

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XVIII.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1887.

NO. 52



Overworked Women
For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housewives, and overworked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a "Carbolic," but admirably fulfills a singular purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful general as well as uterine tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, biliousness, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our name, and is guaranteed. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00. A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous woodcuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address: **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.** **HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Tablets. 25c a vial, by druggists.**

PIEDMONT WAGON

MADE AT
HICKORY, N. C.
CAN'T BE BEAT!

They stand where they ought to, right square

AT THE FRONT!

It was a Hard Fight But They Have Won It!

Just read what people say about them and if you want a wagon come quickly and buy one, either for cash or on time.

SALISBURY, N. C.
Sept. 1st, 1886.
Two years ago I bought a very light two-horse Piedmont wagon of the Agent, Jno. A. Boyden; have used it nearly all the time since, have tried it severely in hauling saw logs and other heavy loads, and have not had to pay one cent for repairs. I look upon the Piedmont wagon as the best Thimble Skin wagon made in the United States. The timber used in them is most excellent and thoroughly well seasoned.

SALISBURY, N. C.
Aug. 27th, 1886
About two years ago I bought of Jno. A. Boyden, a one horse Piedmont wagon which has done much service and no part of it has broken or given away and consequently it has cost nothing for repairs.

SALISBURY, N. C.
Sept. 3rd, 1886.
Eighteen months ago I bought of John A. Boyden, a 24 in Thimble Skin Piedmont wagon—the lightest one-horse wagon—I have kept it in almost constant use and during the time have hauled on it at least 75 loads of wood and that without any breakage or repairs.

SALISBURY, N. C.
Sept. 8th, 1886.
18 months ago I bought of the Agent, in Salisbury, a 24 in Thimble Skin Piedmont wagon—the lightest one-horse wagon—I have kept it in almost constant use and during the time have hauled on it at least 75 loads of wood and that without any breakage or repairs.

FOR SALE.
One Brick House and lot, on the corner of Fulton and Kerr streets, about one acre in lot.
One Frame House and lot on Lee street.
One Frame House and lot on Main street.
Also shares in N. C. R. R.
Enquire of Mrs. H. E. and Miss Victoria Johnson at their home on Main street. 40:11

GERMAN CARP.—I can furnish carp work in any quantity for stocking goods. For terms, address W. R. FIKLEY, Salisbury, N. C.

WEAK & UNDEVELOPED
Wants of children and young men who are weak and undeveloped, and who are unable to do any kind of work, or who are unable to get on in any way, will find in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People the most reliable and most effective remedy. It is a most valuable and most reliable remedy for all such cases. It is sold by all druggists and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Price 25c per bottle. Sent by mail for 10c in stamps. Address: **DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE, 250 N. 3rd St., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.**

COUGHENOUR & SHAVER,
DEALERS IN

FRESH MEAT AND ICE.
The choicest BEEF the market affords always on hand. 50:3m

STOVES AND HEATERS.

COOK STOVES AND RANGES.
I have the best and prettiest lot of Coal and Wood Stoves ever offered in this market, many of them of the latest and most approved patterns—suitable for parlors, dining rooms, stores, offices, churches, school houses, shops and sitting rooms. Large and small. Call and see them and hear prices. 49:1m. **W. M. BROWN.**

50 ACRES of good land, 6 mile from Salisbury, on the Concord road, terms reasonable, for cash. **PINKNEY LUDWICK.**

More Goods Than Room

KLUTTZ AND RENDLEMAN'S.

We have now ready the largest Stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS, we have ever offered, and at prices, that to see them is to buy, as they must be sold to make room.

Our Imported Cashmere are the best we have ever offered to the trade.

Big stock of Sateen and Dress Flannels, Tricots, Henriettas and all kind of Dress Fabrics. Plaid and Brocaded Cashmires, all wool filling, in all colors at 12 1/2 cts.

Ginghams, the best assortment in town at 6 1/2, 8 1/2 and 10 cts.

Pant Goods, Jeans, Tweeds and Cashmires, from 10 cts. per yard to the finest Worsteds.

Underwear, in Ladies' and Men's, from 25 cts. to the finest Lambs-Wool.

Red, All-Wool Knit Shirts, at unheard of low prices of 65 cts. and up.

KLUTTZ & RENDLEMAN.

39:1y.

TAX NOTICE.

The Taxes for the present year being due, notice is hereby given to the Taxpayers of Rowan county, that I will attend at the following times and places for the purpose of collecting the same. All persons concerned are earnestly requested to meet me promptly and pay their taxes.

Franklin Academy, Monday, Oct. 10th. Unity, Bailey's Store, Tuesday, Oct. 11th.

Scotch Irish, Mt. Vernon, Wednesday, Oct. 12th.

Mt. Ulla, Sherrill's, Thursday, Oct. 13. Steele, Blackmer, Friday, Oct. 14. Salisbury, Saturday, Oct. 15.

China Grove, Monday, Oct. 17. Atwell, Enochville, Tuesday, Oct. 18. Atwell, Coleman's, Wednesday, Oct. 19. Locke, Gibson's, Thursday, Oct. 20.

Third Creek, Friday, Oct. 21. Salisbury, Saturday, Oct. 22. Providence, Newson's Store, Monday, Oct. 24.

Morgans, Pool town, Tuesday, Oct. 25. Morgans, Millertown, Wednesday, Oct. 26.

Gold Hill, Thursday, Oct. 27. Litaker, Bostian's X Roads, Friday, Oct. 28.

Salisbury, Saturday, Oct. 29. C. C. KRIDER, Sheriff of Rowan.

CHEAP!

CHEAPER!!

CHEAPEST!!!

Just received a nice line of

SILVER JEWELRY,

Rhine Stone Combs, Neck and Hair

Ornaments, &c.,

At PRICES that will astonish you.

Call and see them and

be convinced.

Respectfully,

W. H. REISNER,

The Jeweler.

27:1y

Subscribe for the

Carolina Watchman.

A HOME Company.

SEEKING

HOME Patronage.

AGENTS

In all Cities, Towns and Villages in the South.

TOTAL ASSETS, - - \$750,000 00.

J. ALLEN BROWN, Resident Agent, Salisbury, N. C.

FREE FOR MEN ONLY

VIGOROUS HEALTH

HARRIS REMEDY CO.,

HARRIS REMEDY CO.,

HARRIS REMEDY CO.,

BY J. J. BRENER.

The first snow of the season fell at Utica, N. Y., Oct. 12th.

A ten line advertisement inserted once in all the papers of the United States would only cost \$0.00.

The total sales of leaf tobacco at Lynchburg, Va., for 1887 were 33,500,000 pounds, a decrease from last year of 23 per cent.

"Both in Massachusetts and Ohio, Democrats are making a fight to win squarely on Democratic principles without shuffling or evasion."

Party No. 8 has entered the political field in New York. It is called the "Personal Liberty Party" and its issue is Sunday beer drinking, or the opening of saloons from 2 p. m. until midnight Sunday. It is also Republican.

The first suit toward the enforcement of the civil service law in Massachusetts is about to be prosecuted, the action being against the mayor of Haverhill for giving preference to a civilian over an ex-soldier in the appointment of a patrolman.

The Presidential party, on their southward flight, stopped in Sioux City, and visited the corn festival. They were greatly pleased with the many beautiful things they saw, made from corn and various other products of the field.

At last week's election in Alfred Centre, N. Y., the first under the new incorporation, ten women cast votes, and the election officers received them, declaring that the legal opinions gathered and published by counsel for the woman's suffrage party had convinced them of the legal right of women to vote.

The Captain of the seized American ship, Bridgewater, at Shelburne, N. S., has refused to clear his vessel for a foreign port on the conditions stipulated by the department of customs. He not only refuses to pay the expenses connected with the seizure of the vessel, but demands clearance papers to another Canadian port, and unless the customs authorities allow him to clear his ship when and where he pleases, he threatens to bring action against the Government.

The Little Southern Soldier Boy.

George Wilson was just ten years of age, still in "knickerbockers," and had but recently entered into the dignity of short hair, his mother, after much persuasion, having finally consented to the cutting of his flaxen curls, in which the sunshine was wont to tangle itself. He was a bright, active boy, thoroughly alive to the momentous events of the times in which he lived and a general favorite.

After the battle, he was among the first at the bulletin board, to learn its result, and many a time as the heart-rending scream of a wife or mother echoed the announcement of a name reported "killed," the little fellow, child though he was would seem beside himself.

One day he and his "factatum," as his colored boy, Frank, was called, met in solemn convalescence, and decided to run away, and follow the army. Being too young to enlist, they decided upon the novel plan of becoming markers, or messengers, in fact anything by which they could reach the army.

George's parents were refugees in the upper portion of South Carolina, and the camp to which the boys proposed going was on the sea-coast, near Charleston, in order to reach which necessitated many miles of travel. Neither distanced nor the lack of money, however, daunted them; and so one bright morning George put a change of clothes in his green baize school-satchel, and Frank tied his in a red bandanna handkerchief which was his mother's chief glory, and the two set out on their travels.

Knowing that they would be discovered in the attempt to board the train which left the small town, they walked to the next station, a distance of five miles, and as the train was leaving the depot jumped on the rear platform. At the South the stations are quite remote from each other, and the conductors, after closing the rear door, seldom open it until the next station is reached. In this way the boys made the entire trip, and reached the desired haven. By the time they arrived their appetites were in pretty good condition, having exhausted all of the biscuit and bits of ham which were sandwiched between their clothing. The teamsters and servants of the officers gave them something to eat, and George was just negotiating with a captain for the

position of marker, when General Capers, who had been a life-long friend to his family, approached and said, "Why, George Wilson, what are you doing here, so far away from home? Does your mother know that you are here?"

Now George had always been noted for telling the truth, but on this occasion flatly denied that his name was "George Wilson," and pretended not to know the general. Soon, however, Frank made his appearance and George, seeing that further deception was useless, begged the general to give him a place. This of course was refused.

General Capers telegraphed his distracted parents, and placing the two runaways under guard until they could be sent home, he questioned them as to their intentions. George told what his ambition was, and Frank with both hands down in his pockets, and every tooth in his head showing, said, "I want to jine de cavalry. Mas' General, dat's w'at I run'd away fur; but I speck git a lashin from manny w'en I gits home."

They arrived at home on the day of the capture of Columbia, and in the excitement of the hour George (in whose breast the military ardor was not yet extinguished) again left for the scene of action.

He joined a command as marker, in a North Carolina regiment, and during the last battle of the war, which was fought in North Carolina, as he was standing with his little red flag in his hand, a man just in front of him was shot down. In an instant the little soldier boy threw away his flag, seized the gun and fought all day, until near its close, when a stray bullet struck him in the breast and he fell.

A surgeon was called, but the case was hopeless, and as the little fellow lay upon the rude hospital bed, with the death damp on his golden tresses, and a deep, earnest meaning in the depths of his blue eyes, he said to the soldier who had borne him from the field, "My name is George Wilson; my father is in the Army of Virginia, but my mother is in Anderson, South Carolina; I want you to write to mamma and ask her to forgive me for running away, but tell her I did my duty as my boy heart told me to do. I could not stay at home and think of my father and brothers risking their lives for me. And now—" said he as his pulse grew weaker and weaker, "and now," holding out his hand to take the paper upon which the soldier, through his blinding tears, was writing, "give me that, and let me kiss it, so that my darling mother shall receive my last kiss."

As he kissed it, and handed it back to the faithful soldier, the blue eyes closed, and the little soldier boy went to answer the roll-call in heaven.—Mrs. F. G. de Fontaine.

Troublesome Company, Sometimes.

We have been having company at our house for a week past. It, or she, has gone now, and we are so absolutely and unfeignedly happy in consequence thereof that we have been having a little justification this evening. The children were allowed to sit up an hour longer than usual, and I made them some pop corn balls and taffy.

Mrs. Dane opened the piano and sang as she has not sung for a year, and said never a word when I smoked two cigars in the parlor.

This is not very flattering to the "company" but it is "the Gospel truth" all the same.

We are fond of company, my wife and I. We have a pretty little home, a well trained servant, and live in one of Boston's prettiest suburbs, so we always have various ways of amusing our friends. But the company just departed was not to be amused. She came on Monday morning without having gone through the little courtesy of informing us of her intended arrival. She is not an intimate friend of the family, and simply made our house a stopping place as a matter of convenience to herself. This would have been all right had she not made herself a source of infinite inconvenience to all of us.

My wife greeted her with great kindness and cordiality and took her at once to our spare chamber, and a chamber it is good enough for any one. It has not, however, an electric bell, but my wife has in it a small silver hand bell, and our Sally is sure to hear the bell if the visitor will kindly step to the door and ring it in the hall. This fact was explained to the visitor.

My wife had just come down stairs when the bell rang sharply. Sally went up; Sally came down.

"The lady would like a piece of castle soap instead of that in the room. She says she uses only castle." There was no castle soap in the house, and Sally was sent out for some. My wife went up.

"I'd like a common crash towel," said our visitor. "I never use any other kind." The common crash towel was taken up. "Now I'd like a little bit of soda to put in the water. I always put a mere pinch in my wash-bowl."

Sally had returned by this time, and she took up the soda and castle soap. She came down and said: "She wants to know if she can have blankets instead of sheets on her bed on account

of her rheumatics." The blankets were sent up. Sally had just reached the lower hall when the bell rang again. Sally went up; Sally came down. Sally looked "huffy." "What is it?" we asked. "She had me to take down her back hair, and wants me to put her false front in crimps. I won't do it."

I record to Sally's honor and glory that she didn't do it.

The bell rang seventeen times that forenoon, and here are some of the causes thereof: Our visitor wanted the bed aired, the room newly swept, the mirror polished, the window sash raised, the window sash lowered, the furniture changed about, writing materials, her letter posted, and divers other things.

At dinner she wanted tea when we had coffee, and warm bread when we had cold. She said that there was too much salt in the soup, and too little in the gravy. She objected to pepper in anything, and asked for pie for desert when we had pudding.

Our sitting room was too hot; then it was too cold. The baby cried and gave the guest a headache. My wife applied remedies, and the patient made a pretence of fainting.

Such a week as it was! That woman made us all utterly miserable.

Sanitary Hints.

Try the juice of a lemon in a cup of strong coffee without sugar as a remedy for sick headache.

If you are troubled with headache, try the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

If soft clothes dipped in hot water and applied to the eruption caused by poison ivy does not kill it, sugar of lead water will.

A peck of powdered charcoal in shallow dishes in a cellar will absorb much of the bad smell, and a bushel of lime much of its dampness.

For evident reasons nurses in a sick room should not sit or stand too near the patient, and above all things they should avoid talking when leaning over a sick person.

To clean looking-glasses: Sponge down the glass with gum and water, equal parts, then dust down with whiting and finish with an old soft silk handkerchief.

Take plenty of sleep during sleeping hours. Spend at least eight hours in the bed, and take care during cold weather that the temperature of the bedroom is maintained at 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

Iodide of potassium is said to quickly relieve the dull headache so often accompanying an ordinary cold in the head. Two grains may be dissolved in a glassful of water, which is to be taken in little sips during half an hour.

For burns apply the white of an egg and sweet oil, equal parts, beaten together. You may know the fire is out when the burned flesh turns red and quits running water. When the fire is out search in linen rag, grease it with mutton tallow, and bind it on to heal the burn.

It is the general belief that an egg is equal to one quarter pound of meat, and that every sick person can eat eggs. Not so. Many, especially those of nervous or bilious temperament, can not eat them, and to such, eggs are injurious. Another fallacy in regard to diet is, that because milk is an important article of food it must be forced upon a patient. Food that a person cannot endure will not cure.

She Was Used to Babies.

AND NOW SHE NEVER AWAKENS THEM TO SEE THEM LAUGH.

"Say," said a woman wearing a faded yellow dress, as she came out of a western Dakota house which stood near the road, as we drove up, "you didn't see no young 'uns down the road, I reckon?" "No." "Couple o' mine missin' again, I guess," and she surveyed a good sized flock who were playing around the house. "Or, hold on, I guess there ain't either." She began singling them out with her finger, saying: "One, two, three—stand still, you brats, till I count you—four, five—come back here here, Ophelia, till yer counted—six, seven, eight, an' two at school makes ten, and the baby is 'leven, and two out'n the field is thirteen. All right, stranger, they're all here. I loved two or three o' em had lit out, but the census is correct!" "You have a large family, madam."

"Lawks, family till you can't rest! An' say, do you know what's a fact, gen'l'men, when them fust one, Sheridan—he's out'n the field shuckin' corn now—when he was a baby what d'ye think me an' the old man used to do to him?" "Give it up." "Used to wake him up to see him laugh! Yes, sir; regular thing every time he went to sleep! Sometimes one big fool of us an' sometimes the other would sneak up an' chuck him under the chin and say: 'Wake up oo toosy wootsy, an' laugh oo cunnin' 'ittle laugh for oo pap!' Didn't never wake up any of the other twelve? Well, hardly, stranger—we know a powerful sight mo' n' we did. Here, Washington, quit hurtin' yer little sister or I'll give you a switchin' you'll remember till yer 100 years old!"

Chicago Tribune.

Two Good Oases.

[T. C. Evans' Statesville Letter to the North State.]

By the way a chronic grumbler, speaking of hogs, was in town to-day; he complained of everything, and finally a pious looking young clerk who was attentively sucking the end of a yardstick, suggested that hog cholera, too, was playing the wild.

"Hog cholera!" said the fellow. "I can cure that easy. Only give them plenty of poke root—saved all of mine that way."

Now a wag who was present followed the joke to the next store, and sure enough, he began in the same vein complaining there. There never was a fairer ruining things in his section, and to the wag who meekly said he had heard of poke root as a sure cure he fairly laughed defiance, declaring he had tried it and lost every hog he had. Now what ought to be done with such men?

Did you ever hear of Senator Vance's pulling the Hon. Josiah Turner's coat tail at Morganton in 1860? It was in this wise as Mr. Turner himself relates it. Says he:

"I was invited with Henry K. Nash and others to Morganton to open the campaign. Mr. Nash went through the country. I took the cars. At Company Shops a federal Captain and a private soldier got aboard. The soldier was drunk. The captain ordered him to the second class car but he refused to go, saying that he was a New York democrat, but the captain was a Massachusetts republican and that they were only sending them to Morganton to scare the white folks into voting with the negroes, etc., etc. At Morganton a large multitude of people had assembled around the speaker's stand and on it sat several of our most prominent orators, Vance and Henry K. Nash among them. A full federal regiment was drawn up in line and encircled the crowd. When it came my time to speak I was just citing the incident of the federal captain and the soldier, and had remarked that doubtless they were both there in that line before me, when I felt some one on the stand pulling at my coat tail. I looked around and it was Vance. 'H-s-s-h-h-s-s-h,' said he. But again facing the crowd I shouted 'Vance let go my coat tail! I'll tell it if all the artillery of hell and Gettysburg were here to silence me!' That brought a yell—yankess—and all—after the speaking the federal commander desired an introduction. By invitation we took oysters together at Mr. McKesson's."

Wise Words.

Rebuke with soft words and hard arguments. Services and kindness neglected make friendship suspected.

He that brings the most of use into his life lives the longest.

Never run into debt unless you see plainly a way to get out again.

Live by the day; you will have daily trials and strength accordingly.

The brave man is an inspiration to the weak, and compels them, as it were, to follow him.

It is not only arrogant, but it is profligate for a man to disregard the world's opinion of himself.

There are words that strike even harder than blows, and men may speak daggers though they use none.

Let us so use the moments of the life that is passing that they may win for us a life that will never end.

The gamesome humor of children should rather be encouraged to keep up their spirits and improve their strength and health, than to be curbed or restrained.

Be content to travel as you are able. The oak springs from the acorn and does not become a tree at once. The mushroom springs up in a night. But what is a mushroom? Remember there must be time to grow.

Said General Oglethorpe to Wesley, "I never forgive." "Then I hope, sir," said Wesley, "you never sin." Lord Bacon said: "He that cannot forgive others breaks down the bridge over which he must pass himself."

Turn to the Right.

The necessity of always turning to the right was fully demonstrated yesterday evening by a collision of two buggies on Craven street. Two young gentlemen were in one buggy and two young ladies in the other. The young men turned to the right but the ladies turned to the left and brought about the collision, which, fortunately for the ladies, resulted in upsetting the buggy of the young men who were not in fault. No one was hurt and no damage of any consequence done, but such carelessness might at sometime result seriously.—New Berne Journal

When a threatening lung disorder, Shows its first proclivity, Do not let it cross the border— Quell it with activity.

Many a patient, young or olden, Ows a quick recovery All to Dr. Peirce's Golden Medical Discovery.