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The Carolina Watchman.

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25.1y Mention the Watchman when you write.

The Frenchman and the Flea-Powder.

A Frenchman once—so runs a certain ditty—
Had crossed the Straits to London City,
To get a living by the arts of France,
And teach his neighbor, rough John Bull to dance.
But, lacking pupils, vain was all his skill;
His fortune sank from low to lower still,
Until at last—pathetic to relate—
Poor Monsieur landed at starvation's gate.
Standing, one day, beside a cook-shop door,
And gazing in with aggravation sore,
He mused within himself what he could do
To fill his empty maw and pocket too.
By nature shrewd, he soon contrived a plan,
And thus to execute it straight began:
A piece of common brick he quickly found,
And with a harder stone to powder ground,
Then wrapped the dust in many a dainty piece
Of paper, labeled "Poison for the Fleas,"
And sallied forth his roguish trick to try,
To show his treasures, and to see who'd buy.
From street to street he cried, with lusty yell,
"Here's grand and sovereign fleapoudare to sell!"
And fickle Fortune seemed to smile at last,
For soon a woman hailed him as he passed.
Struck a quick bargain with him for the lot,
And made him five crowns richer on the spot.
Our wight, encouraged by this ready sale,
Went into the business on a larger scale,
And soon, throughout all London scattered he
The "only genuine poudard for the flea."
Engaged, one morning, in his new vocation
Of mingled boasting and dissimulation,
He thought he heard himself in anger called:
And, sure enough, the self-same woman bawled—
In a not mile of very tender mood—
From the same window where before she stood:
"Hey, there" she said, "you Monsher Powder-man!
Escape my clutches now, sir, if you can;
I'll let you dirty, thieving Frenchmen know
That decent people won't be cheated so."
Then spoke Monsieur, and heaved a saintly sigh,
With humble attitude and tearful eye:
"Ah, Madame! s'il vous plait, attendez-vous,
I vill dis leetle ting explain to you:
My poudare gran'! Magnifique! Why abuse him?
Aha! I show you how to use him:
First you must wait until you catch de flea;
Den tickle he on the petite rib, you see,
And when he laugh—aha! he ope his throat:
Den poke de poudare down!—Begar! he choke."

To the Highest Bidder.

Peggy Hildreth was the belle of the village. No one ever questioned that fact. There were as many girls as pretty as Peggy, but none as bright and saucy. Certainly no young girl of 18 had more suitors or knew better how to refuse them and still keep them at her feet.

Now, Peggy had a stepmother and no father, and like the traditional stepmother, this one was hard to live with. Perhaps Peggy was a little to blame herself, for she strongly objected to being dictated to, even when, as Mrs. Hildreth would inform her, "it was only for her own good;" but it was the week before she had been heard to say she "should be glad when that witch was well married and out of the house," we can hardly blame Peggy for not having unquestioned faith in Mrs. Hildreth's desire for her good.

One afternoon, when these two had had a few words of anything but an amiable nature, the servant announced a caller for Miss Peggy. Mr. Jack Leslie of the Seventh Regiment, it appered from the card, and Peggy hastened to meet him, looking, with her sparkling blue eyes and golden curls, gowned in a short-waisted white muslin tied up under the arms with a broad sash, like an animated Kate Greenaway picture.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you've come! Mrs. H. and I have been having it again, although I came out ahead," with a laugh.

"As usual, I see. But what were you quarreling over this time?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I called that young Bliss a fool or an idiot, I don't remember which, and as he is distantly related to Mrs. H. she naturally objected. We argued the matter over to some length, and then she told me to prove the statement or take it back. I said I could, and that she would agree with me if she had only heard him propose the other night.

"It was done in this way," and Peggy stood up at an angle of 45° and toyed with an imaginary eyeglass: "'Weally Miss Hildweth, you weally must do me the au—extreme kindness of accepting my name and au—estate, doncherknow, and that after she gave in," and Peggy took two waltz turns and then sank into an easy chair and said:

"Now Jack, let's have it. I know you've brought some good news by the disagreeable way the lines in your forehead run."

"Well, you've just guessed aright, so just catch your breath while I relate all I know. The Seventh intend giving a ball on the 3rd of next month, and I've come over to invite you early, so there can be no mistake about your going with me."

"Really; honor bright; cut your throat. Oh, how lovely! How nice of you to come over and tell me before the other knew anything about it!"

"Well, as long as you don't throw me over the last moment for Overalle or any of the Wainwright boys, I shall feel repaid."

Peggy actually colored, for Howrath Overable was one of the few men whom she could not bring to her feet. Not a very handsome man, but tall and distinguished looking bearing himself like the true, honest soldier that he was. He had often watched Peggy Hildreth from afar and contrasted her with the pale, tired, invalid sister he had at home in far-away Montana. Jack Leslie had purposely mentioned Overable just to tease Peggy. He had always known her; and as she pestered him when it suited her mood, he once in a while retaliated.

It was war to the knife between the two until Jack left and then Peggy went up stairs to pull over some old trunks of her own mother's to see what she could find suitable to wear to the ball. She came across a beautiful white brocade white tiny pink roses embroidered over it.

"Now," she soliloquized, "this would just suit me made up with a little of this Honiton lace. Mrs. Hildreth will faint with horror at the idea and say I'll look like my own grandmother. Then, perhaps, somebody will fall in love with my own grandmother. Now I'll put it on and dance the minute with somebody's grandfather. I wish the somebody's grandfather looked like Howrath Overalle, the hateful old thing. I'd like the fun of refusing him. Now Peggy, wait a moment. If Mr. Overalle should ask you to accompany him to Montana, and spend a dull existence with an invalid sister and an aged mother, would you, after all refuse? Oh, brother, it's too warm to get into discussion with ones self."

And doing the sweet, old fashioned gown up into a bundle, Peggy sauntered down to the village dressmaker, and after leaving there, decided she'd just run in and see if Widow Tucker's boy was recovering from slow fever.

It was a poor little cottage into which Peggy wended her way, and the widow herself looked half-fed.

"I don't believe you've had any dinner to-day," thought Peggy, "and as you're too proud to ask for it, I'll have to plan.

"Why don't you take a walk while I sit by Jamie and tell him stories?" she said aloud. "And, by the way if you're going by our house just step in and get my cape and tell Hannah to give you your dinner. It will save you cooking here."

The widow gladly went, and Peggy amused herself and Jamie inventing stories.

While in the middle of one she glanced up and beheld Howarth Overalle standing in the doorway with a look of rapt admiration on his face.

"Do you come here often?" was his first remark.

"Never," she replied, while Jamie's eyes dilated, to such an extent one would know she was not telling the truth.

"What are you here for?" he asked.

"My laundry," was the brief reply.

He saw her home thorough, the twilight and Peggy after that took more interest than ever in her gown for the "Third."

The evening came and with it Jack Leslie for Peggy, and when he saw her he exclaimed:

"Why, Peggy Hildreth, you lovely picture! I am almost tempted to carry you off by main force, you look so beautiful."

"Well, you needn't," scarcely remarked Peggy, as she allowed her cape cloak around her and let him put her into the carriage.

Words of admiration could be heard from all sides as she entered the hall with her escort. And she did look lovely. The golden curls were gathered on to the top of her head; the beautiful brocade was modernized; slippers had been made to match the gown, and although Peggy took only a 3 boot, she had squeezed her foot into a 2, the result being before the evening was half over in one giving way when she was dancing with Captain Van Leaten.

"Now," said Peggy, philosophically, "I am finished for dancing. All I can do is to flirt."

"No such thing," said the captain. "I shall send for some more slippers," and he was as good as his word.

When they came Peggy was surrounded by admires, and holding up the pretty broken slipper she said:

"What do you bid for it?"

"A box of gloves," said Jack Leslie.

"Two boxes," said captain Van Leaten.

"I'll go one better and offer three boxes and a five-pound box of candy," exclaimed an ardent admirer.

Peggy saw Mrs. Hildreth gazing at her in horror and with her eyes dancing with merriment, she said:

"Come quickly! Bid away! I'll marry the highest bidder."

"A diamond bracelet!"

"Diamond Pin!"

"Two tickets for Patti!"

And so the bids rattled on, and Peggy found herself the center of a large admiring circle, and she began to wish she was well out of it all.

At that moment Mr. Overalle appeared and stepping forward quickly said:

"I offer over-all." And Peggy laughingly called: "Gone!" and started waltzing with the highest bidder.

The circle then disbanded, murmuring, "Tricked," "puns not allowed," and similar remarks but Peggy was happy, and when half an hour later she met the possessor of the slipper in the conservatory and asked her if she would confirm her remark and marry the highest bidder she only said in a half-laughing manner, but with a serious look in her blue eyes for once: "I always keep my word."—Star-Sayings.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by T. F. Kluttz & Co.

A Short Address to Young Men.

The time has come when young men must be educated or fall into the rear rank. Every one must choose his own position in life. This he does whenever he settles the question as to whether he will be an educated or an uneducated man. There is no avocation or calling, from the life of the farm to that of the learned professions, in which good education is not necessary to the highest success. The young man, no matter what his abilities are, who goes into business life without a well-trained and well-stored mind goes into it half made up. You know men who have been successful and somewhat influential without being educated in the schools. True; but numbers of men of this class have said to me: "The greatest mistake of my life has been that I did not become thoroughly educated before entering upon business life. I have made money and won that what men call success, but I am not mentally equipped for the circle and opportunities to which my money and labor have brought me. It is now too late, but I would give thousands if I could undo this fatal error."

You will also observe that these men are the most determined that their children shall be thoroughly educated. They do not want their sons to repeat their folly or inherit their misfortunes.

In the main, boys have much more to do in determining this matter than they think. Alas! every father will be found willing to educate his son, even with great labor and sacrifice to himself, provided the boy shows a proper ambition to raise above the common level and exhibits a praiseworthy diligence in the use of the opportunities which his father provides for him you may have thought of it, but it is really a great affliction for parents to have sons who are without an ambition to be something in the world; who will not, when in school at home or abroad, study and strive to excel; who are content to be nothing or next to nothing. Are you willing to be one of these? The world shall have your to answer a little later in life.

There is in this day and in this land no excuse for one who fails to become educated. Any young man with a good mind and good health can educate himself, and thus become fitted for a grand and useful life, *if he so makes up his mind and heart.*

At least two men in the history of our nation have, in the face of the greater difficulties than those which confront you, arisen to presidency of the United States. Thousands in other spheres have overcome the same difficulties, and have arisen to places of great usefulness and honor in the less public places of life. *You can do the same.*

Many of our brightest and best boys and young men are being ruined by going to early into what is called business. They and sometimes their parents, feel complimented that they are called at the age of 15 or 16 years to take places of responsibility in the store, the shop the office; but you reflect that he who is a bright office boy at 15 is more than likely to be only an office boy at 50, the compliments vanish and the serious results begin to appear. This is true, because as a rule young men must be educated at from 15 to 21 years of age. Any argument in business takes away a taste for the drill work necessary to a thorough education. The right time for this education process having passed, it can never be recalled; and thus the young by one fatal mistake, has bound his life lowewer plane.

There are many young men who fail for lack of higher standard. They seek only a fair academic training, and then go off for a few months to a so-called "business school," and get there a little technical training in in type-writing, stenography, book-keeping, special engineering, and the like, and think that they are prepared for life. They seek a "bread and butter" education, and they will probably find it; but they will also find when it is too late, that they have prepared themselves for being only the servants and followers of other men, instead of their leaders.

These stores, farms, offices, and business schools are bringing up our seed corn to satisfy the hunger of avarice. In this whole matter of securing an education you must beware of indifferences and delay. Think upon the matter. Look at the advantages of the one course and the disadvantages of the other. *Do not delay.* A failure to start at the right time often results in a failure to go at all. Putting off till next fall what you ought to begin this fall may prevent you, as it has thousands of others, from ever becoming educated.

In this regard, as in all others, aim high. Do not be contented to be half a man. Develop to the fullness the talents which God has conferred upon you. The day in which you live demands thoroughly educated men as none before it has ever done. It must have them; it will have them. Will you be one of them? or will you, from fear of the work it requires, slink into the rear, and ignobly yield the palm to who are no more capable than yourself?—James Atkins in Nashville Advocate.

The young king of Servia is one of the best educated boys in the country, and at 15 years old is admitted a marvel in mathematics.

Sight Singing.

There are very few professional music teachers in our country who do not know the absolute importance of correct technique, and who do not insist upon their pupils acquiring the "touch legato" at the very commencement of the study of the piano. We are also very fortunate in having few professional teachers of voice culture who are unacquainted with the rudimentary principles of correct singing, such as "steady breath pressure," "position of the mouth and tongue," etc. This is certainly a very promising state of affairs for a new country like our own, which is at present in its musical childhood. But we are fearful, that in our nineteenth century ambitious haste to reach the maturity of musical manhood, many of our professional teachers are sadly negligent of that all important and necessary accomplishment of playing and singing at sight. Certainly we would not consider a person to be a "luminous fountain of light" in the literary world, who was unable to read and write with comparative ease his or her own native language. Neither should we consider that person to be a cultivated music teacher, or a promising music pupil, who could not "tell the tune" of a popular ballad or a church choral without the aid of the organ or piano.

Not many months ago, we presented a very simple song to a voice teacher of reputation, in the city in which she resided. Upon looking at the piece she said:

"The words are perfectly lovely. But, tell me, is the tune as pretty as the words?"

We asked "can't you tell from the score?"

"Oh! no!" she replied, "Not until I play it over upon the piano."

A young lady a graduate of one of the best known music schools of our land, with a diploma signed by every member of the faculty, certifying to her ability to give musical instruction to pupils of every grade, was recently offered a position in a southern college, where she was required to teach sight singing to a large class of pupils. Before going to her field of labor she interviewed a musical friend, and ask him to give her some instructions, confessing that she did not know how to teach pupils to "sing by note."

These are not isolated instances; many more could be given to prove what is well known to eminent chorus directors, that comparatively very few of our singers can sing from a core, unavoided by the orchestra or some industrial assistance.

One cause of this unpardonable neglect of a very important branch of musical instruction, by music teachers of high reputation, for teaching anything that the "Hoi Polloi" can really understand and appreciate. Another cause is that many teachers are afraid of sight singing, becuse there are so many different systems of teaching it. One prefers the "movable do" another laugh the "immovable do" to scorn, and prefers the "fixed do," while esthetic (as was said of Ben Adhem of old, "may his tribe increase,") dotes upon the "tonic sol fa system." Our editorial opinion is that it is of major importance that music pupils be taught sight singing, and of minor importance what system is used in accomplishing this result.

Let the teacher adapt himself and his teaching to the best capabilities of the pupil. Our forefathers learned to read by first learning their "A B C's," our children are now taught to read by the "word method," and it is still a mooted question among educators, which is the better method. So let each teach us the system he or she has formed by experience to be best adapted to improve their pupils in the all-important, but much neglect accomplishment of singing at sight.—F. L. BRISTOW.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassell, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in strength and flesh. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sore's on his leg, doctor said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Kluttz & Co druggists.

Stranger—Digging a grave, eh? Do people die often in this village?

Sexton—No, boss; dey nebber dies but once.—Munsey's Weekly.

TO THE LADIES.

There are thousands of ladies throughout the country whose systems are poisoned, and whose blood is in an impure condition from the absorption of impure matter, due to the menstrual irregularities. This class are peculiarly benefitted by the wonderful tonic and blood-cleansing properties of Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium—P. P. P. Coses and blooding health take the place of the sickly pale, the lost color and the general wreck of the system. P. P. P. is the cure—be sure to get it at once.

CURE YOUR CORNS

By using Abbott's East Indian Corn Paint. For Corns, Bunions and Warts it is great.

MALARIA.

This disease yields quickly to the wonderful powers of P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium). People living in malarious countries should never be without P. P. P. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

That's No Way.

We clip the following from the Charlotte News:

Concerning Col. Polk, a Raleigh correspondent says: "A great many people have been asking: Who is this man who is the official representative of four-fifths of the farmers of the United States? Raleigh has known him since he was a boy, and Raleigh answers readily, Republicans as well as Democrats: Until five or six years ago he was a failure; then he became a man of destiny. He failed as a farmer, he failed as a soldier, he failed as a legislator, he failed as a State officer, he failed as a land agent, and he went to mash as a manufacturer of a patent medicine. His worse failure was as a farmer, as the other farmers of the country have risen en masse and put him at their head as an awful example, so that the legislators who love their country may take warning and pass the sub-treasury bill."

Heaping abuse or ridicule upon Col. Polk does no good for any one. In fact, this personal abuse business has gone to seed. All parties are becoming guilty of mud slinging. The situation is really a serious one, and it deserves the soberest and calmest study of the brainiest men of the age; and it must, from the very seriousness of the situation, be discussed in a conservative manner free of personalities and bitter invectives.

The Standard does not seek to deny the above, but it does say that the article is a thrust and a ridicule hurled at a movement that is not only gigantic but serious.

Any fair-minded man must know and admit that the vast majority of the human family have grievances, and that hardships are encountered that are peculiarly galling. We cannot say that these grievances have had their origin in pure laziness or the total want of sense. That would be a simple lie of the blackest hue.

Col. Polk may have failed in all the cases mentioned—of this we do not know—but can you not sit down right here at home and count on your fingers men who have been teetotal failures, and yet in that crowd you find men who are the victims of circumstances notwithstanding the fact that they were honest, active, energetic, and in their own way did a work of incalculable value to the community, church and State, yet so far as they are concerned they fell bankrupts by the way?

Have they done no good? Success and usefulness must not be measured by dollars and cents alone—an idiot can do that much; a miserable, dirty miser can heap up dollars and cents and be a curse to the community and an eye-sore to civilization.

To return; those who bitterly oppose the Alliance in all its features can not do their side any good by heaping abuse upon its leaders. They may be wrong, and they may even be bad men, but if principles are involved they live though temporary leaders totter, fall and perish.

The Grange sprang up, grew rapidly and then died. It died because of the lack of well-defined purposes, lack of individuality and principally because desining politicians and men who did not know a plow-point from a hoe-handle sought to tell the honest old farmer how to raise clover, cotton, wheat and oats. This distinguished him and he quit—we saw that.

The Alliance is one thousand times stronger than the Grange; it has individuality about it. It may fall—it may go asunder—and its failure was predicted for this year and its death is announced for 1892, &c., &c., as different prophets record their prophecies upon the dial-plates of these stormy times.

Yes, the Alliance may go to pieces, but, fellow-citizens, there are grievances—they are not yet healed. There are hardships that hang heavily upon nineteen-twentieths of the people, be they town or rural people. They are with us with a vengeance. A solution must be had, because ripeness demands it. If this mighty and gigantic movement fails with words and ballots to correct the existing evils and to remove the causes for grievances, do you think the matter will dry up? Not a bit of it. It is too wide, too long, too deep and too old to hush up that way. A revolution more bitter than words and more serious than ballots will come.

The question, if this be true, should not be ridiculed, and their espousers should not be personally attacked; but common humanity should unite to work together to correct evils and avert anything more serious.—Concord Standard.

Takes 1000 people to buy Dr. Sage's Catarrh remedy, at 50 cents a bottle, to make $500. One failure to cure would take the profit from 4000 sales. Its makers profess to cure "cold in head," and even chronic catarrh, and if they fail they pay $500 for their over-confidence—

Not in newspaper words but in hard cash! Think of what confidence it takes to put that in the papers—and mean it. Its makers believe in the remedy. Isn't it worth a trial? Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

After all, the mild agencies are the best. Perhaps they work more slowly, but they work more surely. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an active agency, but quiet and mild. They're sugar-coated, easy to take, never shock nor derange the system and half their power is the mild way in which the work is done. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose. Twenty-five cents a vial. Of all druggists.