

# The Carolina Watchman.

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**CRAIGIE & CLEMENT,**  
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SALISBURY, N. C.  
Feb. 3rd, 1881

**J. B. COUNCILL, M. D.**

**SALISBURY, N. C.**

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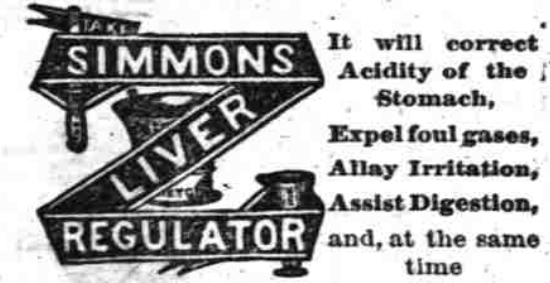
The undersigned takes this opportunity to return thanks to his numerous friends for their patronage, and asks the continuance of the same to the NEW FIRM. He will always be on hand to serve the patrons of the NEW FIRM.

J. D. MENEELY.

## DYSPEPSIA.

It is that misery experienced when we suddenly become aware that we possess a disordered stomach. The stomach is the reservoir from which the whole system is nourished, and any trouble with it is soon felt throughout the whole system. Among a dozen dyspepsias no two will have the same predominant symptoms. Dyspepsia is a general term, and the name is given to the various symptoms which it produces. Some dyspepsias are due to indigestion; others to a general debility of the system; others to a general debility of the system; others to a general debility of the system.

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## If We Knew.

If we knew the eases and crosses  
Crowded round our neighbor's way;  
If we knew the fit and losses,  
Sorely grievous lay by day.  
Would we then so often chide him  
For the lack of a trifling gain—  
Leaving on his heart a shadow,  
Leaving on our heart a stain?

If we knew that clouds above us  
Held by gentle blessings there,  
Would we turn away all trembling,  
In our blind and weak despair?  
Would we shrink from little shadows,  
Lying on the dewy grass,  
While 'tis only birds of Eden,  
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story  
Quivering through the heart of pain,  
Would our womanhood dare doom them  
Back to haunts of vice and shame?  
Life has many a tangled crossing,  
Joy has many a break of woe,  
And the cheeks tear-washed and whitest,  
This blessed angels know.

Let us reach within our bosoms  
For the key to other lives,  
And with love to erring Nature,  
Cherish good that still survives;  
So that when our disordered spirits  
Soar to realms of light again,  
We may say, dear Father, judge us  
As we judge our fellow-men.

## A Trip to the Mountains.

Messrs. Editors:—I do not, of course, know how it affects others but for myself I never tire of the scenes in those grand old mountains—nature in its majestic grandeur, in its topographical outline and clothed in its native habitations of green and native forest. I have been accustomed to these scenes all my life and yet every time I visit the most salient points there is a freshness about the relief and general contour—something new to captivate and charm the contemplative mind. It is here you see nature in its simplicity and purity—here that you may indulge in the widest reveries and commune with that creative skill which has furnished exhaustless material for the artist's pencil. Contact with the panoramic views which are presented from some of our most noted mountain peaks, stirs in the mind susceptible of it a sentiment of poetry and painting and music, and invests the brain and imagination with conceptions of the grand and magnificent and beautiful.

I have recently enjoyed the rejuvenating influence of a trip to some of our noted peaks for obtaining mountain views. On the 24th day of July I joined Capt. Monday and Mr. Charles J. Brown of Trinidad, Colorado, at the base of the mountain. We rode out on a mule pack trail to the Englewood camp, a point about 3,500 feet above sea level. By cutting away on a small timber immediately above the road a splendid view may be obtained from this point which takes in the Blue Ridge range from the head of the Hiwassee river in Towns county, Georgia, to the head of Nantley river in Union county, Georgia. Then you see the range as it trends away in the south-west in the Tray and other points.

Turning to the western horizon, in the dim distance the Chatahoochee chain is seen as it trends off southward from the Ocoee river in the neighborhood of the Ducktown copper mines. In the north formed between the southern terminal points of the Blue Ridge and the Chatahoochee the North Georgia R. R. from Marietta to Murphy passes. This notch consists of a low transverse ridge which divides the waters of the Ocoee, a tributary of the Hiwassee, and the waters of the Ellijah, a tributary of the Ostanolee—the one emptying into the Tennessee and the other into the Coosa, at Rome, Ga. This topographical picture as it is seen from the Tusquitee gap is an interesting one though not equal to some as seen from the higher altitudes. It is a unique picture and is remarkably accessible, being on a good public road.

On the 25th I went with Mr. Hudson to the Wine Spring and Wahyah Balds. When Guio was making his barometrical observations at these points he and some mountaineers changed the order of names by which these points had been uniformly known—calling the Wine Spring Bald Wahyah, and the Wahyah Bald Toketa. I regret this because custom had established the old order and there are reminiscences connected with this first order which entitled it to perpetuity. And besides this there is not one in a thousand of the native inhabitants who could tell you if called upon where Toketa is and I will venture to say that there is scarcely a guide to be found who could point it out to a tourist. I shall therefore follow in naming those points the old and customary order.

The Wine Spring Bald is the highest in the group of six points only a few miles apart. Wine Spring Bald 5,494, Wahyah Bald 5,372, Rocky Bald 5,323, Burningtown Bald 5,213—the same north end 5,103, Little Bald 5,240. I have given these respective altitudes in order to show you that there is no obstruction to the view from the Wine Spring Bald. It is indeed the highest point west of the Balsam chain and the great mass about the head waters of Pigeon river.

It was a clear and almost cloudless day when Mr. Hudson and I were there—a splendid day for observation had not the atmosphere been somewhat smoky, which gave to the outline a sort of weird and mysterious appearance. Indeed it seemed to magnify the proportion of the distant chains and give

to them an imaginary elevation—a sort of half hidden appearance reminding one of those mysterious realms where the gods delight to revel and career amid the regions of grandeur and sublimity. The view is a perfect panoramic one. It takes in the entire circle of the horizon with the exception of the notch to the northwest where the Ocoee cuts through the Unaka and Chatahoochee chains. The single point is obstructed by the pinnacle of this Rocky Bald. Commencing with Rabun Gap on the south you see all the points on the Blue Ridge extending through Highlands to Hogback as they trend to the northeast. Then a little to the north you see that great mass—a sort of trapezium, which lies between the head waters of Luck-segge, Pigeon, Mills river, Davidson's river, French Broad, Toxaway, Georgetown, etc. This mass is the head and front of the great Balsam, a transverse chain trending on a zigzag line to the north-west, forming a junction with the great Smoky range at the head Ocoonuttee. From this point you see the Smoky chain initi southwestward trending with the passes where the Tennessee and Hiwassee respectively cut through it, until you reach the notch through which the Ocoee flows. Here the general direction of the mountains change, the chain from the Ocoee past taking the name Chatahoochee which trends nearly south. The eye follows this chain until lost in the distance in the direction of Coosawatie. Then to the east of the Ellijah pass you take in the Blue Ridge range, following it back on a northeast trend to the Rabun Gap. The space within this circle presents a picture that is bewildering—a picture that beggars description, with its valleys and hills dotted here and there with farm houses, its ridges and mountain glens, its mountains piled upon mountains, gorges and sculptured into countless relief. In this picture there is a diversity which had the artist's studio upon the summit of the Wine Spring Bald, would require years of patient toil to transfer it all to canvas. From the Wahyah you can, with a good glass, see the court house and academy domes in Franklin; also the surrounding country—taking in the beautiful valleys of Lotta and Cowee. Mr. Editor, when I attempt to describe this scene of grandeur and beauty—this panoramic picture of nature as it is photographed upon my brain I become bewildered and scarcely know how to write—how to choose from the objective points which stand out to view. It is not to be described but must be seen and photographed upon the brain to be appreciated.

C. D. SMITH.

The Wine Spring itself is a spring a few hundred feet below the summit. It is pure as crystal and so cold as to make the teeth ache in taking an ordinary drink.

C. D. S.

Judge Gaston.

Washington Capitol.

Hon. William Gaston, of North Carolina, who was one of the most brilliant men ever sent here from his native State, it seems not to be forgotten by his alma mater. William Gaston is the first name on the ancient register of the Georgetown College, and Father Doonan closed his address the last commencement with the following words: "It is proposed to commemorate our centennial in February, 1889, and it is to be hoped that this hall, which in its unfinished condition has done service for nearly ten years, may find completion before that date. If the original suggestion be adhered to, and the name Memorial Hall be adopted, I would add the name of Georgetown's first student to the title, and have the room known as the Gaston Memorial Hall. Without admission of even one exception, I venture to assert not a college in our land has on the first page of its register a name more to be honored than his who heads the roll of Georgetown students; for in our country's annals a worthier pattern of the Christian scholar, wise legislator, upright judge and devoted patriot cannot be found than that furnished by Georgetown's first student, William Gaston, of North Carolina; and as class following class shall go out in coming years to the great work of their lives, they need ask no noble type of manhood to copy that which his career character offers, whose name I trust this hall shall bear."

## A Japanese School Book.

Japan sent over to the great Centennial Exhibition in 1876 a number of commissioners, mostly young men, who for intelligence compared favorably with those of any other nation. Their section of the Exhibition included the apparatus and the books in use in the public schools of Japan. Among their books was one that especially interested me. It contained a cross-section and a lengthwise section of every tree and woody plant of Japan, all cut exactly thin, and fastened to the pages of the book, with their native names in both Japanese character and English equivalent; and the botanical names, according to our system, were given. The Japanese are regarded as heathens, but what other nation in the world has such a school book? When the Exhibition was over, the commissioners gave me this book which I highly value.

THE DOCTOR.

## Why is the South Impoverished.

The nine cotton States, have received since the war a vast amount of money. The value of the cotton crop during the ten years ending in 1890 was three billions of dollars; and for the eight years just past it was equally as much. During the past eighteen years the South has received from the outside world for cotton alone quite six billions of dollars. Where is all this immense sum of money—a sum greater than all the known silver and gold in the world? What has become of it? The South has received it, but we have none of it left. It has come and gone. None remains. But some will say it has made the South prosperous. Where are the evidences of prosperity? Where is to be seen at the South a trace of that vast amount of money. Six billions of money and nothing left of it, and nothing to show for it. At the North the picture is different. There evidences of wealth abound; there great public buildings, fine residences, immense industries spring up as if by magic—as if some fairies wand had wrought an enchantment. The contrast is too strong for us to partake it without plainly discovering our judgment. It is a case of shame—a terrible reproach. Consider the situation. The national banks of the Union have on deposit \$1,173,000,000 the nine cotton States which have produced from the soil six billions of dollars in cotton have barely \$4,000,000 on deposit. The rest of the Union has thirty times as much currency as the South.

The two little States of Connecticut and Rhode Island have no deposit as much as all the nine great cotton States put together. The State of Minnesota, in the far west, has seven times as much currency in the banks as the State of North Carolina. Here are illustrations from the northeast, the northwest and the South. The difference is appalling. It makes us cry for shame and it fills us with indignation. Why is it? It is the northern system that grinds down the South. We have received six billions of dollars—and a paltry forty millions is all we have saved! Notwithstanding the steady, protracted work of the South, notwithstanding the fine results of our industry, we are amass nothing. It is said the lien system has kept the Southern planter poor—the answer comes thundering, where all the riches which the merchants have amassed? No, that is not it. The South is drained year after year in paying tribute to the North.

In the three items of the bonded debt, interest and pensions, the South has paid \$70,000,000 a year amounting in eighteen years to more than a billion dollars. Of this we get nothing back. It goes to enrich the North. But this is only a part. We have paid another billion to the North through government tax on for other purposes. And that is not all yet. As heavy as the drain of direct taxation has been, the direct subsidy to the North by the protective features of the tariff tax has borne with still greater weight upon us. The tariff has burdened us and churshed us down without any compensation to us. We are drained at every pore. It is the Northern system, under which the life blood is sucked from the South as the vampire drains the arteries of its victim. And this system is the boasted system which Oliver Dockery so much commends, approves and lauds to the sky.

And the South continues to raise her great crops and remains perpetually impoverished. Poverty is the rule among us—in strong contrast with the wealth accumulated in the other section. There is no currency at the South. There is no money in our banks; there is no capital as the basis for diversified industries. It is work, work, work; and then our products are sold and the money flows North as the sparks fly upward—never to return.

The need of the South to-day is earnest statesmen, who will study her condition and present it to the world in such shape as to secure tardy justice for our people. No section can be drained as the South has been drained and is being drained and prosper.

If the money which the South has paid to the North without consideration had remained with us, fructifying, doubling, rolling up interest, increasing prosperity, establishing new industries, paying wages to our people, what a tremendous difference would be observable in our condition! Instead of a paltry \$10,000,000 in our banks, we would have amassed billions of dollars. Let southern statesmen realize these facts and think upon them.

It is the duty of southerners to think of their homes and of their people. Dan Russell has said that he and Dockery and other Republicans are southern men with northern principles. They are southern men who advocate measures that drain and impoverish our home people; that others may thrive and roll in riches and luxury. All the present session of Congress the contest has been between the Democrats and Republicans over these admirable measures.

The Republicans insist on largely increasing the pensions. We already pay \$34,000,000 a year to the Northern soldiers, and the Republicans insist on pensioning the last one of the three millions of soldiers, their wives

and children. This would entail still heavier burdens on us. Col. Dockery and the Republicans have insisted that the taxes should not be decreased, but that the money should continue to be raised and paid to the bondholders, and squand-red. When Mr. Brown, the Republican member from the Fifth District, broke away from his party and voted for a bill repealing the tobacco tax and reducing taxes, the Republican leaders in his district demanded that he should resign his nomination for Congress. Nichols voted against that bill. They are all in the same boat. What the South needs is a change in the laws, and the change is to oppose the change.—N. C. Observer.

## Cotopaxi.

American Magazine.

Cotopaxi is the loftiest of active volcanoes, but is slumbering now. The only evidences of action are the frequent rumblings that can be heard for hundred miles, and the cloud of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night, which constantly arise from a crater that is more than three thousand feet beyond the reach of man. Many have attempted to climb the monster, but the walls are so steep and the snow so deep that the ascent is impossible, even with scaling ladders. On the southern slope of Cotopaxi is a great rock, more than two thousand feet high, called "the Inca's Head." Tradition says that it was once the summit of the volcano, and fell on the when Atahualpa was strangled by the Spaniards. Those who have seen Cotopaxi can judge of the grandeur of the Cotopaxi if they can imagine a volcano 15,000 feet higher, spouting flame and lava from a crest covered with 400 feet of snow, with a voice that has been heard 600 miles. And one can judge of the grandeur of scenery on the road to Quito if he can imagine twenty of the highest mountains in America, three of them active volcanoes standing along the road from Washington to New York.

## The Dear Women.

This is the right kind of talk. If we had more of it we would get along better. I believe in women. I believe they are the sweetest, purest, most selfless, best part of the human race. I have no doubt on this subject, whatever. They sing the melody in all human life, as well as the melody in man. They carry the leading part, at least in the sense that they are a step in advance of us all the way in the journey heavenward. I believe that they cannot move very widely out of the sphere which they now occupy, and remain as good as they now are; and I deny that my beliefs rest upon my sentimentality, or jealousy, or any other weak or unworthy basis. A man who has experienced a mother's devotion, a wife's self-sacrificing love and a daughter's affection, and is grateful for all, may be weakly sentimental about some thing, but not about women. He would help every woman he loves to the exercise of all the rights which hold dignity and happiness. He would fight that she might have those rights, if necessary; but he would rather have her lose her voice entirely than to hear her sound a bass note as long as a demi-semi-quaver.

## Tariff Philosophy.

St. Paul Pioneer-Press, Rep.

What is the tariff? A tax put upon imported articles in order that such goods shall be manufactured in America. The object of so doing? The protection of those who have invested or will invest their money in manufacturing. The result? Protection to the manufacturer an additional charge to every man, woman and child who purchases their articles. But it is claimed that the tariff increases the wages of the American mechanic. Is this true? It might be so if there was a tariff upon the importation of workers from abroad; but as such is not the case, it does not. There are more than enough foreigners landed on our shores to supply the increased demand for workers caused by the opening of new factories. On what basis does the present tariff rest? A war basis. Has the war ceased? Gen. Grant, who knew all about it, said so. And rejoiced in the fact. His assertion is backed up by Gen. Sherman, who marched with "Boys in Blue" from Atlanta to the sea.

## Looking After Grapes.

Grapes will need attention. Pinch in the new growth and keep them within bounds, and thin the fruit. Within a few days a man asked what he should do with his Concord grapes, they were so full of fruit. He was told to thin out by throwing down half the bunches on his vines. He replied that it required more courage than he possessed; but, a few days after he came and said that he had taken off seven hundred bunches from one vine. Probably he will get fruit enough, and that of a superior quality, from the bunches that remain. We have picked and thrown down several bushels of green plums from our trees during the past few days, and have left all the trees ought to carry. They will be of an increased size because of the thinning.

## A Brave and Courageous Judge.

REMINISCENCES OF HON. D. G. FOWLE.

In looking over the records in the Court House at Raleigh a few days ago, I stumbled upon some very interesting facts. I found that at the Fall Term, 1866, for Wake county, Hon. Daniel G. Fowle, presiding Judge, then Gens. Daniel E. Sickles and Thos. Ruger, Jas. Bumford and Friday Jones, were indicted for obstructing the process of said Court. I also observed on said records a requisition from the Judge, upon Gov. Worth, demanding the posse comitatus of the county to arrest these named parties. The facts are as following:

At this date the law of North Carolina had not altered the punishment for all persons convicted of larceny. It was thirty-nine lashes at the public whipping post. A negro was convicted, and the Judge, in compliance with the law, had ordered the Sheriff to take the prisoner to the public whipping post in the jail yard and inflict upon him thirty-nine lashes. In obedience to this order of the Court Sheriff Ray took the prisoner to the whipping post and commenced operations. Just as he struck the eighth lick in rushed Gens. Sickles and Ruger and Maj. Bumford and Mr. Friday Jones, backed by a large crowd, mostly negroes, and rescued the prisoner, took him from the Sheriff and carried him away. The Sheriff promptly reported this outrage to the Court. At this juncture Hon. Sion H. Rogers, the Attorney-General, came into Court. Judge Fowle said: Mr. Attorney-General, do you know of any interference on the part of any one with the sentence of this Court? The Attorney-General replied that he had witnessed the interference, described its manner and form, and named the parties.

Judge Fowle immediately said: "Mr. Attorney-General, have the Grand jury brought into Court." This being done, he directed to them the facts and said: "I desire you, gentlemen of the grand jury, to retire to your room and find bills of indictment against Daniel E. Sickles and Thos. Ruger and James Bumford, officers of the United States army, and Friday Jones, (colored,) a citizen of Wake county, who have, with violence, outraged the laws of North Carolina." This was done, and a capias was issued for the arrest of the parties. Sheriff Ray proceeded at once to Gen. Rogers' headquarters at the old Palace, and approaching Gen. Ruger, said: "Gen. Ruger, I have come by order of the Court to arrest you; here is that order." Gen. Ruger said: "Do you see those bayonets? do you see those men? I will not be arrested; if you think you can arrest me proceed at your pleasure, and at the risk of your life."

After it appeared in court, related the result, and made known his inability to carry out the order of said court.

Judge Fowle, when the sheriff had concluded, said: Mr. Clerk, take your pen and write as I shall dictate: To His Excellency, J. Worth, Governor of North Carolina: Sir: The process of this court has been illegally interfered with and a prisoner has been rescued from the sheriff by Daniel E. Sickles and Thos. Ruger and James Bumford, of the United States army, and Friday Jones, colored, late a citizen of Wake county. I demand that you call out the whole power of this county to uphold the honor and integrity of the laws of North Carolina, and secure the arrest of these said parties.

(Signed) DANIEL G. FOWLE, Judge.

This communication was sent at the moment by Judge Fowle to Governor Worth. The old hero was alarmed at the situation, which seemed to him an approaching conflict between the State and Federal authority. He, too, loved North Carolina. "Sir," he said, "this will never do. The attempt to arrest these men will force a collision and bloodshed will follow this act. This hot-headed young Judge will ruin our people. I will go at once and settle this matter through President Johnson." The next day found him in the President's office. When he had concluded his statement the President said: "Sir, do I understand you to say that a hot-headed young Judge of your State has dared to order the arrest of a United States officer?" "Yes, sir," said Gov. Worth. "Then God bless that hot-headed young Judge and every other one like him in North Carolina," and immediately addressed, "Mr. Secretary, ask the Secretary of War to come to my office." As he entered, the President sternly said: "Mr. Secretary, telegraph at once to Raleigh and direct Gen. Ruger to return that prisoner to the sheriff of Wake county, and direct Gen. Ruger to submit to the legal mandate of Judge Daniel G. Fowle."

The next day Judge Fowle said to the sheriff in open court, in the presence of a crowded court house: "Mr. Sheriff, take the prisoner to the jail yard and complete the sentence of this court." Two thousand people looked upon the sheriff's second compliance with the law, and he was struck he called out at the top of his voice, Nine, and so on until he had struck and called out thirty-nine. The prisoner was released and allowed to depart, and the immense crowd quietly dispersed. The law had been obeyed; the law had triumphed.

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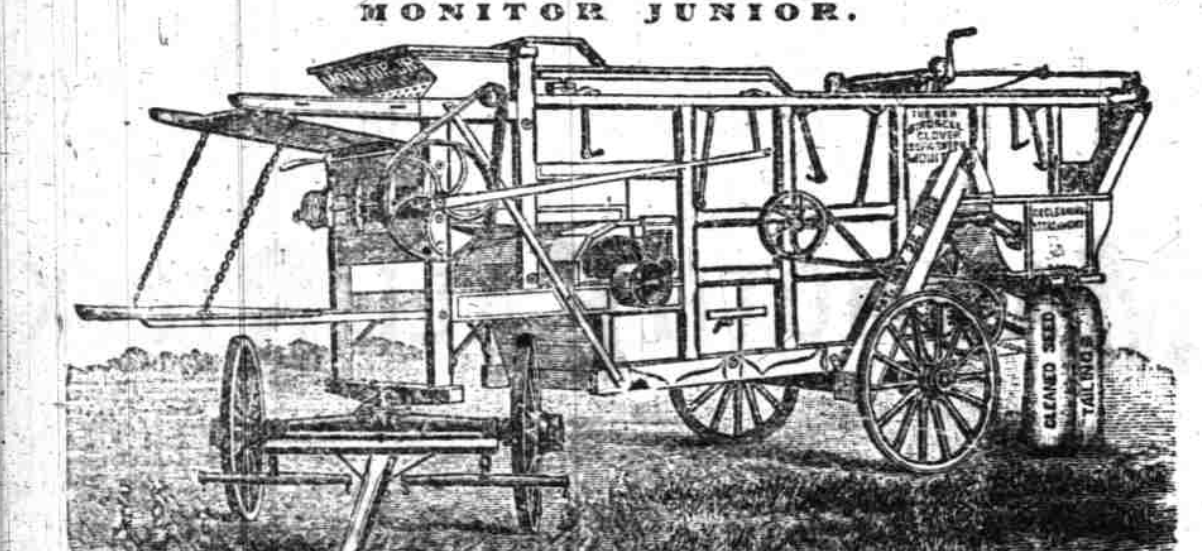
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