State Library

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XXIII--THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1891. NO. 7.

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.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Watch It!

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

J. W. BOSTIAN,

SOLE AGENT FOR

THOMPSON'S GLOVE-FITTING CORSETS.

JUST RECEIVED, a full line of Ladies'

CLOAKS!

Second stock of Fall and Winter Dress Goods is just in. A full line of Ladies' and Gents'

UNDERWEAR!

Don't fail to see my Stock.

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.

26.17t

Mention the Watchman when you write.

For the WATCHMAN.

O TELL ME.

O tell me, my fellow man,
Is there a land that's bright and fair,
With birds and flowers and sunny bowers,
And no vile politicians there?
The answer comes in tones so low—
"There's no land where they do not go."

O tell me, ye feathered songsters
That flit so gaily through the air,
Is there a land where I can stand
And no vile politicians be there?
The answer comes in a solemn tone—
"Poor mortal man, we know of none."

O tell me, ye little flowers
That bloom in the summer sun,
Is there a place where I can rest
And no vile politician come?
Back comes the answer very low—
"There's no land where they do not go."

O tell me ye winged winds
That round my cottage blow,
Can you tell me of a land
Where vile politicians do not go?
The answer comes in tones of love—
"There's none, we believe, in Heaven above."

Orinoco, N. C. —CHAS. B. DAVIS.

WAS HE A WOMAN HATER?

"Why, yes, you may introduce me some time; but remember, old fellow, I am not down here for anything but a holiday, and that implies fishing, rowing, tramping—not helping some girl over the rocks, dancing, tennis and dawdling, even with your pretty cousin. You know I left flirtations when I left college."

Having thus delivered himself, Robert Warren waited for his friend, Jack Manning, to assure him for the twentieth time that his cousin, Lucia, was a girl of common sense; not a coquette, but a cultivated, intelligent——

Robert interrupted.

"Neither do I care to talk philosophy, poetry, or the origin of species with an intellectual Boston maid?"

Jack turned away to smile, while Jack went on:

"I know them all. Girls can be classed in two divisions—one, all for men, the other for something else, because they cannot get men."

"That's enough," interrupted Jack. "Lucia will have plenty of attention without demanding any of you." And the two young men strolled off the veranda.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, the object of these remarks was sitting behind the closed blinds of a window directly behind the young men, so she could not help hearing what her cousin and his friend had said.

Robert's sentiments were not new to her; so, instead of being annoyed, she only smiled, and her eyes shone with sudden mischief.

Jack had talked with her about Robert Warren since they were chums together at Harvard. She knew more of his record as an athlete and a sociciety man there than a scholar, though since that his honors at a German university were enough to satisfy any demands, and his first year at practicing law was most brilliant.

She knew that since his graduation from Harvard he had inherited a fortune that he had never dreamed would be his, and that before this he had been more deeply in love with a girl than he would acknowledge; she had thrown him over for a rich fellow and had always regretted it.

Lucia knew that Robert was handsome (she had seen his picture), and now she had heard his deep, low, rich voice. She also knew that he had been plotted for by many a match-making mamma, as well as by willing daughters. This only made him withdraw more surely from society and devote himself to his law, his rod and his gun.

Now it was August, and he had come to spend a month with his old chum, who was with various relatives at one of the large hotels on one of the loveliest of the Maine islands.

When Robert came in to dinner with Jack, an hour later, he was surprised to see that Lucia was so young and so really beautiful.

He had made up his mind that he would meet a tall, dark, self-possessed society young woman of about twenty-four, while the girl he now met was very fair, petite, with fluffy yellow hair, childlike blue eyes, dimpled cheeks and a mischievous, smiling mouth. She appeared about eighteen; in fact, she was twenty-two.

Robert felt a little piqued that she did not seem to notice him in the least after her cordial little bow and "I am very glad to meet you," but chatted away in a merry way to a young fellow sitting next to her.

Most young women would have looked at him, Robert reflected; yet he tried to make himself think he was very glad that this one would give him so little trouble.

That night there was a hop at the hotel, and as he came in from the piazza he met Lucia as she came down stairs with her mother and this same young fellow whom he had seen at at dinner and who had been presented to him as Mr. Perkins.

Lucia was radiant. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were shining. She was very simply dressed in white tulle that floated around her like a cloud. She carried pink roses, and Robert was aware of their faint perfume as she passed him.

He turned to look after her. How gracefully she walked! How charming her neck rose from her shoulders, and how sunny was her beautiful hair!

Robert turned and walked back to the corner of the piazza that he had just left and watched the dance. The large dining room had been cleared for the dance, and a few couples were circling over the shining floor to the music of one of Strauss' waltzes. The music brought back memories of that last class day dance, when he was waltzing with the girl he thought he loved, but who, thank fortune, he was well rid of, and who was now trying to win him back.

He saw Lucia as she floated by in young Perkins' arms. How different was her face from that other one's! Bah! His life was not to be concerned with any more pretty faces, no matter how innocent and true they looked. His dancing days were over, too. So he flung away his cigar and went to his room. The next week was spent as he first wished—in rowing, fishing and hunting. Whenever he was at the hotel he saw Lucia surrounded by admirers, but it was Perkins who seemed to be favored by her smiles. She was cordial to Robert but never seemed to take the slightest interest in him.

One evening Robert walked to the cliff about sunset for the beautiful sea view. As he went to take a seat behind a pile of stone, to his surprise he found Lucia there. His step startled her and she hastily arose to her feet.

"Do not let me intrude," he stammered, and started to go back.

She insisted that he should stay, and before he knew it the were talking together like old friends. Then they walked home by moonlight.

Robert could never forget her beauty. She wore some light, fleecy scarf about her shoulders, one end of which was carelessly caught upon her hair.

When they reached the hotel Jack met them saying:

"I have great news for you. Perkins' brother has just anchored his yacht in the harbor, and starts Monday for a two weeks' cruise. He wants us to join his party. There will only be a half dozen—he, his two sisters, his brother, you, Robert, and Lucia, and mother to matronize us."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Lucia. "Of course I should like nothing better than to go."

"And you, Robert?" questioned Jack.

"Thank you. As your guest I shall be pleased to go," he replied, but there was no warmth in his tone. To tell the truth, he was thinking what a fine opportunity this was for Perkins to monopolize Lucia. Probably they would become engaged, he thought bitterly.

He saw no more of her during the next day than before. She seemed necessary to so many people's happiness and requisite for the success of gayety at the hotel. She was so simple and unaffected, so merry and happy, that her presence always brought sunshine.

It was so on board the yacht. She was always on deck, and many a night took her guitar and sang to them under the starlight.

The weather was unusually good, but there came at last a two-days storm; they had all stayed below, making candy, acting charades, playing games and singing. At last, when the waves were growing more furious and the wind raging more violently, some sudden impulse made Lucia look up to Robert and say with a smile:

"You are the best seaman here; take me on deck, please."

There was a general protest at this, but she carried her point. After being much tossed about they reached the deck and attempted to walk up and down.

"You will have to cling close," he said, drawing her hand through his arm.

The waves were like mountains, the rain beat against them and the wind blew almost a hurricane. The color glowed in Lucia's cheeks, her eyes shone with unusual brightness.

"Oh, how sublime!" she exclaimed. "I could live on the ocean; yet it is terrible, after all," and she shuddered a little.

A sudden lurch of the boat threw her from him and she would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms. Her silky hair brushed his cheek, and he felt his heart beating against his breast so that it seemed as if she must feel it.

"This is a something of a gale," she laughed, as, womanlike, she first recovered self possession.

They soon went below, for the storm raged more furiously. Robert saw a strange expression in Perkins' eyes, but he was conscious of a wonderful elation, and could still feel the magic of the sweep of those silken locks across his lips.

The next morning dawned clear and fair, with no hint of the previous storm except the wonderful blue of the sky and the blue green of the sea.

Lucia was pacing up and down the deck with Perkins when Robert came up; then she went below to finish her packing, for this was the last day. They were only a few hours from the harbor now.

When she appeared again she went aft and leaned against the rail, looking back over the ocean. Robert joined her there.

"Are you sorry that this is our last day?" she queried.

"It has been delightful to me," he answered, then stopped, fearing to trust himself to say more.

As usual there was a call for Lucia and Robert had only time to ask for a waltz for that evening.

His vacation was over. The next day he was to return to New York and law. He could not understand his interest (he did not call it love yet) in Lucia.

She was surprised to find him so good a partner, and they waltzed and waltzed until the music stopped; then he begged her to go out on the piazza. He drew her lace wrap about her fair shoulders, and it thrilled him to see how beautiful she was.

They had hardly reached the piazza when the orchestra began playing, and Mr. Perkins came to claim her for the dance.

Robert sat in the shadow and watched them through the window. When the dance was over they came out and walked by him. They were talking low and earnestly, and as they stopped where the light from the door shone brightest Robert saw Lucia bend to look at a ring.

He rose as they went, like one dazed. It was nothing more than he had expected, yet it came like a cruel blow.

He met Lucia as she was crossing the threshold.

"I have come to finish our promenade," she said, smiling.

He felt like cursing her for her coquetry, but there was nothing for him him to do but offer his arm. This he did with much formality. After vainly trying to coax him to talk, she said:

"Now that our party is so soon to be broken up, I will tell you of an engagement that will be announced to-morrow."

"Indeed?" he said, dryly, nerving himself for the news.

"Yes; Mr. Perkins——"

"I imagine as much," he interrupted.

She looked at him in amazement.

"Do you know Marion?" she asked.

Then he looked at her in bewilderment, and repeated inquiringly, "Marion?"

"Yes; my cousin, Marion. They have been lovers for years, but aunty did not wish the engagement to really take place until she was out of school. He goes to see her to-morrow."

"Is little Marion grown up?" he asked; then lost interest in the two and led Lucia to a settee in the shadow.

"And you are not in love with Perkins?"

A new light stole over her face. Then she broke into a hearty laugh.

"I love him as I ought my cousin's fiance," she replied. "Is it possible you though"—but she turned away her face to hide her smiles.

Robert's theories and cynicism were evidently at sea where the yacht they left that afternoon lay anchored.

"Lucia! Lucia!" he cried, clasping her in his arms, "I love you so! Tell me it is not all in vain."

One of her arms stole around his neck, and she buried her face in his breast as she whispered:

"I think I fell in love with your picture years ago, when Jack brought it from Harvard."

"Then why did you treat me so?" he asked reprovingly.

"Because I thought you were a woman hater."

"Am I?" he asked.

Mrs. Million's Ride.

When Mrs. Million goes to ride she travels forth in state,
Her horses, full of fire and pride, go prancing from the gate;
But all the beauties of the day she views with languid eye,
Her flesh in weakness wastes away, her voice is but a sigh.

For Mrs. Million is in an advanced stage of catarrh, and all the luxuries that wealth can buy fail to give her comfort. She envies her rosy waiting-maid, and would give all her riches for that young woman's pure breath and blooming health. Now, if some true and disinterested friend would advise Mrs. Million of the wonderful merits of Dr. Sage's Catarrh remedy, she would learn that her case is not past help. $500 reward is offered by the manufacturers for a case of catarrh in the head which they cannot cure.

A new law in North Carolina makes it a crime to point a gun or pistol at anyone even in sport. John Boone, fourteen years old, was carried to the penitentiary from Onslow county, and gets five years for pointing a pistol at another boy. He thought it was only capped, not loaded, but it was discharged and the boy instantly killed.

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, Harrisbury, 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 of Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Kluttz & Co., druggists.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Salting the Birds to Catch Them.

As I was walking down one of the thoroughfares in Atlanta the other day two children were just in front of me going rather slowly for children to walk. They were too busy talking to quicken their pace, for the subject was evidently one of deep interest to them. Now, I love children, love them with my whole heart and I never see one but I am instinctively drawn toward it, and on this occasion these little folks elicited my attention and I caught myself bending my ear to listen to their conversation.

"Yes," said the little boy, "I know you can catch birds with a trap and net, but then there is an easier way than that to catch them."

"Oh, I know there is!" replied the little flaxen-haired girl with the voice of assurance and manner of a philosopher, "If you will only put a little salt on their tail you can catch any of them."

"Yes, that is so, I have heard lots of grown-up people say so, and I know you can catch them that way, but somehow I never can get the salt on their tail. I almost got some on a bird once, but just as I was about to drop it on it flew off. But I know they can be caught that way."

"I am going to catch a whole flock of them I know very soon. Just a little salt on their tails will do, I'm sure.

They turned the corner and I lost sight of these dear little creatures who carried with them that implicit faith and confidsnce peculiar to children, and which we, in after life, would give worlds to possess, and yet can command so small a part.

These dear little creatures awoke a train of reflection in my mind, and I thought after all life is an allegory, and thinking analogies meet us on every hand. Are not these birds but the representatives of fortune or success? We, children, are vainly waiting to catch it by some strategy or vain instigation. We are waiting for the bird to alight and pick around leisurely till we get the salt or some prestige or favor to put on its tail when we will be sure to capture it, instead of going to work in earnest to build our trap or weave our net, and by purely mechanical effort and commonplace labor secure the prize. Don't wait for the bird to alight and sit quietly upon its perch till you, with some incantation or salt superstition, secure the coveted prize. Success comes to the vigilant, the energetic, and it must be taken at its flood, or captured on the wing. It waits for no favorites and never pauses long enough for the idle watcher to sprinkle salt upon its tail. We must be up and doing, ever on the alert, if we would be the fortunate captor. For while we are waiting to secure it by strategy or some easy method, away it has flown and left us like disappointed children, standing aghast with the useless salt in our hands.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart that's brave and pure,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor—then secure.
—*Southern Alliance Farmer.*

LEMON ELIXIR.

A Pleasant Lemon Drink.

For Billousness, Constipation and Malaria, take Lemon Elixir.

For Indigestion, Sick and Nervous Headache, take Lemon Elixir.

For Sleeplessness, Nervousness and Heartfailure, take Lemon Elixir.

For Fevers, Chills and Debility, take Lemon Elixir.

Ladies, for natural and thorough organic regulation, take Lemon Elixir.

Dr. Mozley's Lemon Elixir will not fail you in any of the above named diseases, all of which rise from a torpid or diseased liver, stomach, kidneys or bowels.

Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga. 50c, and $1 bottles at druggists.

LEMON HOT DROPS

Cures all Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage and all throat and lung diseases.

An elegant and reliable preparation. 25 cents at druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga.

What the Commission is Doing.

The Railroad Commission recently issued the following circular, No. 13:

"Whenever any passenger train on any railroad in the State shall be more than thirty minutes behind its schedule time, it shall be the duty of said railroad company to bulletin and to keep posted at any telegraph station along its line, and other stations, if possible, the time such train is behind its schedule time, and, as near as can be approximated, the time of its arrival.

"Whenever there is any break or obstruction on any railroad in the State, thereby causing delay to any passenger train, it shall be the duty of said road to have the same bulletined at all stations at and between the said passenger train and the place so obstructed, and it shall be the duty of the conductor to notify the passengers in the cars before leaving the station and of the delay probably resulting."

This circular went into effect immediately.

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.

"An Axe to Grind."

The story I am going to relate is not a parallel of what happened to that grand old statesman Benjamin Franklin; but it is equally true and contains a great lesson. It was told to me when I was too young to fully appreciate its significance. But as time roiled on and I became of an age when I had to shift for myself, an accident recalled this story to my mind, and I need scarcely add that my condition made the truth the story is intended to convey all the more clear. The story is to the effect that a woodsman while going to his work passed near where a young man was engaged in the same line of work. The young man was working in a very industrious manner in his bare sleeves and the sweat was streaming down his face despite the fact that the weather was quite cold. But for all his energy he did not have much to show for his efforts—the result of a dull axe. As the elder came up to where the other was working, he stopped to chat a few minutes, during which the young man still continued his labor. Finally, the elder man asked why he did not quit work for half a day and grind his axe. The reply was that he could not afford to lose that much time. Whereupon the other removed his own axe from his shoulder, and handed it to the young man with the remark, "Try this one and see how easily you can make up for what time you would spend in grinding your own."

The lad took the axe, and a few moments sufficed to convince him that it would not pay to continue his task with a dull axe, and the result of course was that he took the advice offered and ground his axe. But somehow he could not banish the incident from his thoughts. Each day as he continued his labor the dull axe incident would crowd into his thoughts and set him to thinking earnestly, till finally the fact occurred to him that he had another "axe that needed grinding." He had left school in order to get to work and make a start in life, but the dull axe argument convinced him that he was beginning at the wrong place and that a dull education was worse than a dull axe to work with. So he resolved to grind his education, and right well did he carry out that resolve. He worked his way through college and to-day (if he is among the living), with title of "Prof." prefixed to his name, is helping others to grind his "educational axe."

It seems more than passing strange that so many people will deliberately throw away the opportunities open to them for improvement and sink into mental torpor, while others will battle against seemingly insurmountable obstacles and eventually reach the top round of the ladder.—*Prison Mirror.*

"Diddledy dad-gum the billy-be-hanged old thing!" vociferated Mr. Chugwater, tearing up another sheet of writing paper, throwing the fragments on the floor and stamping on them.

"The recording angel," said Mrs. Chugwater, reproachfully, "has written those words down, Josiah."

"Not if he's using a fountain pen like this one!" rejoined Josiah.

And he proceeded to give the recording angel another job.

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 Kluttz & Co's drug store. Large size 50c and $1.00.

"Your mother, I understand, has been very ill, Thomas."

"Yessir."

"Is she mending, Thomas?"

"Mendin'? No, indeed! She said I could go without clothes before she would sew another darned stitch."

Inflammatory Rheumatism cured by P. P. P. Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium cleanse the blood. We have been one of the leading druggists in this place for a last resort patient takes P. P. P. Scores with testimonials of certificates to this effect are in possession of the manufacturers, and will be shown on application.

LIFE, HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

APALACHICOLA, FLA., Feb. 17, 1889.

MESSRS. LIPPMAN BROS., SAVANNAH:

DEAR SIRS—I will write to you to inform you that I was afflicted with Blood Disease. I tried one bottle of * * * and it gave me no relief. I was in bed seven months. I tried prominent physicians, and they could not do me any good. I saw your advertisement of P. P. P. in the Apalachicola Times, and thought I would try it. The bottle I got to-night makes seven or eight, and, oh, how good I feel. I have been up ever since and at my business—lumber inspector. You may publish this if you desire. I have informed my friends that P. P. P. is life, health and strength.

M. P. BOLDEN.

P. P. P. is the greatest blood purifier of the age, the best of humor remedies, cures every disease and humor of the skin, scalp and blood, whether itching, burning, scaly pimples, scrofula or hereditary, when all other remedies fail.

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 motives 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, addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. NOYES, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.