

**UNREST.**  
The infant you juggle and waver  
From the steep slope of your youth,  
The more you play the fonder  
And more for the foot ball tra.  
No matter what secret you find  
Your valued mystic knows your quest.  
Or does your secret lie in your heart?  
Still, still shall you walk with unrest.  
If you seek for strange things you shall find  
The hidden shall bring you to grief;  
The dead look the picture behind them.  
And he who breaks through is a thief.  
The soul with such light-giving plunder,  
With its pulsating knowledge oppressed,  
Must grope in unbelief; wonder  
Along by the shores of unrest.  
Though bold hands lift up the curtain  
That hides the unknown from our sight;  
Through a shadowy path becomes certain  
Of the new life that follows death's night;  
Though narrow past comprehendible  
Shall startle the heart in your breast,  
It still will your throat be unending,  
And your soul will be sad with unrest.  
There are truths too sublime and too holy  
To grasp with a mortal mind's touch.  
We are happier far to be lonely,  
Content means not knowing too much.  
I once dwelt with hearts that are yearning  
To fathom all labyrinth's unguessed,  
And the soul that is bent on vast learning  
Shall find with its knowledge—unrest.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Lippincott's.

**BRAVING A STORM.**  
The True Story of a School-Teacher's Heroism.  
The 21st of December, 1887, is remembered by many persons as the date of the beginning of one of the wildest and most fatally destructive winter storms that ever swept across the wide, unprotected prairies of the West. The inhabitants of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and of the West generally, suffered severely.  
In Middle Illinois the storm broke with almost the suddenness of a tornado, resulting not only in great destruction of domestic animals, but in the loss of many human lives. The season until then had been unaccountably mild, and even on the last day of the year the roads were deep with mud.  
The morning dawned with a beautiful brightness, a gentle, spring-like breeze came from the south, the sky was cloudless, and the old-fashioned rail fence cast a distinct zigzag shadow along the south side of the road, as Mary East, a girl-high school-teacher, and several of her small pupils, all in high spirits over the approaching New Year's holiday, picked their way carefully toward the school-house. This building stood out by itself on the prairie, and the only dwelling within half a mile was that of Mr. Kent, in whose family Miss East boarded.  
The attendance on that day was unusually small; only twelve scholars reported themselves; and these were mostly from the nearest families; for the winter settlers, accustomed to the capricious weather of the West, had viewed the brightness of the morning with suspicion, and kept their children at home. By noon a slight haze overcast the sun, but the air was still quiet and mild. Three boys, who lived about a mile distant, and a cousin staying with them, ran home across the fields to dinner, and, somewhat to the teacher's surprise, did not return.  
She was thus left with a flock of eight. Four of these were children of Mr. Kent; two of the others lived a mile and a half away, while the remaining two, Willie and Mary Wood, who were only ten and eight years old, respectively, came from a house fully three-quarters of a mile west of the school-house.  
At about two o'clock the day suddenly began to darken, and there came a few short gusts of wind from the southwest. The young teacher looked out anxiously, wondering at the change, and saying to herself that she must hold a short session and send the children home in good season. For half an hour all was quiet again, but a thick, murky gloom came creeping over the landscape, and a few flakes of snow fell slowly and silently, melting as fast as they touched the muddy ground.  
An older and more experienced person would have known what to expect from such signs, and would have fled with the scholars to the nearest place of safety; but Miss East, as we have said, was only a girl, and, moreover, had never wintered in the West before, so that she knew little about the ferocity of a winter storm on the prairie.  
Again the wind blew in angry gusts, this time longer, louder and more directly from the west, and again followed a short interval of strange silence. The temperature fell with great rapidity. Within a few minutes, the air was freezing cold; then all at once, with a wild, thunderous roar, the storm burst. From west to north stretched a black, lowering sea of cloud, tossed and torn by the wind, that now shrieked and screamed like a storm demon. In trembling haste the teacher set about preparing the children for their terrible journey. There was no staying at the school-house, with neither food nor fuel for the long, bitter night, and she determined to take the whole company to her own boarding-place, knowing how welcome they would be—it only they could get there.  
By this time the frightened children were clinging about her, and little Mary Wood began crying to go home. Poor little thing! she could not bear to be separated from her mother, even over night. Willie sturdily declared that they could not go home well enough, but the teacher would not consent to their making the attempt. By going east with her they would have wind beating at their backs, and it was clear enough that no child could live in the face of such a storm.  
Of the eight scholars, the oldest was little more than twelve, while Robbie Kent, a delicate boy, was younger even than Mary Wood. This smallest and weakest of the eight Miss East made her special care, and, taking him by the hand, she led the rest of the party, each other, bidding them keep close together, and close to her. The at last, she opened the door that had stood, a frail barrier, between them and the storm. The first gust took them to their feet; but the little teacher summoned strength and courage, and, with a silent prayer for help, gathered them up, hunched their outcries, and, putting the smaller children between the larger, and making them take hold of her hands, her dress, her limbs—some of her own—she kept together the isolated group on their well-earned impromptu journey.

It was like trying to walk through deep-drifted snow, so thick was the air, while the wind raged and howled, twisting and flinging them from side to side.  
"Keep-together-children!" panted the little teacher, as she huddled them up for a few moments to take breath.  
There was no crying now; only a weak, quivering wail from Robbie, that caused the teacher to catch him up in her arms, and clasp him close, with a sinking heart, lest he should be smothered by the blinding snow, fine as flour but sharp as needle points. And so, panting and struggling, now stopping to count if all were there, and now pushing on again, they fought their fearful way, step by step.  
"Keep-together-children!" was all the breathless teacher tried to say; and still the storm increased in fury; every moment the sky grew blacker and thicker, and night was fast settling down on the poor, struggling band.  
Their puny strength was all but exhausted. Every crevice of their clothing was filled with snow, their eyelids were covered with frost, tears were frozen on cold little cheeks, tiny hands grew too stiff to hold on to each other, and still the teacher counted her flock, and hoped and prayed that somehow she might yet save them all.  
But in such a tempest human strength and ingenuity are of small avail; and when, at last gasping, numb and nearly frozen, she sank down once more and drew the children about her, she discovered, to her horror, that Willie and Mary Wood were missing.  
How wildly she called their names, and how vainly! while only the wind, like a mocking fiend, answered her cries. She dared not leave the other children even for an instant. Once away from them, she knew she could never find them again; and moreover, little Robbie now lay, a dead weight in her arms, that seemed no longer able to cry him.  
Almost overwhelmed she sat, the children around and upon her, and the snow surging and drifting over them. Yet she would not give up all hope. She remembered that they had crossed the small brook. They must, therefore, be more than half-way home; and, furthermore, they were still near the board-fence which skirted the road. So that every step taken was certainly in the right direction.  
She crowded the children together, protecting their faces from the storm as best she could, in order that they might rest, and recover their spent breath; she gently rubbed and talked to Robbie, until he revived a little; then getting them all in front of her, the smallest in the center, she made them start again.  
But the stupefied children now began to whimper, begging to lie down; and she had almost to force them on, step by step, pushing one, pulling another, gathering them up when they fell, and keeping them all the time in a bunch, lest others should drop out, as Mary and Willie had done.  
So she fought and struggled till the hands with which she tried to grasp the children were too weakened to feel any thing, and bitter despair gripped her heart.  
Then, all at once, some one groped through the snow and battling with the wind, brushed against them, and she heard a shout, as if they muffled and far away. In another moment, Robbie was in his father's arms, while the little teacher, completely overcome, sobbed aloud for relief and joy.  
Mr. Kent had taken with him his grown-up son and a hired man, and, to prevent separation, had adopted a device of mountain climbers and fastened them all together by a long line passed round the body of each.  
Miss East, in eager haste, reported the loss of Mary and Willie, and begged the man to endeavor to find them; but Mr. Kent pronounced it attempt out of the question, especially as the remaining children were fast freezing to death. They must not sacrifice seven lives in a fruitless effort to save two.  
The three rescuers now surrounded the worn-out group, and the rope proved to be of the greatest service, keeping them as in a small pen. Even the teacher was glad to cling to it for support. The man hurried the children onward, carrying them at times, and then driving them like bewildered sheep; till, finally the friendly doorway was reached, where a mother's longing heart and eager arms gathered them in with thankfulness too deep for words.  
Fingers, faces and feet were found to be badly frozen; but willing hands worked rapidly, stripping and rubbing, thawing the frosted parts with snow and cold water, and soon the weary little sufferers fell into a heavy sleep.  
Miss East's own hands were injured so badly that it was weeks before she could use them; but her thoughts were all of the two lost children. All that night, exhausted as she was, she scarcely slept. O, if she had but watched them more closely! So she reproached herself, while to every one else it seemed little less than a miracle that she had been able to save so many of her charges.  
It was nearly three days before the wind died away, so that work could be taken to poor, widowed Mrs. Wood. She had feared of the worst, yet the news came with crushing force; for however much we may expect death, we are never prepared for its actual presence. For weeks she found herself often looking out of the window, half expecting to see Mary and Willie, coming home again after school.  
The whole neighborhood turned out, as soon as the storm was over, and worked day after day, shoveling over the snow. But all proved in vain, and it was not till spring that the little bodies were found, buried under one of the largest drifts, several rods from the road. Evidently the children had lost their hold on the others while crossing the little brook, and the wind had carried them down the bed of the run and lodged them against a steep bank in the field, where the snow soon packed its cold and pitiless weight upon them.  
Poor little brother and sister! Their hands were still tightly clasped. With all their childish strength they had striven to cling together, and keep together, and together they had gone home, on the wings of the wild, wintry tempest.—Mrs. L. J. Strong.

**The One-Horse Farmer.**  
The one-horse farmer has a life long ambition to gain a reputation of wearing a dirty shirt.  
He will alarm the neighborhood by getting up two or three hours before day, and then sit around a week looking for a two dollar hog.  
He will complain at hard times, and then tear his pants climbing the fence where a gate ought to be.  
He will pay three dollars for a new saddle, and then let the calf chew it to pieces before Sunday.  
He will get all his neighbors to help in getting his cow out of the bog then let her die for want of attention.  
Stock will get in and destroy his crop at a place in the fence that he has been putting off fixing for six months.  
He will strain his back lifting to show how strong he is.  
He will talk all day Sunday on what he knows about farming, then ride around the neighborhood on Monday hunting seed potatoes.  
He won't subscribe for a newspaper, but will borrow from his friends and forget to return it.—Exchange.

**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., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

**Campaign Rates.**  
We have established the following rates for papers, which will not be departed from: To call a man a "progressive citizen," when it is known that he is lazier than a government mule, \$1.75. Referring to a deceased citizen as "a man whose place will remain unfilled," when we know he was the best poker player in town, \$2.17. Calling a female "a talented and refined lady," a valuable acquisition to society," with variations, \$1.75. Calling a man a liar during a campaign to advertise him, 25 cents. Calling a new made lawyer "a legal light, of whom the profession should feel proud," \$5.—Rock Herald.

**Bucklon's Arnica Salve.**  
THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale by Klutz & Co., 31y.

**Administrator's Notice.**  
Having taken out letters of administration on the estate of Silas A. McNeely, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make prompt settlement; and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, on or before the 15th day of April, 1888, or this notice will be filed in bar of recovery.  
LOUISA E. McNEELY,  
April 14th, 1888. Administratrix.  
26:6t.

**North Carolina Superior Court, Rowan County.** April 9th, 1888.  
Ellen G. Atwell Sam Clodfelter plaintiffs  
Against  
Mrs. Davie Morris, Enos Clodfelter, Defendants.  
Petition for Partition.  
In the above entitled case it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Enos Clodfelter is a non-resident of this State, and cannot be found within this State, and that he is a necessary party to said action for the partition of real estate in Rowan County. It is ordered that publication be made in the Carolina Watchman for six successive weeks for said defendant notifying him to appear before the clerk of the Superior Court for the county of Rowan, at his office in Salisbury, on the 6th day of June 1888, and answer the complaint, a copy of which will be deposited in the office of said Clerk Superior Court of said county within 10 days from date of the service of this summons, and let said Enos Clodfelter take notice that if he fail to answer said complaint within the time prescribed by law the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for relief demanded in the complaint.  
Given under my hand this 9th day of April, 1888. J. M. HORAHL,  
April 9, 1888. Clerk Superior Court.  
James B. Woods, 25:6t.  
Attorney.

**Brace Up.**  
You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with headache, you are fidgety, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap and whiskey, which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alternative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, only 50 cents a bottle at Klutz's Drug Store.

**Somebody once asked Mr. Cobden:**  
"How is it you repeat the same things over so many times?" Mr. Cobden said: "Because they are worth saying."

**Their Business Booming.**  
Probably no one thing has caused such a revival of trade at Klutz's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

**You have no right to feed a dog so long as you have not the money to provide your family with good papers and books.**

I have been treated for catarrh by eminent physicians, but nothing has ever benefited me like Ely's Cream Balm.—Mrs. L. A. Lewis, 186 Chippewa street, New Orleans, La.  
Ely's Cream Balm is the best medicine for catarrh I have ever used.—Mrs. O. Wood, Mexico, Texas.  
I find Ely's Cream Balm good for catarrh of long standing.—M. N. Casley, 1834 West Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.

Florida estimates say, that 60,000 tourists left \$6,000,000 there during the season.

During one week in Chicago, Ill., a dozen men and women committed suicide.

**We Tell You Plainly**  
that Simmon's Liver Regulator will rid you of Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation and Biliousness. It will break up chills and fever and prevent their return, and is a complete antidote for all malarial poison—entirely free from quinine or calomel. Try, it, and you will be astonished at the good results of the genuine Simmon's Liver Regulator, prepared by J. H. Zeilin & Co.

By building a 200 culvert at Chatsworth, Ill., it would have saved \$50,000 damages.

**HUMPHREYS'**  
DR. HUMPHREYS' SOLE  
Cloth & Gold Binding  
144 Pearl Street, New York  
Solely Proprietors  
Solely Proprietors  
Solely Proprietors

**HOMEOPATHIC**  
SPECIALTIES  
Solely Proprietors  
Solely Proprietors  
Solely Proprietors

**SPECIFICS.**  
Solely Proprietors  
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**NEW FIRM.**  
The undersigned have entered into a co-partnership for the purpose of conducting the GROCERY and PRODUCE COMMISSION BUSINESS, to date from March 28, 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. D. McNEELY.

**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 the most reliable 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. CRAFT,  
Shore, Yadkin County, N. C.  
47:1y.

**Richmond & Danville Railroad Co.**  
Western North Carolina Division.  
GENERAL PASSENGER DEPT.  
ASHEVILLE, N. C., Sept. 24th, 1887.  
PASSENGER TRAIN SCHEDULE.  
Effective Sept. 25th, 1887.  
Eastern 75° meridian time used when not otherwise specified.

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