

# The Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1888.

NO. 32.

VOL. XIX, THIRD SERIES.

**CRAIG & CLEMENT,**  
Attorneys at Law  
Salisbury, N. C.

**DR. JAMES R. CAMPBELL,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Offers his services to the people of Salisbury and vicinity.  
Office in Maj. Cole's iron front building corner Main and Fisher streets.  
16-6m.

**B. COUNCILL, M. D.,**  
Salisbury, N. C.  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of this and surrounding communities. All calls promptly attended, day or night.  
May be found at my office, or the Drug Store of Dr. J. H. Ennis. Respectfully,  
J. B. COUNCILL, M. D.  
Office in the Helig Building, 2nd floor, front room. 18-6m.

**NEW FIRM.**  
The undersigned have entered into a 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.

**R. J. HOLMES**  
Is now Receiving His  
Fall and Winter Stock Of  
GOODS,  
Direct from the Northern Markets,  
And will be pleased to see his customers before purchasing elsewhere.

**DRY GOODS,**  
Groceries,  
And all other kinds of Goods kept in a general stock, will be sold at prices to suit the times.

**CALL AND EXAMINE MY STOCK.**  
Bob White and Crystal  
Roller Mill Flour of  
the best quality.

JUST RECEIVED ONE HUNDRED BARRELS OF FRESH VIRGINIA LIME FOR SALE.

Expect all persons who have given me Mortgages on their crops to bring me their cotton when it is ready for sale.  
R. J. HOLMES.

**MILK! MILK!!**  
I have made arrangements to supply FRESH MILK, morning and evening commencing about the first of May, to those who wish to engage it. It will be delivered at the homes of patrons at five cents per quart. For convenience, tickets will be sold to those who wish to obtain milk.—Apply to  
P. W. BROWN.  
Salisbury, April 17, 1888. 1m.

**HOME COMPANY,**  
A STRONG COMPANY  
SEEKING HOME PATRONAGE  
AGENTS  
TOTAL ASSETS, \$750,000 00!  
J. ALLEN BROWN, Resident Agent, Salisbury, N. C.

**THE "NEW" BIRDSELL CLOVER HULLER,**  
MONITOR JUNIOR.



Threshes, Separates, Hulls, Cleans and Re-cleans the Seed Ready for Market Simultaneously, doing its work with a rapidity heretofore unknown and a perfection never before attained. The "New" Birdsell is the crowning effort of its inventor, MR. JOHN C. BIRDSELL, who has had thirty-three years' experience in building "Clover Machinery" being given to the world the first Combined Clover Thresher, Huller and Cleaner. It is a fact worthy of note that he and his successors have manufactured and sold during the past thirty-three years nineteen-thousand and one of the Clover Hullers made and sold during that time. Our factory is by far the largest of the kind in the world. Send for Catalogue and \$1,000.00 Challenge.  
JOHN A. BOYDEN, Agt., Salisbury, N. C.  
**BIRDSELL MFG. CO.,**  
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

## CONSTIPATION

It is called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no ailment 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 secreted from the blood, or by Nature's own cathartic, and is generally accompanied with such results as

**Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Bad Breath, etc.**

The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater constiveness. To secure a regular habit of body without changing the diet or disorganizing the system



**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**

"My attention, after suffering with Constipation for two or three years, was called to Simmons' Liver Regulator, and, having tried almost everything else, concluded to try it. I first took a wineglassful and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, as per 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, Asst. Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co., Ga.

Take only the Genuine, Which has on the Wrapper the Red Z Trade-mark and Signature of J. H. ZELL & CO.

**D. R. JULIAN & CO.,**  
DEALERS IN  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,  
SALISBURY, N. C.

**COME AND SEE THE SHOW**  
AT DAVE JULIAN'S  
**NEW STORE!**  
He has a full and complete line of ENTIRELY

**NEW GOODS**  
which he is offering CHEAPER THAN EVER. He is on Fisher Street, near the Stand Pipe, where his rents and other expenses are so low that he is selling one dollar's worth of Goods for 90 cts. It has the best and cheapest line of Fertilizers in the county, and decidedly the best line of PROVISIONS in the market. Be sure to see him before you buy. He wants to buy all the CORN he can get. [April 19, '88]. 26-3m

**ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM**



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

TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER

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

A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail registered, 75 cents. ELY-BROS., 242 Greenwich Street, New York. 12-7y.

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A STRONG COMPANY  
SEEKING HOME PATRONAGE  
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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

## JUNE

There, through the long summer hours The golden light should lie, And thick, young herbs, and groups of flowers Stand in their beauty by. The oriole should build and tell His love-tale, close beside my cell; The idle butterfly Should rest him here, and there be heard The house wife-bee and humming bird.

And, what if cheerful shouts, at noon, Come from the village seat, Or songs of maids, beneath the moon, With fairy laughter blend? And what if, in the evening light, Betrothed lovers walk in sight On any low monument? I would the lovely scene around Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know—I know I should not see The season's glorious show, Nor would its brightest shine for me, Nor its wild music flow; But if around my place of sleep The friends I love should come to weep, They might not haste to go. Soft airs, and song, and light, and gloom; Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These, to their softened hearts should bear The thought of what has been, And speak of one who cannot share The gladness of the scene; Whose part, in all the pomp that fills The circuit of the summer hills, Is—that his grave is green; And deeply would their hearts rejoice To hear again his living voice. *Bryant.*

**Senator Vance** has reviewed the tariff question in his letters to the Baltimore Sun more thoroughly, we believe, than any one who has yet made it a study. He has investigated it in all its various bearings, and his arguments have been clear and undeniable. He has rendered a most valuable service to the consumers of manufactured products, who are made, through the operations of the tariff, the burden bearers of the government. Will they see it? Will they look at it with the personal interest its importance demands?

We subjoin the closing paragraphs of the Senator's tenth letter, and ask for them the perusal of all who read this paper:

Who is injured by protection? To this question it may be answered, Every one who is not benefited. Protection can only benefit anybody, as has been shown, by increasing the prices of those things which they have to sell. Now, if it increased likewise the price of that which they had to buy, the one would set off the other, and there would be no benefit at all. Surely this is self-evident. To make protection a benefit to somebody, therefore, it must, in the necessity of things, either increase the price of their products, leaving the price of their purchases the same, or it must maintain the price of their sales and lower that of their purchases. If it does neither it does nothing; if it does either it injures somebody. Every man therefore, in the United States is injured, by having (by protection) the cost raised of all which he has to buy, does not also, by the same law, have the price of all that he has to sell increased to the same extent. First and foremost, then, it injures all who only consume and do not produce. As they have nothing to sell, but all their transactions are purchases, it is impossible to compensate them for their losses by an increase in prices. This large class includes the professions, merchants, all persons engaged in transportation, personal and government service, women, orphan children, and all who live on fixed incomes, and the like. Perhaps, however, the most injured are those that do not do the farmers and planters, for though the expenditure of the first-named is increased by protection, their incomes are not necessarily diminished. But with the farmer both are done. The price of his purchases is increased, and he being compelled to sell his surplus by mail, three times as great. British capital was put into these railroads, and these cheap wheat lands of India were developed because England could not get her bread from our prairies in exchange for her manufactured goods, the tariff wall forbidding. She would gladly have farmed the people from the riches of our plains if she could, but all foreign commerce is exchange, and protection forbids exchange. The story of cotton is the same. The planter sells in Liverpool in competition with that grown in all parts of the earth, at the lowest figure for which human labor can be induced to grow it. But he is not permitted to buy even the jute bagging and the iron ties which envelope it in the same market cheapened in the same way. The price of those things is fixed by having tariff duties to suit the American manufacturer. So it is with nearly everything produced by those who till the earth and create food or the material of raiment. They are made the patient victims of tariff taxation, whose toil goes to enrich the few who control our legislature. In order to keep them in quiet submission the keenest intellect of the land is employed and paid for with the farmers' own money. They are plied with a thousand false arguments and exploded theories; their national pride is appealed to, and mean prejudices are excited against foreign nations simply because they have something to sell; the term "tariff" is

applied to every laborer upon earth except those employed in our protected country, and "British gold" is sent by the slave-traders to bribe every man who refuses to help them steal; revenue tariff men are called "free-traders"; so bold has become robbery that honesty has thus become a reproach, and political partisan hostility is freely and successfully invoked. In this way these iniquities have been enacted and maintained until the task of removing them has become a revolution which will require a generation of agitation to accomplish. But it will be done. To doubt it is to question the strength of justice and vengeance our civilization. Even the last appeal, that against the disturbing interests, which it so effectually made, will lose its power to stay the hand of reform. For men will come to agree with Bastiat that because wrong has been permitted to exist for a moment is no reason why it should endure to eternity. Nor does the fact that wrong is profitable to its perpetrators give it any further or stronger sanction to immortality. Truth and justice are entitled to live forever.

The most feasible hope of this reformation appears to me to lie in the West and South. These sections of our country are natural allies, who are only kept apart by the lingering war memories and the partisan political feeling which Eastern protectionist republicans so artfully invite.

The chief interest of each is agricultural, and their productions supplement each other. Their pursuits engender the same ideas and suggest the same conservative policy. If once the insuperable barriers which separate them could be broken down and unity of action secured, their power would be sufficient to reform the evils of tariff legislation with ease and certainty. In fact their might would only need to be united, it would not need to be increased, and it would be a most pleasant sounding thing to advise the combination of sections or classes against other sections or classes of a common country, but as they are already formed for aggression it becomes not only excusable, but a positive duty to form them for defense.

The manufacturers are few in number; they are persons of great intelligence and energy, and they are grouped together in the great business centres of the country. With them, therefore, concert of action is easily effected, and interests naturally prompt to make a combination to resist the other competition and influence legislation. Those who are to be fleeced, on the contrary, are many in number; they embrace all the poor and the ignorant; are widely scattered far and near throughout the broad land, and with common sense united and most impeded by the competition and influence of the tariff. The only possible way in which these incoherent victims of unjust and unequal taxation can make their united voice heard in the legislation of their country is to align them on principle by indoctrinating them with the true theory of taxation, such as is befitting a country that professes to be free, and by disseminating those immutable principles of political economy which have been established by the experience of mankind, and which are as much God's laws as the law of gravitation, for they are true, and all truth is his. An able man has said that our motto in this great fight should be *sit lux*. Let us give the people light indeed, and especially let it be the light of the great West and South, who are furtherest removed from those influences which obscure the light, and good results will be seen. Let no man tire of "talking tariff." Let no man weary of urging the vital necessity of reform in taxation on his neighbor until this last vestige of slavery shall be abolished, and the commerce of the great republic shall be free as the necessities of the government will permit, and its laws look to no other interest under heaven save only that of the public.

Z. B. VANCE.

**The Young Democracy.**

The *Chronicle* pays a high tribute to the young Democracy of North Carolina in these words:

While the *Chronicle* would not understate in any degree the long and effective service which was rendered by the older Democracy in the trying years after the war when they so gloriously reclaimed the State from Radical rule, nor during recent years when they have so steadfastly held the victory then gained, we desire to pay a just tribute to the young Democrats of North Carolina who always throw themselves into the contest with an enthusiasm born of devotion to the principles of the Democratic party. They love the party and its glorious history and burn with indignation when they recall the wrongs which were heaped upon us by the Republican party in the day of its triumph.

They remember that when the people of the South and particularly of our own State, humiliated by defeat, with poverty and desolation staring them in the face, and when we were bravely setting ourselves to work to build up our waste places and start again upon the race of life, and when we were in need of sympathy and help, this Radical party, instead of aiding in that work, stole the hard earned taxes levied upon a poverty stricken people, and set its iron heel of oppression on our breast. They can never forget the days of terror when no woman in the East was safe from the hand of the ruffian negroes who prowled through the country and, unrestrained by fear of punishment, perpetrated outrages which made civilization pale and fear destruction was at hand. They cannot forget that the Radical officials let crime run riot and encouraged and protected the violators of law; while our best and truest citizens were hunted by armed men and cast into dungeons with the basest criminals, and when the highest court in the land was set

## A Remarkable Duel.

**TWO MEN AT BALDWIN WHO WERE NOT AFRAID TO FACE DEATH.**

On the 12th day of June, 1863, I witnessed a duel between Capt. Jones, commanding a Federal scout, and Capt. Fry, commanding a Confederate scout, in Green county, East Tennessee. These two men had been fighting each other for six months, with the fortunes of battle in favor of one and then the other. Their commands were camped on either side of Lick Creek, a large and sluggish stream, too deep to ford, and to shallow for a ferry boat; but a bridge spanned the stream for the convenience of the traveling public. Each of them guarded this bridge that communication should go neither North nor South, as the railroad track had been broken up months before. After fighting each other several months and contesting the points as to which should hold the bridge, they agreed to fight a duel, the conqueror to hold the bridge, undisputed for the time being. Jones gave the challenge, and Fry accepted. The terms were that they should fight with navy pistols at twenty yards apart, deliberately walking toward each other, and firing until the last chamber of their pistols were discharged, unless one or the other fell before all the discharges were made. They chose their seconds, and agreed upon a Confederate surgeon (as he was the only one in either command) to attend them in case of danger.

Jones was certainly a fine looking fellow, with light hair and blue eyes, five feet ten inches in height, looking every inch the military chieftain. He was a man the soldiers would admire, and ladies regard with admiration. I never saw a man more cool, determined and heroic under such circumstances. I have read of the deeds of chivalry and knight errantry in the middle ages, and brave men embalm'd in modern poetry; but when I saw Jones come to the duelists' scratch, fighting, not for real or supposed wrongs to himself, but as he honestly thought, for his country and the glory of the flag, I could not help admiring the man, notwithstanding he fought for the freedom of the negro, which I was opposed to.

Fry was a man full six feet high, slender, with long wavy curly hair, jet black eyes, wearing a slouched hat and gray suit, and looking rather the demagogue than the man.

There was nothing ferocious about him; but he had that self-sufficient non-chalance that said, "I will kill you." Without a doubt he was brave, cool and collected, and although suffering from a terrible flesh wound in his left arm, received a week before, he manifested no symptoms of distress, but seemed ready for the fight.

The ground was stepped off by the seconds, pistols loaded and exchanged, and the principals brought face to face. I never shall forget that meeting. Jones, in his military, boyish mood, as they shook hands remarked that—

A soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath  
When in glory's romantic career.  
Fry caught up the rest of the sentence and answered by saying:—  
Yet he bends over the foe when in battle laid low,  
And bathes every wound with a tear.

They turned around and walked back to the point designated. Jones' second had the word "Fire," and he slowly said, "One—two—three—fire," they simultaneously turned at the word "One," and instantly fired. Neither was hurt. They cocked their pistols, and deliberately walked toward each other, firing as they went. At the fifth shot, Jones threw up his right hand, and firing his pistol in the air, sank down. Fry was in the act of firing his shot; but, seeing Jones fall, silently lowered his pistol, dropped it on the ground, and sprang to Jones' side, taking his head in his lap as he sat down, and asked him if he was hurt.

I discovered that Jones was shot through the region of the stomach, the bullet glancing around the organ, and coming out to the left of the spinal column; besides he had received three other frightful flesh wounds in other portions of the body. I dressed his wounds and gave him such stimulants as I had. He afterwards got well.

Fry received three wounds—one breaking his right arm, one in the left, and the other in the right side. After months of suffering he got well, and to-day they are partners in a wholesale grocery business, and verifying the sentiment of Byron, that "A soldier braves death," etc.

Trusting that the above truthful narrative will be a lesson to some people, North and South, that stayed on the outside and yelled, "Seek dogs!" and are still not satisfied with the result of the war, let me subscribe myself a reconstructed

**CONFEDERATE SURGEON.**

Senator Vance was a hotel clerk. Secretary Bayard was a clerk in New York. Judge Kelley, father of the House, was a jeweller. Tom Reed of Maine was a paymaster in the navy.

## AN AUTOGRAPH MART.

One of the new fads of the season is the collection of autograph letters from living men and women. One day this week a Broadway shopkeeper showed me an odd collection and told me the prices that he hoped to get for each letter. One from Browning, the poet, is marked \$4.50. A humorous letter to President Garfield, signed Mark Twain, is held at \$5. The great humorist says:—

"It seems to me that it is better to have a good man's flattering estimate of my influence—and keep it—than to fool it away with trying to get him an office."

A brief note signed by Wilkie Collins, the novelist, is held at \$1.50. Another from Sir Charles Dilke, the English statesman, whose escapades caused such a sensation a year or more ago, is valued at \$1. One from General John C. Fremont, the pathfinder, and the first candidate of the Republican party for President, is ticketed \$2.75. An autograph verse and signature by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is \$2.35. A short letter written by eloquent Bob Ingersoll is not valued very highly. It may be purchased for 75 cents. One from the Marquis of Lorne, ex-Governor-General of Canada, may be had for \$1.75. Justin McCarthy's autograph is valued at the same figure. John Ruskin's is more highly prized. It is held at \$1.50. Clark Russell, the author of so many wondrous tales of the sea, has a name of some pecuniary moment. It is marked \$2.50. A scrap of paper signed by General W. T. Sherman will be sold for \$5. A letter of Spurgeon, the famous English divine, in which he mentions the Tory press as "balding me very badly," may be had for \$1.25. A letter from Charles Algeon Swinburne, the poet, apologizing for his illegible handwriting, is valued at \$4. One from Sir Arthur Sullivan, of operatic fame, may be had for \$2.75. Another from Alma Tadema, the distinguished English artist, is held at \$1.75. A badly written note from Edmund Yates, the English journalist, is quoted at \$1.25. The signature of Alhambra, the sweet singer, may be had for \$1.50. Horatio Alger, Jr., the writer of boys' books, is not so high priced. His may be had, for 50 cents. Lawrence Barrett, the actor, can get \$1 for his own signature; George Bancroft, the historian, \$1; James Gillespie Blaine, \$1.25; Benjamin F. Butler, 50 cents; George William Curtis, 25 cents; Samuel Sumner Cox, the witty member of the House, 50 cents; James Freeman Clark, the eminent Boston divine, \$1; Simon Cameron, the Nestor of Keystone State politics, 75 cents; George W. Childs, Editor of the Philadelphia Ledger, 50 cents; and the signature of his old enemy, Chas. A. Dana, Editor of the New York Sun, at the same figure; Rose Eyttinger, the actress, 50 cents; Edison, the Menlo Park wizard, 50 cents; Emily Faithful, the English philanthropist and writer, \$1.25; Cyrus W. Field, \$1; Mary J. Holmes, the novelist, 50 cents; ex-President Hayes, 50 cents; Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus," 50 cents; James Russell Lowell, \$1.50; Modjeska, the actress, 50 cents; Loui P. Morton, ex-Minister to France, only 25 cents; Louise Chandler Moulton, the Boston writer, 75 cents; Bill Nye, 50 cents; Edward E. Rice, the theatrical manager, 25 cents, and Stuart Robson, the comedian 75 cents; a poem by Sedman, \$6; a signature by Carl Schurz, 50 cents; one by John Sherman, 75 cents; Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, \$1.25; and Zola, the French novelist, \$6.50. Three signatures by people of the stage may be had for 50 cents; they are Fanny Davenport, Mary Anderson and Wilson Barrett. Senator Evarts, Roseoe Conkling, ex-Senator Mahone, Senator Chandler, Fred Douglas, Speaker Carlisle, Steve Dorsey, Samuel J. Randall and Senator Vest for 25 cents each. The most costly signature is that of Ouida, the novelist, \$7.50, and the cheapest Boston's only Mike Kelly, the ball tosser, 10 cents.—N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**An Accommodating Climate.**

"Pretty cold out your way, winter, isn't it? Mercury twenty below, and all that sort of thing?"

"Why, yes," said the Minneapolis man, "it is kind of cold; but then the fact is, the cold sort of strikes right in and takes hold, and stays there; and you really aren't conscious of it till it begins to thaw out of your system in the spring. And then the weather's warm, and you can stand it."—Puck.

—The colored school at Hawkinsville, Ga., to be known as the Dempsey Clarke Institute, was named after Dempsey Clarke, who years ago was sold as a slave on the block by the sheriff at Hawkinsville. He ran away from his new master, took to the swamps, and for years lived as a runaway slave. He was at length captured by dogs, but again ran away. His owner sold him while yet in the woods. Dempsey was pleased with his new owner, and because his most trustworthy servant. After the war he became a landowner, prospered, and is now one of the most prominent planters of Houston County, and his liberal gifts have resulted in the new school.

—A rubber ball, two inches smaller than the pipe, was placed in one end of a new natural gas main in McKeesport, and five pounds pressure suddenly turned on. The ball turned several sharp corners, passed through two T joints up six feet to the top of the regulator and landed at the other end of the main, a mile distant, in forty-five seconds, actual time.

**We Tell You Plainly**

that Simmons' 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—yet entirely free from quinine or calomel. Try it, and you will be astonished at the good results of the genuine Simmons' Liver Regulator, prepared by J. H. Z. Zell & Co.