

# The Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1887.

No. 2.

**Women**

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Caro-an," being a tonic, but a restorative, and its effects being a tonic, it is a powerful, general as well as a specific, and it is a powerful, general as well as a specific, and it is a powerful, general as well as a specific.

**ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM**

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sore. Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE **HAY-FEVER**

**CATARRH**

is a disease of the mucous membrane, generally originating in the nasal passages and maintaining its stronghold in the head. From this point it sends forth a poisonous virus into the stomach and through the digestive organs, corrupting the blood and producing other troublesome and dangerous symptoms.

**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**

PURELY VEGETABLE.

It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the **LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.**

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR Malaria, Bowel Complaints, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Kidney Affections, Jaundice, Mental Depression, Colic.

**BEST FAMILY MEDICINE**

No Household Should be Without It, and, by being kept ready for immediate use, will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctor's bills.

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BY J. J. BRUNER.

San Francisco is excited over revelations showing that well-known citizens have frequently bought up jurors.

Perry King, colored, was lynched at Lamar, La., for attempting to enter the sleeping apartment of two young ladies.

A lady witness called to the stand in Augusta, took the oath and kissed the Bible, and immediately fell dead, caused by heart disease.

The Knights of Labor General Assembly at Minneapolis voted down a resolution of sympathy with the condemned Chicago Anarchists by 151 nays to 52 yeas.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, while paying her chief cook seven thousand dollars a year, is such a sufferer from dyspepsia that she has to content herself with the plainest kind of fare.

The Mexican war veterans of the United States will meet in Fort Worth, Texas, November 8th and 10th, and it is expected that there will be delegates from most of the States.

There will be an exhibition of tobacco cured in the Modern Barn, in Danville, Va., on the 17th of November. A prize of \$25,000 is offered for the best 100 pounds of cutters, and a like sum for the best 100 pounds of smokers.

The Washington Post has issued a supplement sheet the type-setting of which was done by a machine. The capacity of the machine in the hands of a competent printer is from eight to ten thousand ems an hour—about ten times more rapid than work by hand.

Poisoned the swine and the cow, smothered a child to death, and made several attempts to fire the house. Such are the charges made against Miss Minnie Demore, the adopted daughter of Jas. Henderson, of Manister, Mich. She confesses it all. She is probably insane.

A celebration was had in Cincinnati a few days since by upwards of 200 employes of Procter & Gamble on the occasion of the firm paying its first semi-annual share of profits to the workmen. The shares paid the men, 13 1/2 per cent. on their wages for six months, aggregated \$93,000. Some workmen got as much as \$40. This is the first dividend under the share plan since its adoption.

There was a mad dog down in the suburbs of Salem this morning that bit several other dogs, but fortunately they have all been killed as far as known. A mad dog is to be dreaded more than an unchained tiger.—*Wilmington Daily.*

A mad dog is a dangerous thing indeed, and much to be dreaded. But the unbridled passions of men, "moved and instigated by the devil," as the law expresses it, is more to be dreaded than mad dogs, the mischief done by them being witness. A drunk man is often as crazy and dangerous as a mad dog or an unchained tiger.

**The Grave Digger Needed.**

Some alleged statesmen die before they are buried and given the offices of "holy church." We see the proof of this assertion in every-day events and in the occurrences which add interest to both National and State politics. The fact is that there are a great many men who have outgrown an I. outlived their usefulness, whose mission and mandate have been exhausted, and who now "lag superfluous on the stage."

If we appealed to the oracles of cynicism in order to sustain this assertion, it would be easy enough to get all the deliverances that were desired to substantiate the proposition. However, we are not dealing with cynics just now. We are simply after facts. We think it could be abundantly demonstrated that, on this basis of fact, there are many men, not only in the Union, but also in North Carolina, who, metaphorically speaking, have been dead for many years, and should have been buried long before this. Take for instance, the leaders of the Republican party, both in North Carolina and in the country at large, but more especially, the men who arrogate themselves the right to shape the sentiment of the Republican party in this State and to direct its movements. Ought they not to have been in their political graves many years ago, and like Lazarus, do they not diffuse a stench now in the nostrils of the public, when they thrust themselves upon the public in their lingering, post mortem existence upon the face of our fair Commonwealth.

It is hard to understand why certain, sour, disappointed, self-seeking unprincipled and unhonored politicians should seek to perpetuate, in this State, the rule of a party which has brought to the State nothing save disgrace and disaster. We repeat that it is hard to comprehend any argument for the continued existence of such leaders and such a party except upon the ground that disembodied politicians—men that represent issues which have been dead for many years, derive profit and pleasure from the machinations which, in the flesh in days that will never return to them, they were wont to pursue. And it is but fair to assume that these resurrected apostles of Republican principles in this State—apostles and principles which, like the famous mackerel that John Randolph, of Roanoke, used to describe—mackerel that alternately emitted a stench as well as reflected a light in the moonshine—have been rotted in their own decadence, and now, to their original dirt, add the accumulated noisomeness and dirt of dead men who have been unburied for many years.

Assuredly Randolph of Roanoke's maxim touching the decayed fish is, metaphorically applicable to the Republican politicians of North Carolina and of the Union. In political phrase they do "stink and shine," and it is high time now, if their friends have not the decency and public spirit to bury them, that they should be interred by the Democratic party of this commonwealth. The Republican party of North Carolina has been permitted to linger too long on the face of the commonwealth without funeral rites. Its condition now appeals not only to the church but to the corner. It is a nuisance in that it breeds pestilence through its own rot. It is the filthy remains of a filthy era. Both, need the services of the grave-digger and the sexton, and should be interred so deep, they will not be able to respond to any political, resurrectory call. If, heretofore, it has had inscribed upon its banner, in its post mortem career, the legend *Resurgam*, I will rise; it is high time that it should receive its quietus and be stripped of its motto.

And whatever applies to the party in this State applies as well to the party throughout the entire country. If the Democracy of every State does its duty in the contests which are either pending, or will be brought out in 1888, the National grave-digger will have his hands full and it will be his duty to dig the graves of the Republican party in a majority of the States in this Union. We respectfully beg the grave-digger, however, to give its attention first to North Carolina. We ask presidency because the remains of the party in the State have come to breed a vicious pestilence, because they have been too long out of the ground, and because the coroner (the Democratic party), after a careful examination of the corpse, has decided that it should be committed to the earth finally. There are signs of life in the corpse, to be sure, and the Republican mackeral sometimes shines and emits stench either at the Capital of the State or else in several other quarters of the commonwealth. But no one need be frightened by this display of life, and there is no danger of burying the body alive. If we thought any such danger were to be apprehended, we should call for an investigation simply in the interest of science, as well as in accordance with the dictates of humanity. But the corpse is on hand and the funeral ought to have been held long ago. The party in North Carolina died of its own dirt; it was suffocated by the filth which it distributed in its own nest; it was overcome by blood-poisoning—its own veins being surcharged with the germs of moral wickedness and disease. Let it be interred deep. It has too long been out of the grave. It "smells to high heaven."—*Wilmington Messenger.*

**A Husband's Mistake.**

One of the most pathetic incidents of the Exeter Theatre fire (in England) was the rescue of a woman, who was carried out of the furnace of flame upon the back of a brave man. He was with his wife at the play when the fire broke out, and succeeded in dragging her part way to the door, where she fell. There was an instant of despair and bewilderment; and then he snatched a covering form from the floor in the dense crowd and struggled through the smoke and darkness to reach the street with a shrieking woman on his back. At last he was out of danger and breathlessly lowered his burden. Alas! it was not his wife. In the confusion and darkness he had rescued a stranger and left his wife to be trampled to death in the lobbies of the theatre.—*New York Tribune.*

That all who are happy are equally happy is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher.—*Johnson.*

Pea, oat and corn meal mixed, and fed to milch cows in liberal quantity, will make them yield a large amount of butter.

**Gold Leaf Signs.**

HOW THE SECRET OF MAKING GOLD LEAF STICK TO THE GLASS WAS DISCOVERED.

"The reason that so many gold leaf signs on glass rub off," said a painter as he paused in putting some gold leaf on a sign, "is that people don't pay enough for the work. If you look at the gold leaf above the door of the Merchant's National Bank you will find it as good as when it was put on in 1873. The best signs are those in the railroad windows in Broadway. They were done by George H. McCarthy, the most expert man in the business. Those signs done right along, without waiting for each portion to thoroughly dry and harden, are always poorly done."

"How is the work done on glass?"

The glass is first moistened with a size made of isinglass dissolved in hot water. The gold leaf sticks to that. Letters are then perfectly formed on the back of the gold in varnish. When the varnish is dry we wipe off the gold with a piece of wet cotton. Then it is shaded, and then varnished again to preserve it. Good work, which people get when they pay for it, allows full time for each of these processes.

"Is there any secret about the size of isinglass?"

There isn't now. It used to be a very close secret. It was brought here in 1850 by an Englishman named Hale. He used to do up the signs in a style that American painters couldn't touch. They tried their best to discover the secret of the size he used, but couldn't catch him. Other Englishmen came over, and they had all the good gold leaf business to themselves. I was working as an apprentice of 13 in 1856 for John McCarthy, who had the secret. Every time he wanted to mix the size he would send me out to buy an egg and get a piece of charcoal. Then he would send me up stairs. One day I got the egg and charcoal and went up stairs as usual. I had a hole in the floor over the stove, and I kept one eye on him. He put the charcoal in the stove and burned it. Then he cracked and sucked the egg. Next he took out of his pocket a little paper and poured out of it something white into the water. After I had come down stairs and he had gone out I looked around on the floor and found some white threads of something I didn't know what. I concluded to go to the druggist's where he bought it. There I asked for twenty-five cents' worth of it, and told the clerk I didn't know the name.

"Isinglass you mean," he said.

"So he put it up, and I mixed some size. One day I was working away making some gold letters on glass myself, and in comes McCarthy. He looked at me pretty sharp and said: "Where did you get that size?"

"Oh, I got an egg and ran the white through a piece of charcoal to clarify it, I replied.

"He didn't say another word. I gave away the secret and practically ran the Englishmen out, for the Americans can work faster than they."—*New York Evening Sun.*

**Wonders of Micro-Sawing.**

I have often heard, says a Brooklyn Eagle writer, of the wonderful feats performed by skilled workmen with tools, such as engraving the Lord's prayer on the back of a 3-cent piece, or making a steam engine that would stand on a silver quarter, but I saw some wonders performed the other night that surpassed them all. All the minute articles manufactured heretofore have been made with small tools, and in some cases with the aid of a microscope, but there is a man in Sea Beach Palace Exposition on Coney Island, who works out the most delicate articles with a hand saw 19 feet long, and revolving at the rate of over a mile a minute. Upon this immense machine, the skilled operator in my presence saved out four chairs, all complete with legs and backs, but so small that the four were placed on the end of a lead pencil at one time. Then a dozen knives and forks of the most diminutive size were made and placed around the lead pencil. So small were they that, although the entire dozen were placed round the pencil, not one of them touched the other. Then the operator trimmed his finger nails on the huge saw as cleverly and as easily as one could do it with a penknife. Wetting his thumb, he pressed the ball of it into some sawdust and sawed the sawdust off the thumb without scratching the skin, yet a single nervous twitch of the arm would have cost him a hand. All sorts of curious puzzles are turned out with astonishing rapidity from all sorts of misshapen blocks of wood. Even articles of clothing, as thin and flexible as cloth, are worked out by this magician from little pieces of wood with his big saw. The cap he works in was sawed out of over 1,000 pieces of wood, no two of which are of the same size or shape.

A spirit of liberty, or in other words a just and true notion of inherent wisdom and fortitude, will bear up the possessor like the hand of an angel, and encourage him to things which are wild, strange, and amazing to slaves and flatterers and all the inferior classes of wretched human kind.

**Bats are not Birds.**

There are few animals about which so many superstitious have been believed from very early times, as the bat, and even now the creatures are by many regarded with dread. When one of them flies into a room at night, all hands give chase, and the useful little insect hunter is too often killed. Our bats are quite harmless, and the stories of blood sucking, told of those in South America, are only partly true. Our bats, of which we have about half a dozen, are all small, being but a few inches in length, but there are those in the East Indies, the wings of which have a spread of four feet. These monsters are fruit eaters, and do not attack animals at all. The early naturalists classed the bats with the birds, but their ability to fly is the only thing they have in common with birds. They only differ from other animals in their having long fingers, over which a thin skin is stretched, reaching to the hind feet and tail; this forms the wing, and usually ends in a hook by which the animals can suspend themselves. The hinder feet are supplied with stout claws, by which they also hang when at rest. The eyes of the bat are so small and hidden by hair, that it was at one time supposed that they had no eyes, and "as blind as a bat" is a proverb still in use. However it may be as to their sight, their senses of smell and hearing are very acute. Some species of bats, like the Long-eared Bat of Europe, have enormous ears, and some species have curious leafy appendages to their nose, which are thought to aid the sense of smell.

Bats are nocturnal in their habits, flying at night with great rapidity, and whirling about with the ease of a bird, in their chase after night-flying insects, of which they consume great numbers. In the day time, they secrete themselves in old buildings, in caves, in hollow trees, and such places. In Texas there are a number of churches which, when the State belonged to Mexico, were built by the missionaries among the Indians. These are now deserted, and more or less in ruins. We visited one of these buildings that had been taken possession of by the bats, which hung to the timbers of the open-work roof, and wherever they could get a foot-hold, in myriads. Upon being disturbed, they would set up a tremendous chattering, and, although it was daytime, would fly about our heads in swarms. Some idea of their great numbers may be formed from the fact that their droppings covered the floor to a depth of three or four feet.—*American Agriculturist.*

**Opinion of the President.**

The Chicago News, on the day of the President's arrival in that city published two letters that had been forwarded to that paper from North Carolina. The first is from Bishop Lyman and is as follows:

Dear sir: As regards Mr. Cleveland, although in former times I was an old time Whig, I can thoroughly support his policy. I think him truly honest and one who desires to advance the best interests of the whole country. He is every day upon the confidence of the people. His civil service policy strikes me as thoroughly sound, and I believe he more values the true interests of the country than mere party ascendancy. I doubt if any man can be found who would fill the presidential chair in a more honest, manly and high-toned spirit. The country ought to be weary of mere political hacks, who are so ready to make everything bend to merely party triumphs. I have only time for a hurried line in response to your letter.

Very respectfully yours,  
THEO. B. LYMAN.

Congressman Henderson furnishes the second letter in the following words:

Dear Sir: President Cleveland's administration of public affairs is generally approved and commended by all classes of citizens in North Carolina. His policy has been eminently conservative, wise and just. If North Carolina should be called upon to decide the question there would be no doubt about his triumphant re-election.

Very respectfully,  
JOHN S. HENDERSON.

A tree called the umbrella tree of Japan, now growing in a yard at Tallahassee, Fla., though only three years old, has leaves on it that measure twenty-one inches by sixteen. It is umbrella shaped, and makes a shelter that is impervious to sunshine or rain.

**Inventions of the 19th Century.**

The steamboat, the reaper, the sewing machine, Cars running by night and by day, Houses lighted by gas and heated by steam, And bright electricity's ray.

The telegraph's click speeds like lightning released, Then the telephone come to excel it; And, to put on the finish, the last but not least, Is the famed little Purgative Pellet.

Last but not least is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellet, because it relieves human suffering, adds to the sum of human comfort, and enables the relieved sufferer to enjoy all the blessings and luxuries of the age we live in.

**PIEDMONT WAGON**

MADE AT **HICKORY, N. C.**

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They stand where they ought to, right square

**AT THE FRONT!**

It Was a Hard Fight But They Have Won It!

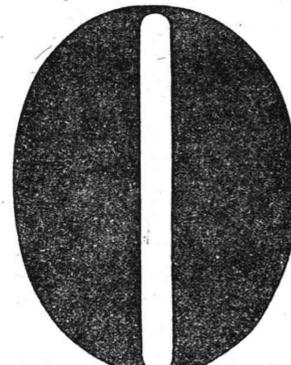
Just read what people say about them and if you want a wagon come quickly and buy one, either for cash or on time.

Subscribe for the **Carolina Watchman.**

If You Wish a Good Article Of PLEASANT TOBACCO, ask your dealer for "Old Rip."

**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**

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This space is reserved for **W. H. Reisner, The Jeweler.**

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**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 Sack and Dress Flannels, Tricots, Henriettas and all kind of Dress Fabrics, Paid and Brocaded Cashmeres, all wool filling, in all colors at 12 1/2 cts.

Ginghams, the best assortment in town at 64, 81 and 10 cts.

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

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

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

Clothing for everybody at prices that can't be beat.

Big stock of Boy's Clothing, from 5 to 13 years. Pants 50 cts. up, Suits \$2.00 and up.

Domestics, Bleached and Brown, 5, 61, 7, 7 1/2, 8, 9 and 10 cts.

Calicoes, 5, 61, 7 and 8 cts.

Jerseys at prices that sell them fast, and more than 200 of them.

Carpets, we have more than 20 pieces of the prettiest and best wearing Carpets ever offered at prices from 29 cts. 75 cts.

Lots of Rugs.

Shoes, for everybody, all qualities and sizes, from 35 cts. to the finest French Calf, hand-sewed.

We have the BIGGEST STOCK of good things to eat in town, at low prices. Come and see us before you buy or sell, as we buy your produce for CASH or BARTER and sell you at the LOWEST PRICES to be had. Yours obediently,

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

Salisbury, N. C. Sept. 1st, 1886.

Two years ago I bought a very light two-horse Piedmont wagon of the Agent, J. 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 Skein wagon made in the United States. The tin bar used in them is most excellent and it roughly well seasoned.

TURNER P. THOMASON.

Salisbury, N. C. Aug. 27th, 1886.

Two years ago I bought of J. 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.

JOHN D. HENLY.

Salisbury, N. C. Sept. 31, 1886.

Eighteen months ago I bought of J. A. Boyden, a 2 1/2 inch Thimble Skein Piedmont wagon and have used it pretty much all the time and it has proved to be a first-rate wagon. Nothing about it has given away and therefore it has required no repairs.

T. A. WALTON.

Salisbury, N. C. Sept. 8th, 1886.

18 months ago I bought of the Agent, in Salisbury, a 2 1/2 inch Thimble Skein Piedmont wagon—their 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.

L. R. WALTON.

**FOR SALE.**

One Brick House and lot, on the corner of Fallon 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.

**GERMAN CARP.**

I can furnish carp work of all kinds, in any quantity, for stocking up. For terms, address W. R. FIKLEY, Salisbury, N. C.

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**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.

WM. BROWN.

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

PINKNEY LUDWICK.

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