The Carolina Watchman.

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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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The Hardest Time of All.

There are days of deepest sorrow
In the season of our life;
There are wild despairing moments,
There are hours of mental strife;
There are times of stony anguish,
When the tears refuse to fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Youth and love are oft impatient,
Seeking things beyond their reach;
And the heart grows sick with hoping,
Ere it learns what life can teach.
For, before the fruit be gathered
We must see the blossoms fall;
And the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Loving once, and loving ever,
It is sad to watch for years;
For the light whose fitful shining
Makes a rainbow of our tears.
It is sad to count at morning
All the hours to evenfall;
O the waiting time, my brothers;
Is the hardest time of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict,
Through the sudden, crushing blow,
Beating back our gathered forces,
For a moment lay us low:
We may rise again beneath it,
None the weaker for our fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

For it wears the eager spirit
As the salt waves wear the stone,
And hope's gorgeous garb grows threadbard,
Till its brightest tints are gone.
Then amid youth's radiant tresses,
Silent snows begin to fall;
O the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Yet at last we learn the lesson,
That God knoweth what is best,
And a silent resignation
Makes the spirit calm and blest;
For, perchance, a day is coming,
For the changes of our fate,
When our hearts will thank him meekly
That he taught us how to wait.

—Selected.

A Musical Duel Between Liszt and Chopin.

One evening in the month of May, between 11 and 12 o'clock, the company was assembled in the great drawing-room of the Chateau at Nohant. The large windows were open, the moon was full, the nightingale sang, the perfumes of roses and mignonette penetrated the room. Liszt played a nocturne of Chopin, and, according to his habit, embroidered it a la Liszt with trills, tremolos, and organ stops. Several times Chopin betrayed signs of impatience, when finally, no longer able to control his wrath, he approached the piano and said to Liszt, with his usual English phlegm:

"I pray, my dear sir, if you do me the honor to play one of my pieces, play it as it is written, or play something else. Nobody but Chopin has the right to change Chopin."

"Very well; play yourself," replied Liszt, piqued, rising from the stool.

"Most willingly," said Chopin.

At this moment the lamp was extinguished by a moth fluttering into the flame. As some one was about to relight it, Chopin cried: "No! on the contrary, put out all the lights—the moon gives me light enough."

Then he played—played for a whole hour. To relate how would be impossible. There are emotions one experiences which cannot be described. The nightingales ceased their singing to listen; the flowers drank as a divine dew those celestial sounds from Heaven; the audience, in mute ecstasy, hardly dared to breathe, and, when the enchanter finished, all eyes were bathed in tears, and, above all, those of Liszt. He hugged Chopin in his arms, crying:

"Ah, my friend, you were right! The works of a genius like you are sacred. It is profanation to touch them. You are a real poet, and I am only a mount bank."

"No more of that!" quickly retorted Chopin. "We each have our kind—you yours and I mine. You know very well that no one in the world can play Weber and Beethoven like you. By the way, I beg you, play me the adagio in ut dièze minor of Beethoven; but play seriously, as you know how when you will."

Liszt played this adagio, putting into it all his soul and will. The effect produced upon the company was of an entirely different sort. Some wept, some sobbed; they were no longer the gentle tears Chopin had caused to flow, but the cruel tears of which *Othello* speaks. The melody of the second artist, instead of softly penetrating the heart, plunged into it like a dagger. It was no longer an elegy, but a drama.

However, Chopin thought himself victor that evening, that he had eclipsed Liszt, and he boasted of it in saying, "How angry he is!" Liszt, hearing of this, resolved to avenge himself. The opportunity offered four or five days later. The company was assembled, and at about the same hour, toward midnight, Liszt begged Chopin to play. After a good deal of urging, he consented. Liszt asked that all the lights be put out and that the curtains be drawn, so that the obscurity might be complete. It was the caprice of an artist, and readily granted. But at the moment when Chopin was placing himself at the piano, Liszt whispered a few words in his ear, and took his place. Chopin, who had no suspicion of what Liszt intended to do, noiselessly sat down in an easy chair near the piano. Then Liszt played exactly all the composition that Chopin had rendered on that memorable evening of which we have spoken, playing them with such marvelous imitation of the style and manner of his rival that it was impossible not to be deceived. The same enchantment, the same emotion, acted upon them all. When the ecstasy was at its height, Liszt quickly struck a match and lighted the candle on the piano. A cry of surprise broke out from the company.

"What! is it you?"

"As you see," coolly replied Liszt.

"But we thought it was Chopin!"

"What did you think?" gayly asked Liszt of his rival.

"I, like everybody else—I thought, too, it was Chopin!"

"You see," said Liszt, in rising, "that Liszt can be Chopin when he chooses; but is Chopin able to be Liszt?"

It was a challenge that Chopin neither wished nor dared to accept. Liszt was avenged.

A Hermits Home.

While enjoying the invigorating breezes of the country, and trying the never failing health giving waters of Sassamon's Springs last week, a Standard reporter visited the home of the late William Bost.

A great deal has been said in the newspapers about this man's peculiar way of living, while he had thousands of dollars hidden in his house and under rocks and in the ground. A survey of the inside of his house is, indeed, worth a visit to almost any museum. The approach to the house is made by a winding road over fields, through woods, amid hills and branches. The house and several outhouses are inclosed by a fence. The yard has grown up with high weeds, through which pathways have been made, and to lend dreariness to the scene, several large logs lie in the yard, and two gigantic cedars have been blown down, and their white bark, covered with a kind of moss, makes one feel that he is standing in the midst of a Florida forest. The two big dogs that were the old man's most welcome company during his declining years, set up a doleful howl the moment we entered the large wooden gate. The same old darkey that has cooked for him for years was attending the culinary department.

On the walls we found all his accounts written with chalk. This was the way he kept his books. There was but one account book in the house, and that was an old one that dated back to 1837. From the entries made it seems that Mr. Bost was in the prime of life when everything was good and cheap. He charged 25 cents per quart for whiskey, while he sold bacon at 10 cents per pound. In one place on the wall we found this inscription: "July 27, 1890, date of depredation here." This has reference to an attempt of robbery that was made on him at that date. In another place we found the great earthquake shock chronicled.

The back room, where it is supposed that he kept a large amount of his money, is a study for any one. The wall is weak, and the door and windows very insecure. But in order to make an alarm he had tin pans, iron spikes, old bells, and in fact, something of everything that would make a noise, hung over the door and window, thus making it impossible for any one to enter without making a terrible racket. It is strange to think that a man will lie down on a cot, scantily provided, and die, with thousands of dollars at his head. A wonderful mania for making money and a still greater one for saving it! Yet there are thousands of people in this country, which God made to enjoy and to be enjoyed, who are doing the same thing, and have the same mania, only to a less degree.

In his granary is wheat so old that the grains have lost their shape, and long moss is growing on some of the haystacks that have been there ever since the war.

A five minutes walk took us to the old family graveyard. This place presents a sadder picture of neglect than anything else we saw. It is in his hay pasture and has been walled up in time past. But the wall has crumbled down and the rocks have been scattered all over the hill. Here his father and mother and two brothers and one sister are buried. Some of the headstones have fallen down, and the place of the graves are only marked by the sunken places in the earth. The whole graveyard is covered with a thick growth of trees, which are covered with grape vines that twine from their bottom to the top. The tombstones were made by W. T. White, the man who made most of the tombstones in the famous old Spear's graveyard. It is supposed he lived in Charleston.

Notwithstanding all these peculiarities, Mr. Bost was a kind man in many respects, and meant good, whether he accomplished it or not.—Concord Standard.

Monopoly papers denounce income taxes of any kind as "class legislation of the worst sort." We think an equitable tax on incomes above $5,000 or $10,000 would be taxing a class who are perfectly able to pay to the relief of a many times larger class to whom taxation is a grievous burden. We believe, also, that most of our readers feel the same way.

The Poor Poorer the Rich Richer.

Let us suppose a colony to be organized, composed of farmers, mechanics of all trades, laborers, with suitable sprinkling of doctors, lawyers and ministers. Let us suppose that the various trades and professions are so skillfully proportioned that there shall be just farmers enough to produce the food and raw material required by the entire community; just carpenters, blacksmiths, etc., enough to perform the work needed in these trades; just manufacturers enough to work up the wood and cotton into clothing, the wood and iron of the forests and mines into the machinery needed, and just laborers enough to perform their share of work in such a hive of industry as this would become. Suppose this ideal community to be so fortunately located on a tropical island in mid-ocean that its soil should product every variety of grain, fruit and medinal plant known to the world; that its mines should yield every mineral, and its forests every needed variety of wood. Such a community might easily come to the belief that its highest interests lay in the exclusion from its shores of all foreign products of industry, in order that its own varied resources might be developed to their fullest extent, and that its own laborers and artisans might have constant employment.

Under the impulse of this belief, let us suppose that this community shall erect around its borders a Chinese wall in the shape of a protective tariff. Thus protected from foreign competition we can imagine that arts and manufacturers of all kinds will flourish, so long as the adjustment of demand and supply within this wall remains perfect; the price of manufactured products will rise to the level at which those of foreign make can come in over the tariff wall, and selling thus high, manufacturers can, and internal competition will compel them to pay high prices for their raw materials and labor, and thus it will follow that the entire level of values, as measured in money, will rise to a higher point within this wall than in the world at large; manufactured products will sell at higher prices, agricultural products will be higher, land will be higher and wages will be higher; yet, as food and clothing will also be higher, the earnings of the laborer will purchase no more of these necessities than will those of his brother outside the wall.

Let us imagine that a time finally comes when the soil of this fortunate island, under the stimulus of improved methods of culture, supplemented by labor-saving machinery, produces more of the raw material of food and clothing than the people of the island can consume. One of two things must happen: the surplus will either be sold in the general markets of the world, or permitted to go to waste at home. But it is not in human nature to allow the products of labor to waste, and this surplus will be sold in the general market, and at the world's market price. As the ratio of this surplus to the entire crop increases, the condition of the foreign market will have more and more effect upon that at home, and the time will soon come when the value of the entire crop will be measured, not by the demand at home, but by the world at large, and thus it will happen, when the world's general supply is large, that a smaller gross sum will be received for the increased crop than a crop just sufficient for the needs of home consumption would have brought. Let this over-production extend to most of the products of the soil, and let it amount to a considerable per cent. of the whole, and it will be seen at once that the farmer has lost the benefit of the protective wall. He is still compelled to buy his labor, clothing and other necessaries of life at the high level prices produced by that wall, but he sells his products at the low-level of the world's open market. The cost of food will thus be reduced to the laborer, and for a time he will enjoy unwonted prosperity; but let this prosperity become known to laborers in other countries and they will soon come flocking over to share it. There being just sufficient labor for the work to be done before, this influx will glut the market, men whose families are becoming hungry will offer to work for lower wages, and thus the price of labor will fall in harmony with the lowering of the cost of food; yet, clothing and all products of manufacture will still remain at the previous high rates, until they are brought down by over-production at home.

Quite possible this over-production may come. Tempted by the combination of cheap labor with high prices for manufactured goods, it is expected that foreign capitalists will come over to help these islanders build up their manufactures. In a short time it will be found that supply has exceeded demand, stocks will accumulate, and manufacturers, compelled to raise money to pay expenses, will throw quantities of goods on the market to be sold at any price. Realizing the danger of this method, manufacturers, being few in number, will soon combine into associations binding themselves to let their mills stand idle a portion of the year, thus throwing the workmen out of employment during a part of each season. As the price of labor is never much higher than the cost of living, when the mills start again these workmen will be found in debt for a part of their subsistence during their enforced idleness, and will be compelled to accept work on such terms as the manufacturers may offer. Realizing the injustice of their situation they will probably be strikers, but these will only aggregate the difficulty by lengthening the periods of idleness. Thus, wages will be constantly kept at a low level, laborers will be kept in a constant ferment, agriculture will be constantly depressed, and only those industries will flourish which can, by combinations and other methods, secure unlimited capital with which to tide over strikes and financial crises due to overproduction, and thus the few will accumulate enormous fortunes, while the many constantly grow poorer.

Senator Pfeffer in New York.

The war has been carried into the enemy's camp at last. Senator Pfeffer, in a great speech in Cooper Union, opened the campaign of the people against the money power in New York city. If his message is heared and heeded by the autocrats of Wall street their interest will suffer far less than will be the cause if they continue to defy the demands of the farmers and laborers of the country. Here are the some of the things he said. They are worth reading:

I come to you in direct lineage from that western orator who brought a warning thirty odd years ago to give you the message that a power threatens the country, and that you must destroy that power or it will destroy you. It has come to this. Whenever the men of Wall street dictate, a policy is adopted; whenever those men oppose a policy, that policy is defeated. More than twenty years ago a new custom was adopted in this country, namely whenever the men of Wall street need money they ask their partner at Washington to come over and help them, and he comes. Last year the Secretary of the Treasury reports somewhere near $100,000,000 of the people's money paid over to Wall steet, advanced in the way of interest. I saw in the national treasury at Washington the other day great piles of bonds stamped, "Interest prepaid to July 1, 1894."

Now, in contrast to that pretense, I submit to the millions of suffering farmers of this country. When the farmers ask the government for money for their actual needs they cannot get it, while men who are flourishing in wealth can get it whenever they want it. That condition of things must be changed. We propose to take away no man's property. There is need of several things. One is more money, another is cheaper money. I don't mean money that is not good for anything. We want good money. I don't care what kind, but an abundance of it. We want it at lower rates of interest than we are now paying. Bondholders can't get money at 2 per cent., but the farmer cannot get it for less than 10. We are going to equalize that thing if we have to revolutionize the whole country.

Instead of calling us repudiators and anarchists you ought to thank us for giving you warning. We mean to make our own money and plenty of it. That is just what we did during the war, and we can do it again. We shall not destroy the money of the rich. We will not touch a dollar of it. We simply propose to make more money for ourselves. Are not the farmers' lands as good as the national banks' bonds? Why not give the farmer a little 2 per cent. money from the national treasury as you do the banks? These are not threats; they are only warnings.

One-half the homes of this country are mortgaged for more than they are worth. If the whole State of Kansas was put up at auction at thirty days' notice it would not bring enough to pay her indebtedness. I make the same assertion regarding every agricultural State in the country. We are not starving in Kansas. We propose to pay our debts, but we can't pay at 10 per cent. a debt out of a 2 per cent business. The farmers are worth a little more than the debts upon them, but the railroads of the State owe four or five times their value.

The time is coming when the people will begin to build the railroads. Some day those railroads will either be put in the hands of the people [great applause] or else the people will build roads of their own. How are they going to do it? How did we carry on the war and get money to do it? We are coming to it very fast and it will be impossible to avoid it. The changes are upon us. No power but the Almighty can prevent them, and He is with us. It is of no use to dally any longer with the old parties. They must be converted or destroyed. We are going to have new men and new measures.

It is stated here that the Treasury department has been asked to investigate charges of under-valuation of imports against the Collector of customs at El Paso, Texas, but no confirmation can be had at the department.

A genuine boom existed last week in lake grain freights, the rate on corn at Buffalo advanced two cents, while two and one-third cents was paid on wheat.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

An Alliance Tobacco Factory.

The State Alliance in session at Fayetteville in 1889 and at Asheville in 1890 passed resolutions urging Alliancemen to patronize Alliance enterprises.

The Granville County Alliance Tobacco Manufacturing Company is run by Alliancemen, every dollar of the capital being subscribed by Alliancemen. This factory is situated at Oxford, in the midst of the finest tobacco growing section in the United States.

The company has $50,000 capital invested in a warehouse and factory. The warehouse is one of the largest and best in the State. It is well managed and gives universal satisfaction. The factory is a splendid three story brick building with basement. It is fitted up with the largest improved machinery for putting up plug and smoking tobacco. Nothing but the best quality of leaf tobacco is used. The plugs are honest all the way through—no filling in of inferior leaves.

The tobacco is put up in 11 and 13 pound boxes. The factory has a large quantity of old tobacco on hand which they are now just putting up, and their customers may expect something fine to chew. "Alliance Mahogany," "Alliance Granville" and "Alliance Peach" are the principal brands. "Farmers Delight" is the name of their smoking tobacco. It is of superior quality nicely put up. This brand took the first premium at the North Carolina State Fair in 1889. This tobacco is shipped all over the country by the box to Alliancemen. The prices for the different brands is as low as the same quality can be sold anywhere. We think Alliancemen everywhere will do well to patronize this factory. Dr. A. J. Dalby, one of the most energetic Alliancemen in the South, is Secretary of the Company. He has worked in tobacco all his life and knows everything about it from the tiny seed up to the time it is ready for sale. They have old and experienced tobacco manufacturers in the factory and he puts work through in a fine shape. Anybody who deals with this concern may depend on an honest treatment and may expect the best goods for their money.

Snakes Are Not Snakes.

The cause of persons whose nerves are excited by protracted and excessive use of stimulants seeing the shapes of animals passing before them is not due wholly to the imagination, says a writer in the New York Times. In fact the fancy only operates to induce belief that what is seen is alive and hideous. The eyeball is covered by a network of veins, ordinarily so small that they do not intrude themselves visibly in the path of the light that enters the sight, but in the course of some diseases these veins are frequently congested and swollen to such size as to become visible, and when this happens the effect generally is to appear as if there were object of considerable size a distance from the eye.

Of course this vein is generally long, thin and sinuous like a serpent, and the figure seen is frequently startlingly like a snake. That they seem to live is due to the fact that they are often not in perfect line with the direct front of sight. They are either to the side, up or down from the focus; therefore, when discovered, the victim naturally turns his eyes toward the effect, and the effect, of course, moves away. The eye follows, and thus a continuous and realistic motion is got. Now, if the eye be returned to the front again quickly it will see another snake, which if watched will glide away in the same manner. The writer of this is afflicted by malarial disease, and after his eyes are thus congested many strange shapes and clouds pass within his vision, which, if he were in a state of nervous collapse, might easily be all that are seen by those suffering from delirium tremens.

Oh, this ringing in the ears!
Oh, this humming in the head!
Hawking, blowing, snuffing, gasping,
Watering eyes and throat a-raping,
Health impaired and comfort fled,
Till I would that I were dead!

What folly to suffer so with catarrh troubles, when the worst cases of chronic catarrh in the head are relieved and cured by the mild, cleansing and healing properties of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It purifies the foul breath, by removing the cause of offence, heals the sore and inflamed passages, and perfects a lasting cure.

All the farmer asks is a reasonable share of the profits of labor. He only asks to share the profits with the other fellow.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion

In their worst forms are cured by the use of P. P. P. If you are debilitated and run down, or if you need a tonic to regain flesh and lost appetite, strength and vigor, take P. P. P., and you will be strong and healthy. For shattered constitutions and long mangled P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke and Potassium) is the king of all medicines. P. P. P. is the great blood purifier in the world. For sale by all druggists.

Criticizing a Young Lady.

"She would be a pretty girl but for one thing."

"What's that?" asked Charley.

George—"Her face is always covered with purple and red blotches."

Charley—"Oh, that's easily enough disposed of. Used to be the same way myself, but I caught on to the trouble one day, and got rid of it in no time."

George—"What was it?"

Charley—"Simply blood eruptions. Took a short course of P. P. P. I tell you, it's the boss blood corrector. The governor had rheumatism so bad that you could hear him holler clear across the county every time he moved. He tried it, and you know what an athlete old gent he is now. I somebody would give Miss Daisy a pointer, she would thank them afterwards. All the druggists sell it.