

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XXII—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 27, 1891.

NO. 43.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

For several years I have recommended your Castoria, and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results.

EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D.,
New York City.
"The Watchman," 15th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

"LABOR AND CAPITAL,"

The Farmer's Great Book.

By the prominent and well-known writer, E. A. ALLEN, Assisted by COL. L. L. POLK, HERBERT MYRICH, Pres. N. F. A. and I. U. Sec. The Farmers' Nat. League. JOHN TRIMBLE, JOHN P. STELLE, Sec. Nat. Grange, The Patrons of Husbandry. Sec. Gen. Assembly Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association.

Also four other of the leading Officers of labor organizations.

This book contains a true account of the work done by the different organizations.

A NEW POLITICAL PARTY WAS ORGANIZED AT CINCINNATI, MAY 19, 1891. THIS WORK CONTAINS A FULL ACCOUNT OF THAT NOVED CONVENTION, THE PLATFORM ADOPTED, ADDRESS BY SENATOR PFEFFER.

The book contains 500 octavo pages and is handsomely bound.

ENGLISH CLOTH, \$2.00.
HALF MOROCCO, \$2.50.

This great book can be had in North Carolina only through THE R. D. ROBINSON PUB. HOUSE, Raleigh, N. C.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY.

FIGURES DO NOT LIE.

I advertise the largest stock of FURNITURE in the State, and the lowest prices of any dealer North or South. I shall prove it by "figures."

Read These Prices.

A Rattan baby Carriage, Wire wheels, only	\$ 7 50
Genuine Antique Oak Bed Room Suit (10 pieces)	25 00
Walnut Frame Wood Parlor Suit (6 pieces)	35 00
Antique Oak Sideboard, with large glass	16 00
Standing Hall Table, with glass	5 75
Antique Oak High Back Wood Seat Rockers	1 50
Mexican Grass Hammocks, large size	2 00
Mosquito Canopies, with Frames ready to hang	1 00
Bamboo Easels, 5 feet high	2 50
Ladies Rattan Rockers	1 50
Antique Oak Centre Tables, 16 inches square top	65
Holland Window Shades, Dobo Fringe and Spring Rollers	3 50
Platform Spring Rockers, carpet seat	50 00
Sterling Organ, 7 stops, walnut case	225 00
Sterling Piano, 73 octaves, Ebony case	

I have just put in the Furniture for three large hotels, and am receiving orders from all over North and South Carolina daily.

One price to all, and that the lowest known, is my way of doing business. If you buy an article from me and it does not come up as represented, return it at my expense and get your money back.

Write me for Catalogues.

E. M. ANDREWS,
14 and 16 West Trade St. Charlotte, N. C.

COAL! KEEP 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.

Also keep on hand at all times the finest grade of blacksmith coal.

J. ALLEN BROWN.

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.

Which One Was Kept.

There were two little kittens, a black and a gray.
And grandmamma said, with a frown:
"It will never do to keep them both,
The black one we'd better drown."
"Don't cry, my dear"—to tiny Bess,
"One kitten's enough to keep."
Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late,
And time you were fast asleep.
The morrow dawned, and rosy and sweet
Came little Bess from her nap;
The nurse said, "Go into mamma's room
And look in grandma's lap."
"Come here," said grandmamma with a smile,
From the rocking chair where she sat,
"God has sent you two little sisters,
Now what do you think of that?"
Bess looked at the babies a moment,
With their wee heads, yelow and brown,
And then to grandmamma soberly said,
"Which one are you going to drown?"
—Fashion Bazar.

Timely Words.

I will give you some of the reasons the farmers have to complain. In the first place, the so-called cotton exchange (gamblers) have no right to commence speculating on our cotton before the seed are planted, buying and selling futures at a less price than it cost the farmer to produce it. Our laws should be made so the supply and demand would govern the price, and we very well know that is not the case now. For no one can tell what the supply will be before the seed are planted, but gamblers (called the cotton exchange) will sit back and say what the farmers will get for their cotton before they plant the seed, and it is no just law. They may call it the Alliance going into politics if they choose, but we have got to have a revolution and it is better to bring it about by the ballot box than the sword. It must come. Sometimes I feel more like shouldering my musket than I did in 1861. The causes of the low price of cotton now is the money power of the world trying to grind the laboring class to powder. The farmers have said some things about the Wall Street's King, and they are showing the power that our defective laws give them. We know they are corrupt, for wholesome laws never make so many millionaires in so short a time. The farmers of the South must learn to take care of themselves. I would say to the cotton farmers of the South next year to teach the gamblers a lesson by every one buying as many bales of futures as he would make and then plant his land in corn. We can buy cotton for less than we can make it. We must manage to get the speculator out of the cotton business. We pay too many commissions. We sell to our home merchants, they sell to some commission merchant, and he to the manufacturer who spins and weaves it, and then sells the product to the jobber and he to the merchant. We sell it for 6 or 7 cents per pound and buy it back at 20 or 25 cents per pound or even more. We should sell direct to the manufacturer, and then we can't hardly stand our hand. With the low price of cotton now, the manufacturers have formed a trust and forced the price of plains up and makes us pay 5 or 54 cents per yard and it would make sieve bottoms. The reason the farmers have all other classes to fight in our financial trouble is that no other class can expect the cotton farmer feels it so sensibly as they do. A few years ago a bale of cotton would bring fifty or sixty dollars and now it brings twenty-five to thirty dollars and costs as much to produce it now as then. But the merchant don't reduce his profits, the lawyer and the doctor their fees, or the manufacturer his profits. The wages of clerks are not reduced and all other classes can buy more with a dollar now than when cotton was higher; but the farmer who is in debt can't pay his debts and no other class feels the pressure as much as he. It is the best time that ever has been for the money power to press the poor of the country, the salaries of our congressmen, governors, judges and all the officials of the country are as high as when cotton was bringing higher prices, and consequently, they can't feel the pressure so sensibly and can't sympathize with the agricultural class of the country, and therefore, think we have no right to complain. They say we need no relief and light us on the sub-treasury bill, free silver, and every other effort to better our condition.

A Story of Gen. Butler.

An old Washingtonian tells of a thrilling midnight ride by Gen. Ben Butler from Baltimore to Washington to carry the news of the capture of Fort Hatteras to President Lincoln. After the fort had been occupied by Butler's troops the general started on a transport for Washington by way of Annapolis. At the latter point a locomotive and a passenger car were found, and the general was whirled to Annapolis Junction, where he was stopped at 11 o'clock at night by an officer of the road who said his train could not proceed until the regular express from Washington to Baltimore had passed.

Stranger than Fiction.

Twenty-two years ago there lived in a small town in Texas a respectable family named Paine. A son was born and christened Ransom. Not long afterward Mr. Paine had a fight with a man named Wyne; who bore several aliases and was worsted vengeance. The Paines lived in peace until their son was two years of age, and Mr. Paine had forgotten the threat.

FROM FRANKLIN TOWNSHIP.

Franklin Village—South River—Other Things.

The citizens of Franklin are as kind and hospitable as ever.

Miss Kate Thomason has the finest collection of flowers we have seen anywhere.

The ever-popular Mr. H. C. Lentz is still driving a good trade in general merchandise.

Mr. W. Malone has purchased a lot and intends erecting a blacksmith shop on it soon.

A very interesting meeting has been held at Franklin Presbyterian church. It was well attended and much good was accomplished.

Master Richard Thomason has been sick and unable to attend school, but is better and will soon be able to occupy his place among the brightest boys of the academy.

This township markets more fruits and vegetables than all the rest of Rowan put together. Mr. Thomas Freley has already sold \$150 worth of peaches this year.

Mr. Cicero Miller has the finest melon patch we have seen. He hauled the first load of melons to Salisbury brought in from the country this year.

Mr. S. Powlas is making a large lot of the celebrated "Simplicity" beehives. They are so arranged that the bees put exactly one pound of honey in each frame.

Mr. W. T. Thomason takes the lead in raising fruits and vegetables. Almost every day he may be seen going to market with his wagon heaped high with the finest fruits and vegetables. Mr. Thomason makes more money on his gardens than many farmers make on an entire plantation.

Made the Heavens Leak.

DALLAS, Tex., Aug. 11.—A special from Midland, Texas, to the Dallas News says that the rainfall expedition from the United States Department of Agriculture reached Midland on Wednesday and have so far made two successful experiments. The News reporter interviewed one of the party to-day who said:

"Saturday and Monday last part of the rain-making apparatus only was set up and the preliminary trial made simply to test the efficiency of the special blasting powder which is being manufactured at the grounds from material brought with us. Several bombs were exploded by means of electrical dynamo. Although this powder is very powerful, we were by no means confident that the explosion would have any practical effect upon the meteorological conditions. However, about ten hours after the explosion clouds gathered and a heavy rain fell, extending many miles.

"We do not think the explosions actually produced the storm, as they were not on a large enough scale, but they were undoubtedly instrumental in precipitating the moisture which the clouds brought to that locality and greatly increased the intensity of the storm and the quantity of the rainfall, which was greatest in the immediate vicinity of the place of operation. We will continue cautiously to make tests as to the density of the atmosphere in this particular locality, so that our bombs may be adopted to meet every possible condition, and when we have sufficiently satisfied ourselves upon these similar points the decisive experiment will be made. This will not occur for several days."

The News reporter did not witness the experiments referred to above, but can testify to the rain falling in Midland, over twenty miles from the spot of operations, the first good rain for several months.

A Billion Dollars.

If you were to eat a penny cake every second for 42,800 years, you would have a bill of \$1,000,000,000 to pay the baker. Don't try it.

A billion dollars stacked up in a single column would make a pile 1404 miles high.

If the dollars were taken up in the air and thrown to the earth in a shower, they would cover an area of more than half a square mile.

The weight of \$1,000,000,000 is equal to that of 41,845 American men.

It would pay the salaries of 20,000 presidents of the United States and support the royal family of Great Britain for several years.

Placed edge to edge \$1,000,000,000 in bills would carpet an area of 3.7 square miles, with a liberal fraction left over for repairs. Laid in lengthwise they would form a bet 3,0625 inches wide and 114,280 miles long, that would go around the earth nearly five times and reach half way to the moon.

A billion dollars in paper money would make, if spun together in one sheet and then cut up into pieces of proper size, gowns for 127,807 women, or dresses for 383,601 children.

It would pay for the education of 250,000 children from the kindergarten to and through college, and buy a city lot piece for 50,000,000 persons—nearly the entire population of the United States.—New York Advertiser.

Music a Keep-at-Home.

The old English love of home is a beautiful thing, and in a climate like our own we are—*ex necessitate*—for a large part of the year indoors people, and as we do not live out of doors, a Boulevard sort of life, as the French do, we must see to it that our homes are bright and happy. Music, however, is not ordinarily the enjoyment of our evening hours, for England's daughters too often close their acquaintance with its mysteries and melodies when they leave school. They sometimes, alas! discover that they have no ear for it, without considering whether they have exercised much perseverance in their studies. Marriage, too, seems often an effectual key for most pianofortes, and a stray production of some easy sacred piece becomes the sole relief of "other days." Now nothing brightens home more than a little good music, and if womanhood is at fault in this respect, manhood is worse. Education at our public schools should embrace music. When a young man has cultivated some knowledge of instrumental music, he can spend many pleasant half-hours with Beethoven and Mendelssohn. I have known families where this has been a life-joy, and an antidote to evening home-leaving. If style has never reached perfection, it has risen to the reach of a real enjoyment of some of the noblest music.—Evangelical Magazine.

The Mother's Duty.

Of all the children of the city who practice upon the piano, says a teacher of wide experience, how many have the attention of their mothers in the task? It is remarkable how much time is wasted by young girls, and in many cases by older ones too, in practicing just for the want of a little superintending care on the mother's or sister's part. A mother may not know much about music, but she can see when her child practices with a bad disposition of the hand; she can hear when the child rattles away at a rate of speed which causes her to flounder about, to break down every four measures. This much my mother knows to be wrong, and could remedy by some daily attention to her child's practice. It is almost impossible for the most painstaking teacher to advance a pupil who comes for a lesson, say once a week, and who practices wrong from ten to twelve hours a week. One hour a week is not sufficient to undo what has been acquired in twelve hours of bad practice.—Musical Visitor.

Only Called Them So.

It was in the hot room of a Turkish bath establishment. A gray-haired veteran lay on one of the cois softly humming a battle song, when he was approached by a young man arrayed in the regulation bath house toga.

"Come here often, general?" asked young man.

"Ah, Jim! is that you?" said the general. "No, not often. I'm not much on Turkish baths."

The sheet covering the general had become displaced and an ugly looking scar on his thigh was disclosed. Jim noticed it.

"What in the world is that, general?" he asked.

The general fingering the scar affectionately replied:

"That! O, I call that Antietam."

"And that on the calf of your leg?"

"I call that Chancellorsville."

"Goodness! That's an awful scar on your left breast."

"Yes. Second little of Ball Run."

"And your neck?"

"Wicksburg."

A crowd gathered around the cot and looked at the scarred veteran with admiration. He put his hands under the back of his head, and upon invitation launched into a series of war stories, keeping them up until one by one the crowd had melted away, each disappearing through the door that led to the plunge. Then the veteran gathered his toga about him and started after them.

"Nearly shot to pieces," suggested one who had lingered.

"Who?" asked the veteran.

"Why you," replied the stranger.

"Me? I was never shot."

"But the scar on your thigh?"

"Cut myself with a hatchet when I was a boy."

"And the others?"

"Hit myself with an ice-pick on the calf of the leg, had a small cancer removed from my left breast and a boil lanced on my neck. Luce mark never healed."

"But you said you were wounded at Chancellorsville."

"O, no. I said I called it Chancellorsville. I've named my scars after the fights I was in. I wasn't hurt in any."

But he is still pointed out as a brave man who was nearly shot to pieces.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Sentiment on Wheels.

"My darling," These endearing words, in bright golden letters, stood out in bold relief on the dashboard of a huge four-horse truck in a Broadway blockade of vehicles. They aroused tender memories. The driver looked as uncontented as possible in his coarse raiment and with his rough manners, but he was not profane or brutal towards his horses. Patiently he awaited the loosening of the jam, while his neighbors filled the air with curses. Finally his horses becoming restive, climbed down from his box and soothed them with gentle words and caresses. Then a bystander asked him why he called his truck "My Darling."

"Why," he said, "because it keeps green the memory of my daughter, little Nellie. She's dead now, but before she joined the angels, she clasped her hands around my neck and said: 'Papa, I am going to die, and I want you to promise me one thing, because it will make me so happy. Will you promise?'"

"Yes," I said, "I'll promise anything; what is it?"

"Then fixing her eyes on mine, she said: 'Oh, papa, don't be angry, but promise me you'll never swear any more nor whip your horses hard, and be kind to mamma.'"

"That's all there is about it, mister, for I promised my little girl I'd grant her last request, and, sir, I've kept my word."

Then the blockade was lifted, the big truckman resumed his seat, dashed a tear from his eye and was soon lost in the muddy tide of travel.—Farm and Fireside.

Home Without a Mother.

The room's in disorder,
The cat's on the table,
The flower-stand upset, and the mischief to pay;
As Johnny is screaming
As loud as he's able,
For nothing goes right when mamma's away.

What a scene of discomfort and confusion home would be if mamma did not return. If your wife is slowly breaking down, from a combination of domestic cares and female disorders, make it your first business to restore her health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a peer as a remedy for feeble and debilitated women, and is the only medicine sold under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction, or the money will be refunded. It is a positive cure for the most complicated case of womb troubles.

Salem Alliance.

Mr. Editor:—Please allow me a little space in your valuable paper, as we have not seen anything from our Alliance, I will write you a few lines. Now for fear that the brethren might think that the Salem Alliance has ceased to exist, I will say that she has not. A part of our members do not attend regularly. I say to those be punctual and you will prosper. They do not know the importance of attending these meetings regularly. Those that attend regular are of the purest Alliance spirit, and are zealous, earnest workers who seem to be awake to the great reform movement of the day.

It has been scattered around through the town and neighborhood that this Alliance was not in favor of the sub-treasury bill and the Ocala demands. It was reported to the Alliance at our last meeting and a vote was taken; and the result showed that she was in favor of it by a unanimous vote. As this is my first I will close.

Fraternally,
S. T. SIFFORD,
—Cor. Sec.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.