

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1888.

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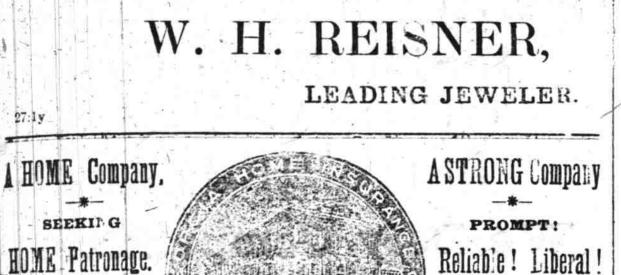
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And guarantee a perfect fit or money refunded. I have fitted many cases where athers fail, and guarantee my PRICES to be LOWER than can be had elsewhere.

I MAKE NO CHARGE FOR EXAMINATIONS.

Call and see me, and go away seeing and rejoicing. RESPECTFULLY,

27:1y



I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners Is called the "Father of Diseases," bo-cause there is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by the absorption of poisonous gases in the retention of decayed and effete matter in the stomach and bowels. It is caused by a Torpid Liver, not enough bile being excreted from the blood to produce Nature's own esthartic, and is generally accompanied with such results as and fine sense.

CONSTIPATION

Sick Headache,

The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purga-

tive, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness. To secure a regular habit of body without changing the diet or disorganizing the system

SIMMONS

REGULATOR

"My attention, after suffering with Constipa-tion for two or three years, was called to Simmons Liver Regulator, and, having tried almost every-thing else, concluded to try it. I first took a wineglassful and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, as p r directions, after each meal." I found that it had done me so much good that I continued it until I took two bottles. Since then I have not experienced any difficulty. I keep it in my house and would not be without it, but have no use for it, it having cured me. "-GEO. W. SIMS, Ass't Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co., Ga,

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Which has on use of mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO

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Physician and Surgeon.

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corner Main and Fisher streets.

10:6m.

Offers his services to the people of

Bad Breath, etc.

Loss of Appetite,

Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. -COWPER.

IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

[A lady of a wenithy Eastern family, through some estrangement, loft her home and went to the West. Misfortune and ill-health swept away her little all, and in her old age she found a home in the poor-house. One evening shortly after, she was found sitting by her bed, reading the poem: "Rock Me to Sleep. Mother," and weeping. That night the death angel came, tired feet rested on "the echoless shore."

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep," Why does the reader pause? Why does she weep!

Withered the quiviring lips, head bowing low, Care-worn the wrinkled face where the tears

Far from her childhood home, old 'and alone, No one, and nothing, to claim as her own; Fortune and friends all are lost in the past. Found, in her old age, the poor-house at last.

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep," Trembles the voice, for the mem'ries that sweep Far from the sunny land when she was young, Rush o'er her heart as a harp long unstrung. Music that once has charmed, chords lost so

Love's sweetest harmonies, joy's happy song, Come from the silence so long and so deep-"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep," Just as when weary of playing "Bo Peep" Long, long ago, she would turn to her breast, Yearning for love words and kisses and rest. Turns she to-night, a child now once more; Mother, come back from the echoless shore !" What do her dim eyes see? What does she hear!

Why does she linger where tear follows tear? Over and over in sobs low and deep-"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

Morn came: the sun, like a fond mother's face, Wake | earth with a kiss from night's still embrace;

Hushed were those lins in that peaceful repose Only the friendless who finds it e'er knows. Mother had come from "the echoless shore." Clasped her again in her arms as of yore; Open the book lay beside the lone dead. Tear-marked the lines o'er and o'er she had

read.

On the morning after the above conversation Mr. Tidywaite, accompanied by Mr. Chink, his partner, and a formidable body of their employes, was duly sworn in as a special constable. He had his first taste of active service on the following Sunday, when, after he had duly rendezvoused at Albany street barracks at eleven a. m., he was marched through the mud and the fog, perspiring and breathless, to Cavendish Square, and there "held in reserve" till about five p. m. The mob, to do them justice, did not appear overawed by the spectacle; on the contrary, they occupied themselves throughout the above period with facetious comments on the appearance of the "specials," individually and collectively. Mr. Tidywaite, although he had contrived to get into the rear rank, came in for his share of this fun, and he went home with the rudiments of a bad cold, an unpleasant stiffness in the legs, and an aggravated sense of grievance against the lower orders generally; but, fortunately, with nothing worse. A week or two later, however, his fortitude and sense of duty were put to a sharper test. He received a notice that, in view of the threatening demonstration being organized at the other side of London, the regular constables on duty in his district would be withdrawn in the evening, and special constables, in pairs, would replace them on their beats. The beat assigned to Mr. Tidywaite Included Portland Square, Duchess Place and several adjoining streets in the West End.

The day duly arrived, and a dreadful day it was. Heavy snow in the morning was succeeded by a general drizzle as the day wore on. The cold which Mr. Tidywaite had caught in Cavendish Square had now assumed portentous dimensions and settled on his chest. His rheumatism was also troublesome. At the last moment Mrs. Tidywalte was anxious for a medical certificate, but, unluckily, did not think of it till too late, and she was about to help her husband get ready for his work when they were informed that the police superintendent desired to see Mr. Tidywaite.

"I just called, sir," said the officer, "to warn you'to keep a sharp lookout on No. 9 Portland Square. It is the Duke of Dublin's house. He is the President of the Irish Landlords' Ancient Rights Maintenance League, you know, sir."

"Ah, certainly. You are not anticipating any attack on the Duke's house. I hopef"

"As you please," said the Honorable Guy. "You will know where to find me if f am wanted. No. 24: don't forget. Ta-ta!" He was soon out of sight, and Mr. Tidy-waite was left alone with his own reflections. Solitude did not add to the charms of his situation. The storm seemed to be steadily increasing in violence, and though he had no desire to imitate the example of Mr. Wyldfire, the banker presently moved round his best, looking for a chance of gaining shelter. He came thus to No. 9-the Duke of Dublin's house. It was a fine mansion, with a large portico extending to the pavement; and, remembering his in-structions from the Inspector, Mr. Tidywaite thought he would be doing his duty, as well as consulting his inclination, if he stood up against one of the pillars at the side, sheltered from the wind. He stood there about a quarter of an hour, his toes numbed and his teeth chattering, when the clock of a neighboring church struck nine. The last stroke had scarcely ceased when Mr. Tidywaite was startled by a low whistle close at hand. Looking. out from his shelter he perceived a tall man, in an ulster, standing under a neighboring lamp-post. As if in response to the whistle, two other men hurried up from opposite directions. Their movements were so mysterious that the special constable drew back as far out of sight as he could get. The men were now talking together, and the Inspector's instructions-the allusion to the Duke of Dublin and the dynamiters-recurred painfully to Mr. Tidywaite's mind, as he calight fragments of the conversation in a rich Milesian brogue. In another minute or so the two last-

comers again departed in opposite directions, and Mr. Tidywaite's heart sank into his boots as he saw the tall man advance stealthily towards No. 7. He was now close alongside the special and looking into the area, beyond doubt with some sinister purnose. The inclination to fly was almost irresis ible in Mr. Tidywaite's breast, but he summoned up all his sense of public duty, and with a supreme effort stepped out and accosted the mysterious stranger. "Now, sir," he said, "what is your business here!"

"What has that to do with you ?" returned the man. ACLUM. "I am a representative of the law, and it

is my duty to ask what you are doing."

hand, and led him into the presence of the Council, who were seated round a table, all masked.

NO. 22

"Joseph Tidywaite," said the Chairman, whom the banker at once recognized as the tall man whom he had captured in the square, "you have been charged with being an inimy of Oireland, and with thwarting an important operation of the Provisional Government. The Council have considered your case, and your sinthence is-Death by the Third Process."

The wreiched man essayed to speak, buf terror tied his tongue, and he clung to Number Siven to save himself from falling.

"The Council have, however, mercifully attached a proviso to the sisthence," pursued the Chairman. "Your life will be spared on condition of your taking the oath of fidelity to the Oirish Republic. Ye will have five minutes to make your election. Siven, give the prisoner a chair!"

At the expiration of five minutes, Mr. Tidywaite made the choice that might have been expected, and took the oath of fidelity to the Irish Republic, in the following terms:

"I, Joseph Tidywaite, hcreby solemnly renounce all allegiance to the Queen of Great Britain, her heirs and successors, and declare myself a true and loyal subject of the Irish Republic, to the Executive Government of which for the time being I swear henceforward to reader with body and soul unconditional obedience. for good or evil, for life or death. So help me God."

This oath having been administered. Mr. Tidywaite signed the document in blood from one of his own veins, which Number Siven dexterously opened for the purpose with a lancet. The ceremony over, he drank "God Sava Ireland" in some hot whisky and water, and was then blindfolded, led out of house, and restored to freedom in the shape of a hansom cab.

It was nearly a fortnight before the doctor allowed Mr. Tidy waite to leave his bed. but as soon as he was able to get about again the old gentleman sent for Edward O'Brien. On the young man's arrival he at once narrated the story of his terrible experience.

"I sent for you, Edward," be said, at the conclusion of the recital, "in the hope that you might have influence with some of your Irish friends which would help me out of my horrible position. Think of it, Edward ! Think of mesworn body and soul to the service of a (reasonable conspiracy) Ho can I. as an honest citizen. evade my duty to disclose the whole business to the Government?" "Good God !" exclaimed O'Brien. "How can you talk of such a thing? Do you know what it means! Remember James Carev !" "I know, I know," replied the wretched banker. I am a.vare of my peril, and the knowledge is driving me mad. Can't you help me, Edward !" "If things had been otherwise." said O'Brien, presently .-. "I mean if there had been any tie between you and me on the strength of which I might have made a personal appeal to the Executive, I tell you frankly there is no man in London who has a better right to ask a favor of the Clanna-Gael than I have. But as it is, on what ground can I appeal to them?" "My dear Edward," replied the banker, "I have never desired more than to be convinced that you and Winifred were sincerely attached to one anothor. If my consent to the engagement -conditionally, of course, on your rendering me this service-will facilitate your negotiations with the Council, pray consider you have it." This assurance did facilitate matters very much. Two or three days later O'Brien reported that, after a difficult negotiation with the leaders of the Cianna-Gael, he had persuaded the Council, in recognition of his own services to the cause, to rescind Mr. Tidywaite's oath of allegiance, on his swearing perpetual secrecy as to his own relations with the Clan. A few days later the banker was conducted again, this time by O'Brien, to the headquarters of the London Division. Here certain formalities were gone through, the eath of allegiance was rescinded, and the special constable found himself once more a faithful subject of the Queen. Early in the honeymoon O'Brien told his wife how her father's consent to their marriage had been obtained. "But I don't understand it now," said Wimfred, when she had heard the story of her father's singular adventure. . "Whe were the other conspirators! And who planned it all?" "The conspirators, my dear, were a party of promising medicals from BL Mary's reinforced by one or two of our compatriots from Guy's. It was my respected best-man, Jini Sullivan, who captured your father. He met you at a dance. you may remember, where you told him the governor was going as a special. He planned the business-bless his soul !--as a mere practical joke at first. We developed the idea afterwards." "Poor papa!" said Winifred. "I wonder he survived it. He must never know, Ted." And he never did.-London Truth. -----





"And suppose I don't tell you? "Then I must ask you to come along with "And suppose I say I sha'n't comet" said

the man with a con emptuous laugh. "Then I shall arrest you in the Queen's

name," replied the valiant constable. And producing his handcuffs he made a vicious grab at the stranger. Perhaps the tall man was taken aback at this unexpected display of resolute government. At any rate, he stood quite still, much to Mr. Tidywaite's relief, and allowed the bracelets to be slipped on to his wrists. Then he began to

"Stop!" cried the special; "we are going the other way."

"I ain't!" said the tall man. "You can if

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Tidywalte had taken the precaution of attaching the handcuffs tightly round his own waist. The prisoner showed no disposition to stop, and as his advantage in strength more than counterbalanced the special's superiority in weight, and as, moreover, the pavement was too slippery to afford any foo hold for resistance, Mr. Tidywaite felt himself reluctantly compelled to follow.

"Help, help!" he cried, frantically, as he found himself being hurried into a trot. The two confederates came running up at the sound of his voice.

"Stuff his respirator in'o his mouth, Mike," said the tall man, "and tie his muffler over it, or he'll rouse the whole neigh-

This was quickly done, in spite of Mr. Tidywaite's re-istance, and the unfortunate special found himself again dragged off behind his prisoner, while each one of the accomplices held one of his arms.

There was just one hope, he thought, of escape. He was being marched towards Baker street, where he knew that other special constables were on duty. The idea, however, seemed to strike the conspirators as soon as himself, for, at a word from the tall man, one of the others presently took the key of the handcuffs from Mr. Tidywaite's pocket, and in another moment the special himself was hand uffed, while the tall man took possession of the truncheon and transferred the constable's armiet to his own arm. No sooner was this done than they met a pair of specials on their

"It's all right," sail the tall man, in answer to a question from one of the constables. "He was drunk and disorderly, and assaulted this gentleman here. But we've got him safe enough now." Poor Mr. Tidywaite was just attempting to explain matters when he was hurriedly carried on by his captors, and not allowed to again stop until the party arrived at a dingy-looking house in the neighborhood of High street, Marylebone. where the prisoner was conducted to a large rocm, scantily furnished, in the upper part of the

A very few minutes' observation satisfied the terrified banker that he was in a nest of conspirators of a dark and malignant character. To begin with, his three companions, as they entered the house, one and all assumed black masks. They exchanged remarks, too, in a language which Mr. Tidywaite had never heard before, and addressed one another by numbers instead of names. The prisoner was bidden to sit down at one end of the room. His pockets were turned out and his stock of provisions were distributed among the gang, who disposed of them, excepting the cough lozenges, with evident relish. Then, on his solemnly swearing neither to move nor speak, the handcuffs were removed, and an individual known apparently as "Number Siven" took up his post beside him, pistol in hand. In the course of half an hour two or three desperadoes, all masked and armed, dropped in and took their seats at a table at the other end of the room. When half a dozen were thus assembled "Number Siven," at a word from the tall man. led the prisoher into a small room adjoining. "The Council are going to consider your case," said Number Siven. "Ye'll know your sinthence in the course of half an hour. In the meantime keep quiet, or ye're a did man." "One moment," whispered the banker, as his jailer was about to leave the room. "You can not object to tell me where you. are and where I am."

THE WINGS OF BIRDS.

Their Position When in Flight Shown by Instantaneous Photography.

Our readers have been made aware. from time to time, of the remarkable results obtained by M. Marey in his instantaneous photographs of various animals when progressing from place to place. A large number of photographs of men in the acts of walking. running and jumping have been given. and also, a la Muybridge, of horses in motion in various kinds of gaits. But perhaps the most interesting series of the whole is that relating to the flight of birds. In La Nature a number of illustrations taken from M. Marey's negatives are given, and they show a most remarkable and interesting set of positions. M. Muybridge's pictures were a great source of wonderment and amusement when first introduced, on account of the very strange shapes into which the limbs of his horse seemed to be contorted; and here, instead of those beautiful pictures of birds, with their pinions extended above the body as is wont to characterize the Western representatives of bird-motion (the Chinese and the Japanese draw their flying birds indifferently, with wings either depressed or raised) we see their pinions in as many and as remarkable positions as those of the celebrated horses above alluded to. In some the wing tips are high in the sir, in others quite low and beneath, and, indeed, in front of the body; while, again, in still different views of the same bird we seem to see nothing but wings, apparently extended to imitate an umbrella. The pictures of the pelican are particularly ludicrous. It is desirable, again, to point out with regard to such photographs that their value is not for artistic but for physiological uses.-British Joursal of Photography.



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y. N. C., June 86h-1f.

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quently dropped. Later on, however, when Mr. and Mrs. Tidywaite found themselves alone, Joseph suddenly said to his wife: "Has Ted O'Brien been here again?" "Not to my knowledge," replied the lady. "Why do you ask?"

port of the civil and military forces will of

itself strike terror into the meb, and nip

Winifred was a devoted daughter, but

she had a sense of humor, and the magniti-

cent spectacle of her father striking terror

into the mob was more than she could dis-

cuss with gravity. The subject conse-

the spirit of anarchy in the bud."

"Because I am convinced that no one but O'Bricn could have put that Radical claptrap about the special constables and the people into Winifred's head."

"I think that she met him last night at Mrs. Somerset's, Joseph."

"Then understand that I distinctly forbid her to go to Mrs. Somerset's again," said the banker, angrily, "or anywhere else where she is likely to meet that young jackanapes. He has quite turned the girl's head. We shall have her defying her own father next."

Now, Mr. Edward O'Brien was a young relative of Mrs. Tidywaite, who had come to London from Dublin to study medicine. Although he had distinguished himself at the hospi'als, he was still on the threshold of his profession, and, as his private means were small, he was hardly an eligible son-in-law for the senior partner in Tidywaite, Chink & Bullen. Moreover, he was an earnest Nationalist and a thoroughgoing Radical, and in those characters doubly obnoxious to Mr. Tidywaite. When, therefore, the banker was apprised that an attachment had grown up between his daughter Windred and the young dootor, he premptly ordered the latter out of the house set set takes that the subject should never be mentioned again

rink as he was going away, and whispered that we should find No. 24 the right sort of shop. I can't say what he meant, but I caught a glimpse of a larky-look-ing slavey at No. 24 Duchess Place, as we came by, I mean to have another look. If you'll stop here a minute I will return anon and report progress." And, without further explanation, the scion of the aristocracy departed. At the end of about a quarter of an hour he returned, visibly satisfied with the result of his mission. "It's all right," he said. "P 73 is a brick. There's a comfortable kitchen entirely at our disposal at No. 24. The slavies are full of fun. The family are out, and I've sent for a bottle of whisky. Come on !" The banker gazed at his comrade in blank

"Contrary to all the regulations," replied

Mr. Wyldfire, who kept up his spirits very

creditably under the circumstances. "Don't

you let the inspector catch you at it! I

think, though, that I can put you up to a

"Pray, what is it!" inquired Mr. Tidy-

"P 73, the peeler on the beat, tipped me a

better dodge than that."

waite, much interested.

amazement. "You don't mean to say," he gasped. "that you expect me to---'

"Why not! What's the use of playing at peeler if you don't do the thing properly !" "But what about the bea', and the Duke's house here!"

"O, they'll look after themselves for half an hour. For the matter of that, it wouldn't be much loss to society if the Fenians were to blow old Dublin into smithereens. You had better come. The cook's a topper, 1 can tell you-just your sort."

Had it been any one else than an Earl's son who spoke. Mr. Tidywaite would un-doubtedly have met this ribald speech with the rebuke it merited. As it was, he contenica himself with declining the invitation as stilly as politaress permitted.

"Sure ye can guess!" "I may be wrong; let me know the

worst," "Ye're just in the hands of the Clan-na-

Gael, and the gintlemen to whom ye've been inthrojuiced are the Executive Coun-cil of the London Division-more power 30 them!" And with that Number Siven hastily retired.

Heavens what a situation ! The banker's head reeled, and he wiped the perspiration from his brow. Presently he looked around the room but it contained no window, nor any hope of escape or succor. For half an hour or more he remained there, list ning to the voices in the next room, at the end of which time he was reduced to the last stage of mental and bolily prostration, Then Number Siven returned, revolver in