
Asheville	12:00	
Fletcher	12:10	
Hendersonville	12:20	
Flat Rock	12:30	
Spartanburg	12:40	
Asheville	1:00	
Asheville Junction	1:10	
Asheville	1:20	
Fletcher	1:30	
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