

The Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY OCTOBER 19, 1893.

NO. 35

What is CASTORIA

Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants
It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor
any substance. It is a harmless substitute
for Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil.
Its guarantee is thirty years' use by
millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea
and a Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
Cures Colic, Indigestion,
Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat,
Diarrhoea, and all the ailments of Infants,
Children and the Sickly.

Prepared by
J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

THE COURTIED SUICIDE!

The Cause and Its Lesson.
The Courtied Suicide!
The Cause and Its Lesson.
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The Cause and Its Lesson.
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The Fundamental Principle of Life Assurance

Under the True and Impartial Policy of
The Equitable Life
you are provided with an absolute safeguard against such
substantial, besides securing a much larger amount of insurance for the same amount of premiums paid in.
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For the Carolina, Rock Hill, S. C.

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THE OLD RIFLE

That Old Good Service in Our Grandfather's Time.

ARP TELLS ALL ABOUT "OLD BETSY"

With Its Flint and Steel Lock—Improvements in Rifles—Good Shots with the Old Rifle.

The ages have their names historic and picturesque. There are the stone age, the bronze age, the iron age, the golden age and the dark ages, but the age in which we live may well be called the age of invention. Never before in the history of the world has there been such a mass of wonderful inventions and improvements for the use and comfort and convenience of mankind. And it does not stop or even call a halt. Every year brings new surprises, and now when we hear of some bold, incomprehensible proposition we do not dare to say it is impossible. There is no advance in literature or painting or architecture or music or many other arts that require the highest order of intellect. Indeed, it is to be lamented that we no more have a Shakespeare or Milton or Goldsmith or Burns or Tom Moore; no more a Raphael or Michael Angelo; no more a Cicero or a Burke or Webster. Rifle shooting has become a pastime for the masses, and the time for rifle shooting has become a pastime for the masses, and the time for rifle shooting has become a pastime for the masses.

SWEET DREAM.

Elaborate Creations of the French Confectioner's Art.

"A golden age of bonbons was the period of the restoration," says a bright French writer upon the history and evolution of candies. Then the Rue des Lombards, which may be regarded historically as the cradle of French confectionery, outdid itself in pompous and elaborate sugar decorations. The taking of Granada and the siege of Gibraltar were portrayed in sugar, and there was an interesting representation of an agricultural fête in Pekin where the emperor of China, surrounded by his court, was plowing a field, all in marshmallow paste.

A rare book of that period gives some curious items about the popular candies of the day. The author describes a dream in which the new year appeared to him in the guise of a candy man.
"A tall and aged phantom with rather a silly air appeared to me," he writes, "on a shining caramel chariot, drawn by four stucco horses, whose harness and teeth were of hardened Yarboune honey. He had a long white beard. Around his head was a crown of little sugar demons. He wore bonbons for earrings, and held a vanilla chocolate scepter."
"In the distance I saw a barley sugar temple. The ground was of beautiful light brown sugar. Sirup of bananas spouted from apricot marmalade fountains. From two horns of plenty poured forth bonbons of the Marie Therese, pistachio candies a la Duchesse d'Angoulême, sugar apples a la herodine of Bordeaux, sweet tablets a la Louis XVIII, amber horns of peace, praline jelly ships a la Jean Bart, and guava jelly a la Russo.

ALWAYS SEEKING.

Reproduction of Outdoors Spent for the Year.

"The children who have a special aptitude for some branch of knowledge and who are determined to develop it are those who seem to know what escapes the gaze of ordinary eyes and women. James Ferguson, the astronomer, was very anxious, even as a little boy, to understand the mechanism of watches. His father refused to allow him to play with his watch, and so James waited until a stranger called at the house one day to ask his way. 'Will you be good enough to tell me what time it is?' asked the boy. The gentleman told him.

"Would you be willing that I should look at your watch?" continued Ferguson.
"Certainly," replied the gentleman.
The boy took the watch eagerly. After he had examined it a moment, his next question came.
"What makes that box go round?"
"A steel spring," replied the gentleman.
"How can a steel spring in a box turn it round so as to wind up the chain?"
The gentleman explained the process.
"I don't see through it yet," answered young Ferguson.
"Well, now," said the traveler, who had become deeply interested in the boy, "take a long, thin piece of whalebone, hold one end of it fast between your thumb and forefinger, and wind it round your finger. It will then attempt to unwind itself, and if you fix the other end of it to the handle of a small hoop, and leave it to itself, it will turn the hoop round and round, and wind up a thread tied to the outside."
"I see! I see!" exclaimed Ferguson, enthusiastically. "Thank you, very much."
It was not long before he had made a wooden watch, which he hid in a case about the size of a telescope.
The boy was afterwards set to work to watch sheep at night. Here he had nothing to watch but the stars, and his future eminence in astronomy was, in a way, founded upon this childish out-of-door observation.
Blaise Pascal, who wrote a remarkable treatise on the laws of chance, was constantly observing the family occurrences about him, even as a boy. When he was only ten years old he sat at the dinner table one day striking his plate with his knife, and then listening to the sound.
"What are you doing with that plate, Blaise?" asked his sister.
"See!" he replied. "When I strike the plate with my knife, it rings. Hark!"
Arsine called forth the sound.
"When I grasp it with my hand, son," he continued, "it sounds once. I wonder why it is?"
Thus, each boy begins to study, each according to his own bent, with no aid from other people.—Youth's Companion.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report.
ABSOLUTELY PURE

JULIA MAGRUDER.

Story of the Career of a Well-Known Southern Authoress.

The south has given to American literature, and especially to its fictional literature, many of its most famous names, and of these almost none is probably better known than that of Julia Magruder.
Miss Magruder was born at Charlottesville, Va., at about the beginning of the late war. She was the youngest of three daughters of Allan Bowie Magruder, a prominent Virginia lawyer, and his wife, Sarah Gilliam.
Miss Magruder's infancy was spent at her birthplace. When she was only three years of age the Magruder family removed to Washington, where Mr. Magruder practiced law for several years, and where his daughters received their earliest education. Later Mr. Magruder's family vacillated between Washington and their home in Virginia, in both of which places the education of the three girls was continued. Julia Magruder was taught almost exclusively by governesses and by her parents.

A UNIQUE INDUSTRY.

What Becomes of the Tin Cans of the Large Cities.

In the suburbs of great cities an industry has sprung up having for its object the utilization of old tin cans. In consequence these formerly despised and useless cans have acquired sufficient commercial value to rescue them from back-logs, dumping grounds and garbage scoops.
Under the present system of street cleaning the refuse of New York City is loaded on scoops from wharves located at convenient intervals along the river front, and then taken to sea and thrown overboard. These wharves have double decks, the upper projecting sufficiently to allow the contents of a cart to fall upon the middle of the scow, and be distributed by the trimmers, who keep the vessel on an even keel.
The trimmers select everything of value with the greatest care, rags, fat, bone, metal, paper stock, etc., being stored on the lower deck of the wharf. The silver and jewelry form no small part of the contractor's profit, and the total value of a scow load is estimated at an average of two hundred dollars.
The space between the wharf platforms is often closed in with odds and ends, and the interior converted into a miserable habitation by the trimmers, men and women, who thus herd together, their supplies being drawn from the dump.
The furnace is an old soap boiler, into which a few sticks are thrown. The heat is then filled with cans, and a quart of kerosene poured over them and ignited. The heat developed by the fire is not great enough to attack the tin, but melts the solder, which flows to the bottom of the bowl. The solder recovered from a load of cans averages forty pounds. After this process the tin plate scrap is sold to make what is called "acid."
Into a large open vat containing waste acid, sulphuric acid, hydrochloric acid, the scrap is thrown and allowed to remain until the tin is stripped from the iron underneath. More scrap and metallic iron is added until the solution is neutral. The tin thus dissolved is used as a basis for the preparation of stannates or other tin compounds, and by dyers.
The iron plate is rolled into balls for melting; the ferrous sulphate is purified and sold as commercial copperas, and the remaining acid is used in position of the process.—Youth's Companion.

SHE HAD TIME.

A Scene Which is Often Repeated at the Railroad Station.

It was the proud and haughty grand at the railway gate and there were two ladies who liked to be separated very much.
"Good-by," said the one with the valise and the red pasteboard box tied with white string.
"Good-by," replied the one who had no luggage.
"It's a pity you must be sure to give my love to all the folks."
"I will. They will be sorry that you couldn't come with me."
"I know it, but you will explain just how it was. I certainly wanted to come."
"Oh, then you forgot to lock the piano so that baby won't put buttons and scraps into the strings?"
"Yes."
"And shut the windows when it rains?"
"Of course."
"Well, I must hurry. Good-by."
"Good-by."
Then they kissed and parted and the traveler with some difficulty extricated her ticket from the valise. Just as she got to the guard she gave a little scream.
"Oh!" she said, "there is something I want to say to her; will I have time?"
"How long will you need?" he asked, as he looked at her ticket.
"Oh, half a minute."
"Oh, then you have plenty of time. I'll be ten minutes before your train starts."
"But the time table says it goes at three o'clock."
"Yes, but it's now just one minute past and it's Waverley Magazine."

STRIVING TO PLEASE.

The Time When a Day Came in Remarkably Handy.

"We don't need any matches," said Mrs. Ricketts as she opened the door three and a quarter inches and discerned that it was a peddler who had rung the bell.
"Madam, I am not selling—"
"Don't want to subscribe for any books either?"
"I am not a book a—"
"I have a full supply of tea and coffee!"
"Don't want any pictures enlarged, either?"
"The picture business is not my—"
"Isn't no use for jewelry, I tell you!"
"I am not dealing in—"
"Fact is," Mrs. Ricketts went on, opening the door a little wider to give her words a chance to emerge. "That is, you peddlers make no stock."
"Indeed?" replied the man, brightening up as he deftly breeched the door open with his right foot; "then how fortunate it is that I happened to add a stock of medicine to my outfit this trip. This preparation, 'ma'am,' he went on, as he held a bottle up for inspection, "is warranted to cure the worst attack of sickness brought on by peddlers. Only fifty cents a bottle. How many bot—"
"None!" called out Mrs. Ricketts; but as the dog came bounding cheerfully toward the house the peddler, naturally, placed himself outside the gate, and observed:
"See you do not really need the medicine, madam. Sorry to have troubled you by displaying it. Good morning, madam."—William Henry Siviter, in Puck.

A THEATRICAL FAMILY.

"I haven't played in a place of five thousand inhabitants for ten years," remarked the manager of a theatrical company who was in New York the other day buying a lot of old lithographs. "I got tired loafing about Union square and waiting for something to turn up. My wife and brother asked us to visit him at a village called Conkillingville, in the lower Adirondacks. Just to keep our hand in, my wife, my two daughters and myself gave a little entertainment in a big room over a store. It took, and I got an idea. I went for two fellows I knew, a farmer a company, and started out. We traveled all over the North woods by rail, stage or wagon. In summer we make the fair or circus tour, and in winter we have our regular dates. Everybody knows us, and we are well liked. Our receipts are small, but so are our expenses. We are never out of a job and never dead broke. We are a happy family—my daughters contented to earn a comfortable living and to let others continue the heart-breaking chase after fame and fortune."

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