The Carolina Watchman.

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BURIED DREAMS.

Hear the ripples on the sea,
Mem'ries sweet they bring to me,
As they murmur, as they flow,
As they dance and onward go,
Merry, playful, careless wave,
Sporting lightly o'er the grave
Where fond treasures buried lie
Hid from searching human eye.
Like the sea to me it seems,
Many hearts have buried dreams;
Like the pearls they're hidden deep,
Slumpering in a fitful sleep.
Here the sea gull circling nigh,
Gliding, floating, sailing by,
Dipping from the sky to wave,
Like a phantom from the grave,
Wandering where it lived in pain
Held and bound by mem'ries' chain,
Loves the bond tho' galling be
Likes the cord, will not be free.
So some thoughts all sweet they be
Deeper than the troubled sea,
Higher than the lofty sky,
Immortal, for they never die.
In our hearts they sleep, but live
Till the time some touch will give
Life and being to our dreams,
Fill our paths with golden gleams,
Shall it be beyond or here,
Is it far away or near?
Will it shine upon our day.
Chase the shadows from our way?
Or when only life is o'er,
Wakening when we dream no more?

An Incident Which Happened During the War.

One day after we tunnelled out of the Confederate stockade at Salisbury, N. C., and while each man had taken his own direction, I came upon a colored man in the woods skirting a field. He was digging roots to make himself a tonic, and I broke through the brush and came upon him so suddenly that there was no chance to dodge. He was kneeling down, with a parcel of roots beside him, and he looked at me for a minute and then asded:

"When did you all git out of dat prison?"

"Yesterday," I replied, seeing that he had at once discovered my identity.

"An' whar' yo' all gwine to now?"

"I'm going to try to get to the Yankee lines."

He began to grin, then he broke into a chuckle. Then the chuckle became a laugh and he rolled on the ground. I thought him demented and about to move away when he set up and said:

"I jest laffed an' couldn't help it."

"I don't see anything very funny about it."

"But yo' hain't an ole nigger, yo' see. Hit's powerful funny an' ize got got to laff some mo'."

He indulged in another fit of laughing and rolling, and when he had recovered from it he took a seat on a log and said:

"Bout fo' months ago de missus she calls me up one mawnin' an' looks at me a long time an' den says:

"Moses, I had a dream las' nite. I dreams dat one o' dem Yankee prisoners got out o' dat pen at Salisbury an' dat yo' was hidin' him in de woods back yere. Ize gwine to hev yer whipped for dat, Moses."

"Did she?"

"She had me tied up an' whipped, sah, an' I dun didn't git ober smartin' fur two weeks. One mawnin' 'bout two months ago she calls me up again an' says:

"Yo boy Moses, look me in de eye! I has a dream agin las' nite. I dreamed dat one o' dem Yankee prisoners got out o' dat pen at Salisbury, an' dat yo' was hidin' him in de tobacker house. Dat's anoder whippin' for yo', Moses."

"And you got it again?"

"Jess laid it on to me de powerfullest sort, an' dat smart didn't dun go away fur eber so long. 'Bout fo' weeks ago de missus dun called me up to de big house agin. She looks at me a long time, an' den says:

"See yere, Moses. I had anoder dream 'bout yo'. Last nite I dreams dat one o' dem Yankee prisoners dun got o' dat pen down to Salisbury, an' yo' was hidin' him in de bresh ober by de swamp. Ican't put up wid dat, Moses, an, Ize gwine to hev yo' whipped mighty hard for it."

"And she actually had you whipped again?"

"My back hain't dun got well yet, sah, but—yo! yo! yo!—Ize dun got to—can't help it——?"

He went off into another 'spell,' lasting a couple of minutes, and when he had recovered I said:

"I can't see anything in all this to tickle you so."

"Dat's 'cause yon hain't me," he replied, as he wiped his eyes. "Dis mawnin' Missus dun called me up ag'in. She was looking mighty pleasing, an' bimeby she said:

"Moses, I has anoder dream 'bout yo' las' nite. I dreamed dat one o' dem Yankee prisoners got outer dat pen down to Salisbury, an' dat yo' found him in de woods an' brung him right up here to me. Yere's a nice piece of bacon to pay fur dat, Moses, an' yo' hain't gwine to be whipped any mo'."

"Well?" I asked as he rolled around again.

"Why, sah, can't yo' dun see what tickles me? Misses had fo' dreams an' I got three whippin's befo' yo' dun cum, and now Ize gwine to hide yo' under de stuff in de shuck house till dey git fru huntin' an' den, got right along wid yo'."—*New York World.*

Henry Grady's Advice.

Mr. Grady's prohibition tendencies were well known and were remarkable in a man of his temperament and surroundings. He was moreover, one of the few prohibitionists who did not hesitate to avow that he loved drink. Probably no better statement of his position was ever made than that which he wrote to his young friend (afterward his successor). Mr. Clark Howell, in a letter inclosing a birthday present, he wrote:

My son will be about your age when you are about mine, and he will enter the paper when you are about where I am. I have got to looking at you as a sort of perfiguring of what my son may be, of looking over you and rejoicing in your success, as I shall want you to feel toward him. Let me write to you what I would be willing for you to write to him.

Never gamble—of all the vices that enthrall men this is the worst, the strongest and most insinuous. Outside of the morality of it, it is the poorest business and poorest fun. No man is safe that plays at all. I never knew a man, a gentleman and man of business, who did not regret the time and money he had wasted in it. A man who plays poker is unfit for every other business on earth.

Never drink—I love liquor and I love the fellowship involved in drinking. My safety has been that I never drank at all. It is much easier not to drink at all thanto drink a little. If I had to attribute what I have done in life to any one thing I should attribute it to the fact that I am a teetotaler. As sure as you are born, it is the pleasantest and the safest way.

Marry early—There is nothing that steadies a young fellow like marrying a good girl and raising a family. By marrying young your children grow up when they are a pleasure to you. You feel the responsibility of life, the sweetness of life and you avoid bad habits.

If you never drink, never gamble and marry early, there is no limit to the useful and distinguished life you may live. You will be the pride of your father's heart and the joy of your mother's.

I don't know if there is any happiness on earth worth having outside of the happiness of knowing that you have done your duty and that you have tried to do good. You try to build up. There are always plenty of others who will do all the tearing down that is necessary. You try to live in the sunshine. Men who stay in the shade always gets mildewed.—*Ex.*

The Billville Banner.

We have a few moral reflections this week, but the subscription price remains the same.

The old year is gone forever, and is dead as a door nail. There's no use grieving over spilled milk when a man's got a well in his yard.

We have come to the conclusion that one mill pond, six alligators and signboard don't make a real estate business.

Every time the inmates of the lunatic asylum hear from their friends on the outside they get nervous, for fear they will be crowded for room.

We believe in woman's rights, and that woman should be allowed to rise in the world—the earlier the better. Place the kindling where they can find it and go on with the snoring.

One of the strongest proofs of a hereafter is that a man will preach the gospel and make an effort to feed his horses on sixty dollars a year.

The Lord gives every man a free pass to heaven. But some men miss heaven altogether by looking for the railroad.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Philosophical Family.

Amelia has pimples, and sores in the head,
From humors internal her nose has grown red;
She's a boil on her neck that is big as a bell,
But in other respects she is doing quite well.

And pa has dyspepsia, malaria and gout,
His hands with salt-rheum are all broken out;
He is prone to rheumatics that make his legs swell,
But in other respects he is doing quite well.

And ma has night sweats and a troublesome cough,
That all of our doctors can't seem to drive off;
She wakes every night and coughs quite a spell,
But in other respects she is doing quite well.

There is nothing like philosophy to help one bear the ills of life, but in the case of this family what is most needed is a good supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It would cleanse Amelia's bad blood, cure pa's ailments, and check ma's cough. The "Golden Medical Discovery," by its action on the liver, cleanses the system of impurities. It cures humors, ulcers, boils, scrofula, ralt-rheum, erysipelas, and all kinds of sores and swellings. The only guaranteed blood-purifier.

Teacher—Bobby, where do we get our sugar?

Bobby—From the sugar cane.

Teacher—Correct. Now, Edward, where do we get our soap?

Edward—From the soapstone.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

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. Klattz & Co.

A Child's Inquiry.

Son. Pa, what is a war debt?

Father. It is a part of the cost of the war, my son, that has not been paid.

S. Who paid for the war?

F. The government, my child.

S. Where did the government get the money to pay for it?

F. Borrowed some of it from the bankers and made some of it.

S. How much did the government borrow of the bankers?

F. About $150,000,000.

S. Was this all gold, pa?

F. No, my son, about seventy million dollars of it was gold and silver the balance was paper money.

S. How much did the war cost, pa?

F. Nearly four thousand million dollars.

S. Then, where did the government get the rest of the money to pay for the war?

F. It made it, my son. The greenbacks which you see are government money.

S. Who did the government pay the greenbacks to?

F. To the soldiers and sailors and the men who furnished them with provisions, clothes and guns.

S. Does the government owe the soldiers and other men anything?

F. No, my son, it paid them in greenbacks.

S. But who does the government owe the war debt to, then?

F. To the bankers and bondholders.

S. But you said these men only loaned the government one hundred and fifty million dollars?

F. Yes, that is all.

S. Why did they not loan the government more?

F. They didn't have it, my son.

S. How much does the government owe the bankers now?

F. About ten hundred million dollars.

S. How much has the government paid them?

F. About four thousand million dollars.

S. Pa, did the bankers do any fightin'?

F. No, my child.

S. Did they furnish any food or clothes or guns?

F. They do not work, my son.

S. Well, then, if they only loaned the government one hundred and fifty million dollars and didn't do any fightin' or furnishin' and the government has made the money and paid the soldiers and the other men for doin' these things, why has the government paid the bankers four thousand million dollars and still owe them one thousand million when the banks only had one hundred and fifty million to start with?

F. I don't know, my child, this is too deep a question for you and me, you you had better go to bed now, and go to sleep.

S. But, pa, the Republican party claims the glory of puttin' down the war, and if they paid the soldiers with the money they made and didn't borrow the money from the bankers and then have to pay the bankers over five thousand million dollars to boot, I don't see no glory in it, do you?

F. Oh, I guess so, my son, we don't know anything about it, come now, go to bed; I'm tired.

S. But, pa, we ort to know something about it, it's part of it our money, ain't it?

F. Mary, come and get this boy and take him to bed he's worrying the life out of me. (Wife comes and takes the boy to bed.)

F. (Aside) I'm afraid if that boy keeps on he'll be a regular communist or anarchist. It does beat anything how such ideas get into a youngster's head. But after all it does seem a little strange, that after paying the soldiers for fighting, the citizens for feeding them, and the factories for guns and ammunition, we still have to pay over five thousand million dollars to men who didn't fight or furnish, and only loaned the government one hundred and fifty millions. There must be something wrong. I'll ask Major McKinley.—*National Reformer.*

Good Money.

The goldites talk a great deal about good money. We remember a few years ago they said gold and silver were good money, hard money, honest money, and paper money was the shin-plaster, the rag-baby, the dishonest money. They now go one better and say silver is dishonest money.

Well, now, Mr. Goldite, we all want good money. What did your good money ever do anyhow? We'll be patient; take your time and tell us.

We are doing some very hard thinking ourselves, and we confess we cannot think of anything it ever did. It didn't conquer Napoleon and secure the peace of Europe by sending him to St. Helena. That was done by paper money whose contraction and destruction between 1819 and 1828 ruined the British working people. It did not conquer British tyranny and establish the United States, for a poor, crippled, dishonored paper money did that. It did not conquer the rebellion and preserve the Union, for a crippled paper money did that. It did not build the Pacific railroads; paper money did that. It did not reach into the great west and make the desert blossom as the rose; paper money did that. It did not develop this country between 1863 and 1873, as it had never been developed before, change villages to towns and towns to cities, erect factories and enlarge farms, and furnish backs to wear out the products of the one and mouths to consume those of the other—your "good," "honest" money did not do that, paper money did it.

Now tell us, candidly: Is not our government just as firmly established as if the victory of the revolution had been won with gold? If gold had been the main dependence, it would never have been won, and you know it. Is not the rebellion just as permanently settled as if the money used had been gold? You very well know that when the war came you took your gold out and hid it, and would not allow it to go down south in defense of the flag. That flag might have been torn into a thousand shreds so far as you or your gold were concerned. Is not the Pacific railroad just as great an improvement as though gold had made it? Are not those cities, towns, shops and factories, and those multiplied farms just as valuable additions to the country's property as if gold had paid for the labor that made them, and were not the laborers more prosperous and happy than ever they were under the rule of gold?

Which is the good money? In all things else we call a thing good which does good. Measured by this standard, where is your "good" gold money? A shame on you for a base hypocrite, and for deceiving thousands of good people into the belief that good money must in some way be tacked to your lazy, cowardly, skulking gold, that always has been a coward in danger, a laggard in great enterprises, and a tyrant in power.—*Progressive Farmer, Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

The Sub-Treasury.

To right the wrongs of the farmers is the purpose of the Farmers' Alliance.

We must first agree as to what is the wrong; and then we must agree on the remedy. The cart must not be put before the horse. The sub-treasury plan is a proposed remedy for a very definite wrong, and just as soon as that wrong is understood and acknowledged the sub-treasury or "something better" follows as a matter of course. The opponents of the sub-treasury invariably made their attack on the details of the plan, which have nothing whatever to do with the principle, and never so much as give a thought to the financial abuse which it is proposed to correct. Let them begin at the beginning, and if they can prove that there is no financial discrimination against the products of the farm, they have killed the sub-treasury plan as dead as Hector, and need not waste their ammunition on the details of a proposition which has no leg left to stand on. Here is the proposition. During the fall months there is a money famine, caused by the marketing of vast quantities of wheat and cotton, the consequence is that all agricultural products seeking the market at that time have to be sacrificed at 20 per cent. below their real value, and the speculators get the benefit of it. Every banker and business man in the country recognizes this fact and makes provision for it as best he can. Now brothers of the opposition, give us a categorical answer. Is it so, or not? If you admit it, then join us in finding the remedy, for it cannot be right that the fruits of the farmer's year of toil should be measured by a dear dollar, when all other commodities are measured by a comparatively cheap one. Let us have "equal rights." If you do not admit there is a money stringency during the fall months, then these columns are open to you to state your case. But the discussion must be confined exclusively to this one point. Is there a wrong, or not? We have no fear of free discussion, and we cordially invite it; because it is the only way by which we can arrive at the truth. We are dealing with a new question in economics, and it must be discussed logically, and without any infusion of personality. Brothers, we shall be glad to hear from you.—*Exchange Reporter, Richmond, Va.*

Brown—"Did you take any holiday this season?"

Jones—"Yes of course."

Brown—"How did you manage your business while you were away?"

Jones—"Oh, I just took my advertisement out of the papers until I returned, so there was no business to manage. Capital idea, wasn't it?"

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Klattz & 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.

Add to Your Vocabulary.

A certain father constantly told his daughters: "Girls, get new words into your vocabularies." It was plain his admonition was heeded. Seldom were girls met whose language was as varied and picturesque as theirs. They were never at a loss to express exactly what they intended. They used different phrases to describe different feelings and sensations, and the proper one appeared where it was needed. After talking to the average girl, to whom everything is "awfully sweet" or "simply dreadful," and whose terms for joy or grief, assent or denial, can be confidently predicted, it was a pleasure as well as a relief to listen to these bright young people, whose conversation showed what might be accomplished with a little effort.

The English language, made up as it is of words derived from the principal languages of the world, holds immense possibilities for the student. Those able to speak or write it easily, who have a ready command of a correct phraslology possess a power quickly recognized and strongly felt; and it is a power which a sufficient amount of study can give to those willing to take the trouble to acquire it.

Every one may not be able to write freely and with the most agreeable effect to the reader, although, with the requisite amount of pains, more could be done in this direction than most people would suppose; but it is at least possible for young people—and some older ones—to "get a few new words in their vocabularies." A book of synonyms is an easily accessible help. It could teach a few adjectives besides those in every day use, which are frequently worn threadbare. Indeed, some of these stock phrases have become meaningless.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Dead Beats, Beware.

A decision recently rendered by an eminent Judge of the Supreme Court will carry joy to merchant, mechanic and printer, and strike terror to dead beats. The case on which the decision was rendered was in effect as follows: A man and wife purchased a quantity of goods from a merchant, which they were either unable or unwilling to pay for. The merchant sold the account to a collecting agency that forthwith advertised the account for sale, with several others, through the newspapers, giving the names, accounts and what the debts were incurred for. The debtors were sorely aggrieved at the publicity and sued the collecting agency for damages and libel. The Judge ruled that the account belonged to the creditor to do what he liked with, in effect to display it from the housetops, to auction it off on the street corners, to advertise it through the newspapers or post it on every rail fence in the country. Hereafter we may look for displays of "Sale of Accounts," as plentiful as "Auction Sale of Farm Stock." What a long list the newspaper publishers could furnish of dead beats.

Laughed Till He Died.

The account of the girl who laughed herself to death in Ohio is not without a precedent in this State. Several years ago "Farmer Allen" and "Brother Potter," as they were called (David Allen and R. K. Potter,) used to travel together as Republican stump speakers. They had a great fund of stories, and were accustomed to tell them in a comical way. They spoke at a meeting at Dedham, (we think it was), and Farmer Allen set one of the audience laughing so that the man could not stop. He was carried home, and literally laughed himself to death. He was a Democrat, too, we believe, and so the killing was done upon one of the opposite party.

These incidents illustrate the danger of people being as funny as they can, which Dr. Holmes long ago warned against.—*Boston Herald.*

It was not a bad illustration of the after effects of the grip which Dennis the coachman made when asked if he had recovered. "Yes," he said, "but I was sich sixteen days after I got well."

Spring medicine is now wanted, for if you are out of sorts and feel badly, P. P. P. is the remedy to take and get strong and invigorated.

THAT "TIRED FEELING."

The newspapers are having a good deal of fun nowadays over that "tired feeling" so much spoken of in the medical advertisements, in connection with the ill-health of females. It may be a source of hilarity to witty paragraphers, but not so to suffering women, who, by overwork, and a disregard of the laws of health, have lapsed into a condition bordering on invalidism. What most women need is to be relieved of some of the slavish work that is piled on them, and a free, but judicious use of strengthening tonics, such as P. P. P. (Prickly Ash Poke Root and Potassium), the greatest blood purifier and invigorator in use. Superb as a builder up of women, bringing back lost energy to the body, and color to the faded cheeks, restoring the appetite, and thus renewing in her that healthy vitality once lost. P. P. P. cures all blood diseases such as rheumatism, syphilis, gout, scrofula, and all ulcerous affections, even vanquishing that melancholy enemy of man, dyspepsia. All druggists sell it.

Scrofula cured even in its worst forms, by P. P. P., and you will be strong and healthy in a short time by the use of P. P. P.

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 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 18.1y

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.