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The Carolina Watchman.

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JUST RECEIVED, a full line of Ladies'

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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.

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Mention the Watchman when you write.

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COAL! 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.

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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.

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Mention the Watchman when you write.

RECOMPENSE.

Brave little woman—trudging along,
Patiently, day after day—
Weaving a garment of shining light,
Out of the clouds of gray;
Bearing the burdens, and vexing cares,
Like one of the saints of old—
Making the best of a dull hard life,
With its miseries all untold!

Long have I watched her, with wondering eyes—
Faithful.—and sweet —and strong,—
Doing the work that the Master sends,—
Making of sorrow—song:
Questions never the wisdom that asks
Self-abnegation complete,
Willingly treading the pathway of thorns,
That lead to the Master's feet!

I see not the dull, gray cotton gown,
That's faded, and worn, and old—
But the shining gleam of a raiment white,
That glistens in every fold.
I see not the brow, that is worn and lined,
From the anxious, toiling years—
But the halo Divine, that glorifies—
Giving beauty—for ashes and tears!

Somewhere is waiting a fair, dear day—
Meet for such infinite grace:—
Somewhere—oh, somewhere—fruition shall be,
When the angel shall find her place—
Close to the Father, and hear Him say,
As he tenderly bids her come,
"Out of the valley of darkness and toil,
My child, thou art welcome home!"

Good Housekeeping.

The Republic of Chili.

Chili is a South American republic lying farthest south on the west coast of that continent. It is bounded north by Bolivia and east by the Argentine Republic, south and west by the Pacific ocean. The part of Chili below latitude 43 degrees 20 minutes, was formerly Patagonia west of the Andes mountains, and for a long time Chilian jurisdiction there was purely nominal. The area of the country, including Patagonia and the islands of the archipelago, is about two hundred and fifty thousand square miles. It lies west of the Andes and the long, narrow yellow strip on the maps has caused some to give it the nick name of the "shoe string." Its mountains rise from 5,000 to 24,000 feet, the average being about 13,000 feet, and they stand mainly on the eastern border between Chili and Argentine Republic.

There are few good harbors. The best probably is Talcahuano; it is well protected, with ample room and depth of water. Coquimbo is the next in point of safety. Valparaiso is the most exposed, although its commerce and importance are greatest. The other harbors of more or less importance are Caldera, Copiapo, Constitution on the main land, and San Carlos on the Island of Chiloe.

The climate of Chili is just the reverse of our own. It is now their summer. Being in the south temperate zone its hottest months are December, January and February, and its coldest months are June, July and August. The seasons are said to be delightful, especially upon the Island of Chiloe, the mean temperature of winter being 50 degrees and of summer 73 degrees, the annual mean temperature 62 degrees.

At Santiago, the capitol, the rainfall is moderate; further south the quantity of rain is somewhat greater, while toward the north it diminishes, and, on the desert of Atacama, in the most northerly state, of the same name, the rain seldom or never falls. As a result of this equal and uniform climate, trees, fruits and flowers of both tropical and temperate regions flourish with.

There are two drawbacks to the delightful climate, the violent winds and hurricanes which occur at some seasons and the earthquakes.

The mineral resources of Chili are wonderful. The copper and silver mines are probably the richest in the world and the gold mines are of great value.

The Chilians, or Chilinos, as they call themselves, are of Spanish decent, though possibly not half of them are of pure Spanish blood. The greater part are of mixed blood as their forms, features and hair testify. In the lower half of the country many Indians have been reduced to subjection and employed as peons, or farm laborers on the haciendadas, or large farms of that region.

The population of Chili is estimated at about four millions. The aboriginal tribes, who have been only nominally reduced to subjection, are supposed to number about one hundred thousand.

The religion of Chili is Roman Catholic, and the laws tolerate no other, but in practice there is no very marked objection to the quiet performance of worship under other forms of faith.

Watterson at Asheville.

Hon. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, delivered his famous lecture at Asheville on "Money and Morals," a week or two ago. Among some of the spicy things he said were the following:

We have all thought of the advantages of money; dreamed of them by night and by day.

Money is relative, very relative. The owner of ten or fifteen millions is looked down upon by the owner of one hundred and fifty millions; and they both regard the one time million aire as a beggar. It is not only relative but is full of illusions and delusions.

We have all been struck with the magic wand, and have dreamed our dreams.

Money is the central fact of the universe, is the piston-rod that drives all other facts. It is the one thing universally coveted and universally used and universally abused; universally coveted, universally reviled. It is a good thing to have plenty of money honestly acquired and still better if it is honestly applied.

I should hate to think that money is a positive bar to salvation, but it is nearly so.

It is true also that the possession of money will harden and lower ten times to one where it will soften and elevate.

How many have entered the bank all grace, and come out all gall!

Webster and Clay both deplored the fact that they had entered public life; each had fixed his heart on the White House and each failed of his ambition. Both died unhappy. George E. Prentiss told me shortly before he died that if Clay had been elected to the presidency, he would have been the wretchedest man alive and the biggest liar in the universe. He had made promises—conscious and unconscious, expressed and implied—which he could never have discharged.

The gambling mania possesses the universe. How great a mistake a man makes when he lays his hand on a dollar he cannot honestly call his own.

Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you. Herein lie the sum and mystery of human happiness. The statemanship which is to lead us up the steep incline of national glory and fame, must address itself to the moral nature of the people.

The conditions have changed greatly in 30 years. We should cultivate a spirit of good will toward all sections. The boys of the South should be sent to the North, and the boys of the North should come to the South. We must bring the good of both sections face to face. We are the most homogeneous people in the world.

Think Before You Strike.

I remember reading in my boyhood about a merchant traveling on horseback, accompanied by his dog. He dismounted for some purpose and accidentally dropped his package of money. The dog saw it, the merchant did not. The dog barked to stop him, and as he rode farther bounded in front of the horse and barked louder and louder. The merchant thought he had gone mad, drew a pistol from his holster and shot him. The wounded dog crawled back to the package, and when the merchant discovered his loss and rode back, he found his dying dog lying there, faithfully guarding the treasure.

The following little story, told by a friend of mine, is not so painful, but adds force to the thought, think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.

"When I was a boy and lived up in the mountains of New Hampshire, I worked for a farmer and was given a span of horses to plow with, one of which was a four-year-old colt. The colt, after working a few steps would lie down in the furrow. The farmer was provoked, and told me to sit on the colt's head, to keep him from rising while he whipped him, to break him of that notion, as he said. But just then a neighbor came by. He said: 'There is something wrong here, let him get up and let us examine.' He patted the colt, looked at the harness and then said: 'Look at this collar; it is long and narrow, and carries the harness so high that when he begins to pull it slips back and chokes him so he cannot breathe.' And so it was; and but for that neighbor, we would have whipped as kind a creature as we had on the farm, because he laid down when he could not breathe."

It was only the other day I heard of a valuable St. Bernard dog being shot because having a wound on his head, covered by the hair, he bit a person who handled him roughly. Boys, young and old, please remember that these creatures are dumb. They may be hungry, or thirsty, or cold, or faint, or sick, or bruised, or wounded, and cannot tell you. Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.—*Presbyterian.*

A Black Cat In A Courtroom.

Toward the close of the trial of M. F. Kerr, of Crawfordsville, Ind., for forgery, an incident occurred which, while amusing, demonstrated that the average American still believes in the efficacy of "signs." During a lull in the proceedings a strange black cat, with fierce, glaring eyes, appeared in the doorway, causing a solemn silence to fall over the assembly. It paused looked about and slowly switching its tail to and fro advanced toward the space between the prisoner and the jury'd box. The silence became oppressive, and the judge, lawyers, jurors and prisoner craned their necks and with open mouths gazed at the creature.

"Would the apparition approach the prisoner to be touched?" If so the man was innocent and would be freed.

After standing as if transfixed for seconds it approached the prisoner, who with a superhuman effort stretched forth his hand and touched the glossy fur. Immediately the cat gave a joyous "meow" and disappeared. All were convinced that Kerr would go free. He was acquitted.—*Cincinatti Enquirer.*

Julia E. Johnson, Stuffords P. O., S. C., writes: "I had suffered 12 years with eczema and was at times confined to my bed. The itching was terrible. My husband got me one-half dozen bottles of Botanic Blood Balm, which entirely cured me, and I ask you to publish this for the benefit of others suffering in like manner."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

PIZEN CREEK STORIES.

A Government Inspector Pays Postmaster Rattler a Visit.

Pizen Creek, Mo., Jan. 25.—A slim, nervous-looking man stepped from Col. Whipsaw's truck wagon when it returned from Possum Run the other day with a load of metallic cartridges and a case of Bowie knives. The individual was, evidently, a tenderfoot, for he wore store clothes, a biled shirt with collar and necktie, and did not wear his trousers in his boots or show a gun. As he stopped in front of Judge Pulltrigger's faro bank, glancing about as though in search of someone or something, Pete emerged from the family entrance and eyed the newcomer suspiciously.

"Pears like you ain't dead to right in these parts, hey?" said Pete as he approached the stranger.

"No, I am unacquainted here. Can you direct me to a hotel or to the post-office?"

"Want to go to a hotel? Well, there's the Rattlesnake House down the street a bit, fitted up equal to a Mormon temple, and the post office is between here and there."

"Is—is this Rattlesnake House where most of the people that come here, stop?"

"Well, hardly. Most on 'em stop in the graveyard about half a mile out. It's a mighty good place to stop, fer them that stops there seems to stay a good while."

"I see, old man, you're inclined to be funny."

"You bet I am. I'm about the funniest feller you ever sot your eyes on. Why, down in the south country where I come from, a chap ran a hotel with me and made a heap of dust. Whenever it was grub time, instead of heapin' up the table with grub, I jest sat down, and the boarders all came in and sat around me, and I talked to 'em for about half an hour, and it did a done yer heart good to see them folks git there and laugh and git fat. There wasn't a chunk as big as your fist, of any other kind of grub in that house for more'n year."

"That was certainly a cheap way of supplying a hotel if your services were not too expensive,

"Oh, I didn't come so very high in them days, I only got forty-five thousand a year and found.——

"Phew! and found, what's found?"

"Why, it war their place to find me, I didn't have to find myself, had to hunt me up when I was wanted."

"Those were good terms. I wonder that you only remained a year."

"Other folks wondered too, but it were awful wearin' on me. I could er stood the three regular meals, but the transients wore me out, them chaps as come in after the table war cleared. It did be, 'here Pete fat this man up a dollars' worth,' and then maybe, in ten minutes, 'here Pete, fat up this old man and lady to about a dollar and a half.' Then they got to workin' me on the annimies, and it warn't no fool job to make a skinny old hoss laugh, or to make an ornery mule hee haw exit to four quarts of oats. Then, there come a feller in one day, and the boss sez, 'Pete, supper for this gentleman,' so I lead him in the dinin' room and sot down by him, but he didn't laugh a bit, nary a snort, bimeby sez he to me kinder mad like:

"'What's this rot yer givin' me?'

"'Your supper,' sez I.

"'Supper we had singed,' sez he. 'Git some vittles here, and git 'em mighty quick, or cut the corriner.' We didn't like his style so we let him go to another hotel and I quit."

"Suddenly, as Pete and the stranger were conversing, the sound of pistol shots in rapid succession, broke the stillness, coming apparently from a place a few rode further along the street.

"What's that?" asked the stranger, showing considerable excitement.

"Sho," said Pete, "that 'minds me that you wanted to strike the post office, and that's the post-master gatin' the mail ready to send over to Possum Run. There must be some of the boys goin' over. If you want to get a letter in that mail, you'll have to hustle, for it makes him kinder tired to begin ergin after he puts up his gun."

"What's all that firing?"

"The postmaster cancellin' stamps. Hain't you never lived nowhar all yer life? What did you take it for, pray'r mentin'?"

"Is that so? Do you think it safe to go into the post office now. I have some business with the post master."

"Certainly, shuffle right in, only have sense enough to look and see which way he's workin', if he's got the board up by the front door and is plankin' 'em in front, you go 'round back and go in by the back door, but if you see the splinters flyin' out of the back end of the shebang, walk in by the front."

The stranger left Pete and walked reluctantly in the direction of the firing, like a man bound to do his duty at any cost, but was not in a position to hire a substitute. After carefully inspecting the place from the outside, and dodging a couple of stray bullets, the stranger entered, just as Major Rattler supped a new charge into his cancelling stamp and returned it to his belt.

"Morn'n' stranger, what kin I do for you, be you wantin' some good licker, plug terbacker, some grub truck or some postage stamps?"

"Have you any postage stamps?"

"Bet yer boots I have. I got some red ones, some of the old style green ones, some of thur partiest blue ones you ever see, and some kinder yaller. Which kind fits your idee, mister?"

"What's the prices?"

"Well you kin have some of the ole green ones, for five cents er piece, as they're a leetle behind the date; the red or blue I cost you two, and the yaller ones I cost you a quarter. If yer riten to yer gal, I'd advise you to use the blue one, as the winmen are sorter stuck on blue, but if it's yer old mammy, plaster on a yaller one, and then she'll think your pilin' up the dust; if it's fer your pardner, one of the old green ones'll take her through in good shape, but not much style."

"Are you Mr. Rattler?"

"You hit it, Mister, that's me."

"Well I'm the government post office inspector and have been sent here to look over this office, there are complaints of irregularities."

"Go easy, mister, them's big words. Irregularites, hey? Will you jist let me know what this government expects. Don't I send the mail over whenever some of the boys is goin'. Do they think I'm goin' to jump on a hoss and cavort down to Possum Run, every time some galoot wants to send a letter"

"Now please don't get excited my dear Mr. Rattler, but ah—but, the prices you just gave me on stamps are not correct. You see the green and red stamps are only two cents, the blue ones are one cent, and the ones you call yellow are five."

"See here young man, you're a plum fool, that may be the price in the east where they hain't got no idee of hustle and business, but its different out here. That's what I have to pay for them stamps and if you think I'm runnin' this office for fun, you're way off."

"Oh that's all right. I'm not finding any fault, you're doing just right——"

"Well, I should say so."

"Then, ah-ah-there are complaints that the mail is maltreated that comes from this office."

"I'll low that the stamps may be cut a leetle too much, but why don't the lam basted old government furnish me with smaller cancellin' guns, and till they do I'll use what I got. See here, Ike, take and lead this man back to Possum Run, the first thing he knows he'll be finding fault, and if he does, like as not he won't get back to his ma."

Edwin Ralph Collins

The South the Place For Immigrants.

Forty-nine people left Manchester, N. H., some months since, and went via Chicago and New Orleans to Honduras, where they expected to establish a colony on lands granted to some person named Perry, of whom they had bought quite a number of acres. Gorgeous descriptions of the rich soil, tropical fruits, abundance of fish and game and of the delightful climate had so dazzled their imaginations that they did not take the precaution of sending out a trusty observer to ascertain the facts. When they reached that part of the Honduras coast along which runs the Berry grant they found a dangerous surf and was compelled to go some distance beyond it to find a safe landing. Nor was this their only disappointment. The climate was broiling and roasting hot. There was nothing like fruit or vegetables growing there. The land which could be so easily cleared was an almost impenetrable jungle. The fish were sharks and alligators, and the game was a razor-back wild hog, which was seen only occasionally.

To add to the rest, malarial fever struck several of the party and one died. The party was provided with plenty of provisions which had been brought along, and there was no danger of starving. After four weeks of endurance, a sailing vessel came opportunely, and the party gladly boarded it and returned home, each member the poorer by $400 and for the time lost.

If the same party had located at any one of a multitude of places in the Southern States, its members would have been rejoicing in its healthfulness and business advantages. Before accepting alluring accounts of tropical attractions as facts, our New England friends who are possessed of the spirit of migration should make a prospecting tour through the South. If in that favored region they cannot find a suitable location for their "lares and penates," they can never hope to find one in Central America.

Specimen Cases

S. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fed away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well.

John Speaker, Catawba, Ohio, 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 Theo. F. Kluttz & Co., druggists.

Humorous.

"Are you going to wear the same bathing suit that you wore last season?"

"I am."

"But fashion says that bathing suits will be fuller this year."

"Well, mine will be fuller. I am a good deal stouter than I was last season."—*N. Y. Press.*

First baggage smasher (wildly:) "Here hold on there, Bill. Handle that 'ere trunk carefully."

Second baggage smasher (almost paralyzed with amazement:) "Hev—hev—ye lost your wits?"

First baggage smasher (impressively:) "That—trunk—is—my wife's"—*Ex.*

"Did you," he asked in an intensely sentimental tone, "never sigh for death?"

"Whose?" she inquired with an interest and promptness that brought him back to earth so fast that he fairly lost his breath.—*Ex.*

Billy Edwards told a remarkable yarn to a group of friends in the Hoffman House cafe of an extraordinary creature he had in his home, which had four legs and only one foot.

No one believed him until he explained that it was a bedstead.

"G'an'ma,' said Dora, with a wise and important air, 'Tarrie 'tan't say her words plain tall. She allus says 'roo'ster.'"

"And what do you say?" asked grandma.

"Oh," said Dora, confidently, "I alwus say 'roo'ter!'"—*Youth's Companion.*

Husband: (a villager) "The butter is strong, the coffee tastes as if made of beans, and this sugar is half sand. Why don't you deal with Straight & Co. Their goods are always reliable."

Wife; "Mr. Straight doesn't belong to our church!"—*New York Weekly.*

The Dominie (solemnly): "Amid your worldiness and recklessness, young man, bear well in mind that all flesh is grass."

Young Mashemaff (rapturously:) "Yes. But thank heaven! some of it goes to grass widows!"—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

"Where's Blithers? I've been looking all over for him."

"Did you look under Mrs. Blithers' thumb."—*Puck.*

Madison Square: "They say that one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.

Murray Hill: "The man who wrote that never lived in a small town."—*Puck.*

A somewhat irreverent Australian has just found in the rabbit a fresh and potent reason for believing in the existence of a God. "For no man," he declares "would ever have invented such a creature!"

He: "Do you know, I'm very fond of those simple old melodies—for instance, 'Oh, to be over by thy side!"

She: Yes; and—er—"Good-by my lover, good-bye!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Can't you tell me all the particulars of that veterans' meeting?"

"Particulars? Bless your innocent heart, there ain't any; they're all generals."—*Baltimore American.*

Teacher: "What was the title of the chief magistrate of venice?"

Tommy Tuff: "The Dago."—*Puck.*

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.

The juice of half a lemon in a teacup of strong black coffee, without sugar, will often cure a headache.

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 eye, ears or nose, often causes deafness or deafness, which is the origin of chronic, incurable growths and many other manifestations popularly described 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.

Portsmouth's Red Star Store, Lake City, Fla.

P. P. P. Manufacturing Co.

Having been afflicted 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. Portsmouth.

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

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.