

# The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XIX.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1897.

NO. 4.



**Women**  
For "run-down," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, invalids, women generally, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fills a singular purpose, being a most potent and specific for all those chronic weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as a tonic, tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, flatulence, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our trade name. 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 wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. **DR. PIERCE'S** Pink Pills, Blotches, Headaches, Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pink Pills, a vital, by Druggists.

**ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM**  
Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

**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.

A particle is applied into each nostril, and is absorbed. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail registered, 60 cents. ELY BROS., 243 Greenwich Street, New York.



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Unfailing Specific for Liver Disease.  
**SYMPTOMS:** Bitter or bad taste in the mouth; loss of appetite; loss of energy; loss of weight; loss of sleep; loss of memory; loss of interest in life; loss of color; loss of strength; loss of vitality; loss of power; loss of endurance; loss of courage; loss of confidence; loss of hope; loss of faith; loss of love; loss of respect; loss of honor; loss of reputation; loss of position; loss of influence; loss of power; loss of authority; loss of control; loss of command; loss of leadership; loss of direction; loss of guidance; loss of support; loss of aid; loss of help; loss of assistance; loss of cooperation; loss of collaboration; loss of partnership; loss of association; loss of connection; loss of communication; loss of contact; loss of relation; loss of relationship; loss of connection; loss of communication; loss of contact; loss of relation; loss of relationship.

**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**  
It is generally used in the South to arrest the Torpid Liver to a healthy action. It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the **LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.**

**THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE**  
For Children, for Adults, and for the Aged.  
ONLY GENUINE  
has our Z Stamp in red on front of Wrapper.  
J. H. Zain & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Sole Importers. Price, \$1.00.

**The Winston-Twin-City Daily says:**  
All the iron and steel for the Texas State Capital at Austin was bought in England at \$175,000 less than the same could have been purchased for in this country, duty included.

**The Winston-Twin-City Daily says:**  
Professor Proctor figures that the earth is shrinking about two inches a year. That accounts for the nervous anxiety manifested by some people to possess it while it is of some size.

**The painting in the dome of the capital at Washington is the largest in the world, and cost \$50,000.** The unfinished frieze work at the base of the dome is now being completed by an Italian artist who is employed by the government at ten dollars a day. Those in charge sent a long way for a cheap man.

**It is announced that the oleomargarine law will be severely handled by Commissioner of Internal Revenue Miller in his coming annual report.** Nobody complains of the license tax, he says, save the retail dealers, and he will recommend that this feature of the law be modified as it is oppressive and unjust under the existing conditions. It is claimed that the law has actually worked in the interests of the oleomargarine men whom it was designed to hurt. Government supervision and stamps simply give an official indorsement to the article. The commissioner says the law has been successfully enforced but its workings are far different in results from what was anticipated by the dairy men.

**Rings in Trees.**  
Mr. R. W. Furras, an agent of the U. S. Forestry Department, who has given much attention to the age of trees, as indicated by rings, as well as to the age at which different species of trees stop growing, says: Concentric or annual rings, heretofore accepted as evidence, are not proof of the age of the tree. And in support of this assertion mentions many instances of trees known to have more rings than years of growth, and some which had fewer rings than years of growth. The variations are very considerable; some trees producing from two to twelve rings in a year, and others producing none. The trees east of the Rocky Mountains, or along the shores of the Atlantic, are not so long-lived as those on the Pacific.

**A TERRIBLE FIGHT.**  
Eight Lions and their Trainer Battling in a Cage.

A London cable dispatch to the New York Sun says: Early this morning there was a fearful and exciting battle in the jubilee exhibition at Liverpool. Delmonico, the most plucky tamer of beasts, has been exciting the nerves of the visitors for a long time by trifling in a cage with three big forest lions. Five more lions, of a different kind, but very big also, arrived from Africa yesterday, and were put at once into the big cage with the three already at home there. They had no training, but Delmonico went in among them and thrilled the crowd that filled the menagerie by an unusually sensational performance.

When he had done, Mlle. Kora, his partner, went in with the lions and took a little dog. This was repeated four times during the day, and the five new lions were too much stunned by the huge, noisy crowd about them and the repeated visits of the lady, gentleman, and dog, to think of anything else. Their astonishment had not worn off, and they were still quiet when left alone for the night by the attendants at 10 o'clock.

Shortly after midnight, however, the menagerie was filled with a frightful roaring and snarling, and a servant sleeping on the premises rushed in to find the big iron cage rocking and the eight lions fighting furiously, rolled up into a huge dark ball from which the blood-stained fur was flying in all directions. The huge beasts rolled over and over, dashing madly against the sides of the cage and biting pieces out of each other with a ferocity that was sickening. All the sights organized to gratify man's fondness for fighting would have seemed the tamest child's play in comparison.

After awhile it became evident that there were two distinct sides in the battle, and the new arrivals were pitted at unfair odds against the lions who had been in possession. The efforts of the servants to separate them only increased the fury, and at last he rushed off for Delmonico, who was asleep near by in Edge land. The trainer arrived half clad and found his lions bleeding fearfully, but still fighting.

The battle was narrowing down to a duel between two of the biggest lions,

which were rapidly biting each other to pieces in the middle of the cage. Occasionally the battle became general, and for a few seconds there would be a wild jumble of snarling lions with a savage crunching of teeth to tell how the flesh was being torn. The appearance of Delmonico with a red-hot iron produced an effect, and all but the two chief combatants stopped fighting and crouched sullenly down, licking their bloody wounds and snarling encouragement to the two leaders.

On these in their rage hot iron was useless, even when applied to raw flesh. The lions responded to the burning sensation only by tearing away at each other more fiercely.

At last Delmonico, fearing he would lose his two greatest actors, took a resolution which would probably not have occurred to any other man if the existence of the entire animal creation had been threatened. He entered the cage half-clad as he was and shut himself in. He next opened a door communicating with a second cage and drove into it like so many sheep the six lions that had been looking on.

Meanwhile the other lions were still fighting, although much weaker. Delmonico's attempt to separate them were useless. They paid not the slightest attention to him, and although in their struggles they dashed against him, they were evidently unconscious of his presence.

Before the tamer could form any plan to separate them the fight ended of itself. The big forest lion, who had been defending his home against the five strangers, rolled over on his back, growled faintly and died as the other seized him again by the throat. One of the front legs was gnawed off completely, a hind leg was chewed to a pulp, all of the mane and most of the face was bitten away, and the body was covered with blood, as was the entire cage. There was not on the dead lion an unbroken whole piece of skin large enough to have made a glove. He had fought for his rights just as long as he had been able to work his teeth and claws.

The victor seemed at first inclined to dash at the tamer and at the lions in the neighboring cage, but he changed his mind under Delmonico's eye, and after a weak but triumphant roar over the body of his victim he retired into a corner and moaned over his wounds. Although conqueror, he was not to be envied. His mane was gone and his body looked as though an especially wicked harrow had been repeatedly dragged over it. Blood trickled from a hundred ugly wounds, and there is little hope that he will live. Curiously enough, not one of the lions had its tail bitten off in the fray, which seems to indicate that some code of honor exists among lions which prevents them from making each other ridiculous even in the deadliest combat.

**The Widow's Daughter.**  
Detroit Free Press.

In the winter of 1864, while a portion of my regiment, the 20th New York Cavalry, was at Pleasant Valley, Md., to obtain a remount, word was received by the post commander that a Confederate scout named William Baxter, but who was known to us as "Billy Bowlegs," was on a visit to his mother, who lived between the Potomac at that point and a village in Virginia called Uniontown. There were a number of Col. Kane's "Bucktails" scouting for the Federals and making Pleasant Valley their headquarters, and as I had been detailed on several occasions for scout service, and had made a good record, I was instructed to select five men and cross the river and secure "Billy" dead or alive. The fact that he was at home was fully established, and the location of the farm house was known to two of the men who accompanied me. We were ferried across the Potomac one evening at dusk, just where the long highway bridge had been burned, and then we had a walk of about eleven miles to make.

Although "Billy Bowlegs" was a fearless man and a handy shot, we didn't figure that it needed five men to capture him. The country between the river and Uniontown was then overrun with bushwhackers and guerrillas, and we anticipated more or less trouble with them.

The scout had been twice captured by the Federals, and he was described to us as slender build, medium height, fair complexion and dark eyes. Enough was known about his nerve to know that he would not be taken alive if he had any show to fight, and therefore as we approached the house about midnight from across a field we were anxiously wondering how we should get at him. If we broke in we might and probably would find him in bed. It was a still, clear night, rather cold, and we hung about for half an hour before adopting a plan. Two of us went to the front and two to the back door, while the fifth man stood ready to receive the scout in case he dropped from a second-story window, supposed to be in his bedroom.

We crept softly up, and at a signal both doors were burst open. No they weren't! Neither of them gave an inch under the pressure, and in response to the efforts we made a woman's voice called out:

"Who is it, and what's wanted?"  
"Open the door or we'll break it down!"

"Wait one minute!"  
She struck a light, and we heard her moving about, and in a couple of minutes the front door opened and a gray haired woman of 45 stood there with a candle in her hand.

"Union soldiers, eh? Come right in," she said, smiling, as if glad to see us.

I posted three of the men around the house and entered with the other, and as soon as I was inside I said:

"Madam, we have come for your son. We know he is here. We shall take him, dead or alive."

"Oh, you have come for Billy, have you?" exclaimed a girl about 18 years of age who came running down stairs at that moment. "Excuse me, gentlemen, for not being fully dressed, but you didn't send us any word."

She laughed in a merry way, while the mother smiled good-naturedly. She had on a neat fitting calico dress, a ribbon at her neck, and except that her hair looked "tumbled" she looked as well prepared as if she expected our coming.

"Yes, Jennie, we want Billy," said the mother as she placed the candle on a stand.

"And we are bound to take him, dead or alive!" I added in a loud voice, suspecting the scout was within hearing.

"Oh, how sorry!" laughed the girl. "If brother Billy had only known you were coming! But he didn't, you see, and so he went away at dark. He'll never forgive himself, never."

"We must search the house," I said. "Oh, certainly; Mammy you light another candle and I'll show the gentlemen around. Perhaps the sight of Billy's old clothes would do them good."

Well, sir; we hunted that house from attic to cellar, and all we found was an old suit of Billy's clothes. The scout had skipped, and the best I could do was to apologize to mother and daughter, accept a midnight luncheon at the hands of the latter, and take the back track for the river. I'll own up, too, that I was "dead gone" on Jennie before I left, and that I said to her, as I squeezed her hand at parting:

"When the war is over I'm coming to ask you to be my wife."  
"And—and—I'll say—say y-e-a," she whispered in my ear.

We got back to the ferry soon after daylight, and there met a Union farmer living neighbor to the widow. When he heard what we had been up to he asked:

"Was the widow all alone?"  
"No her daughter Jennie was there."  
"Daughter Jennie? Describe her."  
"Good looking girl of medium height, black eyes and hair, and a sweet talker. I'm going back to marry her after the war is over."

"Bet you a farm you don't. That ar' gal, Jennie, was nobody else but that ar' scout Billy Bowlegs! He jist jumped into some of his mammy's clothes, and you pig head couldn't see through it."

He was right. I met Billy in Harper's Ferry after the war and he wanted to know if I had taken out the marriage license yet.

**Never Swear.**  
1. It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as to swear.  
2. It is vulgar—altogether too low for a decent boy.  
3. It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.  
4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a gentleman—well bred, refined. Such a man will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney sweep.  
5. It is indecent—offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.  
6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."  
7. It is abusive—to the mind which conceives, the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.  
8. It is venenous—showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers; and every time he swears one of them sticks out its head.  
9. It is contemptible—forgetting the respect of all the wise and good.  
10. It is wicked—violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of him who will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain.—Baltimore Methodist.

**Words of Wisdom.**  
No one loves the man whom he fears.

Mirth is the best physician for man's toils.

Mildness of address and manner is by no means an unimportant seasoning to friendship.

If you are terrible to many, then beware of many.

Not by years, but by disposition, is wisdom acquired.

Wish to be what you are, and consider nothing preferable.

The art of exalting lowliness and giving greatness to little things is one of the noblest functions of genius.

Let us help the fallen still, though they never pay us, and let us lend, without expecting the usury of gratitude.

One of the original tendencies of the human mind, fundamental and universal, is the love of other people's private affairs.

The man to whom virtue is but the ornament of character, something over and above, not essential to it, is not yet a man.

Promise not twice to any man the service you may be able to render him; and be not loquacious if you wish to be esteemed for your kindness.

Never hold any one by the button or the hand in order to be heard out, for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.

There are many shifts and changes, but if we stand still, and bide our time, the current which was this way to-day, will set in an opposite direction to-morrow; and if it should not do so, what is that to us?

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone. "She never knew how I loved her." "He never knew what he was to me." "I always meant to make more of our friendship." Such words are the poisoned arrows which cruel death shoots backward at us from the door of the sepulchre.

**Where he Learned it.**  
He was a pretty little fellow, but it was his manners, not his looks, that attracted everybody—clerks in the stores, people in the horse cars, men, women and children. A boy four years old who, if any one said to him, "How do you do?" answered, "I am well, thanks," and if he had a request to make, be it of friend or stranger, began it with "Please." And the beauty of it was that the "thanks" and "please" were such a matter of course to the child that he never knew he was doing anything at all noticeable.

"How cunning it is," said a showy woman to his mother as they sat at the public table of a hotel one day, "to hear the child thank the waiters and say 'please' when he wants anything. I never saw anything so sweet. My children have to be constantly told if I want them to thank people. How well you must have taught him, that he never forgets."

"He has always been accustomed to it," said the mother. We have always said 'please' to him when we wished him to do anything, and have thanked him. He knows no other way."

The showy woman looked as if she did not need any further explanation of the way in which habits are formed. Probably you do not.—Wide Awake.

**Ten Useful Maxims.**

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Recollect that pride is more irksome to be borne than either hunger, thirst, or cold.
6. Never feast so that you will be obliged to fast after it.
7. Nothing is felt troublesome that is done willingly.
8. Never anticipate evil—an imagined calamity is always more painful than the real one.
9. Always take hold of things by their smooth handle.
10. Always count 10 before you speak, if angry—if greatly so, count 100.

**A Large Estate.**

A broad land is this in which we live, dotted so thickly with thrifty cities, towns and villages! Amid them all, with ever-increasing popularity and helpfulness, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, giving hope and cheer where there is disease and despair. Wherever there is humanity there is suffering; wherever there is suffering there is the best field for this greatest American remedy. Consumption (which is lung-scrofula), yields to it; Kidney and Liver diseases, yield to it; if employed in the early stages of the disease; Chronic Nasal Catarrh, yields to it; if you want the best known remedy for all diseases of the blood, ask for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and take no other.

**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, and have used it all the time since. I 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.

TURNER P. THOMAS.

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.

JOHN D. HENLY.

SALISBURY, N. C.  
Sept. 31st, 1886.

Eighteen months ago I bought of John A. Boyden, a 24 inch Thimble Skin one-horse 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 24 inch Thimble Skin 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 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.

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I can furnish carp work in any quantity for building, for terms, address W. R. FIKLEY, Salisbury, N. C.

**THE ONE PRICE STORES**

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**KLUTTZ AND RENDLEMAN**

Are still offering the Largest and Best Selected Stock of

**NEW GOODS,**

At the Lowest Prices in Salisbury.

**We are Receiving New Goods Daily.**

Big lot of Underwear, just in, at 25 cts., to the best Lamb's Wool OVERSHIRTS, 75 cts. to \$1.75. PURE WOOL SOCKS, all colors, 25 cts. NEW STOCK OF CARPETS, RUGS and HASSACKS. NECKWEAR, enough for everybody, at prices that sell them. Big Assortment of CLOTHING, DRY GOODS and NOTIONS. HATS—Boys' and Men's New Hats from 23 cts. up. Brass Bound Buckets 25 cts. Brooms for everybody, the biggest assortment in town, from 12¢ to 40 cts. Sugars, 6¢, 7¢, 8¢ and 10 cts., and lots of Good Things.

REMEMBER WE BUY YOUR PRODUCE AS WELL AS SELL YOU CHEAP FOR CASH OR BARTER. COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

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WILLIAM C. COAKLEY, Secretary.