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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.

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.

ASSIGNMENT SALE

—OF—

CLOTHING!

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, &c.,

STRICTLY AT NEW YORK COST.

The entire stock of H. & L. WRIGHT is now offered at cost. The goods must be sold. Come while the rush is on and be in time.

Times are hard and wearing apparel is cheap. Let everybody get him a suit.

LEE S. OVERMAN,
L. H. CLEMENT,
Assignees.

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.

Mention the Watchman when you write

LOUIE'S WANTS.

I want a horn for Christmas
That makes a lot of noise;
I want a drum,
And a top to hum,
And wagon loads of toys.

I want a sled with runners,
I want a chair that rocks;
I want a ball
The most of all,
And lots of building blocks.

I want a little table,
I want a pig that hollers,
A gun that shoots,
And rubber boots,
And a bank chuck full of dollars.

A want a bag of marbles,
I want a chest of tools;
A woolly goat,
A painted boat,
And a wagon hitched to mules.

I want a game of checkers,
I want a bell to ring;
A dog that barks,
And Noah's arks,
And, oh!—most everything!

—*Detroit Free Press.*

MARGARET'S LETTER.

James Oakley worked at his trade as carpenter in the same village, near the Hudson river, where he was born. His little cottage with the tall lilacs in front, and the kitchen garden in the rear, was a very dear place to him. His pleasant-faced, sunny-hearted wife kept the home always bright and tidy, and the three rosy children filled it with glee and laughter. Margaret, the oldest, was a sweet, loving girl; Dick was a sturdy, manly little fellow, and Robert was the darling of the house.

Mr. Oakley was a skillful mechanic and an industrious, God-fearing man; but times were dull for him in Smithville Center. There was little going on in the way of new building, and he often had to be absent from home for weeks together, while employed at some remote place.

After many earnest talks with his wife they decided to remove to the West, where new villages and cities were rapidly growing up. So they found a purchaser for the little cottage, and had an auction sale of the cow and horse and all the furniture except some heirlooms and some articles which they would not part with. Then, after bidding their neighbors good-by, they entered the cars and were whirled away to a new home in a flourishing town in Illinois.

It was early in spring. The rosebud bushes were bright in the thickets, and a thousand flowers, new and strange to the immigrants, painted the prairies. An air of bustling activity pervaded the town. Buildings were going up on every side, and Mr. Oakley soon found employment at better wages than he had ever received in his old home.

For a time everything went well with him and his family. His work was in constant demand, and if his thoughts ever turned with tender regret to the green hills which surrounded his former home, he had only to look at his rosy children and picture to himself the career which seemed open to them in the vigorous growing West.

Spring wore away into summer, and under the long and rainless heat the river which flowed past the town shrunk into its bed, leaving great stretches of slimy ooze festering in the fierce sunshine. Autumn came at length, with soft south winds laden with germs of disease. Robbie, the pet of the house, was stricken with a malarial fever. For long days and nights he lay in his crib, tossing and moaning, with flushed cheeks and heavy eyes. At length the crisis was passed, but recovery was slow; and while Robbie was still the mere shadow of the ruddy-cheeked little boy he had been, the fever seized upon his father. There were sorrowful times now in the little household. Mrs. Oakley watched day and night beside her husband and little boy, and helpful Margaret proved herself a treasure.

When the first brief, wintry days came Robbie was once more playing around the house, and his father, upon whom the fever had spent its force, could only sit, wan and pale, in his arm-chair. His little savings were rapidly melting away, and a long winter had only just begun. Christmas was near at hand, and who was to fill the children's stockings and make the day a merry one for them?

Margaret was a thoughtful little girl, and she pondered long over the matter. Two days before Christmas she got a postal card, and set down and wrote on it as follows:

"DEAR SANTA CLAUS:—We have moved since last Christmas, and I am afraid you won't know where to find us, so I write this. We live now at No. 36 East Fourth street. Papa and Robbie have been awfully sick, and papa isn't well yet. Please bring Robbie a ball and Dick a sled, and I would like a doll, for I lost mine when we moved. Good-by.

"MARGARET OAKLEY."

She wrote the name of Santa Claus on the other side of the postal card, and just then her mother called and directed her to go to the grocery for some things. So she took her basket and started, accompanied by Prince, the dog. As she passed the corner she dropped the card into a mail box which was fastened to a lamp post. All that day and the next Margaret went singing through the house, in the old light-hearted way she had shown so little since sickness had invaded the household.

Soon after the postal card was dropped into the box the postman came around and threw it, with a lot of other cards, letters and newspapers, into a bag, which he carried to the postoffice. There a clerk took the bag, poured the contents out on a table and began sorting them over. When he came to Margaret's little letter he laughed and showed it to Thomas Raymond, another clerk who was busily engaged at another table. Mr. Raymond read it through. The name Oakley attracted his attention. "What if it should be James Oakley, the friend of my boyhood?" he asked himself.

Christmas eve came, and Margaret, Dick and Robbie, with the unwavering faith of childhood, hung up their stockings, said their prayers around their mother's knee, and were soon tucked away in their little beds, dreaming of Christmas and Santa Claus. Mrs. Oakley, too feeble to sit up more than a few hours at a time, had already retired. Mrs. Oakley sat thinking sadly of the disappointment which seemed awaiting the children for the first times in their lives. Suddenly the doorbell rang, and as Mrs. Oakley opened the door, there stood an expressman and in the street a loaded wagon. From its depths he drew out a big fat turkey, a hand-sled and a heavy paper box wrapped up in thick paper. Having deposited the things in the hall, he hurried out to his wagon and drove away, leaving Mrs. Oakley greatly puzzled. Surely there must be some mistake, she thought. But no; the packages were all plainly marked: "James Oakley, No. 36 East Fourth street," and then on the sled was neatly painted: "Dick Oakley." In the paper box was a French doll with real hair and eyes that closed when she was laid down. A little card attached to it was marked, "Margaret." There was also a ball marked "Robbie," and such lots of candy and pretty things for all. The stockings were soon filled to the very tops, and the other things laid out on a table, where the children found them the next morning.

There was a joyful meeting around the breakfast table, but Mrs. Oakley's face wore a puzzled expression. Finally she asked: "Where could all those things have come from?"

"Why mamma," said Margaret, "Santa Claus sent them. I know he did, 'cause I wrote to him."

"You wrote to him?" said her mother.

"Yes, I wrote and told him where we lived."

This made the matter clear enough to the children, but only deepened the mystery for the father and mother.

In the afternoon, when full justice had been done to the turkey, Margaret sat holding her beautiful new doll. Dick was out drawing his sled through the streets, and Robbie was asleep, a summons came from the front door. As Mrs. Oakley went to answer it she found there a tall, bearded man, who inquired for Mr. Oakley. She let him in the little sitting room where her husband sat propped up with pillows in his arm chair. The caller went straight to him, seized his thin hand and asked "James, don't you know your old friend Thomas Raymond?" It was indeed the friend and playmate of his early days.

"But how did you find me?" inquired Mr. Oakley.

"Oh, I had it from Santa Claus," laughingly replied his friend, and then he sat down and the two talked over the events of their boyhood. They had sat together in school; together they had climbed the hills and hunted squirrels, gathered nuts and rowed their boats on the broad Hudson.

As the talk went on a suspicion grew upon Mrs. Oakley of the manner in which Santa Claus happened to send the presents. But the visitor gave no clue to the mystery, nor did she see through it until Margaret had told her the whole story of her letter to Santa Claus.—*American Agriculturist.*

Talk is cheap, but when it's backed up by a pledge of the hard cash of a financially responsible firm, or company, of world-wide reputation for fair and honorable dealing, it means business!

Now, there are scores of sarsaparillas and other blood purifiers, all cracked up to be the best, purest, most peculiar and and wonderful, but bear in mind (for your own sake), there's only one guaranteed blood-purifier and remedy for torpid liver and all diseases that come from bad blood.

That one—standing solitary and alone—sold on trial, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

If it doesn't do good in skin, scalp and scrofulous diseases—and pulmonary consumption is only lung-scrofula—just let its makers know and get your money back.

Talk's cheap, but to back a poor medicine, or a common one, by selling it on trial, as "Golden Medical Discovery" is sold, would bankrupt the largest fortune.

Talk's cheap, but only "Discovery" is guaranteed.

The almanacs put the shortest day of the year just before Christmas, but financially it is the next day after.

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.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Paramount Questions.

A North Carolina farmer propounds the searching questions below to his brother farmers in the "Tar Heel State." They will be found applicable to all sections of the country. The questions get right down to the milk in the cocoa nut:

Do you know that the farmers of North Carolina spent over $3,000,000 this year for fertilizers for cotton and tobacco?

Do you suppose they will be able to get enough extra from the crops to pay the bill?

Do you know that more than $3,000,000 worth of fertilizing material has washed away this rainy season from your barn yards because of neglect in looking after your home made fertilizers?

Do you suppose that the land of North Carolina is a dollar's worth better off because of the $2,000,000 spent for fertilizers for sale crops?

Don't you know that field you are "resting," as you suppose, by allowing it to grow up in weeds, is ripening a lot of seeds and making more nut grass to bother you next year?

Don't you know if you had sown that field in peas you would now have a great crop of peavine hay to cut and feed this winter?

Don't you know that the feeding of that hay would bring you your money back in the animals fed, and leave you a lot of manure that will pay you better than the bought mixtures?

Don't you know that the crimson clover seed scattered on this pea stubble will give you a good winter pasture and furnish you a growth to turn under next spring that would give you more cotton, corn or tobacco than five times its cost spent for fertilizers?

Don't you know that the constant culture of the soil in cotton year after year, with a little fertilizer to make a crop, is making your land poorer all the time?

Don't you know that whatever makes your land poorer makes you poorer also?

Did you ever hear of a farmer who got rich by buying fertilizers merely to raise cotton with?

Did you ever know a farmer who made his land rich by an intelligent course of cultivation who did not get "well off" as fast as his farm did?

Did you ever know cow peas or clover to bring a man in debt to a commission merchant?

Did you ever know home made manure to fail to improve your land?

Do you know of a farmer who has too much of it?

Did you ever know a cow injured by a comfortable stable and plenty of hay?

Did you ever know a man to get rich in any business who did not study it, and have faith in it, and give his whole time and energy to it?

Don't you know that the biggest tax the farmers of North Carolina pay to-day is the fertilizer bill, the waste of home made manure, and the washing away of fertilizers from fields kept bare of clover or grass?

Don't you suppose that somebody, somewhere, makes a profit in raising the pork you send money to Chicago for, out of your cotton crop?

Don't you suppose somebody, somewhere, makes a living and perhaps grows rich, growing the wheat your flour is made of which you buy out of your cotton crop?

Don't you suppose that somebody, somewhere, makes money by raising the beeves which the butchers in North Carolina towns have to send to Richmond to buy?

Don't you know that you could raise all these things here, and, in raising them raise more cotton on a few acres than you do now on many?

Do you see how high prices are going to benefit the farmer who has bread, meat and manure to buy and only one thing to sell?

With cotton low down and wheat high, how is the man helped who raises no wheat?

What if butter is awfully high priced in our towns, while our farmers have no cows, or nothing to feed them on if they have, while somebody somewhere else makes money by feeding cows and shipping butter south?

If you know all these things, don't you see that bad farming has more to do with farmers troubles than anything else he has to endure, and there is no doubt that he has much to carry aside from this?

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be disordered you have a Dyspeptic Look and if your Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic and acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at Kluttz & Co.'s drug store, 50c per bottle.

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, 149 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y. 18-19

Hold Your Cotton.

If you can hold your cotton we feel safe in guaranteeing a better price. Yes, cotton will rise. Mark our prediction.

The predictions that are being sent out from New York and published in the newspapers all over the country that the cotton crop will be unusually large is without foundation and is wholly false. It is the work of stock gamblers to aid them in their speculation schemes. In fact we are in possession of reliable information which shows that the world's cotton crop, according to the estimates of the best experts, will fall under the published estimates by more than a million bales. Further, we have in our possession a confidential circular which was intended to circulate on the inside among speculators which puts the cotton crop of the world at 1,300,000 bales short of the figures they have published to the world. According to their own estimate the cotton crop of this year will fall short of the estimated need of the world at least 600,000 bales. It is true we lost last year by holding back our cotton, but the crop was unusually large which with a contracted money supply enabled the speculator to steadily push down the price. In fact we can seldom afford to try to hold a crop as long as a few money sharks can control the volume of currency. But with the great shortage in the crop this year it is hardly possible that they will be able to keep down the price if the farmers will hold up and stop selling.

The following resolution was offered before the Supreme Council of the Alliance at Indianapolis by Marion Butler of North Carolina, and unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That being in possession of facts that are thoroughly reliable, which warrant us in a belief that a false estimate has been purposely made of the present crop of cotton, we feel safe in guaranteeing better prices if cotton can be held for sixty days."

We know that many will be forced to sell in order to do themselves and their creditors justice, but let every man hold who can.—*Caucasian.*

Confederate Cross Roads.

DEAR WATCHMAN:—We drop a note after a long delay. We would have written some time ago, but have been busy.

There is a little paper down in our section that is tearing around trying to keep the poor ignorant farmers out of the third party, and he has lost his little third party petition that he said was going about with red tape on it, and we little Alliance fellows have been helping him to hunt it, but have failed to find it. I guess we are not conservative enough. When our big Alliance meets in January we are all going to get conservative and put in a whole day and see if we can find that petition. We fear something dreadful has happened to those two fellows who were carrying the petition. We can't find them. In the meantime we are still conservative enough to stand flat-footed on the Ocala platform, and you will find the Alliance of Mecklenburg standing right there till sundown on the day of election in '92.

It is going to be a cold day in August when the farmers of this county will be dictated to by any one-horse paper whose editor does not know enough about farming to tell which cow gives the butter milk. The only remedy he gives is join the democratic party and all will be well. That always reminds me of a little incident that occurred in a town that I was in a few years ago. A drummer came in one evening and billed the town all over with a card about 14 inches square, painted yellow with large black letter which read: "Take Simmons' Liver Regulator." A wag that night got a pot of red paint and put under the black letter large red ones which read: "And prepare to meet thy God." Then it read, "Take Simmons Liver Regulator and prepare to meet thy God."

Well this is all the advice that I can see we are getting from the partisan press, and I am happy to inform you that it falls like water on a ducks back, in this county.

OCALA PLATFORM ADVOCATE.

Dec. 14, 1891.

The women praise P. P. P. for Scrofula, General Weakness, Nervousness, Indigestion, Rheumatism and Female complaints. Try the great and powerful P. P. P., and then recommend it to your neighbors, and you will know you have done a good deed.

HOW I WAS CURED OF SO-CALLED CANCER.

LULETON, GA.

DEAR SIR:—This is to certify that I was a sufferer with a place on my under lip for fourteen years, and was under treatment of different physicians, but they did me no good. I had lost hope of being cured by medical treatment. I then went to a doctor (living in Florida) who treated them by art. After going to him he got well, and remains, for awhile, based cured as perhaps ever. I then concluded to try P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium), and after using five bottles (eight s/o) was cured. I have had a good appetite, can give good appetite, and to give good digestion.

Yours, most truly, [illegible] SUTHERLAND.

Syphilis, Rheumatism, Old Sores and Ulcers, Scrofula and Catarrh are exactly the diseases that are cured by that powerful medicine, P. P. P.

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

Mooresville Letter.

The cotton crop is about all gathered in this section, and most of our farmers, we think, have raised enough to pay for the guano they used.

Messrs. W. and L. J. Smith, of Stanly county, came up on a visit Monday and stopped with relatives in this community.

W. W. Rankin has purchased the farm in this community recently owned by M. M. Smith. The latter has now moved to his former home in the vicinity of Sherrill's Foard.

Wm. Doney, who lives a few miles below town on the Blackwelder farm, had the misfortune to lose his kitchen by fire one day last week. The fire originated from a defective stove flue. On the same day a two-story dwelling on the premises of J. A. Kerr, near Prospect church, Rowan county, was burned.

Mr. Jacob Freeze, of Cabarrus county, has moved into his house on Church street, which he recently purchased of W. B. Newell. Also Mrs. Euphemia Knox, of Rowan county, has moved on Main street and occupies the house owned by S. F. Ludwig.

Married, at the Methodist parsonage on last Tuesday, by Rev. F. H. Wood, Mr. Jo. Horton to Miss Mattie Miller.

Hurrah for the new railroad!

Success to the best paper and its many friends. A.

Dec. 12, 1891.

Fifty-two times the shuttle has flown, in each flight weaving a week with a golden border of Sabbaths. Three hundred and sixty-five times the clock has struck twelve for the noon, and only one less time twelve for the night. In that time, how many marriage garlands have been twisted, how many graves dug, how many sorrows suffered, how many fortunes won, how many souls lost, how many mortals saved!—Talmage.

The small boy hasn't to be got out of bed with a switch on Christmas morning.

Let's reason together.

Here's a firm, one of the largest the country over, the world over; it has grown, step by step, through the years to greatness—and it sells patent medicines!—ugh!

"That's enough!"—

Wait a little—

This firm pays the newspapers good money (expensive work, this advertising!) to tell the people that they have faith in what they sell, *so much faith* that if they can't benefit or cure they don't want your money. Their *guarantee* is not indefinite and relative, but *definite* and *absolute*—if the medicine doesn't help, your money is "*on call.*"

Suppose every sick man and every feeble woman tried these medicines and found them worthless, who would be the loser, you or they?

The medicines are Doctor Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," for blood diseases, and his "Favorite Prescription," for woman's peculiar ills. If they help toward health, they cost $1.00 a bottle each! If they don't, *they cost nothing!*

A Household Remedy FOR ALL BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES

B. B. B.

Botanic Blood Balm

Cures SCROFULA, ULCERS, SALT RHEUM, FEVER SORES, TETTER, ECZEMA, and all forms of malignant skin and blood diseases, besides being unequaled to tone up the system and restoring the constitution, when impaired from any cause. Its almost supernatural healing properties justify us in guaranteeing a cure, if directions are followed.

SENT FREE ILLUSTRATED "Book of Wonders." BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Electropoise. (TRADE MARK)

WATSON & BUXTON, Attorneys at Law, WINSTON, N. C., Sept 16, 1891.

JAS. H. WEBB, Sec'y, Washington, D. C.:

DEAR SIR—I have been using one of your Electropoises for four years, upon a little invalid son, who has been afflicted with a pulmonary trouble and a dropsical tendency. I have found great relief for him in the use of the Electropoise, when the doctors had failed to give him any permanent relief, and I am satisfied that but for its use we would have lost him. I have never seen it fail to reduce his fever, or to bring sound sweet sleep. I would not be without it for many times its cost. Yours truly, J. C. BUXTON.

Mr. Buxton is also President of First National Bank, Winston, N. C., and is one of the foremost men of the South.

For all information address

ATLANTIC ELECTROPOISE CO., No. 1405 NEW YORK AV., WASHINGTON, D. C., OR 222 KING ST., CHARLESTON S. C.