

State Library

The Carolina Watchman.

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SALISBURY, N. C. THURSDAY AUGUST 24, 1894.

NO. 28

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is well adapted to children that are afflicted with colic, constipation, or any other ailment of the bowels. It is a safe and reliable remedy." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of Castoria is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City.

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, 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., 125th Street and Ave. C, New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

D. R. Julian Extension from Salisbury to

heville, Aug. 7th and 8th, 1894. Correspondence of the Watchman.

Away to the mountains we swiftly did go, Where the laurel and pine and chestnut trees grow. Our great iron horse did well keep the rail, With a string of fine cottages tied to his tail.

At ten in the morning from Statesville we start, And soon we did leave the Iredell mark. O'er river and rill, o'er mountain and plain As swift as a bird it went with the train.

Here on the excursion, we happily did see, Kind friends from Rowan and Salisbury; And here we did meet that noble old man, Well known to the people as Dave Julian.

The sparkling Catawba we met on his way From mountains to clear rill, to ocean's blue bay. As rich as Ptolemy in Libia's fair land, It glided along on its rich golden sand.

The fine towns of Newton and Conover we past, And here our fine train was moving quite fast. With the wings of the morning our engine now flies To carry us up to the "Land of the Skies."

To the great Hickory city, we soon came in view, And far to the west the mountains in blue. The city is built on a high table land, Which makes the surroundings impressive by grand.

Here onward we go, in course with the sun, By Burke's Morganton and then Marion. With lightning and thunder we hurry along, Where often fair maidens will sing a sweet song.

Carolina! Carolina! the land of the free! What treasures of wealth and beauty in thee. From their surf beaches beach to the mountains in blue, No land is more grander, or richer than you.

No volcanic thunder from Bald did we hear, No smoke did arise to kindle a fear. But on we did go, commingling in sport, Till some one who knew did call out Old Fort.

To hold the Old Fort we made no detail, For all of us Tars did stick to the rail. For all now sat as mute as a quaker, Till suddenly aroused by the first baby waker, the tannet.

Our engine our signal for Round Knob did give, And soon at that station we safe did arrive. Here wonders we saw, that truly were great. When we rounded up circles and made figure eight.

At the Round Knob hotel, a fountain displays A scene of great beauty with the sun's shining rays. With a loud crackling noise it lofty will rise, And fall back in rain drops from its height in the skies.

Quite slow up the mountain we crooked did steer, And saw the crown work of the great engineer. No mountain too high, no valley too low, But engine and train securely may go. On the Mill Creek trestle we make a halt wheel, A fear of a tumble, they timid do feel, But on goes our engine quite slow with a squeak, As if it did fear that something might break.

But quickly again the sunlight we met, And darkness, you know, makes sunshine more sweet. Near the center of the tunnel a shaft will give light, Behind and before are shades of deep night, So damp and so cold it stifles the breath, When you walk through this valley of the shadow of death.

What scenes of high grandeur will soon loom to the view, Northeast and Southwest is the ridge in blue, Around and afar the peaks will arise And point to the dwellers in the skies.

Here free from all tunnels, now goes the train Through the fine, fertile fields of clover and grain, Then curving around we hasted on still, And soon heard the signal for the town of Asheville.

Here a kind-hearted people in happiness Their cadence in friendship their honest face tell, And to the hotels the wayfarer came And soars all the friendship and freedom of home.

At the Eagle hotel we happily did share And found on its tables the finest of fare, This hotel in keeping it truly is best, With Mrs. L. E. Freeman as the hostess On Bean Catcher we happily did stand, And there had a view both boundless and grand.

Here Asheville's fine city lay full to the view, Encircled around by the mountains in blue, Five miles south of Asheville is the great Esplanade, And few can believe what has been written here or said.

Sufficient to say like a great Queen of old, The half of its grandeur has never been told. If the old Queen of Sheba was living to-day To see this great building what would she say. She would say, "Princely George when your building is done, It would be a surprise to King Solomon. Nature writes her beauty with art, And each in their sphere have well done their part.

How grand is their union when they are combined, With the highest of pleasure they give the mind. Here in this great building their shops we can see, Some very men who are known unto us, The Lipses, Sam Davis and Tay Kennerly, Are as noble in heart as any can be. Then back to our homes we safely did go, And left the blue mountains for the plains below.

Yet often our minds with pleasure will fill When of kind people who dwell at Asheville. Our kind-hearted Captain had well filled his place, Did wait on his patrons with Chesterfield grace. To go on excursions great pleasures to see, Take David R. Julian from Salisbury S. L. DIXON.

The most dangerous counterfeit of United States money discovered for years is announced from the treasury department, to-day. Because it is so difficult of detection from the genuine note, the counterfeit is described in minute detail by the secret service in order to put the public upon its guard. The counterfeit is of the \$10 legal tender note, series of 1880, check letter B, face plate number 2295, signed by W. S. Roscreans, register; James W. Hyatt Treasurer; and bearing a portrait of Webster and a large round red seal.

The Able Hand. The able brass band never fails to get in its sarcastic work. When Congressman Breckinridge arose to address his constituents on Saturday night, the band played, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Auditor Furman is preparing a paper showing the economy of our State government and the citizen of North Carolina pays less tax than any other people of the United States.

A BURGLAR'S DISCRETION.

It was Only Excused by the Invalid Woman's Presence of Mind.

The following incident shows how an invalid woman acquitted herself in trying circumstances. It was in a country village an hour after midnight. The woman of the house was weak and ill. A light was dimly burning in her apartment, which was occupied also by her husband. He was sleeping soundly, as strong men are apt to do, and she was lying awake trying to control her nerves so that her restlessness might not disturb him.

Presently she saw a man approach as stealthily as a cat and noiselessly extinguish the light lamp. Horrible visions of robbery and bloodshed fitted through her mind. What could she do—what should she do? She controlled her desire to scream and decided on her course. Slowly she turned over in her bed, and wearily speaking to her husband said: "Oh, dear, the light has gone out, and I feel so bad. I wish you would get up and light it, John."

John was not easily aroused, and she had to speak to him again. Then his senses began to assert themselves, and he slowly comprehended that something was wanted, after the manner of the average man waking up from sleep. He lighted the lamp, and the woman, who had kept her tense nerves quiet by her strong will, was too weak to do it longer. The inevitable scream came, and her face betokened the hard experience of the last few moments.

She told her story about the man approaching and putting out the light, and although it was apparent that the light was out the rest of the tale was thought to be the figment of a troubled dream. But the husband went down stairs at her request, and this was the most indubitable proof of her story. The doors were open for sudden flight in case of necessity. The burglar had supposed the couple asleep when he put out the light, and just as the woman had hoped, had fled when she languidly and feebly said that the light had gone out, and she wanted it re-lighted.

The burglar evidently thought that she was waking from sleep, and as he had a good opportunity to get out judged discretion to be the better part of valor. Had she screamed at first and brought her husband, half dazed, face to face with a burglar fully armed and with every sense about him, the result might have been a serious one. The presence of mind of the invalid woman had saved the possibility of bloodshed.—Boston Herald.

An Anecdote of Professor Owen.

Mr. Thornycroft remembers Professor Owen as a "grand sinner." "I got my impression of him," said the sculptor to the Strand Magazine interviewer as he looked upon "the almost smiling face" of his statue, "by seeing him sitting on the vertebrae of a whale which was made into a garden seat on the borders of Richmond park." (Mr. Thornycroft recalls the circumstance that the great naturalist, speaking one day about the birds in his garden, said, "England is richer in birds than in any other branch of natural history.")

Sir Richard at this time had a bed almost as high as the ceiling of his room and had to mount a pair of steps in order to reach it—an example which those who shrink from keeping the upper sash of their bedroom window frame down at night would not do well to follow. On being asked his reason for this he replied: "Oh, it is very simple. I have had it built so that I can look out on to Richmond park and see the deer in the early dawn. They behave so differently at 4 o'clock in the morning when there is nobody there to disturb them."—London News.

Medieval Monarchs.

Almost every medieval monarch claimed the whole or a part of the dominions of almost every other, and insisted on inserting his claim in his list of official titles. In treaties and all official documents the whole list was religiously copied, and as it often happened that the two negotiating monarchs had some of the same titles, it became usual to insert a clause in the list, non praesudicando, in order to indicate that, no matter how absurd, inappropriate or untrue were the titles, they were understood to be inserted because they pleased the monarch who claimed them, that they did not confer a valid claim, and so no harm was likely to result from their use.—Exchange.

After All His Pains.

A gentleman had five daughters, the first of whom married a man by the name of Poor, the second a Mr. Little, the third a Mr. Short, the fourth a Mr. Brown, the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the last her sisters, with their husbands, were there, and the old gentleman said to the guests: "I have taken pains to educate my daughters that they might act well their part in life and do honor to my family. I find that all my pains, care and expectations have turned out nothing but a Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg."—Exchange.

Shaftesbury's Return.

When a member of the church congress at Manchester argued that the introduction of the custom of cremation would enrage the resurrection of the dead, the reply of Lord Shaftesbury silenced any further doubt when he asked, "What, then, has become of the holy martyrs who were cremated?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

JONATHAN DORE.

His Transformation to Savagery and Ultimate Return to Civilization.

In June, 1746, Jonathan Dore, a boy 12 years old, was told by his father, who was at work with other men in the field, to sit on the fence and keep a sharp lookout for Indians, who were suspected to be not far away. This was in or near Rochester, N. H. The boy sat whistling on the fence. The Indians all at once came in sight. He gave the alarm, and the men all escaped, but before he could get down from the fence the Indians seized him. His father saw him captured and carried off, but could do nothing. Eleven years afterward the Fort William massacre occurred. Among the New Hampshire soldiers who escaped was a Dover man, who declared confidently that he had seen Jonathan Dore. He had often been at Mr. Dore's house and knew Jonathan well. He was sure he had not been mistaken in his identification.

When the massacre became general, after the surrender of the fort, the Dover man ran for the woods and was closely pursued by an Indian. His pursuer gained upon him so fast that he turned at last and faced him, to meet his unavoidable fate. The uplifted tomahawk was just descending upon his head when he recognized, amid the paint and costume of an Indian, the eyes of Jonathan Dore. The recognition seemed to be mutual. The Indian dropped his tomahawk at his side and walked slowly back to the fort.

Such was the story of the returned soldier, but it gained little credit. Two years later, however, Jonathan Dore suddenly made his appearance in Rochester after an absence of more than 13 years.

He had been treated kindly by the St. Francis tribe, to which his captors belonged, had married an Indian girl, had acquired the habits and disposition of an Indian, and indeed had almost forgotten that he was descended from another race. He bore a part in all the cruelties at the taking of Fort William. A white man whom he was pursuing turned upon him just in season to arrest the descending tomahawk, and then Dore saw a face which had been familiar to him in childhood.

Memories of his father's bedside and the happy scenes of his boyhood rushed upon his mind; his arm fell, and he walked back to the fort and took no further part in that horrible tragedy. From that time he thought continually of his boyish home, but his wife and children bound him to the Indians with ties that could not be severed.

Then came Major Rogers and his rangers, intent upon avenging the Fort William massacre. Dore was absent in the field husking corn. Hearing a general discharge of muskets and knowing that an enemy was upon the village, he put himself concealed and from his hiding place witnessed the massacre that followed. Then the village was set on fire, and after the flames subsided he ventured forth.

Among the ruins he found the bodies of his wife and children. He buried them in one grave and with them his attachment to the Indians. As soon as possible he made his way back to Rochester. He settled in Lebanon, Me., married again and spent there the remainder of his days, famous for his marksmanship, especially with the bow and arrow, and known to every one as "Indian Dore."—Youth's Companion.

Agreed With the Theologian.

This story is told of a formerly well known eminent divine of Boston, who was also president of a railroad. He had occasion to go out into the railroad yard one day and witnessed the unloading of a carload of rails. The men were pitching them over in a careless manner, and as in those days they were very expensive he remonstrated with the workmen.

One of the men gently told him to go to hades—the polite expression used to describe the torrid zone of hereafter for the wicked. "Oh, shame!" said the ex-clergyman. "That's the last place you ought to send me to."

"Faix, I think you are right," replied the workman. "There's no doubt but it will be the last place you'll go to."—Boston Telegram.

Rain Stopping Experiments.

It is singular in these days when explosions in air are thought to bring rain that no one has spoken of a sixteenth century experiment to stop rain by the use of gunpowder. Benvenuto Cellini tells us in his memoirs that when Margaret of Austria entered Rome it rained heavily. "I pointed several large pieces of artillery in the direction where the clouds were thickest and whence a deluge of water was already pouring; then when I began to fire the rain stopped, and at the fourth discharge the sun shone out."—Boston Journal.

tion would enrage the resurrection of the dead, the reply of Lord Shaftesbury silenced any further doubt when he asked, "What, then, has become of the holy martyrs who were cremated?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

London's Lord Mayor a Busy Man.

If ever a man, says The Strand Magazine interviewer, was beset with office and situation hunters and inundated with begging letters—to say nothing of requests, both strange and amusing—it is the lord mayor of London. The great army of the unemployed of every grade, from a bank manager down to a messenger, from a director to a caretaker, each and every one thinks his lordship can find him a situation and put him in it.

What will be thought of the notion of turning the Mansion House into a matrimonial agency with the lord mayor as managing director? One young settler out in Canada, tired of a single life, betrothed him lately of the lord mayor of London as a suitable person to find him a wife. The agency was declined.

On another occasion a continental tradesman had conceived the idea of turning the Mansion House into a market with "his lordship as chief salesman," for he sent over a large case of goods with a request that they might be sold on his behalf. Another sample of Mansion House correspondence exhibited to the lord mayor's interviewer was a letter from a boy who had gone out from a reformatory to Montreal. He wanted to find his three brothers in England, and fortunately the lord mayor, with the aid of other civic officials, was enabled to accomplish his object.

Washington Letter.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 23, 1894. President Cleveland does not like the Senate tariff bill any better than he did when he wrote that letter to Chairman Wilson—few good democrats do—but, like the sensible man that he is, he prefers it to the McKinley law, and has, according to the best obtainable information, made up his mind that it shall become a law, but has not yet fully decided whether he will sign it, or whether he will send another special message to Congress on the subject, urging the passage at this session of the separate House bills providing for free coal, iron ore and barbed wire. So far as the action of the Senate is concerned, it makes little difference what the President may do, as enough republican Senators have gone y way from Washington to break a quorum and they left for that very purpose, so as to make sure that the Senate could not pass any other tariff bills.

Secretary Carlisle has written a letter to Senator Harris, showing that the revenue to be derived from the tariff on sugar is absolutely necessary to avoid a deficit in the Treasury for this fiscal year, and stating that if the bill for free sugar, which passed the House with only 11 opposing votes, is passed by the Senate, some other bill to raise the \$53,000,000 which it is estimated will be collected on foreign sugar must also be passed. That letter has made the passing of the free sugar bill out of the question even if the Senate were in a position to do it, notwithstanding the fact that a majority of the Senate favors free sugar. Secretary Carlisle's letter contained the latest revised estimates of the revenues of the government under the Senate tariff bill. The total estimated receipts are \$378,000,000, and the expenditures; \$363,000,000. An estimated surplus of \$15,000,000 is entirely too small to stand any further reduction.

The wisdom of the House in accepting the Senate amendments to the tariff bill, although it involved a seeming surrender on the part of that part of the House, is becoming more apparent every day. It is now clear as day that there was a plot to prevent any tariff legislation at all and that only the prompt action of the House democratic caucus prevented its being carried out. Had Senator Hills resolution directed the Senate conferees to report a disagreement to the Senate been adopted before the House acted, it would have been followed by a motion to postpone the whole matter until next December, and the motion would have been carried. Senator Vest, in a speech defending the Senate from the nervous charges made against it in connection with tariff legislation, said: "Men said the question was between the Wilson bill and the Senate bill. That statement was as false as the assertion of tariff reform it never can be a democrat as at present constituted. The question was between the Senate bill and the McKinley law. There the choice was to be made, and every one conversant with the situation knew it." That is as plain as it could be made.

Senator Walsh is a good democrat and a good editor. Hence his advice is good. He says: "The democratic press should use its influence to create a just public opinion as to the real merits of the Senate bill. When properly presented as the best measure of tariff reform attainable, the conservative sentiment of the country will settle down to the conviction that very substantial progress has been made in the direction of real tariff reform and freer trade

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

among nations." That is the proper way to look at it. The Senate bill is a great improvement on the McKinley law.

Representative Breckinridge, of Arkansas, resigned his seat in the House this week and qualified as Minister to Russia, to which position he was nominated and confirmed some weeks ago. Minister Breckinridge expects to start for Europe in a few days, but he will travel leisurely, stopping at a number of places, and does not expect to reach St. Petersburg until about October 15.

Managers of the Presidential boom of Senator Cameron are hard at work trying to get their grip upon the American Bimetallic League, which is this week holding a conference here, but they haven't met with much success. Even the republican members of the League are not solidly for Cameron, and he has few supporters among the populist members and none among the democrats. There is no longer the slightest doubt about Cameron being in the field for the republican nomination, his claim being based solely upon his friendship for silver and his willingness to pay for support.

State News.

Hon. W. A. B. Bunch of the first district has been renominated. Hon. Chas. M. Cook of the Fourth district has been nominated for Congress.

The Republicans of the Sixth district have re-nominated Thomas Settle for Congress. Wilmington has a sensation due to the elopement of a young man with a young girl only fifteen. They have been arrested.

The Morganton Herald says Judge Allen, of Goldsboro, successor to Judge Whitaker, will hold his first court at that place Aug. 20th. At Ayden Greenville county during a severe storm Mr. Harts, two-story house was blown down and two of his children killed.

Col. S. M. D. Tate was at Gettysburg last week, helping to locate the position by the North Carolina troops in that famous battle, in July 1863.

Luten C. Chalis, died recently in St. Joseph Mo. penniless. He was an adventurer and daring speculator and several times in his life was worth over \$1,000,000.

Sensation at Goldsboro is that William E. Hay, eloped with Miss Truit. Hay's wife became seriously ill and telegraphed him and he returned and denies the report.

Hon. Wm. I. Crawford of the Ninth district was unanimously renominated. Hon. J. S. Adams, seen the majority of the delegates were for Crawford moved to make it unanimous.

Rufus Amis, of Granville, says he will be an independent candidate for Congress against Tom Settle, on a free silver platform. He says Tom's friends packed the convention on him and he won't stand it.

The annual picnic of the Masons at Mocksville recently was a big success. Maj. Duncan, of S. C. and Charlie McKesson, of Morganton were the orators. The Orphans funds were increased \$700.

The Annual State Farmers' Alliance convention met in Greensboro, Aug. 14th. Ninety-five counties of the State represented. An effort to establish a State business exchange was discussed.

Madeline Pollard is considering propositions from a theatrical company asking her to take the stage as a means of livelihood and living. The largest tin plate factory in America is about to be put into operation at Pittsburg Pa. The Capital stock is \$500,000. Landon county Va. has the largest fruit farm in the country. It contains 60,000,000 vines 45,000 peaches 8,000 quince and pair trees. Gen. Jas. B. Weaver is a candidate for congress from his district on the democratic party in existence and it seems now he is going to take a second course. Peter Jackson says he will fight James J. Corbett to a finish in London, for a purse of \$15,000.

Two Killed and one Wounded.

The Wilkesboro Chronicle says: Last week the revenue officers made a raid upon blockaders in Stokes county, and captured something over 2000 gallons of beer. They were in the Smith neighborhood some 8 or 9 miles from Danbury. While the still-carving was going on the "moonshiners" opened fire upon the officers and the result was that Mr. Wiley Lewis of this place received a serious wound in the right hip. The ball has been probed for but not found. He is getting along excellently well and is thought to be out of danger. The officers returned the fire, and the most reliable report we can get is that two blockaders, Taylor and Caldwell, were found dead near the scene of the skirmish. The scene of the trouble was near the Virginia line and they say it is a tough community. (Revenue officer Vanderford was one of the parties who took part in the above.—Mas-cot.)

Penitentiary Statistics.

The Mecklenburg Times says: Since the penitentiary was opened January 6, 1870, 10,253 convicts have been received. The greatest number received in one year was 602, in 1886. Last year it was 542. During the past year there were 63 deaths, out of a prison habitation of over 1,400. Of the convicts received last year, 281 were illiterate, 43 could read, 212 read and write, and only two had a collegiate education. Of 1,181 convicts, 611 were illiterate. There are 728 single convicts, 407 married, 44 widows, 3 divorced. Guilford sent 35 convicts, New Hanover 33, Mecklenburg 7. These facts are from the first report of Superintendent Leazar, which is well prepared.

A very mixed up business is on Mr. Tom Stack's place, in the western part of Union county. He is a good farmer and has everything around him he wants—and some things he does not want. Friday morning of last week he went to his barn and found in one of his stables twin mules. They were both healthy looking and doing well. On Saturday night one of his fine Jersey cows increased his personal property by twin calves. Mr. Stack began to think fortune was smiling upon him and that he was walking a golden road. He did not reach the full height of his glory, however, until Tuesday morning when his wife presented him with twin boys. At last accounts all of the twins were doing well.

A novelty in a coffin. It has been sent by Benton Democratic Club of Benton, Ala., to Senator Hoar, of Washington. It was black and had on top of it a corn (Kall) together with the inscription, "Home market \$5,000.00. Herein bury your hopes of ever breaking the solid South. Compliments of Benton Democratic Club, Benton Ala. Further favors solicited for campaign purposes."

It is a fact probably unknown to a majority of people that there are more than 2,300 pensioners of the civil war in Indian Territory, exclusive of Oklahoma, and that the amount paid them last year was \$312,000, the sum contributed residents of Oklahoma in the same year being \$623,000.

Theodore C. Rohrer of New Castle, Penn., has invented a marvelous clock, which has attracted great attention over the country, and which contains many figures of Revolutionary scenes. He has also invented a miniature watch the size of a gold shirt stud.

The Hickory Press-Carolinian says: Col. Kope Elias in the State convention tried to make a speech and gesticulate like the late Mr. Disraeli, or my Lord Beaconsfield; but he could not strike the proper attitude or language.

The Republicans of Michigan in a convention held at Grand Rapids, adopted a plank in their platform declaring for free silver at a ratio of 16 to 1.