

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. 11--FOURTH SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C. THURSDAY MAY 31 1894.

NO. 16.

An Overdrawn Picture, Perhaps, But Much Truth in It.
The Rev. Mr. Horn.

They have just had a revival down at Fuller's Station. The church here has not had such an ingathering for many a year. The minister who preaches there has been preaching powerful sermons to the uncovered and has been visiting everybody and talking religion till the whole village has been stirred. Every person has been going to church. The groups that used to sit about the stove in the grocery and spin their yarns and those who used to borrow the heat from the stove at the railroad station and the usual little gossiping circles of the small parlors all gave up their usual occupation to go to church. Nor was the revival a mere artificial spasm of emotion. The law and the Gospel were proclaimed in unmistakable tones and men saw and believed. The first Sunday in February was a glad day in that church. The great company of new converts were all there. The village church was crowded to a jam. The recent additions seemed a congregation in themselves as they came out publicly that day, more than fifty of them. That night they had a Jubilee service and then the pastor announced that the revival services were concluded. Monday night the church bell did not ring and about the usual church time the middle aged men began to drop into the grocery as they used to do. They were all members of this same church which had felt such a revival. They filled up the chairs and drew up the empty boxes and perched themselves on the counter and the heads of barrels. Naturally they fell into a discussion of what had created the latest commotion in the community. They discussed brother Samson's sermons and the terrible things he had said to the wicked. They could not see how anybody could resist his preaching of the Gospel. They talked about other revivals which they could remember in that church and other churches. They talked of the scene the day before and how long it had been since their church had had such a congregation as they had just now. Then they individually found some fault with the preacher. He was a powerful man but he was too hard on some sins. Here there was a wide diversity of opinion. The two brethren on the end of the counter winked at each other when the brother next the stove said he did not believe the preacher had any Scripture for saying that a man who was always late at church would be too late to get to heaven. The speaker, of course never was known to be early at the house of God. The grocer himself did not believe the preacher was interpreting the Sermon on the Mount right when he said that a man who measured out sand for sugar here would get something besides heaven measured out to him at last. But they soon turned from the preacher to the converts. "If anybody had told me that Bill Williams would join our church I would not have believed him." "If anybody should tell me now that he will be a church member in six months from this time I would not believe him." "I did not suppose the Lord could convert such a lazy fellow as Tom Phipps and they do say that he has been working ever since he was converted, but in my opinion he is converted to get the church to keep him." "Still I don't think so much of that as I do of Sam Stover, who didn't join the church for anything except to get all of us to hire him to do our painting." "Who expects such a proverbial old swearer as Jonas Oerbeck to quit swearing and behave himself like a church member?" "And I don't believe that any of that whole dozen of young boys had any idea what a church member ought to be. I should not be surprised if half of them would live to disgrace the church and preacher." "For my part I think the preacher was too careless about receiving people into the church. He did not seem to care whether they would stick or not if he could only get them in. I don't believe that very many of them will be any account in the church." And so they talked till ten o'clock when one of them getting up and yawning gave the signal for adjournment, saying at the same time, "Well, we can only wait and see whether they will stick or not."

That same evening the grocer's wife was getting lonely by her fire side when there came a rap at the door and soon after that another and another and a group of half a dozen women were gathered in her cozy dining room. "I declare," she said to her friends, "I have not seen you for six weeks except at church.

I have been at church every night for so long that I get lonesome as soon as sit down at home." "I think so too," replied one, "I seem more of a stranger at home than I do at church." "Yes, but what a big time we had yesterday. Who would ever have thought that our church could have fifty members at once?" "The quantity is good enough, if you don't say anything about quality," said one member of the group with a sarcastic one. "That's so, I don't know how brother Samson expects all those people to feel at home among us. He ought to know that some of them are not our kind of people. They can come to church if they want to and welcome but I, for one, can't notice them any farther." "O well, there is one consolation, it is likely that there will not very many of them last long. After the first excitement is worn off they will soon quit coming to church and go back to their old life again. It's a pity too that something can't be done for such people. I suppose there might be something like a training class for young Christians instituted, but who wants to take time and pains for such a thankless task as that?" "I agree with you there. I suppose some people need religion just as bad as anybody but it is too bad to try to mix them all up with us who are respectable. I believe in giving them a chance to stick since they are in the church but I can't see that there is any hope for them."

And so they talked till the grocer had locked up his grocery and come home for the night when they too, adjourned, having talked religion as they thought all evening. As they were scattering to their homes they met the young members of their families, church members too, who had been sitting about the fire at the railroad station joking with the agent. The agent said, "I hear that some of the boys on the other side of town joined your church." "Yes," they answered "but we don't have anything more to do with them than we ever had. They can look out for themselves and we will look out for ourselves. You don't need to think that we recognize them just because they have joined our church." Just then one of these new converts dropped into the office for a little business and recognized all the young men who belonged to the church in which he was feeling a fresh interest. He smiled and spoke. They smiled at each other and silently got up and left the office. He saw it all and felt a perceptible chill on his new enthusiasm that very moment. Many of these people strolled past the pastor's residence that night and looked at the light in his study window, little suspecting that he was inside vexing himself with the same thoughts which had been in their mind. He thought of all these new converts one by one. They were but children in this new household. Would they have the reception a new child ought to have? Would these older saints be nursing fathers and nursing mothers to them? Would they receive them as a family rejoices and cherishes the infant which God has sent into their homes? Then he went down on his knees and prayed, "O thou great Head of the Church, look thou in mercy upon this flock of thine. Put thou wisdom and affection in the hearts of all these thy people that they may care for those whom thou hast sent to be trained for holiness and heaven. Grant that all thy saints may walk before these so as to set them an example of how a saint ought to walk. May they be filled with Christian kindness and courtesy so that they may be able to help them in a time of perplexity. If any of these young converts become weak and faint may those who are older strengthen them and bring them again into the right way. May, this church welcome them to a church of warm piety and helpfulness. And thus may we guard against all the wiles of the devil so that none of these who have put their hand to the plow shall look back. We know how strong the attractions of the world will be to them. We pray that the fidelity of thy people may counteract all those attractions." But the converts were disappointed in the reception which they had hoped to meet. They did not consider themselves very welcome. If they went wrong they found Christians intolerant of them and uncharitable. After a long time many of them had gone back again into the world. The people said:

"I told you so." And some of the men said: "It is the preacher's fault, he had no business taking some of those into the church." I doubt not that when the final esti-

mate is given the sentence will read: "They were driven out of the church by the indifference and uncharitableness of its members." And how many a revival has had its results marred in precisely the same way.
J. N. ERWIN.
Dayton, Ky.

A Tariff Catechism.
The following short catechism was found among the papers of George Otis, a wealthy American recently deceased. It is published here to show what a queer way he had of looking at things. Still, that may have been because the things are so very queer:

Q. What is the meaning of the word "tariff?"
A. It is so called because, hundreds of years ago, sea pirates at Tariffa, Spain, forced every passing vessel to pay for the privilege of going into and from the Mediterranean Sea.

Q. What is its meaning now?
A. A certain sum forced from the people by land pirates.

Q. Why do you say taken by force?
A. Because congress says to the people, "Stand and deliver."

Q. Stand and deliver to whom?
A. To the manufacturers, etc.

Q. In which part of the constitution does congress find power to pass a law compelling the poor to support the rich?
A. In no part.

Q. Then where did it find the power?
A. In the Bible.

Q. Give the book, chapter and verse.
A. Matthew, 13th chapter, 12th verse: "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath!"

Q. Is such a law republican in the sense of being democratic—a government in which the people rule?
A. No. It is aristocratic.

Q. What do you mean by aristocratic?
A. A government wherein the few rule the many; where the many work to support the privileged few.

Q. Explain how the tariff law establishes an aristocracy in a democratic government?
A. Congress says to the poor, because this or that man is rich and produces iron, or cotton goods, or woolen goods, you shall pay him so much money for so many pounds, or yards, or go naked and work without tools.

Q. What reason does congress give for such a tyrannical law?
A. Congress says, the law is a "differentiation of industrial function," which means that industry is the function of the poor, and the difference goes to the rich.

Q. Is that the only reason congress gives?
A. No. It says the tariff is intended to foster infant industries at home.

Q. Are the iron, cotton and wool industries infants?
A. No. They are a hundred years old.

Q. What date has congress fixed for those industries to become of age?
A. When Gabriel blows his horn. One congressman did move to make the time later, but when reminded that asbestos was not protected, he said he would withdraw his motion, "as it would do no good after Gabe blew." He sighed and sat down.

Q. What is the meaning of a protective tariff?
A. Protection of the rich from getting poor, and of the poor from getting rich.

Q. What is the difference between the tenants in Ireland and the farmers in America?
A. None. In both cases the tax-gatherer lives in the East, and the sheriff is after both.

Q. Is there any other similarity in the condition of many of the Irish tenants and American farmers?
A. Yes. The tenants are too poor to stay, and the farmers too poor to leave.

Q. Is that the only benefit the protective tariff confers upon the poor?
A. No. It improves their morals; keeps them contented; keeps down useless desires.

Q. How does protection produce such happy results?
A. The poor have to work so hard to support the rich they have no time for mischief. Having no money to leave home or travel, they seek nothing and their desires are kept dormant. That brings content.—Montreal Herald.

The gratification of wealth is not found in mere possession nor in lavish expenditure; but in its wise application.—Cervantes.

The Legend of the White Doe.
The legend of the milk-white doe has been doubted by some, and you may believe it or not, as you please. It is better to believe too much than it is to believe too little.

In the early part of the seventeenth century, that is, about the year 1615 or 1620, the Indian hunters, who lived on Roanoke Island, were greatly excited by seeing a milk-white doe among the herds of deer, that were then commonly found on the island.

It attracted the attention of the hunters, because it was the most beautiful one of all the herd, and because it was the fleetest, and because the most skillful marksmen had never been able to kill it with an arrow.

Okisko, a noted hunter who lived among the Chawanoque tribe, was sent for, and he drew his bow upon the beautiful, milk-white doe, but he could never do her harm.

She came to be well known to the Indian hunters of Roanoke Island, and was often found on the site of the old city of Raleigh, apart from the herd of deer, with her sad face turned to the East. Again and again she was hunted, but all the arrows aimed at her life fell harmless beside her. She bounded over the sand hills with the swiftness of the winds, and always turned in the direction of Croatan.

Hunting parties of Indians were made to entrap her by stationing themselves along the tracks of her flight, which had become known to the hunters by her always taking the same course. But all their efforts were without avail. The swift white doe seemed to have a charmed life, or to be under the protection of some divine power.

Every one now talked of the white doe and every one had his own opinion about her. The braves, the squaws and the papooses talked of the milk-white doe. Some had fears of evil from the strange apparition. Some thought she was the omen of good, and some thought it was the spirit of some sad departed one.

Sometimes she would be seen on the high grounds of Croatan, sometimes in the swamps of Duraat's Island, sometimes upon the cranberry bogs of East Lake, often on Roanoke Island near Raleigh city, and sometimes, though rarely on the sands of Kill Devil Hills, some times alone, always sad and beautiful.

The news of the white doe had spread far and wide, and old Wingina determined to call a council of chiefs to determine what to do. Okisko, chief of the Chawanoques, Cuskate-now and Kilkonnanen, of the Yeopoms, and others attended the council. They all came with attendants, all armed with their war weapon, the bow and arrow. They determined to have a grand hunt in the early Indian-summer, and without delay.

In November, when the leaves had fallen and the earth was carpeted with its brown and russet covering of forest leaves, all the friendly chiefs came to Roanoke Island to join the fierce Wingina in his appointed hunt for the milk-white doe, and each with his chosen weapon of the chase.

The chiefs, after their feast prepared by the wife of Wingina, agreed that they should station themselves along the course of the white doe when pursued by the hunters, and either exhaust her in the chase or slay her with their deadly arrows.

Wingina, the most powerful of all, took the place at Raleigh city, where the doe always passed and always stopped.

Old Granganimeo, the brother of Wingina, took his stand at Croatan Sound, where she crossed to Roanoke Island.

Okisko took his stand up in the goodly land of Pemouik, in the low ground of Durant's Island.

Kind old Manteo went up into the shaly land of Wocoken, among the prairies and cranberry bogs of East Lake.

Menatonon, the fierce chief who made his home at Sequaton, took his stand at Jockey's Ridge by the sea in the land of the Coritooks.

Wanchese, took his stand at Kill Devil, in the country of Secotan. They had all brought with them their best bows and arrows, and also their chosen archers.

But the arrow of Wanchese differed from the others. When, long ago, he had gone over thesea to England, the great Queen had given him an arrow-head made of solid silver, like the stone arrow-head that Amadas carried to Sir Walter Raleigh, with his other Indian curiosities. It was made by her most expert workers in silver, and she told him it would kill

the bearer of a charmed life that no other arrow could wound. Wanchese carried this with his other weapons and determined to test its power upon the swift white doe.

Manteo started the doe in the shaly land of Wocoken. She started unharmed at the twang of the bowstring. She sped with the swiftness of the north wind's breath. Through the tanglewood of Wocoken, through the bogs and morasses of Pomouik, across the highlands of Croatan on, on she went, and the twang of the bowstring was the harmless music of her flying bounds. She plunged in the billows of Croatan Sound. She reached the sand-hills of Roanoke, leaving the Indian hunters far behind her. As she came to the island old Granganimeo drew his bow and sped his harmless arrow. She stood upon the top of the old fort at Raleigh city, sniffed the breeze and looked sadly over thesea. Wingina, carefully and steadily drew upon her panting sides the deadly arrow. All in vain.

She bounded into Roanoke Sound and across to the sea. Menatonon was at Jockey's Ridge, but his arrow too was harmless.

The panting white doe found time at the Fresh Ponds to slake her thirst, and then turning to the sea that she seemed to love with an unnatural affection, sped onward, until she reached the steep hills of Kill Devil.

There, alas! was her doom. Wanchese taking aim, with his silver arrow pointed at her heart, let fly the fated bowstring, and the sad and beautiful milk-white doe sprang into the air with the fatal arrow in her heart, and fell to the ground the victim writhing in the death agony.

On the forehead of the doe was plainly penciled in dark hair the words Virginia Dare. Moreover the milk-white doe opened her mouth and spoke. She said that when she had been forced to marry an Indian chief, against her will, she prayed to be delivered from such a fate, and in answer to her prayers, she had been changed into a milk-white doe.—R. B. Creecy in N. C. University Magazine.

The Way to Elect Senators.
There is a plan which has been worked and found satisfactory. We hope to see the Democratic and other political organizations adopt it to a greater or less extent in several States. Illinois tried it two years ago and California will try it this year.

This plan is to allow the various county or district conventions to express their choice for United States Senator. Then those who are nominated on the legislative ticket can be instructed to vote for the election of the choice of the convention. This would bring the election of Senators nearer to the people.

We have no doubt that the sentiment of the people overwhelmingly favors the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people. The only practical test of this was a vote taken in California year before last when every ballot gave the voter an opportunity to express his opinion.

The result of that vote was that 187,958 people in California voted in favor of the election of Senators by direct vote of the people while only 13,342 were against the proposition; the majority was 174,616. Could anything be more convincing than that? And we have no doubt that were another vote to be taken this year the majority would be greater still.

A consideration of this subject leads us to believe that the party which goes on record this year as in favor of some such plan as above outlined will win the confidence of the people and have an immense advantage over the party that does not so declare itself.—Winston Sentinel.

Bold Bank Robbery.
Long View, Texas, May 23.—At 3 o'clock p. m., five robbers entered the First National bank of Long View. The president and cashier were ordered to hold up their hands and the robbers secured \$2,500. Several officers and citizens met the robbers and a constant firing was kept up during which George Buckingham and J. W. McQueen were killed and Marshal Muckelroy badly wounded. One of the robbers, a small dark complexioned man, was killed. Over 400 shots were fired. The remaining robbers escaped with the dead man's horse and gun. A large posse is in pursuit.

The Watchman and the Atlanta Constitution for \$1.50.

A Few Stories by One who told Many.
F. R. S. in Kate Field's Washington.

Vance used to say that his liveliest campaign for the governorship of North Carolina was that in which Judge Thomas Settle ran against him. They stumped the State in joint debate. All the white Democrats turned out to hear Vance and all the colored Republicans to hear Settle. On one occasion, at the conclusion of the speaking, Vance was informed that there were some charming young ladies who desired to testify their devotion to the Democratic party by kissing the Democratic candidate for Governor.

Nothing loath, Vance descended from the platform and kissed a dozen or so of the young beauties, and then paused long enough to turn around toward his competitor and shout: "Settle, I'm kissing my girls; now you kiss yours!"

One of the best stories told about him, Vance told himself. He was making a personal canvass for votes in a backwoods settlement where he was not acquainted. Finding about sixty men of voting age at a crossroads grocery, he dismounted, hitched his horse, and fell to cracking jokes with them. He seemed to be getting on very well with most of the party, but he noticed one old man with shaggy eyebrows and brass-bowed spectacles sitting on a box and marking in the sand with a stick, as if paying no attention. After a while Vance concluded that the old man must be the bell-wether of the flock, and accordingly made preparations to capture him. As he sidled up, the old man rose and shook himself, leaned forward on his stick and said solemnly: "This is Mr. Vance, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," said Vance.

"And you have come over here to see my boys about their votes, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, that is my business."

"Well, sir, afore you proceed with that business I would like to ax you a few questions."

"Certainly, sir, certainly."

"What church do you belong to?"

"That was a poser. Vance didn't belong to any church. He knew that religion and "meeting" were big things in the backwoods and controlled politics there, but he didn't know what the religion of this region was, for North Carolina was much split up between sects. But he squared himself and said, slowly: "Well, my friend, I will tell you all about that, for it is a fair question. You see, my grandfather came from Scotland, and you know that over in Scotland everybody is Presbyterian." Here he paused to note the effect, but detected no sign of sympathy.

"But my grandfather came from England, and over there everybody belongs to the Episcopal church." He paused again, but the old man merely marked another line in the sand and shifted his quid from the right to the left cheek.

"But my father was born in this country in a Methodist settlement, and so he grew up a Methodist." Still no sign of approval from the old man. Vance began to feel chilly, but he made one last effort:

"But my good old mother was a Baptist, and its my opinion that a man has got to go under the water to go to heaven."

The old man walked up and taking him by the hand, said: "Well, you are all right, Mr. Vance." Then turning to the crowd, he added: "Boys, he'll do, and you may vote for him; I thought he looked like a Baptist!" And he drew a flask from his coat-tail pocket and handed it to Vance to seal his faith after the custom of the country.

On Corsets.
Dr. Annie Alexander, of Charlotte, read a paper in the meeting of the Medical society this morning on Physical Culture.

A number of ladies were present. The doctor took occasion to condemn, in strong terms, certain modes and costumes of woman's dress—the corset, for instance.

Not a woman was in the house who did not approve of every word she said, yet we venture to say that every woman there was then, you know, it was not tightly laced! Oh, no! Ever hear of one any other way?

The address was exceedingly interesting throughout and was listened to with rapt attention.—Greensboro Record, May 17th.

Secretary Carlisle has disposed of the government building at the World's Fair for \$3,250 and now the purchaser asks the Atlanta people \$25,000 for it.

The city aldermen of Concord have passed an ordinance that each dog in the town must be muzzled five months in the year or else be killed. It might be a good thing, if the law was carried out to the letter for the owners to refuse to comply with it.

The warehouse of the Port Royal and Western Railroad at Spartanburg was destroyed by fire last Thursday.

A successful operation for the removal of a cataract from Gladstone's eyes was performed last week.

25 shots were exchanged between moonshiners and constables at Pilot Mountain last week, in attempting to capture blockade whiskey, as a result a mule was killed.

120 DOLLARS PER MONTH
IN YOUR OWN LOCALITY
One of the best stories told about him, Vance told himself. He was making a personal canvass for votes in a backwoods settlement where he was not acquainted. Finding about sixty men of voting age at a crossroads grocery, he dismounted, hitched his horse, and fell to cracking jokes with them. He seemed to be getting on very well with most of the party, but he noticed one old man with shaggy eyebrows and brass-bowed spectacles sitting on a box and marking in the sand with a stick, as if paying no attention. After a while Vance concluded that the old man must be the bell-wether of the flock, and accordingly made preparations to capture him. As he sidled up, the old man rose and shook himself, leaned forward on his stick and said solemnly: "This is Mr. Vance, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," said Vance.

"And you have come over here to see my boys about their votes, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, that is my business."

"Well, sir, afore you proceed with that business I would like to ax you a few questions."

"Certainly, sir, certainly."

"What church do you belong to?"

"That was a poser. Vance didn't belong to any church. He knew that religion and "meeting" were big things in the backwoods and controlled politics there, but he didn't know what the religion of this region was, for North Carolina was much split up between sects. But he squared himself and said, slowly: "Well, my friend, I will tell you all about that, for it is a fair question. You see, my grandfather came from Scotland, and you know that over in Scotland everybody is Presbyterian." Here he paused to note the effect, but detected no sign of sympathy.

"But my grandfather came from England, and over there everybody belongs to the Episcopal church." He paused again, but the old man merely marked another line in the sand and shifted his quid from the right to the left cheek.

"But my father was born in this country in a Methodist settlement, and so he grew up a Methodist." Still no sign of approval from the old man. Vance began to feel chilly, but he made one last effort:

"But my good old mother was a Baptist, and its my opinion that a man has got to go under the water to go to heaven."

The old man walked up and taking him by the hand, said: "Well, you are all right, Mr. Vance." Then turning to the crowd, he added: "Boys, he'll do, and you may vote for him; I thought he looked like a Baptist!" And he drew a flask from his coat-tail pocket and handed it to Vance to seal his faith after the custom of the country.

TRUE & CO., Box 400, Augusta, Maine.

PATENTS
Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE.
Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee is due only if patent is secured.
A. PARABLEY, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries. Free. Address, C. A. SNOW & CO., Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

PENNSYLVANIA'S LEADING NEWSPAPER
In all the attributes that suffice to make a first-class family journal.

THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD
Spares no trouble or expense to gather and present to its readers all the news of the old and New World.

Its several Departments, each under the management of a competent Editor, treat fully of matters pertaining to THE HOUSEHOLD, THE FARM, WOMAN'S WORLD, SCIENCE, ART, LITERATURE, FINANCE, THE REAL ESTATE WORLD.

Presenting a complete magazine every day.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Daily, one year \$3.00
Daily and Sunday, one year \$4.00

ADDRESS:
The Record Publishing Co.,
917-919 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS—
Botanic Blood Balm
THE GREAT SOUTHERN REMEDY FOR
All Skin and Blood Diseases
It purifies, builds up and enriches the blood, and never fails to cure the most inveterate BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES, if directions are followed. Thousands of grateful people sound its praises and attest its virtues.

WRITE for Book of Wonderful Cures, sent free on application.

If not kept by your local druggist, send \$1.00 for large bottle, or \$5.00 for six bottles, and medicine will be sent, freight paid, by
BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

MOTHERS FRIEND
Lessens Pain, Insures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.
My wife, after having used Mothers Friend, passed through the ordeal with little pain, was STRONGER IN ONE HOUR than in a WEEK after the birth of her former child.—J. MCGOLDRICK, Bean Station, Tenn.

MOTHERS FRIEND robbed pain of its terror and shortened labor. I have the best of this child I ever saw.
MRS. L. M. AHERN, Cochran, Ga.

Expressed to any address, charges prepaid. A certificate of price is given with each bottle. For sale by all druggists.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.