The Carolina Watchman.

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CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"**Castoria** is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

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Watch It!

This space belongs to W. H. Reisner. Watch it.

E. M. ANDREWS,

Carries the Largest Stock of

Furniture, Pianos and Organs

To be Found in the State.

BABY - CARRIAGES - AND - TRYCICLES.

I Buy in Large Quantities Direct from Factories and Will Give Low Prices.

Write for Catalogue and Prices.

Goods Exchanged if not Satisfactory.

E. M. ANDREWS, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Mention the Watchman when you write.

COAL! COAL! KEEP KOMFORTABLE.

Having greatly increased my facilities for handling and storing COAL the coming season, I would now again respectfully solicit any and all orders entrusted to me, promising to furnish you promptly with what coal you may want at the lowest market price. In order to obtain advantage of the lowest summer prices, you should at once send me your orders. Remember that I handle only the best grades of screened Coal, including the Red Ash, suitable for grates, stoves, heaters, &c.

Also keep on hand at all times the finest grade of blacksmith coal.

J. ALLEN BROWN.

STATESVILLE MARBLE WORKS

Is the Place to Get Monuments, Tombstones, &c.

A large stock of VERMONT MARBLE to arrive in a few days I guarantee satisfaction in every respect and positively will not be undersold.

Granite Monuments

Of all kinds a specialty

C. B. WEBB, PROPRIETOR.

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Mention the Watchman when you write.

The Fair at Salisbury.

The Fair of Rowan was noble indeed.
The kind the Farmers' Alliance did need,
To show their fine cattle, hogs, horses and sheep,
And a sample of crops they largely do reap.

They here did combine to make a good show
That they by their fruits the people may know;
To show how Rowan so richly can shine
With everything needful and everything fine.

The skillful housewives here happy did come
To show the fine things they have at their home.
Their cakes, their jellies and the fruit in their jars,
And their fine, fancy buscuits did shine with the stars.

The young ladies, too, had something to show
As well as sweet faces all mortals do know.
The greatest attraction, we think, was their face
And the many fine things their persons to grace.

Here came the old soldiers who fought in the war,
Who to his stern duty did stick like a tar.
A very good dinner we happy did share,
We had plenty to eat of the finest of fare.

To the Farmers' Alliance we thankful should be
For such a good dinner and a fair ticket free.
May success attend them in their efforts to bless
And crush down the power that would them oppress.

Some very fine speakers we had there on hand
To address the good farmers who now till the land;
A good time is coming they plainly can see
When our country from trusts and tyrants will be free.

Here many fine things each day we did view,
In every department we saw something new;
In every arrangement much beauty we find,
That demonstrates clearly the beauties of mind.

From Davidson came the fine Pilgrim Band,
And played all the pieces that sounded quite grand:
Like a band of good angels despoiled of their wings
Had come to the fair to see its fine things.

To sum up the fair, it was a success.
And the views of the many we know we express.
To officers, patrons and good people all,
May your grand exhibition be greater next fall.

S. L. DIXON.

Wanted—A Good Eater.

The advertisement read: "Wanted—Four young ladies. Must be fine looking and of engaging manners." I went. The establishment was an eating saloon. Over its door glaring fat letters of gold informed me and all passers by that it was a "Restaurant for Ladies and Gentlemen." Everything in it was brand new and quite tasteless—gaudy. A shiny, veneered partition to one side had another gold lettered sign glued to it, "Cash Department." Under this sign was a little window set upon a marble slab, and in the little window the face and shoulders of a man. The face was very red, very, wrinkled and very fierce. The head to which the face belonged was very small, with scanty stiff black hair on end all over it. The shoulders upon which the head was set had a pigeon breasted trunk between them and were very narrow and very sloping.

As I came in the man put his little head out of his little window and looked eagerly and fiercely at me. I walked up to his window and told him why I had came. He could see but the upper part of me.

"Stand back," he said. I did so and he looked me over.

"I want girls," he said; "but—can you eat?"

His question surprised me. Most girls can. I could. Just then I was very hungry. I was embarrassed, not by my ability to eat, but by his question. I hesitated.

"Can you eat—much?" Very fierce, indeed, did he look as he repeated and amended his question.

"Am I to eat here, sir?" I asked tremblingly.

"Eat? Of course!" said he.

Now, I did not understand whether he wanted me to scrub the floors, wash the dishes, take the money or what, but I did understand, I thought, that he was speculating (with a view to economy) upon my ability and inclination to devour much or to live upon nothing. So, always truthful as I am, I answered, "I am a very small eater, sir."

"Won't do!" said he.

"Sir?" said I.

"Won't do! Don't suit!"

I was sorely disappointed. Tears came to my eyes. My eyelids and my lips, too, trembled.

"Don't cry—in here!" he said fiercely. "Don't cry! Sorry—very sorry can't help it—don't suit—won't do!"

"Is my appearence not what you desire, sir?" I ventured to ask.

"Look well—you're a beauty—very sorry—can't engage you.

Although I was somewhat doubtful of my rank as a beauty, I knew myself to be a passibly good looking girl, and I readily forgave him his exaggeration; especially as I did not understand my beauty to be a bar to my engagement.

"My manners, sir," I said, "are good—engaging. If you could see me wait at table, say for one day, if that is what you want help for"——

"Wait at table—nothing! Got waiters—lots! Don't suit—won't do!"

"You doubt my ability to please? You judge of my usefulness or my manners without having had opportunity"——

"No, no, no! Manners charming! But you don't suit—won't do!"

Queer, I thought. You're a beauty! Manners charming! Don't suit and wont do. Why? Wherefore? Curiosity, as well as want, stimulated me to ask the fierce little man: "Why don't I suit you, sir?"

Then, fiercer than ever, he said: "Don't bother—any more! Small eater—don't suit—won't do!" And he slammed a book upon his marble slab and moved away from his little window—to get rid of me.

I reflected that it might have been well for me to have asserted that I did not eat at all, but I was bright enough, even in that moment of disappointment and vexation, to appreciate that he would not have credited the statement. Then I was outraged by his assumption that I must be a glutton simply because of my claim to temperance and moderation in eating. Angered by this and by his unreasonable rebuffs, knowing he would hear me behind his gaudy partition, I said while moving toward the door: "What meanness! If I had opportunity I would eat you out of a house and home."

"Hey? What's 'at?" he yelled, as he bounced back into his little window and stuck his fierce little head through it at me. "What's 'at? Eat house and home? Hey? Hey? He looked so alarmingly fierce that, in fear that he might eat me, my progress to the door—and out—was very much accelerated.

But before I knew it he was at my side, on the adjoining sidewalk. He seized my hand, and half pulled, half coaxed me back again: "Come girl! Please, girl—come in—come back—please, girl!"

In no time, before I could think or prevent it, he had me back into his place, and closed the door and had planted himself against it.

"House and home—you said, you—eat some one—out of? Did you? Didn't you? Hey? Hey? His fierceness seemed transformed to a triumphant intensity as he spoke and guarded the door against my escape.

When I could gather a sufficiency of my scattered wits together to do it, I replied defiantly: "I would! I said I would if you employed me!"

"Hey? Hey? You would? You would?"

"Yes, I would, I would!" Angrily and defiantly I said it.

Then he darted toward me: "I'll take you! You're engaged! D'ye Hear? Hey? Hey?"

I was perplexed—stupefied. In my consternation I made a feeble effort to think or reason, out of the inscrutable, how my vicious promise to eat him out of house and home could determine this benign effect, my engagement. But the effort was vain. In my deranged condition I could only nod with my head. I accomplished that.

"Good! Good! All right! You're engaged! But, say, you lied; said you're a small eater. You did lie—did you?—didn't you?—hey? hey?"

"Oh," I answered, when I could catch my breath, "that was a joke."

"Joke? No joking in business. Business is business."

"Yes sir," I said, "that is a maxim I have heard before, somewhere; and I shall not again forget it." Then in a doubtful voice, already on the instant to recall it, for I was by means certain that I understood him, I added, "I will eat all you want me fo."

"You will? Good! good! All I want—hey? hey?"

"I will," I answered placidly, for I was reassured.

"Good! good! You're engaged!" Then making another dart at me and ramming his hands deeply into his pockets, he continued, "How much a week—hey? hey? How much?" After saying which he withdrew his hands with nothing in them.

"Now what, besides eating, do you desire that I should do, sir?" I asked.

"Do? Eat! Nothing else. Eat all day long, and deep into the night."

"No waiting on the tables, no dish washing, no cleaning or scrub—"

"Nonsense! No. Got people for that—easy. Blamed hard though—get good-looking girls to eat. Been fourteen here 'smorning, all small eaters. You're first one—big eater. You're engaged. Hey? hey? Are you?"

Now I began to have a glimmering of my importance. So animated, I asked: "How much do you pay, sir?"

"Pay you? Mind, you're engaged! pay you—four dollars per week. You are engaged, are you?"

"I am engaged to you, sir," I complacently replied, "if you will make it six."

"Too much. Can't do it. Four—"

I had moved toward the door. He bounded to it, and again put his back against it.

"Stop! stop!" he cried; "blamed hard. All right. Make it six."

"Six dollars a week, sir," I replied, "secures my services: to eat being my duty." Then, in view of the odd, the seeming fabulous nature of this bargain, my caution, of which I possess a stock, prompted me to add, "If paid weekly and in advance."

"Advance? All right. You're engaged."

"And when, sir, if you please, am I to begin?"

"Now! Sit here—this window—I'll ring. Waiter comes. You order. Here's a bill of fare. You eat. Go out. Walk around a block. Come in. Order. Eat again. Go out—come in. Eat—keep it up."

He touched a bell, waiter appeared, I order something and ate it. He—the fierce little proprietor of the restaurant—again retired behind his gaudy partition, and then his head and shoulders reappeared in the little window where they spent the day. During its course he, with my efficient aid, engaged (at four dollars a week and not paid in advance) three additional girls, who joined me in the arduous employment assigned me.

It was his plan to obtain customers for his restaurant; by demonstrating to the public that he did some business, he hoped to attract it and do more. He had opened the place just a week before I came, and had spent the week, as he afterwards informed me, in devoting the contents of his little head to the elaboration of a plan to possess himelf of the only thing in the restaurant—custom.

He kept us four coming in, eating and going out. He had a friend and confidant a couple of blocks away, with whom he left an assortment of hats and wraps. We went there and changed our appearance between "eats." He enforced this routine: It was eat, go out, change costume, come in, eat, go out—all day and evening. It was a brilliant scheme of intricate conception and of masterful execution, but for all that it failed of its purpose. The sheriff closed us up in four weeks.

I did as I pleased, pretty much, while it lasted; only he stipulated that I should allow no love making on the part of the waiters. And I never did. But he made love to me, and I allowed that; for, in spite of his fierceness, he was dear, soft-hearted little fellow, who obliged and favored me in all I asked of him.

And that is how I—at least helped—eat a man out of house and home.—J. C. Lavaliere in Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Pitiful Appeal for Help.

The New York World received the following communication a few days ago:

A LOST CHILD.

I am trying to find my father. I am told that his name is James E. Bailey. I have no recollection of him, nor do I remember that I ever looked upon the face of a relative. My mother died fifteen years ago in Boone county, Ia., when I was only a year old.

Shortly after mother's death I was adopted by a neighbor named Morgan. When I was about eight years old we removed to Nebraska, and at this time father seems to have lost trace of me. I understand that he endeavored to find me, but was basely led, by an interested party, to believe that I had died. I have only recently learned that the Morgans were not my parents. I am passing my days among strangers. They are nothing to me; I am nothing to them.

The thought makes me homesick and lonely and sad. I believe my own dear father is living somewhere in this wide, wide world, and, if he is I mean to find him. You can assist me, if you will; but I can offer you no reward at present except my gratitude and my blessing.

If you are unable to give me any information regarding my father, please help me to publish and circulate this notice and oblige.

Sincerely yours,
RETTA BAILEY.

San Bernardino, Cal.
(Papers please copy.)

The Cat and the Fox.

The cat and the fox were taking a social stroll together in the forest one day, discussing the traffic in domestic furs, the probability of a financial panic as predicted by George Francis Train, a possible social uprising, etc., when the fox said: "Let whatever may happen, I am all right. I've got a thousand foxy tricks away for any emergency."

The cat pulled out a whisker, meditatively picking her teeth with it; then after a pause she remarked: "Well, they would get me sure, for I have only one trick to rely upon for safety should they get after me."

"Sorry for you," said the Fox: "I would really like to teach you one or two of mine, but every one for himself now, you know."

Just at that moment a pack of hounds, who believed in a division of property, came up on a full cry. The cat made use of her single trick and ran up a tree quicker than a lightning calculator could run up a column of figures; but the fox, hesitating which of his 1,000 tricks he would employ, was overtaken and a division made of his effects immediately.

MORAL.—Subscribe to the CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, 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 flesh and strength. 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 sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Klutz & Co., druggists.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Country Highways.

There is no other one factor of equal importance to the farming interest and so completely within its control, as the condition of the public highways in rural districts. The state of the country roads throughout the United States, as a whole, is far below what it would be, were some considerable portion of the energy wasted in other directions exerted for their betterment. Just as a great many people are deeply interested in the salvation of the far away heathen, and, who suffer the needy and worthy poor at their doors to live and die in utter neglect, so farmers' organs and farmers' speechmakers spend much valuable lung power in discussing their oppressions by the moneyed classes and other evils, which are much less strongly felt than the grip of a vile roadway system. The heathen, both abroad and at home, need salvation, and the farmer needs relief from whatsoever form of oppression bears down on him; the heaviest burdens however should not be the last to be considered.

Unfortunately, remarks the Ohio Vally Manufacturer, there is no politics in the question of good roads, so the farmer hears nothing at all upon the question of greatest importance to him. The cheapening of transportation from his farm to the rail road station would be infinitely more valuable to him.

The long haul from this inland station to the important centers of the grain trade is oftimes very expensive, but the shorter haul from his home to the railroad is infinitely more costly to him. In addition to cheapening the cost of transportation, good roads would free him from his present dependence on season, and enable him to quickly and easily transport his products to the market of whatever time his judgment told him was the most favorable to sell. As matters now stand, the farmer is unable to reach his market at the most favorable seasons and has to buy his produce at a time when somebody else buys it to hold it for a rise in the price, and it often happens that the buyer reaps more profit on his investment, than does the farmer for his arduous toil in growing the crop.

The farmers have long looked upon this dependence on the seasons as "the will of Providence," and any effort to improve the condition of the roads meets with indifference from the class in whose behalf such improvement would result. The considerable sums of money now spent on the country roads is almost always expended under the direction of men who absolutely ignorant of the first principles of scientific road building. The result is that very little that is of permanent value is accomplished and thus it goes from year to year. Road building is an art which has in all countries where there are good roads called for the employment of the best talent; indeed, the reputations of some of the most distinguished engineers, have been due to their success in the construction of permanent highways. No doubt, a knowledge of how to build roads is now quite general among engineers; but we are certain, from personal observation and experience, that it has not taken possession of the ordinary country pathmasters, who squander the taxes annually with the least advantage to the highways. Of course many of them have ability and intelligence, and would learn how to build a good road if they were to see one made; but we may be sure that no one will do it until he has learned how, either by experience or from example.—Southern Cultivator.

Fattening the Southern Hog.

Hogs intended for slaughter should now be fatted as rapidly as possible. They ought to be ready for the knife by the middle of November, for the latter part of November is our best hog killing period. The weather now is also very favorable for developing fat. It is cool and bracing enough to give appetite, and not cold enough to make it necessary for the animal to burn up a large percentage of its food to keep up its animal heat—as everyone knows it is hard to fatten animals in very cold weather. Sweet potatoes, peas, ground peas, chufas and sorghum should now be given to the hogs freely. Change of food and variety will give good appetite and promote digestion. Salt, ashes and powered charcoal mixed should be kept constantly within reach of the animals—a few doses of copperas and sulphur given at intervals will promote health, and so will a teaspoonful of turpentine to each hog given occasionally mixed with its food. Copperas and turpentine are especially called for if animals are wormy, which they are very apt to be. It is important that the food should be so arranged that no food matter can get mixed with it—and an abundance of pure drinking water is of first importance. Not only the health of the animal, but the flavor of its meat will be affected by cleanliness.—Southern Farm.

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. Klutz & Co.

Letter From a Veteran.

Mr. Editor:—I see that the 21st of this month has been set apart as Soldiers' Day. I regret very much that I cannot be with them as I was attached to Company F, 57th N. C. Regiment. On March 11th, 1864, we were at Kinston and thence near New Berne. We then marched back to Kinston and from there went to Petersburg, thence to Drury Bluff, and was in the fight at the last named place May 16th, '64. When the brigade started for the valley of Virginia I went to the hospital at Richmond, and had measles there. I got a furlough home and was absent from the army until about the first of September. I was with them at the fight at Winchester, September 19th, when a piece of shell struck me on the arm and I was several weeks without using my gun. On the 6th of February, 1865, I was captured by the enemy near Petersburg and was carried to Point Lookout and was kept there until the 25th of June, when I left for home.

Now, I often wonder how many of the 57th Regiment are still alive and going through these hard times as I am. We all thought we had hard times during the war, but now I will ask the old soldier if he can't see that was just the beginning of hard times. And if we old soldiers could have seen then, as we see now, that roguery and theft was the foundation of the whole war; then, had we poor soldiers of the South said to the North, you have done nothing to injure us, and the North had said the same to us, and would have gone [illegible] hands as we are doing [illegible] would have been fewer [illegible] and tramps, and many thousand lives saved. If we would [illegible] army, they wouldn't [illegible] greenback to contract [illegible] to demonetize to increase [illegible] and starvation on [illegible].

Now, to [illegible] soldiers, I hope that you can say to the North, we fought you four years and now we are with you, [illegible] what is for your good [illegible] if we pull together in [illegible] the independence our [illegible] fought for, and then we will [illegible] free people once more.

I write this [illegible] the Alliance seal, and I favor the [illegible] demands all the way thro[illegible].

[illegible]
[illegible] BURTON.

Bethania, N. C. [illegible]

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at Klutz's Drug Store. Large size 50 cents and $1.00.

Oddities and singularities of behavior may attend genius; but when they do, they are its misfortunes and blemishes. The man of true genius will be ashamed of them, [illegible] will never effect to be distinguished by them.

The people at the World's Dispensary of Buffalo, N. Y., [illegible] a painstaking once once a year [illegible] they do? Count the thousands of bottles that have been returned by the men and women who say that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery or Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription didn't do what they said it would do.

And how many do you think they have to count? One in ten? *Not one in five hundred!*

Here are two remedies — one the "Golden Medical Discovery," for regulating and invigorating the liver and purifying the blood; the other, the hope of weakly womanhood; they've been sold by the million bottles; sold under a *positive guarantee*, and not one in five hundred can say: "It was not the medicine for me!" And—is there any reason why you should be the one? And—supposing you are, what do you lose? *Absolutely nothing!*

The New York Times estimates that the aggregate capital represented by the various "trusts" in the United States amounts to more than $[illegible] or more than [illegible] of the entire manufacturing capital.

SAVANNAH, GA., [illegible]

[illegible]

E. G. [illegible]

[illegible]

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.