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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.

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.

J. A. JOHNSTON. T. L. ELLIOTT

JOHNSTON & ELLIOTT,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

STEAM
Granite and Marble Works

At wholesale and retail. Owners of the celebrated
MOORESVILLE GRANITE
in Iredell county. Agents for Iron Fences, Finals, Crestings, &c.

People of Salisbury and vicinity wanting monuments should correspond with us. Estimates furnished gratis.
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.

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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 & CO.,
PROPRIETOR.

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Mention the Watchman when you write

1864 SADLER'S BRYANT & STRATTON COLLEGE BALTO

FOUNDED IN 1864 by the present executive—27 YEARS of continuous and successful management—Increased annual attendance—Now occupying four buildings—Stands unrivaled in facilities for educating YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN for success in life. In deciding upon a school for their children, PARENTS should send them to THE BEST, because it pays. It may require the expenditure of a few dollars more at first, but it will prove the cheapest in the end. CHEAP tuition is very dear, because it means cheap teachers, cheap surroundings, inferior facilities, and offers NO opportunities for securing POSITIONS for its pupils and graduates. This Institution, owing to its HIGH standard of excellence, has placed in desirable positions more young men and women from Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, than all similar institutions combined. Catalogue and particulars mailed on application.

Address, W. H. SADLER, President, and Founder; or F. A. SADLER, Secretary,
BUSINESS COLLEGE, 6, 8, 10 & 12 N. Charles St., BALTIMORE, MD.

Mention the Watchman when you write.

THE FINAL TRUMP.

"What are trumps in the game of life?"
I ask of all in the busy strife.
"Hearts," said the maiden shy and sweet,
With happy eyes and blushes fleet.
The society belle smiled scornfully:
"Hearts for you, but diamonds for me."
"Clubs," drawled the blaze man of the world,
Drifting down stream with his sails all furled.
The gravedigger laughed as he plied his trade:
"Spades are the final trumps," he said.
—*Chattanooga Times.*

Getting Help.

Margaret Paget was a young girl of no especial mental force, nor, on the other hand, of any decided stupidity, who was blessed, if one may so regard it in this place, with a mother of exceptional ability. The mother had written many brilliant literary papers.

Margaret's father was dead. When the child went to school her mother began to perform her tasks for her. As the time went by, therefore, the girl became more and more dependent upon her mother. Through the failure to develop her own powers she seemed to be able to do nothing on her own account.

All this of course left Margaret very illy grounded in all her studies, and reflected upon her standing in her examinations, so that she made slow progress. At last the mother ashamed to see her lag behind, took her out of school and made a weak pretense of instructing her at home.

Margaret was pretty and amiable, and when she had become eighteen years old her hand was asked in marriage by a worthy young man.

The mother gave a conditional consent, and, as the young man lived at some distance, a correspondence was begun, of course under the eye of the mother.

It was then that the mother realized how defective her daughter's education had been. She was unable to write a creditable letter. Her messages, as she showed them to her mother, were ill thought, ill expressed, even ill spelled.

"This will never do," said the mother. She began to write her daughter's responses to the letters of the young man to whom she was betrothed. Her own wit and felicity of expression characterized them, and the young man was charmed. Once embarked upon such a course of deceit, the mother dared not make a confession. The young man himself was an excellent writer, and his letters spurred the mother to her most brilliant efforts as a correspondent.

After this charming correspondence the young people were married. Neither the mother nor the daughter dared confess the fraud. Neither had "meant much" at the beginning, but both had gone very deep into a course of deception.

The young husband was soon astonished to find that his wife was an ignorant person, incapable of writing even a sensible letter. He questioned her sharply and she confessed her fault.

"Mamma always does things for me," she said helplessly.

The husband found his wife also incapable of caring for a household. She presently sent for her mother to come and live with her, though the husband, having had so forcible a lesson as to her deceitfulness, could only regard her with suspicion and dislike.

The marriage was an unhappy one. The whole lives of two young people had been utterly spoiled by this tendency on the part of a mother to spare her child unpleasant tasks and deprive her of the nourishing, inspiring wear and tear of self help.—*Youth's Companion.*

They Face Death Bravely.

The office of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* narrowly escaped destruction in a big conflagration that raged around it a few days ago.

It was a terrible fire, and the situation of the 150 men at work on the newspaper was perilous in the extreme, but not a man left his post. The crackling of the flames could be distinctly heard by the writers and printers, and the rooms were filled with heavy smoke most of the time.

Facing death, the compositors stood at their cases or sat at their machines setting copy as fast as it came in. The proof-readers went about their work as calmly as ever. Even the women—for there were woman in the composing room—stuck to their tasks regardless of danger.

The editorial writers and reporters turned out copy and cracked their jokes as usual. The managing editor issued an order to get the paper out on time, and told his assistants to stick to their desks until they had to use the fire escapes. Down stairs the water rolled in and threatened to put out the furnace fire, but dams of ashes headed it off from the engine and presses.

From the roof to the cellar, editors, reporters and printers and other employes worked on in the smoke, sometimes turning aside to fight the flames that darted through the windows, and at last, half-suffocated and half-blind their work was done, and the paper went to press.

It was a haggard, flame-smitten crowd that crawled out of the *Commercial Gazette* building that Sunday morning, but the paper got out, and the building was saved by a scratch, as it were.

When it comes to endurance and fearlessness in the presence of death give us the newspaper man all the time! Look at the Chicago reporters who perished in a fire a week ago. Look at McGahon, the correspondent, who went through battles, sieges, and marches only to die of spotted fever in Turkey. Look at Burnaby, writing like a Dumas and fighting like a Bayard, dying in the Soudan, and strangling the Arab whose spear had given him a mortal wound. Look at Cameron, killed by a bullet in Africa while writing a letter on the battlefield to a London paper.

When the earthquake a few years ago caused the newspaper buildings in South Carolina and Georgia to rock to their foundations, the writers, printers and others remained at their posts. When cholera and yellow fever have scouraged the land these midnight toilers died in harness rather than flee to a place of refuge.

"The paper must get out on time!" Nobody but a newspaper man understands the magic of this phrase. It is the unwritten law of the sanctum, the composing room and the cellar, and the man who ignores it is forever disgraced among his fellows. Is all this folly heroism? We do not know—we simpy konw that newspaper men will run greater risks and make greater sacrifices for their work than perhaps any other class of toilers. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Precious Stones of North Carolina.

The precious and rare stones of North Carolina, although constituting but a moiety of that State's mineral wealth, have been unearthed in such variety and under such conditions as to lead to the belief in the minds of many that sooner or later they will be be found in abundance in nature's as yet hidden storehouse. Speaking of this recently, one who witnessed the scene told the following story, which the *Manufacturers' Record* thinks worth publishing:

In the autumn of 1882 the Richmond & Danville railroad company detailed Maj. C. C. McPhail to make, at a Boston exposition, a display of the resources of the territory traversed by that line and its feeders. A splendid exhibition that attracted thousands of visitors was the result. Among these one day was a cultivated, sweet-faced and venerable gentlewoman of the best Puritan stock who had been induced by her son to go with him to see the wondrous resources of the Piedmont South. Major McPhial has the courteous dignity of a Virginia gentleman of the old regime, the practical training and experience of this age of progress, and is a keen observer and an excellent judge of human nature. He paid especial attention to the venerable matron, and delighted her by his lucid explanations. Finally, after taking a number of specimens from his showcases and arranging them on the tables before her, he said interrogatively: "You are familiar madame, with St. John's description in the Book of Revelation of the precious stones of that great city, the holy Jerusalem?"

"Yes, indeed," was her reply.

"Permit me, then, to show them to you in their order he said. "These are not polished, as St. John saw them in his vision, but they are all here and were found in Western North Carolina. The first foundation was jasper. This is it. 'The second, sapphire, the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst.'"

As the speaker named them he handed each stone in turn to his interested visitor, and when she had seen them all he said:

"Now, madame, you can have some faint idea of the glories that will be one day revealed to you."

"Oh," said the dear old lady, as she clasped her hands, while joy sparkled in her venerable eyes. "Often and often I have tried to imagine how that wall would look as I neared the pearly gates, but I never expected to see the stones of that heavenly foundation with these mortal eyes. I thank God that He has given me this privilege, and I thank you, too, for your kindness."

The relish of wit consists largely in the element of surprise, and yet people do many surprising things which are not at all witty.—*Boston Transcript.*

Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd better believe in patent medicines if they don't profess to cure anything—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you loose faith in everything.

And, you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the risk of its doing just what it professes to do.

That's what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., does with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

If they don't do what their makers say they'll do—you get your money back.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

TALKS ABOUT DEAD FAIRS.

What Became of Poplar Tent Fair—Origin of Public Marriage.

The party around the stove in the drug store last night, some way or another got to talking about county fairs. "I wonder if we will ever have another one in Charlotte?" one of the party mused. "No, sir," promptly spoke up another, "for the last fair died the death. I never saw a thing die in more earnest. The best thing about the whole business was the action of the board of directors in awarding a silver pitcher to the reporter who had boomed and bolstered the fair in the local daily. The pitcher was awarded him on the ground that he was a capable and meritorious stretcher of the blanket."

The newspaper man happened to be one of the group, and he suggested that the history of the Poplar Tent fair ought to be gotten up in pamphlet form and preserved to posterity.

"Tell us about it," came several voices at once. The newspaper man had not long to tarry, but he consented to sketch in outline, a few facts in the history of a fair whose origin and career were unique.

"About 1879, Dr. Columbus Mills and a number of the neighboring farmers of the then prosperous Poplar Tent section had an exhibition of blooded cattle. It was the finest show of the character ever known in the State, and after it was all over, the suggestion for an annual fair was made. All were in for it at once. Grounds were bought and fenced in, buildings erected, and the Poplar Tent fair was ushered into history. For five summers, the fair had a great run, but on the sixth year, it pegged out. I was there at its death, and I think that if ever a thing did die in good style that fair did."

"The farmers didn't bring a thing, not even so much as a tick; but they just stood around chewing tobacco and laughing at the bust. The ladies congregated in floral hall, admired the quilts, helped each other to eat the preserves and pickles, and talked all the time about what a shame it was that the men were so mean. The agent of an agricultural house who had a patent plow in Agricultural Hall (the hall was a shady patch of ground under an oak tree) finally drove off in high dudgeon leaving the plow on the hands of the association. The secretary and treasurer and the committee on resolutions met a few days afterwards and fixed up papers by which the Poplar Tent and St. John's fairs were consolidated at Concord, and they now have their annual fair that is worth going to see."

"About the time the Poplar Tent fair started," continued the newspaper man, "I had just come to Charlotte as local editor of a daily, and I took every advantage to show my loyalty to Cabarrus. To help out the fair, I got up a story of a bull fight that was to take place. I wrote it up in graphic style and the article was copied in the papers from Maine to the Rio Grande. Incidentally, I had mentioned that if any one didn't believe the bull fight would take place as described, they could write to Shake Harris. Shake was postmaster at Poplar Tent. It was an unusual thing for the weekly mail bag to come even half filled, but a few days after the article about the bull fight was out, the Poplar Tent postoffice was paralyzed. A hack drove up, its springs bent together by the weight of the mail bags. The bags contained letters, circulars and papers from humane societies all over the United States, all addressed to the postmaster and protesting against the bull fight. Shake was in a hurry and he was mad. The postoffice, which occupied a corner of the store, could not begin to hold the stuff, but he packed it away under the counters, filled up the vacant places in the shelving and threw a few sacks up into the garret. From that day to this that store has never run short on wrapping paper."

"The big Poplar Tent drunk of 1880 has never yet been explained in print. It rained tremendously all day long and everybody on the hill was drunk. That was the day oats sold high. A fellow was on the ground with a wagon load of oats. You paid 50 cents for a bundle and found a quart of liquor down in the oats. There was a revenue agent on the grounds that day, but he bought as many oats as anybody else."

"It was the Poplar Tent fair that originated the idea of public marriage. Capt. Chas. McDonald got up the scheme, and furnished the bride and groom. Col. Thos. Robinson married the couple. County fairs everywhere caught up the idea and no fair was considered complete without a wedding. The sin is on the head of Chas. McDonald."—*Charlotte News.*

The Arizona Kicker.

We mean business—Our contemporary came out last week and laid claim to a bona fide circulation of three thousand six hundred copies. We are willing that he shall do a reasonable amount of lying, but such stupendous falsitying must cease.

We'll bet one hundred dollars to fifty dollars that he hasn't got one thousand circulation.

We'll bet one hundred dollars to twenty-five dollars that he hasn't got five hundred.

We'll bet one hundred dollars to a cent that his actual circulation counting in all deadheads, is not over three hundred and fifty.

Further, we'll give him our check for one hundred dollars if he dares to take advantage of any of the above opportunities to make more money than he has seen for twenty years before.

Of Course.—A Massachusetts subscriber to the Kicker writes to ask if there are any churches in this locality. Does he imagine us to belong to the Cannibal islands? Of course there are! That is, there is one around somewhere, and we've heard talk of another. If the writer had read his copy of the Kicker as closely as he ought he would have remembered the case where Shorty Pete sat on the church steps and put a bullet through Hank Jackson's nose thirty yards away. Churches! We should smile. Services have not been held very regular since the old man Davis got drunk and spent one whole night in breaking out the windows, but the boys are liable to catch a preacher most any day and put him at work.

A Canard.—The story afloat on the streets yesterday to the effect that we had finally killed Mr. Wanamaker's postmaster in this town must have been started to affect prices on the mule market. There was not the least bit of truth in it. There isn't the slightest excuse for his living, but we suppose he will continue to do so in order to spite the sixty million inhabitants of the United States. We can't see any other object.

While on this subject it may be well for us to remark that we shall visit the postmaster to-morrow to inquire why in Texas it takes four days for a copy of the Kicker to get down the road twelve miles. He'll fly mad, as usual, and will quite likely attemp to draw his gun on us. If he does we shall very likely decide to kill him and have done with it. Everybody says we have delayed the matter altogether too long for the good of the post-office department.

No Stop.—We understand that Col. Smiley who has been down on the Kicker ever since we showed that the capital and assets of "The Great Arizona Land Co.," consisted solely of two acres of sand and a pair of long-legged boots, spent more than two hours the other day trying to get Jim Taylor to stop his subscription to this paper. The object was to make us feel bad, but it didn't work. Jim not only dotes on the Kicker, but can't hardly wait for publication day to come around. Besides he tried it on us last summer and how did he come out? It took us half a day to find him, but after he was found it didn't take him two minutes to subscribe again. We don't compel a man to subscribe, but after he's become a subscriber he has got to have mighty good reasons for throwing up his hand. Indeed, he's got to own a mule which can outrun ours.

Retraction.—The policy of the Kicker since the first issue has been to state things fairly and truthfully, and whenever we have discovered that a published item has done any one injustice we have not been slow to follow it with an explanation perfectly satisfactory to the party aggrieved. Last week we had a local item to the effect that some miserable wretch had robbed Maj. Smith's clothes line of four shirts, and we indulged in the hope that he would speedily be caught and given a dance on the head of a barrel.

It seems that we were mistaken, and the major feels that he has been placed in a false position to the public. The fact is, as he wishes us to state, he does not own four shirts, but only two, and neither of these is a white one. They are blue flannel shirts, much the worse for wear. What was really stolen was a Navajo blanket, and we are glad to make this retraction and set the major right before this community.

Our Christmas Issue.—No newspaper published within three hundred miles of this town has ever attempted the feat of getting out a special Christmas issue. The Kicker proposes to produce something worthy of its large and respectable clientage. It will be a sixteen-page paper, profusely illustrated, and among the good things it will contain we may enumerate:

A sketch giving particulars of the last twelve murders in Arizona. Very blooded article.

An article describing how Indians scalp their victims. It will make your hair stand on end to read it.

A two-column sketch entitled, "Men I Have Shot." Gives names of a score of men and relates full particulars of the death of each. The reader will instinctively reach around for his gun as he peruses this truthful sketch.

A very racy and entertaining sketch, entitled, "Fourteen Cases of Lynch Law." This is by a man who always furnished the barrels for the victims to stand on and he knows whereof he writes. You can feel the barrel wable as you read.

Another special feature will be an illustrated sketch entitled, "The Stages I Have Held Up." This is by a genuine road agent, who experienced religion, quit the business, and is now sticking type in this office. We hadn't read the article half through when we handed the author our watch and wallet and held up our hands.—*M. Quad in N. Y. World.*

To the Sunday School Workers of North Carolina.

Brethren:—The Executive Committee of the Sunday School Association of North Carolina, issues this call for its Eleventh Annual State Convention to be held in New Berne, on the 29th, 30th and 31st days of March, next. The convention will be attended by Mr. Wm. Reynolds, of Peoria, Ill., late President of the International Sunday School Association and now superintendent of organization of that association (the most prominent Sunday School convention worker in the country) and by Prof. H. M. Hamill, superintendent of normal work, of the Illinois Sunday School Association.

The representation in the convention will consist of members of the State Executive Committee, all speakers named in the programme of the convention, and five delegates from each county.

Greatly reduced round-trip rates of fare will be obtained from all railroads. If arrangements can be effected, a special train will pe run from Salisbury or Greensboro to New Berne. An outline programme and information concerning railroad facilities will be published as soon as practicable.

All counties which have not held conventions since last March, are earnestly requested and urged to take immediate action, hold conventions and elect delegates to the State convention. A full representation from every county in the State is desired.

We appeal to the ministers, superintendents and every lover of the Sunday School cause throughout the State, to bestir themselves and see that county conventions are held in counties where none have been held during the year.

The press of North Carolina, ever willing to do its part in every good work, can be used, and we appeal to *each worker* in the cause to see for himself that a call for a county convention is issued at once.

Let it be no longer delayed. Any Sunday school worker is commissioned to arouse the brethren to the issuance of the call.

A profitable and pleasant time may be expected. Let no county fail to be represented.

By order of the Executive Committee.
GEO. WATTS, Chairman. H. N. SNOW, Secretary.
Durham, N. C., Jan. 20, 1892.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life." Only 50c a bottle, at Kluttz & Co.'s drug store.

Marriage seems never so much a failure to a man as when something goes wrong at home that he can't possibly blame on his wife.—*Atchison Globe.*

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for cases of Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at Kluttz & Co.'s drug store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

A tack points heavenward—when it means the most mischief. It has many human imitators.

Eczema, scalp covered with eruptions, doctors proven valueless. P. P. P. was tried and the hair began to grow again, not a pimple can be seen, and P. P. P. again proved itself a wonderful skin cure.

Scrofula is that impurity in the blood which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings, which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs or feet, which develops ulcers in the throat, eats of nose, often causing blindness or deafness, which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths and many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." P. P. P. is the friend in need. A course of this valuable blood purifier, and you will be a well man. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms be sure to use P. P. P.

RHEUMATISM CURED.
POTSDAMER'S RED STAR STORE,
LAKE CITY, FLA.

P. P. P. Manufacturing Co.
GENTS—Have suffered with Rheumatism for some time, and tried great many remedies, but could find no relief until I used your great and beneficial P. P. P. I recommend it to suffering humanity.
Yours, J. POTSDAMER.

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. 18.1y

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.