

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XX.--THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1889.

NO. 26.

D. J. C. McCUBBINS,
Surgeon Dentist,
Salisbury, N. C.
Office in Cole building, second floor, next to
Dr. Campbell's, opposite D. A. Atwell's
hardware store, Main street. 91y.

KERR CRAIGIE. L. H. CLEMENT
CRAIGIE & CLEMENT,
Attorneys At Law
SALISBURY, N. C.
Feb. 3rd, 1881

**PIANOPORE TUNING
FOR SALISBURY.**

Mr. OWEN H. BISHOP (pupil of Dr. Marx, Professor of Music at Berlin University, and Monsieur Benecot of Paris) has come from England and settled here. He is prepared to tune, regulate, and repair Pianofortes, Organs and Pipe Organs. Having had fifteen years' practical experience in England, Ladies and gentlemen, who wish their musical instruments carefully and regularly attended to, may rely upon having thorough and conscientious work done if they will kindly favor O. H. B. with their esteemed patronage. Living near town, no traveling expenses will be incurred, and therefore the terms will be low; viz.: \$2.50 per pianoforte, if tuned occasionally, or \$6 for three tunings in one year. Please apply for further particulars by postal card or note left at this office.

N. B.—Schumann says: "It is the easiest economy to allow any pianoforte to remain untrained, as it ruins both instrument and ear."

If any dealer says he has the W. L. Douglas Shoes without name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.

ROYAL



**BAKING
POWDER**
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of strength and choiceness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall st. N.Y.

For sale by Bingham & Co., Young & Bos-
ton, and N. P. Murphy.

B. B. B.

Almost everybody wants a "Spring Tonic." Here is a simple testimonial, which shows how B. B. B. is regarded. "It will knock your mat-
ria out and restore your appetite:

Splendid for a Spring Tonic.

ARLINGTON, Ky., June 30, 1888.

I suffered with malarial blood poison more or less all the time, and the only medicine that done me any good is B. B. B. It is undoubtedly the best blood medicine made, and for this malarial country should be used by every one in the spring of the year, and is good in sum-
mer, fall and winter as a tonic and blood purifier.

Gives Better Satisfaction.

CUYIZ, Ky., July 6, 1887.

Please send me one box Blood Balm. Cataract. Stuff by return mail as soon as possible. My customer is taking B. B. B. for catarrh, and wants a box of stuff. B. B. B. gives better satisfaction than any I ever sold. I have sold 10 dozen in the past 10 weeks, and it gives good satisfaction. If don't remit all right for snuff write me.

Yours, W. H. BRANDON.

It Removed the Pimples.

ROND MOUNTAIN, Tenn., March 29, 1887.

A lady friend of mine has for several years been troubled with bumps and pimples on her face and neck, for which she used various cosmetics in order to remove them and beautify and improve her complexion; but these local applications were only temporary and left her skin in a worse condition.

I recommend an internal preparation—known as Botanic Blood Balm—which I have been using and selling about two years; she used three bottles and nearly all pimples have disappeared, her skin is soft and smooth, and her general health much improved. She expresses herself much gratified, and can recommend to all who are thus affected.

M. S. WILSON.

A BOOK OF WONDERS, FREE.

A who desire information about the cause and cure of Neuralgia, Sciatica, and Scrotal Swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail, free of charge, a 32-page illustrated Book of Wonders, containing the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known. Address 4010 BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Tutt's Pills

The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work or mind or body, drink or exposure in Malaria Regions, will find Tutt's Pills the most general restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

Try Them Fairly.
A vigorous body, pure blood, strong nerves and a cheerful mind will result.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

P. H. THOMPSON & CO.
MANUFACTURERS,

Sash, Doors, Blinds, STAIR WORK
Scroll Sawing, Wood Turning,
BRACKETS, &c.,
AND CASTINGS OF ALL KINDS

—DEALERS IN—

Steam Engines and Boilers, Steam and Water Pipe,

Steam Fittings, Shafting, Pulley Hangers,

—ALSO—

Machinery of all kinds repaired on SHORT NOTICE.

Mar. 15, '88. 1y

**SUBSCRIBE FOR THE
"CAROLINA WATCHMAN"**

HOME COMPANY,
SEEKING HOME PATRONAGE.

.....O.....

A STRONG COMPANY.

Prompt, Reliable, Liberal!

.....O.....

Agents in all cities and towns in the South.

J. RHODES BROWNE, President.

W. C. COOK, Secretary.

Total Assets \$750,000.

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

The Jingle ob de Bells on de Cows.

EDWARD A. OLDMAN.

In de spring, when de fields are all kivered wid green.
An' de clover bloom smells in de a're,
An' de wet in de grass kinder tickles yer feet.
An' de red bug mck er nigger swar.
Dem am de times dat de darkey lubbs de mos'
When dey come erlong home 'hind de plows
In de cool ob de day, when dey hears all erroun'
De jingle ob de bells on de cows.

When the jimpion weed pops up outhen de
green.
An' de dog-fennel runs it er race,
An' when de lightoun'-bug do scatter round its
sparks.
An' dabs 'em now an' dea' in yer face,
Den come de music dat am sweet's an' bes'
At least den does his darkies lous.
As softly dat ripples run pastures o' green
De ringin' ob de bells on de cows.

When de bluebird comes wid err straw in its bleak
To de hole what de wooleepker bord.
When red-breasted robins hunt erroun' fer der
mud.
When de black swallow swing in de gourl.
Den fome old meadow way down by de crick,
Or de orchard neaf young apple boughs,
Steals gently de musical soun' dat we lub—
De tinkle ob de bells on de cows.

When de sun goes down in er thick clump o'
pines.

When de frog in de swamp gins to croak,
An' de whipperwill jines sid er doleful chune,
While de owl hoots in de oak;
On de soft breeze dat comes lound down wid
its sweets.

From de meadow whar slick cattle brouse,
Dat flats wid er fresh dat neber git ole,
De jingle ob de bells on de cows.

—The Century.

Jonas' Easter.

Spring was late upon the prairie. The little group of herdsmen that had gathered all through the winter at the station still met about the rusty stove for the usual interchange of stories, gossip and reminiscence. Twenty-five miles from the nearest town was Rogers' Station and the weekly visits of the stage was the only connecting link with humanity. Spring was late and now, though it was well along in April, a blizzard more fearful than any that had yet been experienced was raging over the plains and making the ride cabin shake and shiver with its force.

"Tell yer what, fellers," said Big Mike, the roughest-looking one of the party sitting around the stove, "it'll be a miracle if the stage gits through to-night."

"Git through!" was the response from the red-headed store-keeper, "she's got to git through. Why, bless you, man, the driver and critters would freeze to death to-night out on the prairie."

"Whew! it's rough," put in the little southerner, who had just stepped in from out of the doors. "It's a-snowin' like blazes, and you can't see your hand before your face."

"Wish ye was down in Dixie, don't yer?" said Mike, "where ye could wear yer linen breeches the year round."

"Well, I don't know but it is a little better down there," was the reply, spoken in a thoughtful tone. "I tell you, gentlemen, it makes a man's heart bleed to see the hundreds of cattle suffer out here on the plains as they do in a year."

"To change the subject a little, gentlemen, there's one piece of flesh that won't suffer much to-night, an' that's Mosey's," uttered a cool, clear voice on the opposite side of the stove.

A loud guffaw broke from the company. They evidently thought it a good joke.

"Wal, he had no business stealing hoises; that's all I've got to say," said Mike.

"But he swore he was innocent."

"Yes, an' we swore he was guilty an' strung him up, and the jury brought in a verdict of 'Death by lead poisoning,' and that settles it."

"Jonas had a grudge against him; do you know why?" inquired the cool voice.

"You see it was this way: Jonas was in love with a gal back in the States. He come out here to get some money to marry on and found it slow pickin'. He dug along, though, herdin' cattle and gettin' a few head of his own started and was quite chipper about it when this Mosey came along. Mosey had lived in the same place as Jonas or something—anyhow he knew the gal and he told Jonas she was married. It about driv him crazy. Some folks think he is cracked. Leastways he ain't the same as he was—he's more solemnly somwey. Every Easter he's worse'n usual. You see it was on Easter, some eight years ago, and he left the East."

"Eight years ago to-night, then," said the cool man, "for to-day's Easter."

"Mike looked up quickly. "Is that so?" he asked. Then meditatively he continued: "It was bad day to hang Mosey—but he was guilty, so what's the use of worrying."

There was a stamping of feet on the little porch outside. Everybody looked up, and one man suggested that perhaps the stage had come. This was denied, for no wagon or horses had been heard. The discussion was ended by the sudden bursting into the room of a tall, gaunt settler, with rugged

face and piercing eyes. He glared at the group, and then drawing near the fire with a sneer: "You did your work well to string him up as ye did. He deserved it—deserved it all."

They looked at one another meaningfully, as if to innatiate that the speaker was out of his right mind. He did not notice them but continued:

"Curse him, he ruined my life and my hopes. You, know, you who have lived here with me, how eight years ago I made a betroth to my betrothed and came to seek my fortune; how for four years I slaved and toiled and was succeeding well, when this villain of a Mosey came along and told me that, who was to be my wife, had promised herself to another. Curse him. I believed him, and owing to the irregularity of the mails in those days I could not hear from the one he malign'd. Now, see what was found on his person," and he held out a dirty piece of paper from which the store-keeper read:

To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I

am sorry to inform you that the story I told Jonas smart about Kate wozent so. She iz waten for him.

—MOSEY.

"It was in his clothes when the jury searched him," was all the explanation offered by Jonas as he took the paper again.

And now, boys, I'm a-going after her. The dead is dead, and I won't use no harsh words. He loved her himself, mebbe. But now, goodbye," and he started for the door.

"Young man," said Big Mike, stepping in between Jonas and the door, "it's nothing more or less than rank suicide for you to venture out on the prairie to-night. The statots don't pserve for a man's making a fool of himself, and you stays here. Don't he boys?"

"Yes, sir," said the men, heartily.

"No, sir; I'm going. I can catch to-morrow night's east-bound train at the railway station, and in three days I shall know the truth. Oh, that I had not trusted that wilian," and Jonas hid his face in his hands.

"But, man, you can't live three hours in this blizzard, and you will surely lose your way."

"No, I won't. I've lived here too long for that. Let me go."

Big Mike did not prevent it, and the man passed out into the night. The group looked blankly at one another. The cool man was the first to speak:

"Boys, we must follow him." All seemed to have come to the same conclusion, for they donned their "slickers" without a word, and soon were breasting the storm.

A terrific gale was sweeping down from the north, and they must travel in its teeth. Spreading out in a line a few feet apart they took their way slowly against the sleet and snow across the plain. They had traveled perhaps a mile without finding the comrade whom they expected would have been exhausted by that distance, when suddenly a long-drawn wail came to their ears.

They stopped. Again it came, a pitiful shriek of woe riding on the north wind's back. They pushed on more rapidly than before. After a few moments the cry became clearer, and then a bulky mass loomed up in the night, and they recognized the stage with its horses. Bewildered, numb and frightened, the driver was crying for aid, hoping that some traveler might hear him.

"Hello, Jake!" cried Big Mike, as the men came up. "Are you lost?"

"Yes," was the response of the young driver.

"Get any passengers?"

"Yes; one—a woman."

"Wad, crawl in, boys, and we'll pilot him back."

The little rescuing party was only too glad to clamber into the stage with its passengers huddled into one corner, and give up what they now considered a wild goose chase—that of hunting a man who was determined to lose him.

In a few moments the tired four-hander had halted at the station and the numbed party was crowding around the generous fire. The one passenger proved to be a bright little boy who was straightway voted a "trump" on account of her grit in standing the cold and danger. In a few moments she told them how she had traveled all the way from New Jersey alone and was going to her brother, a ranchman living fifty miles south-east—at the very end of the stage line.

She had scarcely finished her story when there was another rattling at the door, and with surprise the herdsmen saw that it was the lost settler.

"I can't make it, boys," almost sobbed Jonas, as he staggered up to the fire. "I lost the trail and had to come back. But I did want to go to Katie's."

"Jonas Smart," said Big Mike, roughly, "you are a chump. Why don't you have some sense and not—" But he did not get any farther. The cool man turned in true cowboy style, pulled out his revolver and pointed it at the conductor. "Here's my ticket." The conductor walked on and punched everybody else's coupon. Then he disappeared. The little incident had been forgotten by almost everybody on the car. The cowboy was in a quiescent state, and the car was quite still when the conductor came in. He walked leisurely up the aisle and suddenly stepped before the cowboy, placed a great big knife dangerously contiguous to his vital part and said quietly, "Lemme see that ticket again." The cowboy paid his fare.

"Perhaps," she said shyly, "you won't have to go far."

Like one possessed, Jonas looked at her, and then in front of all his comrades clasped her to his heart.

"Forgive me, darling," said he, "it was not my fault."

She did forgive him. The store-keeper's wife fixed her up a room for the night and the next day they talked

it all over; how she had waited and hoped for his coming; how her family had been broken up and how she was now on her way to her brother's ranch, convinced that her former lover was dead.

She did not go, at least, for some months, and then she was not Katie, but Mrs. Jonas Smart.

And to this day the cowboys on the prairie will tell of the strange events of what they call Jonas Easter.

CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.

An Awful Struggle.