

The Carolina Watchman.

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VOL. XXII.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1891.

NO. 26.

CASTORIA

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Aschner, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Consisting of

DRESS GOODS,
HOSIERY,
SHOES,
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WHITE GOODS,
LINENS,
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ROBES.

We make a specialty in **UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS and CORSETS.**

My **MILLINERY** is now open under the management of Miss Alderson, of Baltimore. You are earnestly invited to call and examine her stock.

W. H. REISNER & BRO.,

LEADING JEWELERS,

SALISBURY, N. C.

Beside each other trim and flat
Two pairs of spectacles have a chat,
Talking away as spectacles can,
And as I heard it, thus it ran.

Quoth the silver pair with big round eyes
To the golden pair made modern-wise,
"Let's have a talk ere the good folks
rise."

And that old old Salisbury opens her
eyes.

Apparently the gold pair nodded assent,
And with arms akimbo attention lent,
While the silver pair his kerchief drew
And then his nose most vigorously blew.

Then wiping a tear from his big round
eye.

He began by telling of days gone by,
When youthful vigor first left his eye,
And to see distinctly he vainly tried.

When at last my good master sought
Reisner Bros. and then I was bought,
From their stock complete and very
large.

With examination free—no extra
charge.

They told him I was the finest they
had.

To suit my father, not more than a lad,
Then folding my arms laid me gently
away.

And told him to wear mostly on cloudy
days.

These many years my master has had
Faithful service, never had,
While with your mistress side by side
Many happy hours we helped her pride.

Well do I remember a sorrow of the
past.

When master brought you here to stay,
And thinking me no earthly use, he
me aside did lay.

Thus perhaps to canker and decay.

Well for me now, by Reisners said,
Or off my shoulders would have went
my head.

Told my master to try me for seeing
away.

Quite certain, they said, I'd last many
more days.

From that day to this no sorrow
we've known,
And to ripe years together we've grown,
Doing our duty as only specks can,
Brought here to bless both woman and
man.

Never a tear has our masters shed,
Never a happier life was sped,
Never regretting that he was sent
Where he purchased the specks that
made him content.

Times have changed since first we came,
But their large stock is just the same,
They tell to all as they spoke of us:
Only finest goods advertise them thus.

Now just as the day begins to break,
Before their competitors can get awake,
Let us write on the wall just over there,
Don't waste your substance on the
desert air.

So say we and so say all;
Big stock, push and know-how will
roll the ball.

You always buy what they represent,
And never (we never) will you repent.

If fourteen karat true and straight,
Or lower by six, thus making it eight,
If Boss filled or Crescent the cases
may be,
They will always turn out as they
guarantee.

Now let us rap you on the pate,
And yell in your ear: Don't be too late!
If one thing you would have than an-
other,
Come and buy of

REISNER & BRO.

STATESVILLE MARBLE WORKS

Is the Place to Get Monuments, Tombstones, &c.

A large stock of VERMONT MARBLE to arrive in a few days. I guarantee satisfaction in every respect and positively will not be undersold.

Granite Monuments

Of all kinds a specialty.

C. B. WEBB,

PROPRIETOR.

The Difference.

You go upon the board of trade,
Where margin merchants meet,
And take some little options
On January wheat;
You watch the little ticker,
Till the hands swing round the ring,
Then you find your little boodle
Has gone a-glimmering.
That's business.

You go into a faro bank
And buy a stack of chips,
And watch the cards come from the box
Which the dealer deftly flips;
When your head is dull and aching,
At the breaking of the day,
You see that fickle fortune,
Has gone the other way.
That's gambling.
—Cincinnati Telegram.

BILL NYE IN TEXAS.

His Annual Farewell Tour of the State.

IN TEXAS, }
DOWN BY THE RIO GRANDE, }
I am preparing at this time a large and costly testimonial for the young man who suggested the idea of making this spring my first grand annual farewell tour of Texas. It has been a great success from a boxoffice and social standpoint. Artistically, of course, the carping critic might see places where he could have done a great deal better himself.

Texas, as we know already, is a mighty empire of itself, connecting the stern and stately elements of the Farmers' Alliance of Kansas on the north with the romantic yet peppery Quixote of the south. Here the sad and solemn lubricator, vulgarly called the greaser, spends his patrimony on an eight pound hat, and with what he has left he buys a horse. I never tire of looking at the delicious throes of a prosperous greaser. They are wildly beautiful to one who loves, as I do, to see a hand to hand contest to a finish between strong colors.

On Sunday I attended divine worship at the Mexican cathedral in San Antonio. It affords me a grand opportunity to look at the clothes of the congregation, as we do at home, also to study the faces of the people as they come out. Religion does not seem to afford the Mexican much joy or comfort. He goes through it, however, as one gets his teeth repaired—not for the delicious thrill of joy he finds looking in the job itself, but as a precautionary measure and as an evidence of his powers of endurance.

The ladies of the congregation, it seemed to me, showed better taste in proportion to their means than the gentlemen. They dressed plainly, and seemed to favor deep mourning wherever there was an excuse for it. Some of them, I judge, were mourning on very slight provocation—that is, if they were mourning the loss of such husbands as I was permitted to see samples of.

The men wore large hats, heavily embroidered, and whatever else they could get in the way of clothes. I never saw people sun so much hats or seem indifferent to outer clothes. I saw one man at church who wore a massive Mexican hat with two or three pounds of silver braid on it, and a leather cinch with two silver buckles for a band. He also wore a beautiful pair of lilac trousers. One man in the amen corner of the cathedral wore no coat or vest, but had a shirt made of buff calico, with grim figures on it, and it was made with puffed sleeves and a Stewart collar. He had also socked his inheritance into a hat, and wore helicopter trousers of the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Dallas is probably the most prosperous of Texas cities. Some well known writup of towns—possibly Charles Dudley Warner—states that if you draw a circle, using a radius of 100 miles, with Dallas as the center, you will have therein thirty-four counties. I was too tired to try it while at Dallas, and could not get a 100 mile radius at any of the places where I looked. Some of the stores didn't seem to have any radius at all.

These thirty-four counties produce nearly half of the cotton of Texas, also more than half the oats and wheat. It is a very fertile district indeed. The soil is rich and deep, and cotton just grows with the slightest encouragement. I never saw so much cotton anywhere before as I have seen on this trip. Down near Waco—pronounced Wayoo—there is an old time cotton planter who runs his plantation just as they used to before the war, only, of course, he can't show as good an abstract of title to his help, but he has the large black negro with the white eye, and that negro knows his place. He is fed, watered and looked out for every day. The mules are looked up also, so there is no frolicking over the country at night with the stock. Severe system is the rule, and \$20,000 is the cotton crop, while the negroes themselves are any of them fat enough to kill, and their happy songs in the cotton fields show that healthful discipline, regular hours and regular meals agree with them.

In this way they have very little temptation to monkey with the flowing bowl. Rum is highly injurious to the negro. While unquestionably beneficial to the white man, making him bright and highly conversational, it is not proper for the negro. I find his sensibilities and makes him almost course. I met one of them here in Texas who had become some what addicted to the use of liquor for

medical purposes. He said that he had drowned several of his more sickly and feeble sorrows in that way, but he said they always swelled up and came to the surface on the following day bigger and more disagreeable than ever.

I said that was a good simile. He said he didn't know what it was, but it was so. I found that he was talkative, and so I conversed with him. He said that he had got all his work done up ahead and got all over the rush before I came, so that he could have a real good visit with me when I got here. I judged that it had been several years since he had been busy, however.

He said that Texas was advancing rapidly, he thought, in the matter of civilization. I said "Yes," with a rising inflection. He said that she was now safely past the crisis, he thought, between the customs of the cliff dwellers and finger bowls. "Some of us, of course, is raw yet, but we are advancing. I would like to have you the guest of our club here this evening," said, if you will come down—the upper Congo club it is called, sah. We run it on economical principles, sah, but is a quite, home-like place, where you kin go for a hour or two, check your old razor and injoin yourself."

It was a quiet and rather unpretentious place the Upper Congo club, occupied during the day as a laundry and Tuesdays and Fridays as a club room. The franchise of the club consisted of the inalienable right to meet, meditate and adjourn. The club properly consisted of a guest's register, made in imitation of the butcher's order book, with a pine bed piled tied to it by a string, a gallon beer pail and a set of dominoes.

The Upper Congo club allows no millionaire's sons to join. Of course if a member should become a millionaire son after he had united with the club he cannot be expelled without a two-thirds vote; but I was told that "brains" and brains only was the qualification—self-made brains. Wealth could not come in and corrupt the pure thought ganglia of the Upper Congo club.

Sam Jones preached in Texas and lectured and licked the mayor of Palestine last fall. Everywhere one goes he hears of Sam Jones and the good work done by him. As by Dr. Talmage, who, with Mr. Jones and myself, furnished a star course of lectures the past season for Texas with great success, people coming, in some instances, for hundreds of miles, bringing their dinners and paying a dollar apiece, looking upon us with awe-struck features for a few moments and then retiring cheerfully to their distant homes.

Texas people say that Sam Jones reminds them of John the Fore-runner in some ways, only that John, so far as they know, did not eat with his knife. Sam, however, is a plain old hand man, and since he and I and Dr. Talmage have worked together in Texas I do not feel like hearing either one criticised, and I know that neither one would sit calmly by and allow me to be run down.

Dallas is beautifully surrounded by the State of Texas and Oak Cliff, a handsome suburb, with a thriving hotel and a vigorous girls' college. Also a pavilion for speakers and concerts during the summer, and a menagerie. There is a train running between Oak Cliff and Dallas which is called an accommodation. It is owned by the hotel, and the proprietor throws in the railroad. I say this so that the interstate commerce outfit may look into the matter and throttle this giant evil.

Dallas did a business in 1889 of over \$31,000,000. Since then trade has greatly increased. While there I met a company of Boston capitalists, headed by ex-Governor Brackett. They had just bought a building for \$250,000 that day. Four million dollars are (or is) invested in factories and the yearly product is over \$8,000,000. I was also in Dallas two days, and put quite a little sum of money in circulation while there. I cannot help it. The western spirit of freedom and reckless expenditure comes over me, and I buy the morning paper sometimes and do not read half of it.

I went to see the "Clemenceau Case" while in Dallas. I had avoided it while in New York, but the pictures and printing were so beautiful that I accepted the invitation of a real nice man and went to see the "Clemenceau Case." I will never have to do so any more. I write down my confession that I did go with much sorrow and regret, but I cannot conceal it any longer.

The play is said to have a beautiful moral concealed in it. There was no commendation in the play with this exception, though. The story is on the order of a train book now meeting with a large sale, called "The Sin of the Strawberry Blonde"; or, "Drawing Out the Gopher in My Grandmother's Grave," by Pearl Studebaker.

The heroine is strangely beautiful—in her lithographs—and poses as an artist's model in one of the acts. It was very still during this scene. You could have almost heard a cough drop. After it was over, and the artist threw a piano cover over his model, the entire audience turned around and looked at me with a keen, searching glance. I looked around also, as who would say, "Who is it?" but that did not

work. I was discovered. It taught me a lesson—this little incident. It was that he that advertiseth and billeteth a town should not seek to conceal himself in an audience, especially if his lithograph shows a marked resemblance to him.

The Knights of Pythias held a convocation at Dallas while I was there. I wore a badge in order to be sociable, and by that means learned of different grips and signs of distress. I think now I could work my way into a lodge if I could have time and a large cork-screw. In shaking hands with many rangers during the past year or two while travelling and making a wide acquaintance, looking to any accidental turn in affairs in 1892, I am struck by the large and varied number of grips given me which I am not able to classify.

I would think that a man who belonged to most all the secret societies must have very little time to devote to his business after successfully remembering all the grips, signs, pass words, explanations, signals, rituals, work of degrees, constitutions, by-laws, reports of committees, initiations, communitations and new business, good of the order, violation of obligations, opening odes, manual of arms, laying of corner stones and funeral services. If I had all these in my head I could just about remember the combination of my safe, but I would not be mentally adequate to anything further than that. If it rained, some good friend who had my best interests at heart would probably have to take me by the hand and bring me in.

BILL NYE.
FROM NORTH IREDELL.

A Quaint Relic—The Mooresville Meeting—Other Notes.

Your correspondent had the pleasure of spending a short time not long ago with Mrs. Dalton, of Mooresville, N. C., and while there saw quite a relic. This was a sword that was used by one Colonel Hunter, about the year 1770. He had it when the regulators started to Hillsborough to release Herman Husband, who had been captured by Governor Tryon's army. This relic also has in her possession a sword which her grandfather used in the revolutionary war. Mrs. Dalton has a number of curiosities, and is one of the most intelligent women that I ever had the pleasure of conversing with. She can trace her ancestors back for generations.

Hillsborough Alliance is O. K., although we never hear much said about it. We number about sixty-five, and the most of our members are of the true grit. At our last meeting the WATCHMAN was pressed very close for subscription, and I think in the near future we shall be able to send you some subscribers. Several said they were going to take it.

I was appointed a delegate to the county meeting at Mooresville, and spent the day quite pleasantly there. The people certainly had something left over from the winter, for it has not been our good fortune to come to such a dinner as was spread before us by the good people of the community in many days. For this, in behalf of the delegates from North Ireddell, we desire to extend to them our sincere thanks, and may they live long and continue prosperous. They are making a great effort for a crop this season and are generally up with work considering the season. We wish for them a great harvest.

Our teachers from North Ireddell, who have been teaching near Mooresville the past winter, and known as "the three Tharp boys," have all made their appearance again. I had thought that perhaps some of them would bring some of South Ireddell's fair daughters with them, but alas, they came as they went, and it seems they are doomed to be "rusty old bachelors." They will all go back in July and teach again in their same districts.

The presiding elder of the Methodist church for this district has bought property at Harmony and moved to it. We welcome Brother Smith among us. If there is no more frost we will have a very fair crop of peaches yet. The apples are not hurt.

JIM.

The Sage and the Boy: A Fable.

A Boy who had his hand wrapped up in a bandage called upon a well-known Sage and said:

"O Sage, I am but a young and innocent kid, and I desire to be made Wise."

"What wouldst Thou, my Son?" queried the Sage as he crossed his Legs and cut off a Chew of Plug Tobacco.

"Yesterday I picked up a Horseshoe in a Blacksmith Shop."

"I see."

"It was red hot."

"As usual."

"Teach me, O Sage, how to tell the Difference between a hot and a Cold Horseshoe, that I may not get blistered again."

AGRICULTURAL.

Topics of Interest Relative to Farm and Garden.

FEEDING TURNTIPS.

You cannot feed turnips to milch cows without effecting the flavor of the butter and giving it a turnip taste. It will make little or no difference whether the turnips are fed before or after milking, with or without salt for the turnips will pass into the milk veins and milk. Furthermore, if turnips, cabbages and similar strong-scented vegetables are cut up and fed to other animals in the same barn or stable where milch cows are standing, the very air breathed by the milch cows will be laden with the strong odor, and this will tint the milk. Pure and fresh air is just as important as pure and nearly odorless food for cows in order that they should give the best quality of milk for butter making. There are, no doubt, cows which are not so susceptible to the effects of poor and strongly scented food as others, but they are not, as a rule, animals that give richest milk.—American Agriculturist.

SHOULD THE BULL BE PUT TO WORK.

"Put the bull to work." Such is the advice which we find in one of our exchanges. Very good, as far as the theory goes. But when it comes to the practical part of it we would like to enquire what line of work the bull can do to advantage at this season of the year. It is not time to plow, and if it was the bull would not make a very good team to plow with. If a harness was made for him, and a cart was provided, he might be used for drawing manure to the fields; but these trappings would cost more than this work would be worth, and the horses or oxen usually employed for the purpose would find their "occupation gone." The same trouble about working the bull will be found at all seasons of the year. There is very little work to be done on the ordinary farm which the bull can do to advantage. Not only this, but the bull is an unsafe animal to handle. He is always treacherous, is liable to be violent, and is never to be trusted for a moment. It might be good for the bull to work, but we believe that, in the great majority of cases, the bull would receive a great deal more benefit than his owner would obtain from the labor which he performed.—American Dairyman.

CABBAGE WITHOUT TRANSPLANTING.

There are two ways of raising cabbage in the open ground. One is by transplanting plants, the other by sowing the seed in the hills or drills just where the cabbage is to be grown. If the plants have been started in hotbeds or cold frames for an early crop or are to occupy land as a second crop, it is necessary that they should be the one crop of the season on the land occupied, then it is the belief of the farmers in the great cabbage raising sections of New England that the best plan is to plant the seed just where the cabbage is to be grown. Experience has taught us that by this plan the piece matures more evenly than when the plants are transplanted while they are certainly as reliable for heading, for when 100 per cent. of the plants make marketable heads—as I have known instances—nothing better can be asked. Those who have been in the habit of transplanting cauliflowerers will find they will do better when the seeds are planted in the hills where they are to be matured. A plan now somewhat common among market gardeners is to drill the seed of cabbage sufficiently thick that by cutting out the extra plants with the hoe the remainder will be left at the distance suitable. This requires more seed while it saves a good deal of time and bank-breaking work. The great defect in this manner of planting has been that if left too thick, they mature quicker than was necessary for the ends desired. In my planting in the drills we used last season the Mathews seed drill. My foreman made an ingenious change in its dropping capacity, which is worth putting on record. He removed the wheel which has about twelve projections that as it revolves kept the seed agitator in motion, boring four holes at equal intervals inserted four projections on the opposite side and then set back in place, but in a reversed position. The result was one revolution caused the agitator to move four times instead of twelve, and the seed was fed just about as thick as wanted. Very often a little change of improvement can be made in an implement by the farmer and gardener using it that will add much to its value.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Avoid extremes of temperature for plants.

Wood ashes are an admirable orchard manure.

The house slops of every family are worth saving for fertilizing purpose by throwing them on the compost heap.

Two tablespoonfuls of crude carbolic acid to each bucketful of whitewash will make it much more destructive to lice.

Blackberries and raspberries should

be set in rows six feet apart and the plants two and a half or three feet apart in the row.

Rhode Island Greening and Baldwin are two varieties of apples that lead in the New York markets and give good prices.

Hens should not be overfed. Keep them with sharp appetite, so that they will take exercise enough to keep healthy.

It is a mistake to seed a young orchard down to grass unless the trees are well estimated and the soil is reasonably rich.

The white or brown Leghorns are a very desirable breed where eggs are wanted. They are good layers, but not good setters.

Bones make a good feed for poultry occasionally, and on many farms a good supply could be readily secured with a little care in picking them up and breaking or grinding them into such condition that the fowls can eat them.

Do not calculate on making the garden all at once. A good garden should furnish a supply all through the season; kale, kohlrabi, celery, salsify and cauliflower are all good crops, but not so generally raised as they should be.

Sheep raising has to be learned, and it is better to start with a few and carefully study their habits, read what others have to say as their care, and then when you are sure there is profit to be made, get more sheep, and with good management you will succeed.

The stock farmer has the most independent life in the world. His stock and grass grow day and night, rain or shine without a host of hands to feed and pay off. He is more independent of the bad seasons than the grower, who loses a crop when the season is bad. True, there is nothing new to brag of in prices of stock, but still it is better than any other business on the farm, and if we have high-grade stock we get the top of the markets, that pays well even in these times.

"Alliance Demagogues."

The old partisan press is now engaged in denouncing every man, of any political prominence, who defends the platform of the farmers' Alliance, and champions the cause of our down-trodden and struggling tillers of the soil, as a "demagogue." There are men of their own ilk, however, who of trained office by professing loyalty to the principles of our organization—and so soon as successful reputate the men who gave them position—that are held up to the world as patriots of the highest order. It is looked upon by such papers as both honorable and laudatory to rid the Alliance into office, and then betray it. There no demagogues in this. No; it is the acme of patriotism and shrewd wisdom, and such teachers deserves the applause of such intelligent men. Anything that will beat the Alliance or any possible means by which the will of its members may be thwarted and their wishes disregarded is all right and proper!

But just let some man work faithfully in the ranks—asking neither office or reward—and stand squarely by the Alliance and its platform, and you will see him hounded and denounced, from one end of the State to the other, as a trickster, a schemer, and a demagogue.

Such a fire of abuse the editors of this paper are now undergoing. All the epithets, that hate and venom can conjure up are being heaped upon our heads. But we care naught for such. Our past record is before the public, and we defy our worst enemy to show where we ever handled a dirty shilling, or have ever betrayed a trust or our people. We have asked neither honors nor office. If this be demagoguery, make the most of it, we know our own hearts and every pulsation of it beats in sympathy with the struggling farmers of our land; and we propose to continue to fight their battles so long as we can wield a pen or raise our voice. We won't be driven from our position by slander, threats or abuse. We have 50,000 allies in Georgia at our back, and defy you.—Southern Alliance Farmer.

An electric street railway car can be heated by the expenditure of one horse power of electrical energy. There is no dust, no cinders and no room is taken from the seating accommodations.

Mr. Fife's Great Work.

Writing the Western North Carolina Methodist from Lincolnton, Rev. J. F. Austain has this to say of the lasting good of Evangelist Fife's work in that place last year:

"Last summer Mr. Fife, the drummer evangelist," visited the town of Lincolnton, and accomplished great good the effects of his meeting are still quite visible. Drunkards are reformed, dancing has ceased, the billard and card-tables set aside, and many once sad hearts are now rejoicing over the reformation of a reckless father, husband, son or brother. The religion of our Lord Jesus Christ is the only substantial remedy for the many heart-crushing evils of life."—Fayetteville Observer.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.