The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XX.—THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1889. NO. 34.

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UTTERLY SURPRISED!

Meridian, Miss. July 12, 1887.

For a number of years I have suffered untold agony from the effects of blood poison. I had my case treated by several prominent physicians, but received but little, if any, relief. I resorted to all sorts of patent medicines, spending a large amount of money, but yet getting no better. My attention was attracted by the cures said to have been affected by B.B.B., and I commence taking it merely as an experiment, having but little faith in the results. To my utter surprise I soon commenced to improve, and deem myself to-day a well and hearty person—all owing to the excellent qualities of B. B. B. I cannot commend it too highly to those suffering from blood poison.

J. O. Gibson,
Trainman M. & O. R. R.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

Baltimore, April 20, 1887.—For over twenty years I have been troubled with ulcerated bowels and bleeding piles, and grew very weak and thin from constant loss of blood. I have used 4 bottles of B. B. B., and have gained 15 pounds in weight, and feel better in general health than I have for ten years. I recommend your B. B. B. as the best medicine I have ever used, and owe my improvement to the use of Botanic Blood Balm. Eugenics A. Smith.
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Dawson, Ga., June 30, 1887.—Being an old man and suffering from general debility and rheumatism of the joints of the shoulders, I found difficulty in attending to my business, that of a lawyer, until I bought and used five bottles of B. B. B., Botanic Blood Balm, of Mr. T. C. Jones, or J. R. Irwin & Son, and my general health is improved and the rheumatism left me. I believe it to be a good medicine.

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For the Watchman.

The Boys of Sixty Years Ago.

HEZEKIAH'S FIRST COURTSHIP.
PART III.

The Captain was struck dump and fell into a dreamy state for a few minutes, during which time he unconsciously relaxed his hold on the soft hand which he had convulsively grasped on putting the momentous question. Was he dreaming? A multitude of conflicting thoughts were racing through his brain. Everything seemed to be in a whirl. He heard the drummer of his company beating the long roll, and saw his invincible Blues in the act of firing a salute—they fired, and the Captain thought every charge had hit him square in front, and he wanted to know whether he was dead or alive. Slowly he returned to semi-consciousness. The chairs and other furnititure in the room had almost ceased to whirl. His fair deceiver was still sitting before him with quilt pieces in hand. Still pausing on the threshold of doom, he at last thought he might break the awful silence. With most respectful timidity he said:

"Miss Rebecca, did I understand you to say 'no'?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer, softly uttered.

Another long pause ensued, which the defeated suitor spent in an endeavor to take in the full import of the situation. He was not a craven—he would never beg, not even when under the rod of the master at school. He would never yell "take him off," in his boyhood fights, but bear in dignified silence whatever fell to him.

"Well, then," said he, "the best compliment I can pay you now is to thank you for the lady-like politeness you have constantly shown me, and after wishing you all the happiness attainable in this life and the next, take myself away as promptly as possible—I bid you farewell."

She sprang to her feet and grasped the extended hand and said: "Captain, please don't be angry with me; I couldn't help it."

And it was probably true that she "couldn't help it." Couldn't help receiving his company and attentions—for really he was a very companionable fellow, as many knew, even as well as she.

Our defeated hero was soon in the saddle again, as his horse was still hitched to a post near the gate. He felt very strange. His vision was clouded, and his feet were too light. Indeed, it seemed as if he had lost his usual attraction to the earth, and that a puff of wind might blow him away. The whole world seemed changed and looked dark and sad. His steed turned towards home, but he dreaded to go there. He dreaded to go anywhere, and coveted a place beyond mortal ken. All nature was against him. The rustling leaves and waving limbs of the trees mocked him. They birds which chirped as they flew to a roost for the night behaved strangely, as if they knew his case. The grasshoppers derided him, and the frogs in the ponds and meadows along the road were absolutely insulting. The little fellows among them would pipe out "kick-ed, kick-ed;" and the rusty old rascals would groan loud enough to be heard a mile, "cover-up, cover-up, cover-up." It was a wearisome, sorrowful ride, and the only mitigating circumstance connected with it was the almost total darkness which promised to cover his return into town. He heard the word "fooled," he could not tell how often, and knew it was aimed at him. Sometimes it came up from the ground, and and then from the dark forest around him. The hooting owls, after hooting in dismal tones, would end with a laugh—all at him. His horse made a strange noise now and then, as if trying to cheer; but this was exhiliarating rather than depressing, for he was conscious that there was virtue in good humor. And this strange noise was repeated with such peculiar emphasis about the time the horse struck his hoof on the incorporated limits, that our hero could stand it no longer, but broke out into a big laugh, and began to wonder at himself for not thinking of it sooner. "My figures were right—I'd swear by them forever," said he, in a musing sort of way; "but how did she know anything about it? She 'couldn't help it.' Help what? Knowing my figures? Wise girl—sweet lady—God bless her—and have mercy on me, for I need it."

It requires time for at honest man to recover from such an experience. It lingers with him for months and years, and sometimes colors his whole life. Fortunately, Capt. Woodman was a laboring man and under the necessity of being diligent in business. He was also blessed with a good share of philosophy, and faith in God, to whom he had early learned to submit in all things. Time, absence from the charmer, and reflection, all came to his aid, and in less than a year he was able to relate to his friends more minutely and more interestingly than I have done the incidents of his *first courtship.*

The subsequent history of the parties affords examples of most striking contrast. One went up, up! The other down, down! The one left an honored name and a highly respected family, with provisions for their comfort. The other, after a short season of prosperity, the possibilities of life—only what *might* have been."

On the Brink, or in the Shadow of Sin.

When Goeffry Weston eloped with a millionaire's daughter, and the father had disinherited her, he held his wife in his arms and said solemnly:

"As long as I can work, beg, steal or murder you shall never want for anything."

"Don't say such wicked things," murmured the young wife, laying her head on his lips, and yet it pleased her to see so him much in earnest.

Geoffry occupied a handsome position where he handled a great deal of money, and was in receipt of a comfortable salary. His, wife, however, knew very little of housekeeping and economy was an unfamiliar word with her.

In due time her father married a schoolmate of her own and she often met the young lady and began to vie with her in costume and was so extravagant that Geoffry soon found himsely deeply in debt.

Coming home in a desperate mood one night he found Rosa in tears, she held a little note in her hand, and at last was prevailed upon to tell her husband the trouble.

"I wanted to get a dress from Madame Flouncette, and she has written me the most impertinent answer. The mean thing! I'll just go to somebody else. I want a very pretty dress. My step-mother will be there and she says such horrid things; and father warned me I'd be in rags if I married you, and you said you'd never let me need anything. Now is the time to prove you meant it all."

"I did mean it," said Geoffry. "You shall have the money, Rosa." He left the room, went out into the hall and paced slowly up and down.

"Come to supper, Geoffry," called his wife.

But he answered: "I'll be back in a moment." And she heard him shut the door behind him.

As he did so, the safe key fell from the pocket of the coat he carried on his arm to the marble floor of the vestibule. He stopped and picked it up. Her husband had a bad habit of dropping that key.

She ran to the window and saw him take a car that passed the corner in the direction of his place of business. His movements were more rapid and nervous than usual.

A cold chill ran through her frame, dread of she knew not what.

"What a child I am," she thought.

Then the words that he had uttered on her wedding day came back to her:

"I will work, beg, steal or murder to get you all you want."

How he had put her hands over his lips to stop him; still not believing that he would ever do anything wrong; but now—now what had she done?

Suddenly her own folly arose before her, plainly defined to sight. She knew how much her husband made, how much they had spent. He must be in debt. He must be unable to meet his expenses. Her poor Geoffry! How could she have been so blind? And now, under the pressure of her foolish fretting for a new dress, he had gone, as he said, "to get the money."

How? Where?

She remembered the fate of a faithless clerk of her father's and remembered that it was said, "he stole for the sake of an extravagant wife." And her heart smote her.

What could she do?

Was it an angel that whispered in her ear, "Follow him!"

Afterward she thought so.

She caught up a hat and sacque and ran out, putting on her gloves as she went.

She took a car and went straight to her husband's place of business.

The street was dark and lonely; no one was astir; but through a crack of the closed shutter she saw a light shine. She tried the door. It opened under her touch and she entered.

Some one had lit the gas in the inner room. It threw a shadow high upon the wall. Now the shadow vanished. Trembling with excitement she crept on up to the very door and saw her husband bending over the great safe.

He turned fiercely with his hand at a pocket in which she knew he carried a pistol.

"Who is there?" he asked, in a furious whisper.

And she answered.

"Only Rosa."

And he sank down beside a desk and looked at her strangely.

"You here!" he said. "Why did you follow me?"

"I was frightened," she said.

"So was I," said he. "I remembered to have left the safe unlocked, but it is all right now."

"No, Goeffry," answered Rosa; "it is all wrong. I am no longer a foolish baby. I seem to have come back to myself. Put that money back. If this is the first time I have driven you to such a thing I will thank God for it. You have kept your vow; even to steal for me. Have mercy on me and break it. Put the money back."

"Tell me all," she said. "Tell me all, darling."

And in that lonely old place the two young people talked together for long hours.

"We will sell the piano and my jewerly and all we do not need," said the girl at last, "and I will keep house for you as a poor man's wife should, and we will be just as happy as we have been together. Why should we not? And in time we will be better off. At least we will be honest—and safe, as honest people are. Oh, Geoffry! to think to what I might have driven you!"

They walked home together, arm in arm, and next day set to work to struggle out of the load of debt upon their shoulders. It was a hard task, but they succeeded at last, and to-day are happy and prosperous, and on the road to fortune.

The Death of Father Damien.

Charlotte Democrat.

Father Damien, the leper priest, died April 10th in the village of Kalawao on the island of Molokai, one of the Hawaiian group. This village of Kalawoa is reserved for cast-out lepers alone, and about seven hundred of them are confined there by force. Father Damien was born in Belgium in 1840 and went to the Hawaiian Islands at the age of 24. He resided there until he was 33, when he offered his services to go among the lepers. He went with the knowledge that he must stay, that he must die a leper, and at the head of his little church, working to the last, he did die a leper.

He remained at the settlement sixteen years, administering to the bodily and spiritual comfort of the wretched, desperate, frantic suffers. He was at first despised, but by sacrifice won his way to honor. He provided houses and food, and established soberness, cleanliness and belief in God. He helped the strong, nursed the dying, did all manner of menial work, and buried the dead. Such is a skeleton picture of Damien, whose heroism seems illumined by some of the light of that star which pointed men to the Babe of Bethlehem.

St. Giles, the Benedictine monk, lived, according to legend, in the mountain side, loving God's creatures. Even the wild animals knew of his gentleness. A helpless hind, pursued by hunters, fled to his cavern for rescue. He took it into his armsi and the arrow that pierced the heart of the hind first pierced the hand of the hermit. Over the spot in a Swiss valley a chapel bell rings out daily its mellow *er-quiescat.* Some may doubt the practical importance of Damien's sacrifice, but who shall judge? He has the chant of the hearts of humanity for his tolling bells. Even as St. Giles took the harmless hind, so Damien took the deadly leper to his hart, and wrapping about him his own leprous arm, he soothed him with the Master's balm. The hand, indeed, that healed fell helpless, but the world rose stronger when that hand fell.

Operation on a Lion.

The fine lion Jupiter, at the Clifton Zoological Gardens, Bristol, which is nearly 11 years old, having been cubbed in the gardens in the year 1878, was noticed lately to have a claw on the left fore paw growing into the flesh of its foot, which was gradually laming the animal. The lion was evidently in pain, and it was deemed advisable to remove the claw. The novel operation was performed recently, when a close traveling cage was introduced into the den, and placed against one of the sliding traps in the partition. The animal having been induced to enter the cage, it was removed to the floor of the building and another case, but of different construction, composed solely of iron bars, placed endways to the door of the first cage, and the two firmly lashed together. After some little trouble the animal was got into the second cage, which was so narrow as not to admit of his turning round. Heavy inch and a half planks were then inserted between the bars, and the lion tightly wedged in. Up to this point he had submitted quietly, but on the introduction of the planks he splintered them up as easily as though they had been matchwood. At last he was firmly wedged in, and a little time was given him to cool down. A favorable opportunity for the operation occurred in a few minutes, his paw being partly through the bars. The head keeper, Blunsden, who was waiting with a pair of powerful nippers, seized the opportunity, and the offending claw was promptly removed. The operation, which was conducted by Dr. Harrison, treasurer of the gardens, was absolutely necessary, as the claw had already grown more than half an inch into the foot, and would probably have killed the animal.—*London Times.*

To Clean the Pots.

The natural color of iron is gray, and a little care will keep iron vessels this color. If they are black, it is because they are dirty. It is a good plan, occasionally, if you must use iron ware instead of lighter vessels, to plunge such articles as baking pans, spiders, griddles, etc., in water with one tablespoonful of soda to each gallon of water, cover close, and cook them for two hours. Then remove one at a time and wash each piece before it dries. You will be amazed at the changed condition of your ware the first time you do it, unless you are one among ten thousand of our housekeepers.—*Yankee Blade.*

Good Roads.

It is the boast of the people of the present age that it is one of enlightment, civilization and progress. If closely analyzed, however, it will appear that this enlightment, civilization and progress, follows close in the wake of improved facilities for transportation. In the earlier ages of the world, civilization followed the shores of the sea, for that was the world's great highway.

In the East where traveling was mosty performed on beasts of burden, a certain track was pursued and traveling was done by caravan. At a very early period in the history of the East there were marked out lines of intercommunication running from land to land and binding different nations together. These lines ran from East to West, that being the line on which trade and civilization ran. As population increased, and their wants enlarged, the demand for improved roads and modes of transportation kept pace.

* * * *

The progress in arts, sciences, commerce and manufacturers demands at the hands of the present generation:

1. A permanent system of public roads.

2. Permanent improvement of public roads.

Not only is more rapid transportation, but cheaper transportation is required. Competition is so sharp that profits are too small to permit handling of small loads. If a horse could haul 500 pounds years ago profitably to the producer, he must now haul 1,000 pounds to make it equally as remunerative.

The present style (not system) of making (?) the public roads is a tax without any benefit. Even if every hand worked the full limit of the law, fifteen days, no practical good would result from his labors. The near approach of Court forces out the road overseers, and the road is run over to make it passable. The first rain wipes out the work or makes the road worse than it was before.

The need of the hour is a properly-constructed road, on a system that will be permanent and the improvements put on it of a permanent character. Why good roads are needed: We are changing from big plantation to small farms; from the all-cotton, expensive system, to the diversified crop and intensive system; from all credit to all cash. We need to sell off part of our land to cut off taxation on unproductive capital. We need every facility to market expeditiously. Without good roads immigration is an impossibility; without small farms diversified crops cannot be successfully produced. In order then to get the immigrant, and introduce the small farmer on the small farm, good roods are indispensable. On the score of progress, thrift, economy and humanity, a permanent system of permanently improved roads is the imperative necessity of the hour.

Throughout the entire South, a deeper and keener interest than ever before is manifested on this important theme. The public mind is directed very pointedly in this direction and cannot be diverted from it.

The Marietta (Ga.) Journal says: "Good roads are indispensable to the citizen and farmer in his travels to and from market with his cotton, wood and produce. The present roads are woefully bad, and there should be a system devised by which they should be improved. Mud holes, wash-outs, and high hills almost render our roads impassable. Good, solid road beds should be constructed, and the money so spent would be well spent. Good roads enhance the value of property and save the wear of vehicles and enable animals to do better service. Give us better roads."

Quite an important factor in the development of any section of the country, says the Baltimore Manufacturers' Record, is its public roads. Good roads are an advertisement in themselves.

The public roads of the South need much improvent, and no time should be lost in devising effective methods of bettering their condition. * * Good roads pay for themselves in the saving they effect in the wear and tear of vehicles and the strain upon draught animals, to say nothing of the advantages to traffic and the convenience of the traveling public. The materials for road-making of the highest order are abundantly distributed all over the South, and the public roads of that section, with good management, could be made the best in the country.—*Southern Cultivator.*

A curious weather prophet is being shown in a Broadway store-window. It is a tree-toad confined in a glass-tube. There is a little ladder for it to climb up and down on, and so susceptible is the little prisoner to changes that it ascends to the top of the tube when the air grows moist in advance of rain and descends when clear weather is near at hand. It also becomes noisy before a storm. To those who have never seen a tree-toad, it may be interesting to know that it resembles the ordinary garden-toad in form, but is more flattened. The color varies from pale ash to dark brown, with blotches of greenish-brown, and the stomach yellow. The eyes are large and brilliant. It abounds about old trees, old fences and old stone walls.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Petrifying Springs.

There is a well known petrifying stream of water at Knaresboro', Yorkshire, England, three miles from Harrowgate, the well known sanitarium. It is a cascade from the River Nidd, about fifteen feet high and twice as broad, and forms an aqueous curtain to a cave known as Mother Shipton's Cave. The dripping waters are used for the purpose of petrifying anything sent to be hung up in the drip of the water ledge, which flows over, as it were, the eaves of the cave. This ledge of limestone rock is augmented unceasingly by the action of the waters which flow over it. The cascade has an endless variety of objects hung up by short lengths of wire to be petrified by the water trickling over them, as sponges, books, gloves, herchiefs and veils, hunter's cap, fox, cat, dog, birds, boots, etc., just as fancy prompts people to seek petrifying results. A sponge is petrified in a few months, a book or cap in a year or two, cat or bird a little longer.

A museum of many interesting things is to be seen in the house of the custodian of the Mother Shipton Cave. The things petrified are mostly larger and somewhat misshapen by the gravitation of the silicate, making the mass larger on the under side of the suspension in the cascade. A cat, for instance, has the legs nearly joined and larger in proportion than the body. One cat shown in the museum had the head broken off at the neck, showing the whole was limestone throughout, with not a trace of the organic structure of the original cat. A glove becomes like a hand. A book of sermons, a block of stone, from which science may read its sermons, through without printing or leeves. When looking at this cascade as an artist, I could not help thinking of the poor old woman who lived before her time, and who was spared for the fate of many thousands of human beings called witches, who have been burned by the ignorant mob or legally by the state officials, mostly at the instigation of the priesthood. It would be a fitting place for a statue of the historic personage whose prophecies are one by one being verified—to be seated within the cave looking out through the veil of dripping waters on the visitors to the cave, and as fitting inscription in front, the words from a modern poet might be written:—

"All things are sacred in their time and sphere!
Naught can escape the action of the fact
Nor fail to yield an essence, growth and share,
Through media with affinities to act.'
—*The Epic of a Day.*

I have a human head petrified but by what action I do not know. It was found in digging a trench through gravel in the park at Bulstrode, in Buckinghamshile, Eng.

The subject of petrifaction is highly interesting, and deserves careful investigation. I believe many specimens of prehistoric tools, as well as organic remains, might be recovered from the earth if geologists were qualified to judge of tools by external formation. Geologists, unfortunately, are too often book and stone students, and not capable of judging by appearance of a petrified tool as a bit of stone only or not.

I. Charles King.
22 Grove St., N. W., London.

Curiosities of Punctuation.

The following specimens of curious punctuation are given by the *Printers Register:* A man who was suddenly taken sick "hastened home while every means for his recovery were resorted to. In spite of all his efforts, he died in the triumph of the Christian religion." "A man was killed by a railroad car running into Boston, supposed to be deaf." "A man writes "We have decided to erect a school house large enough to accommodate 500 scholars five stories high." On a certain railway the following luminous direction was printed: "Hereafter, when trains in an opposite directions are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be requested to bring their respective trains to a halt before the point of meeting, and be careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other." A steamboat captain, advertising an excursion, says: "Tickets, twenty-five cents; children half-price to be had at the office." A hotel was thus advertised: "This hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan." "Wanted, a saddle-horse for a lady weighing about 950 pounds." An Iowa editor says: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend W., for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter." "Board may be had at No. 4 Pearl street for two gentlemen with gas." Over a bridge at Athens, Ga., is the following: "Any person driving over this bridge in a pace faster than a walk, shall if a white man, be fined five dollars, and if a negro, receive twenty-five lashes, half the penalty to be bestowed on the informer." A newspaper contained this: "We have two school rooms sufficiently large to accomodate 500 pupils one above another." Another newspaper, in describing the doings of a convention at Cleveland said: "The procession was very fine, and nearly two miles long, as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the chaplain."