

## WILL REMOVE.

After this week I will occupy the room formerly used by the Southern Telegraph Company, where I would be glad to have you call as I will have my STOCK replenished with

## NEW AND FANCY DESIGNS,

And will be better prepared to please everybody than ever before and at prices that must sell the goods. Very Respectfully,

**W. H. REISNER,**

LEADING JEWELER.

**A HOME Company.** SEEKING. HOME Patronage. AGENTS. In all Cities, Towns and Villages in the South.

**A STRONG Company.** PROMPT! Reliable! Liberal! J. RHODES BROWNE, President. WILLIAM C. COART, Secretary.

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

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

**VIGOROUS HEALTH**

... HARRIS REMEDY CO., 270 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

**I CURE FITS!**

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I HAVE MADE THIS DISCOVERY.

**FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS.**

A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed in no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Address and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you. Address: H. C. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

**MORTGAGE SALE OF LAND.**

Whereas a Mortgage Deed was made by Susan Bratton to W. A. Lingle on the 25th day of July, 1882, which said Mortgage Deed is registered in the Register's Office of Rowan county, in Book No. 61, page 567, and whereas breaches in the conditions of said Mortgage Deed have occurred. Now therefore, on the 25th day of January, 1888, at the Court House door in Salisbury, at the hour of 12 o'clock in noon, I will sell a tract of 200 acres of land, situated in Atwell township, adjoining the lands of Simon Peerman, George Corrier and others, which is under mortgage to secure the payment of this debt.

Terms of sale—Cash.

MARTHA LINGLE, Adm'r. of W. A. LINGLE, 10-41. Dec. 27th, 1887.

**DEEP Sea Wonders** exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are invited to see. Capital not required. Some have made over \$50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

**Visit Cedar Cove Nurseries.**

Which are now by odds the largest, best conducted and well stocked with the most reliable fruits of any nursery in the State. Contains more reliable acclimated varieties of Apples, Peaches, Pears, Cherries, Grapes, and all other fruits for orchard and garden planting. We have no competition as to extent of grounds and beautifully grown trees and vines of all desirable ages and sizes. We can and will please you in stock. Your orders solicited. Prices reasonable. Descriptive catalogue sent free. Address: N. W. CRAIG, N. C., Shore, Yadkin County, N. C.

**THE LEADING SOUTHERN SEED HOUSE.**

**T. W. WOOD & SONS**

10 S. 14th St., Richmond, Va.

Request all Gardeners, Farmers and Truckers to send for their **NEW SEED CATALOGUE** for 1888. It contains descriptions of all new and desirable varieties of **SEEDS & PLANTS** for the Farm and Garden that are adapted to the South.

**Grass & Clover Seeds a Specialty.** Catalogue mailed free. SEND FOR IT. 11-3m.

**HARDWARE.**

WHEN YOU WANT **HARDWARE** AT LOW FIGURES

Call on the undersigned at NO. 2, Grant Row. D. A. ATWELL.

Agent for the "Cardwell Thresher," Salisbury, N. C., June 8th-14.

**NEW FIRM.**

The undersigned has entered into a co-partnership for the purpose of conducting the **GROCERY and PRODUCE COMMISSION** business, to date from March 25, 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. B. McNEELY. 27-14

## SYNEPSIA.

It is that misery experienced when we suddenly become aware that we possess a diabolical arrangement called a stomach. The stomach is the reservoir from which every fibre and tissue must be nourished, and any trouble with it is soon felt throughout the whole system. Among a dozen dyspeptics no two will have the same predominant symptoms. Dyspeptic conditions are subject to Sick Headache; those, fleshy and phlegmatic have Constipation, while the thin and nervous are abandoned to empty forebodings. Some dyspeptics are wonderfully forgetful; others have great irritability of temper. Whatever form Dyspepsia may take, one thing is certain,

The underlying cause is in the LIVER.

It will correct Acidity of the Stomach, Expel flat gases, Alleviate Irritation, Assist Digestion, and, at the same time Start the Liver to working, when all other troubles soon disappear.

**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**

"My wife was a confirmed dyspeptic. Some three years ago by the advice of Dr. Simons, of Augusta, she was induced to try Simmons' Liver Regulator. I feel grateful for the relief it has given her, and may all who read this and are afflicted in any way, whether chronic or otherwise, use Simmons' Liver Regulator, and I feel confident health will be restored to all who will be advised."—Wm. M. Kean, Fort Valley, Ga.

See that you get the Genuine, with red Z on front of wrapper.

J. H. ZELLEN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

**ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM**

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sore, Restores the Senses 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.

A particle is applied to each nostril, and is absorbable. Price 25 cents a dozen; by mail registered, 50 cents. ELY BROS., 245 Greenwich Street, New York.

## 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, John 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 timber used in them is most excellent and thoroughly well seasoned.

TURNER P. THOMASON.

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

About two years ago I bought of John 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. 21, 1886.

Eighteen months ago I bought of John A. Boyden, a 24 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.

18 months ago I bought of the Agent, in Salisbury, a 24 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.

## Elizabeth Zane.

This damnable cancer maiden's name is inscribed in gold on the scroll of Fame; She was the lassie who knew no fear When the tomahawk gleamed on the far frontier.

If deeds of daring should win renown, Let us honor the damsel of Wheeling town, Who braved the danger with deep disdain— Bright-eyed, buxom Elizabeth Zane.

'Twas more than a hundred years ago; They were close beset by the dusky foe, They had spent of powder their scanty store, And who the gauntlet should run for more?

She sprang to the portal and shouted "H! 'Tis better a girl than a man should die, My loss would be but the garrison's gain: Unbar the gate!" said Elizabeth Zane.

The powder was sixty yards away, Around her foemen in ambush lay; As she darted from shelter they gazed with awe, Then wildly shouted, "A squaw! a squaw!"

She neither swerved to the left nor right, Swift as an antelope's was her flight; "Quick open the door," she cried amain, "For a hope forlorn! 'Tis Elizabeth Zane!"

No time had she to waver or wait, Back she must go ere it be too late: She snatched from the table its cloth in haste, And knotted it deftly about her waist, Then filled it with powder—never, I ween, Had powder so lovely a magazine; Then, snorting the bullets—a deadly rain— Like a startled fawn fled Elizabeth Zane.

She gained the fort with her precious freight; Strong hands unfastened the oaken gate; Brave men's eyes suffused with tears, That had there been strangers for many years: From flint-lock rifles again there sped 'Gainst the skulking redskins a storm of lead, And the war-whoop sounded that day in vain, Thanks to the deed of Elizabeth Zane.

Talk not to me of Paul Revere, A man, on horseback, with naught to fear; Nor of old John Burns, with his bell-crowned hat— He'd an army to back him, so what of that?

Here's to the heroine, plump and brown, Who ran the gauntlet in Wheeling town! Hers is a record without a stain— Beautiful, buxom Elizabeth Zane!

—John S. Adams, in St. Nicholas.

## The Fault-Finder.

Perhaps you have met with one or two habitual fault-finders in the course of your life. Perhaps you have lived in the same house with such a one. Perhaps you have felt the ragged edge of their cruel words, from day to day, from week to week, from year to year. They make a hell all around them, and it will be a wonder if one shall ever be allowed to enter paradise. Would they not criticize and find fault with the golden streets and the river of God? Would they not turn up their noses at the pure robes of the redeemed and let fly their poison-tipped rounds at the angels of light? Would they not scorn the four and twenty elders who stand around the great white throne? Is it presumable, that since nothing—almost nothing—in all this beautiful world is good enough to escape their malevolence, that there is anything in heaven that will turn back the tide of their teeming words of reproach and fault-finding!

Take a few examples of this deplorably misshapen character, who may be styled for convenience, Mal. She looks out from her window and sees two persons walking down street. One of them enters her house—where he belongs—and the other passes on.

Mal.—Jimmy, who was that that came with you to the gate?

Jimmy.—It was Wm. Newell.

Mal.—I thought it was some fool.

Jimmy.—Why, why do you call him a fool? He seemed to be a very decent sort of a person—talks well—behaves well, and minds his own business.

Mal.—He comes of a foolish set, and I warrant he is no better.

Jimmy.—Do you know him?—has he ever spoken to you, or done you any harm?

Mal.—No, no, and what's more I don't want him to speak to me, for I know he's of no account.

Jimmy, who had known Wm. Newell for several years and valued him on account of his intelligence and good behavior, withdrew from the room without another word, feeling wounded to the quick, and for his life could

not understand why Will should be thus summarily cut up and denounced. He was indignant, but saw that the better plan was to say nothing, for nothing could avail for the relief of his feelings or his friends.

Take another case. Looking from that same window—and be it known that these censorious people are always on the lookout for subjects of abuse—she sees a gentleman and lady approaching—peeps at them through blinds. Her vision is pretty dull, but she makes them out, or thinks she does.

Mal.—Jimmy, how in the world did it street this evening with Poll Jones?

Jimmy.—You were never worse mistaken in your life. I have not seen Miss Mary Jones in a month.

Mal.—I know better. I saw you with my own eyes—

Jimmy.—I beg your pardon, madam. You saw me with Miss Minnie Mc-Iver this afternoon, who is just as pretty, smart and sweet a girl as Miss Jones—

Mal.—"Pretty, smart and sweet!"—just like fool men the world over—captured by pretty faces and hav'n't the sense to "inquire within." What account are either of them?—flirting about to show themselves.

Jimmy.—My conscience, Mal, where will you find better girls on this green earth?—

Mal.—Not in your green imagination, I'm sure.

As usual, Jimmy tore himself out of the room, and sought comfort and relief in playing with the dog in the yard, whose unaffected fondness for him kept them as constant good friends. Pedro always met him with joyous demonstrations, and he always rewarded the affectionate brute with gentle caresses and pleasant words.

A thousand such examples might be given, touching persons high and low, male and female, from the age of a week to 80 years; and every subject that falls within the range of human knowledge and conversation. The habitual fault-finder is always ready cocked and primed, and is sure to fire whether she (or he) hits or misses. She is a walking, waiting and watching magazine of infernal grievances, in re to be dreaded than sea ticks, jiggers, snakes, briars, thorns, thistles, an empty purse, a broken roof house, small pox, the seven year itch, mumps, measles, Asiatic cholera or yellow fever. And yet I suppose they are of some use in this sin-stricken world of ours; and that human duty requires their acceptance as a necessary part of the general make up.

The potter, of the same lump, makes one vessel to honor and another to dishonor. The ways of God are past finding out, and if He should make one soul to be saved and another to be damned, who shall say unto him "What doest thou?" Cynics and fault-finders are like thorns and briars, and although we cannot understand it, they undoubtedly have their use in the grand scheme of the Infinite Creator; and if like thorns and briars their end is to be cut up by the roots and burned, it is none the less true that they fulfill the purpose of their creation and reach a natural and proper end.

## The Right Kind of Young Men to Love.

I love a young man who loves his mother so fondly that for her sake he is chivalrous to other women. I love a young man who will step out of his way to avoid crushing a worm, and will not deem it beneath his dignity to succor a stray kitten. I love a young man who is pure-hearted and slow to laugh at smutty stories. I love a young man who believes there is a nobler career in life than to be a good dancer or a successful society man. I love a young man who is not ashamed of tears for others' sorrows, for a tender song or for a beautiful thought. I love a young man who cannot be laughed out of a duty, or ridiculed from a purpose. I love a young man who hates whiskey as angels hate snuff, and thinks too much of his brain to make snuffed meat of it. I despise a "goody-goody" young man but I love a good one. I would not like to be even third cousin to a dude, but I love a young man who is half fellow well met with nice girls, and serious not the companionship of his sisters.—Ex.

## Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 151 Pearl St., N. Y.

## How Fortune Tellers Get Your Dollar.

"You've had sickness and trouble. You'll have some property fall to you. You do not have full confidence in your husband. You have a very gentle nature. Everybody loves you. You have had trouble with a relative. It was not your fault. Beware of a blue-eyed woman with a mole on her left cheek. One dollar—call again."—Detroit Free Press.

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No falsehood can endure touch of celestial temper, but returns of force to its own likeness.

## Patipation of the Heart.

Treating of palpitation of the heart, Dr. B. W. Richardson says that while the palpitating heart may be a diseased heart, it need not be so; and because the heart is organically diseased there is no more reason why it should be affected with palpitation than if it were healthy. It may be observed generally, that the subjects of palpitation are, as a rule, of nervous temperament. They are "impressionable" people, and they are also people of active natures. In childhood they are exceptionally sensitive, and they remain so. The treatment of palpitation is moral, hygienic, and medical, and the value of these stands in the order in which they here stand. The grand point in the moral treatment is to impress the sufferer with the confidence that there is no instant danger from the seizure; for palpitation is fed by fear, and so little as an expression of fear by the look-out increases the intensity of the overaction. In like manner all hurry and worry aggravate the system, and so, during the attack, the utmost care should be taken to avoid noise, haste and fussiness. Regular habits in life in eating, drinking and sleeping sum up the hygienic requirements. Tea, coffee and alcohol in every shape are always unfavorable in cases of palpitation. The quantity of fluid taken should be limited in amount, and the nearer it comes to water, pure and simple, the better. Something requires to be said about mental as well as physical food. Reading, amusements and pastimes which keenly affect the emotional faculties are to be avoided as much as more plainly physical excitement. Whatever mental food keeps the mind awake, whatever makes the sufferer hold his breath with wonder of anxiety, is bad as bad can be. Exciting novels, plays, exercises, games of chance, should most surely be put aside. But good, steady, pleasant, mental work is not harmless merely, it is useful; it prevents the mind from brooding over the bodily incapacity, and it becomes an element of cure. There is one habit against which it is necessary to protest, that is the habit of smoking tobacco, and the use of tobacco as a luxury in every way. Tobacco is the worst of enemies to soundness of heart and steadiness of heart work.

## Make it Odious.

"Try to get acquainted with the man whom you propose to wed. As you get more thoroughly acquainted, try to get a whiff of his breath. See that he is temperate. If you find that he loves the flowing bowl, and that his hot breath as it courses through his clinched teeth, scorches the cotton in your ears, draw yourself up to your full height, crack your heels together twice in rapid succession, and go away."

## Very Sensible "Japs."

In Japan the old-school physicians are permitted to wear only wooden swords. This is a gently sarcastic way of expressing the opinion that they kill enough people without using weapons. But the druggist who introduced Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery into the Empire, carried a fine steel blade. It was found that all who tried this wonderful remedy for coughs, colds, consumptive tendencies, blood, skin and liver troubles, were, without exception, greatly benefited. The Mikado himself is said to have "toned up" his system by its use, and the importer was therefore permitted the exceptional honor of wearing the sword of the nobility.

## Very Sensible "Japs."

Mr. Bowser led the boy away, and it seemed, as I afterward came to know, went home with him. When he left the boy's house a man was chasing him with a shovel and a woman with a hoe handle was trying to head him off, and the boy himself stood in the door and clapped his hands. When Mr. Bowser came home I asked what had become of his adopted son and he roared at me:

## None of your business!

"None of your business! If I had your spirit I'd expect to be struck by lightning!"

When we got our horse we got a colored man to take care of him, and at their first interview I heard Mr. Bowser say to him:

## Now, Mr. Johnson, you are not to blame for either your color or your lack of education.

"You have not had a show. Take that barn and manage it according to your own judgment. I've got a suit of clothes in the house for you, and there are plenty of books in the library."

Mr. Johnson took ten books from the library the first day of his arrival. On the second day he disappeared. So did the harness and robes and a lot of tools. Mr. Bowser was furious. He wanted ten detectives on the case all at once, and as he started to telephone for them I said:

## Perhaps he has retired to a cave with the ten books to enrich his mind.

And perhaps I ain't the biggest idiot in the State of Michigan for marrying you!" he shouted back as he ground away at the crank and lifted the chief of police off his chair.—Detroit Free Press.

## Conscience is the pulse of reason.

Conscience is the pulse of reason.

## Charitable Mr. Bowser.

HIS UNFORTUNATE EXPERIENCE AS A BENEFACTOR AND DISPENSER OF CHARITY.

I don't want the public to get the impression that Mr. Bowser is not a good-hearted man. Such an idea would do him great injustice. He is a little queer in some of his ways, but all right as a whole, and a more tender hearted man never lived. When we began house-keeping and got our first hired girl Mr. Bowser called me into the library, shut the door and dropped his voice down to the confidential pitch and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, let's start out right. Let's respect the feelings of that poor girl in the kitchen."

"Certainly."

"She's just as good as we are, and we mustn't put on any airs over her. She shall eat at the table with us, and if she has any time from her work you might learn her how to sing and play the piano."

"I can't quite agree with you, Mr. Bowser."

"Oh, you can't? Womans mortal enemy is woman. Well, I'm going out and have a little talk with Eliza and tell her what I'm willing to do."

I listened at the kitchen door. Mr. Bowser is no man to beat about the bush. He went right at the business in hand by saying:

"Eliza, nobility does not consist in riches."

She slid away from him toward the sink.

"You are not to blame for being in your present position. How would you like to take singing lessons?"

She looked at him with her mouth open.

"And learn to play the piano?"

She opened her mouth still wider.

"And perhaps learn to sketch and paint?"

She seized a pan of water and whirled on him with:

"You infernal, cross-eyed old reprobate, to talk to an innocent girl in that fashion! Get out of my kitchen or I'll drown you in a minute!"

When we sat down to supper I wondered why Eliza hadn't put on a plate for herself, and asked Mr. Bowser when I should begin her piano lessons.

"Mrs. Bowser, have you lost the little sense you possessed two or three months ago?" he hotly exclaimed, and I thought it best to let the subject drop right there.

A few days after that a boy about eight years old came to the door to beg and as soon as Mr. Bowser caught sight of him he observed:

"Call the little-haver in and let him see that the milk of human kindness has not all dried up. Now give him a good breakfast."

The cook stuffed him till he could eat no more and then Mr. Bowser brought him into the sitting-room and cut his hair, washed the little one's face with his own hands, and was going to call the cook in to wash his feet, when I protested.

"Now, Mr. Bowser, that is going too far. We don't keep a county house here."

"Don't we? I wouldn't have your mean spirit for all the money in America! It is just such people as you who have added to the woes of poverty and the wickedness of the world."

"But we can't make such a fuss over every beggar that comes along."

"Nobody expects you to. You are expected to stand in the door with a crowbar and brain every poor unfortunate who stops to ask for a mouthful of food. I shall go home with this boy. I want to have a talk with his father, and it may end in my adopting him."

"None of your business! If I had your spirit I'd expect to be struck by lightning!"

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