

# The Carolina Watchman.

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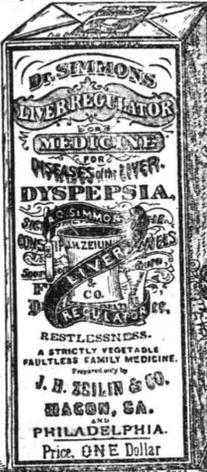
NO. 43

BY J. J. BRUNER.

**A Terrible Massacre.**  
Onancock, Va., Aug. 11.—A terrible massacre occurred on Monday night at Cape Charles, in the lower part of the eastern shore of Virginia. A fleet of fishing schooners arrived here on Monday night from the Rappahannock river, some of the fishermen after drinking freely, got into a disturbance with some of the citizens which one Barliff attempted to quiet. He was knocked down some several times by one of the fishermen, and in revenge opened fire on the strangers who were unarmed, several others also joined in the firing and many of the fishermen were wounded. The others fled to their boats and put out into the bay, carrying with them all the wounded except five who were too severely injured to get away. Several of the wounded men will probably die.

A thorough farmer, who knows his business, will never worry about sorrel. It is as good as anything to hold the head together till we are able to enrich it and grow a more profitable crop. When we get ready to do that, the sorrel will get out before any properly fed crop of a better sort, and stay out until nothing more vigorous wants that spot, or is ready to take it.

**LOOK OUT!**  
Compare this with your purchase:



As you value health, perhaps life, examine each package and be sure you get the genuine. See the red Z Trade-Mark and the full title on front of wrapper, and on the side the seal and signature of J. H. Zeilin & Co., as in the above fac-simile. Remember there is no other genuine Simmons Liver Regulator.

**Grandfather Watts' Private Fourth.**  
Grandfather Watts used to tell us boys that a Fourth was not a Fourth without any noise. He would say, with a thump of his hickory stick, that it made an American right down sick. To see his sons on the nation's day sit round in a sort of a listless way, with no oration and no trainband, no fireworks and no root beer stand, while his grandsons, before they were out of their beds, were aslamed—great Scot!—to fire off squibs.

And so on I independence morn Grandfather Watts took his powder horn and the flint-lock shotgun his father had when he fought under Schuyler, a country lad. And Grandfather Watts would start and tramp ten miles to the woods at Deaver camp; for Grandfather Watts used to say—and scowled—That a decent chipmunk or woodchuck or owl.

Was better company, friendly or shy, Than folks who didn't keep Fourth of July; And so he would pull his hat down on his brow, And march for the woods sou'east by sou'. But once—ah! long, long years ago; For grandfather's gone where good men go—Oce hot, hot Fourth, by ways of our own, Such short cuts as boys have always known, We hurried and followed the dear old man Beyond where the wilderness began, To the deep black woods at the foot of the Dump.

And there was a clearing and a stamp— A stamp in the heart of a great wide wood; And there on that stump our grandfather stood, Talking and shouting out there in the sun, And firing that funny old flint lock gun Once in a minute, his head all bare, Having his Fourth of July out there— The Fourth of July he used to know Back in eighteen and twenty or so.

First, with his face to the heaven's blue, He read the "Declaration" through; And then, with gestures to left and right, He made an oration erudite, Full of words six syllables long; And then our grandfather broke into song, And a strain, the squirrels in the trees, Gave "Hail, Columbia!" to the breeze.

And I tell you the old man never heard When we joined in the chorus, word for word, But he sang out strong in the bright blue sky, And if voices joined in his Fourth of July, He heard them as echoes from days gone by.

And when he had done, we all slipped back As still as we could, on our tawny track, While words more clear than the flint-lock shots Rang in our ears.

present also in this calamity and will bind up the wounds of those who are made suffer by it. Why such accidents should be permitted by the All-good and the All-powerful it is not for us to ask. The reason is known off to the Infinite. We must be content with the knowledge that the course of this world has been "mercifully ordered" and that it must go on as directed by the All-wise. Most of the victims of the accident seem to have been residents of Peoria, at which point the train was made up.

The loss to the railroad company is estimated at one million dollars, and it is thought it will break it up. There is a suspicion that the accident was caused by incendiaries for the purpose of robbery—many of the unfortunate having been robbed in the confusion which ensued.

**A Good Living.**  
We once listened to a distinguished preacher who opened a secular discourse with the striking statement, that it was the first duty of every man to keep his family off the town. When we all come to think of it, he uttered an injunction which includes all the truth contained in a principle. It is the first duty of a man living in a civilized society to keep his family off the town. And after mentally making the round of all the callings and occupations followed, and studying the list of industries to which men are invited to devote their labor and talent, not one is to be named that so readily satisfies the requirements for enabling a man to fulfill this duty of caring for his family as farming. The soil and the elements are in combination to help him in his worthy task. The earth denies nothing reasonable to those who go directly to it for sustenance. The fact that even the rudest methods of cultivation are sure to yield some kind of return, which in some way may become adequate to current necessities, is the strongest possible evidence that a living is certain on the land when it is precariously in other ways.

Farming is a limit of the nomadic life and the beginning of the social and civilized. Tillage bespeaks fixity, settlement and concentrated exertion; and these are the stakes that must always be driven firmly down before a race can claim to have set out on the highways of progress. It is nothing to the purpose to say that it does not admit of making fortunes, or even much money, as some of the other occupations do. The latter, be it always remembered, never can feed people, since they produce nothing; while farming is a creative industry, getting something that is necessary where nothing was before. It is sure to give one a living according to the intelligence and skill with which it is followed. This is of far greater importance than merely making money. As those who possess fortunes come to regard sound security of far more importance in making investments than high rates of interest, so should the calling that supplies the best assurance of a living be held in much higher esteem than one which, though it may tempt with large and glittering prizes, is not to be depended upon for a support under all circumstances, and with the application of ordinary intelligence.

Who should enjoy a more solid sense of security and contentment than he who feels sure that he can make a living for himself and his dependent family every year? Nor is the family wholly dependent, either, in farming, as it is in all other vocations, and especially those which pertain to the work of distribution. On the farm every hand is a helping one, great and small. Children are taught to be useful in various ways, and for their own benefit equally with that of the family. Woman, too, finds a natural occupation in this strictly domestic sphere. All things, in fact, assist in making up a little world of industry, in which each one is interested. All the occupations, especially in these modern times, is crowded with variety. It has passed out of former monotony, and while the soil is described as a laboratory the home is to be accepted as a live. Invention, ingenuity and industry are challenged to their best performance. Is there anything in a life of mere money getting to be compared with this broad and busy life on the farm, where one is certain of a generous subsistence if nothing more, and continuous labor only enriches the resources that are drawn against by their owner?—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

**Two Fingers Sewed On.**  
Elmira physician have regarded and watched with considerable interest the case of Mrs. Davidson, who resides on Harriet street. About two months ago, while cutting wood, she chopped off the middle finger of her left hand and also cut through the bone of the first finger. Dr. J. Jacobs was called and he replaced the fingers and sewed them in position. The fingers have become reunited to the hand, and Mrs. Davidson is now recovering the use of them. It is said that three cases of a successful operation of the kind are on record.—*Elmira Gazette.*

A Pennsylvania dog has a legacy of \$1,500, the interest being used for his support. After his death the fund goes to a church.

**At the West Point Riding Hall.**  
It is accounted "great fun" to witness the first rides of the yearlings, so we will go down there and laugh at their mishaps. Mounting the stairs to the gallery, we look down upon a large space strewn with tanbark, at one end of which is a row of some twenty horses with watering bridles. Soon the performers file in and come to a halt in front of the horses. Do they intend to ride with only a watering bridle, without even a saddle or blanket? They will try to, at all events. The instructor commands: "Stand to horse! Prepare to mount. Mount!" In obedience to his command the cadets spring, struggle, leap and kick in their efforts to bestride their horses. The moment they are mounted several horses develop astonishing bucking propensities, to the anguish of their riders and the delight of the gallery. Now they start around the hall at a walk. It seems rather tame, doesn't it? But soon the command, "Trot!" is given, and the fun begins. The poor fellows bounce about on the horses' backs like india rubber boys, and wabble from side to side like jumping jacks. The trot is accelerated, the horses take the gallop, and dash around the hall, tumbling their riders in heaps at the corners, while those who by chance are still mounted grasp frantically at their horses' manes. Finally the gait is reduced to a walk, line is formed, the dismounted yearlings, nothing daunted, catch their horses and remount, and then the performance is repeated. If we had visited the gymnasium and fencing-academy in the morning we should have seen sections of the Fourth Class exercising under a rigid system of instruction; and if from there we had gone to the riding hall at the hour of first-class attendance we should have seen exhibited the high degree of muscular skill and activity to which the system of training in gymnastics and riding hall bring cadets. For first class cadets ride like Indians. It is immaterial to them whether they have a saddle or blanket or ride bareback. They leap hurdles, go through the sabre exercise, and are adepts at pistol practice; they mount, dismount, vault their horses and pick up articles from the ground, all the while at full speed; they ride forward, backward, sideways, and double; lying down, kneeling, and standing up. Visitors at the riding hall during First Class hours go to admire, not to laugh.—*St. Nicholas.*

**Water as a Diuretic.**  
Dr. L. Bruton in a recent article states that water is perhaps the most powerful diuretic we possess, although fewer experiments have been made with it upon animals than with the others. The diuretic action of water drunk by a healthy man is very marked, and it appears impossible to explain its elimination by a mere increase in blood pressure, whether general or local. It has the power of increasing tissue-change, and thus multiplying the products of tissue-waste which results from it, but removes these waste products as fast as they are formed, and thus, by giving rise to increased appetite, provides fresh nutriment for the tissues and thus acts as a true tonic. In persons who are accustomed to take too little water the products of tissue-waste may be formed faster than they are removed, and thus accumulating, may give rise to disease. Many gouty persons are accustomed to take little or no water, except in the form of a small cup of tea or coffee daily, besides what they get in the form of wine or beer. A tumbler of water drunk every morning, and especially with the addition of some nitrate or carbonate of potassium, will prevent a gouty paroxysm.

"Still more numerous, possibly, is the class of people who rise in the morning feeling weak and languid. Many such people are well fed, they sleep soundly, and it seems almost impossible to believe that the fatigue which they feel in the morning can result from imperfect nutrition, more especially as one finds that after moving about the languor, to a great extent, appears to pass off." It seems that this languor must depend upon the imperfect removal of the waste products from the body as we know that the secretion of urine in healthy persons is generally much less during the night than during the day. Such persons drink a tumbler of water before going to bed, in order to aid the secretion of urine and of waste products during the night.—*Practitioner.*

**Wanted to See for Himself.**  
London, Aug. 11.—It has transpired that Mr. Blaine's departure from Dublin for Cork, to the former of which places he intends to return, was made for the purpose of personally witnessing some evictions which he was advised would take place yesterday or today near that city. It appears that he is informed of a friend of his desire to see for himself precisely the extent to which evicted tenants were subjected to hardship and cruelty in order that he might prepare an absolutely correct digest of his observations, and his unexpected short stay in Dublin is accounted for by the fact that the opportunity he sought he almost immediately obtained. That he intends to gather material for use in the coming American Presidential campaign, with a view of securing Irish votes, cannot be doubted and that he will observe that the instructions of the police are literally carried out and that he will observe that the tenants proceeded against offer no resistance to their ejectment are also beyond question. Mr. Blaine's reputation as a friend of the poor has preceded him and his tour of Ireland will undoubtedly be made as pleasant as possible. His name is known in the south of Ireland almost as well as it is in America and his visit to that part of the country is expected to yield a large influence in determining the action of the National Republican Convention in 1888 as showing that he is able to draw to his support the bulk of the Irish vote.

Mr. Gladstone is rapidly recovering from his illness. He is no longer confined to his room and his voice is almost as clear and strong as ever. The recent attempt to bring the ex-premier and Lord Hartington together in a conference on the question of delegating powers of autonomy to Ireland as the basis of a settlement of the Irish question as between the Liberals and the Unionists failed through the refusal of Lord Hartington to entertain a proposal.

If you have a boy named Bill, or Bud, or Sam, or Tom, you need not fear that he will be drowned during the swimming season. The boy who has a plug name and whose hair stands up straight like a hazel brush, and who has stone bruises on his feet, is not in danger of drowning. But if your son has curly hair and if he wears shoes in summer and has a pretty name, you had better let him swim in a bath bowl—so says the Greensboro News.

The stimulating power and comfort of sympathy none can express, save he who has realized it. It has a power, like the magnet, unseen but potent, which draws to itself the wandering scattered particles that exist around it.

**Fiction Turns to Truth.**  
The statement contained in Rider Haggard's new novel, "Allen Quartermain," concerning the existence of white races in the interior of Africa has received a most remarkable confirmation from the man who above all others is qualified to speak on the subject. Zebehr Pasha, the grand old slave king of Central Africa, whom the German traveller, Dr. Schweinfurth, in 1871 as living in a palace described "where visitors were conducted through halls of state by richly dressed and attentive slaves and where chained lions guarded the doors and soldiers in mail armor waited on his will," is now a captive in the British fortress of Gibraltar, whither he was deported from Egypt some two years ago in consequence of his suspected complicity in the Soudan rebellion. Taking the other day about the slave countries on the White Nile which are entirely savage, he remarked: "At Sakara and Benghieh, in the very heart of the slave country, there are tribes there as white as Europeans, with long and silky hair. The beards of the old men sometimes reach down to their feet." Zebehr, in describing others of the black tribes, asserted that cannibalism still prevails and that many of them eat none but human flesh. "Men and women are sold in the markets by the pound exactly as one sells mutton and beef. The old and fat are preferred. Sometimes they are sold dead and cut up."

**Pretty Kitchens.**  
The Detroit Tribune says: "There is no objection to a pretty kitchen, or to a girl filling one up with bric-a-brac if she keeps it free from dust. A kitchen to those who do the work in it is the living room, and why should it not be made convenient and pretty? If the kitchen is a comfortable, cherry room, most girls will take a pride in keeping it so. Give them pink colored tissue paper for the shelves, if they wish it, and a fancy lamp shade to rest after the kitchen is tidied up for the night. See, too, that they have convenient utensils to cook with, a good clothes wringer and plenty of clothespins, and a good stove. It will pay you well to look after these things in good, wholesome dishes that will come to the table well cooked. Many girls have to do with makeshifts that you would not think possible for yourself to use; a broken wringer, a tub without handles, or a washboiler or tea-kettle, with a rag run through a hole to prevent leaking. No girl likes to ask for repairs, and oftentimes the mistress is too careless to look well after the little things of her kitchen. I would add: Let the girl's sleeping-room be a pleasant, attractive place. Many a girl has better quarters for herself than our servants. If not appreciative at first they may learn to be so."

**Varieties of Corn.**  
Some writers assert that maize, or Indian corn, was known in the early history of the world to the Chinese, founding their theory on drawings of a similar grain in ancient Chinese manuscripts. If this were true, the culture of the grain was wholly lost in later years. There has been much discussion on the subject, but Alphonse de Candolle, who may be regarded as an authority on the subject, in his valuable work, "Origin of Cultivated Plants," says: "Maize is of American origin, and was not introduced into the old world until after the discovery of the new." It was found by the first explorers of the western hemisphere to be in cultivation by the natives, from New England to Chili, but it is thought to have originated in the highlands of Peru and Bolivia, as traces of it have been found there in ancient tombs and in geological deposits with the earliest traces of man in that locality. As to the present existing varieties of corn, it may be noted that the maize plant is affected in a remarkable degree by climate and soil, and a local variety can be established at any time by the selection and continuous sowing for a few years, of seed showing any striking peculiarity. All of the varieties in cultivation in the United States, from the small-stalked pop-corn to the enormous specimens of maize grown in the western and southern states, are but one species, and owe their differences to peculiarities of climate and soil and to continued selection in cultivation.—*Luteo-Ocean.*

**Flag Root.**  
In Fayette county there is a farmer who makes more from a quarter of an acre of swamp than he does from the remainder of his farm. He made last year from this quarter of an acre, \$5,200. That beats anything but a rich gold mine. The explanation is given in the words of the venerable and well-to-do farmer: "I tell you," said he, when I first moved on this place it was very unhealthy; my stock died rapidly and my family had no health. My wife had been in the habit of keeping calamus in the house for her own use, and she decided to plant out a small patch on the edge of the swamp. It began to spread rapidly, and in a short time the whole quarter of an acre of marsh was covered with it. The cattle drank the water from the branch on which it grew, and at once became healthy and ceased to die. It was then that I first began to take an interest in the growth of the calamus, and to take pains to save and dry the root for market, as I understood that it would sell well.

Calamus is the botanical name for "flag root."—*Ec.*

A St. Paul dog was very fond of the house cat. One evening he was seen coming from the shadow of a neighbor's fence with a hen in his mouth. After biting it he went for the cat, which he seized by the neck and dragged to the feast. He tore the chicken into pieces and helped the cat to the choicest scraps.

Neatness and simplicity are the best ornaments; good habits are better than fine clothes, and the most elegant manners the kindest.

**Negro Farm Labor.**  
The labor question comes nearer "cleaning me up" than anything else. I have however, become convinced that the negro is our main dependence; we have got him, or he has us, I don't know which; sometimes I think one way and sometimes the other. At any rate, we have to stay together, and we must feed him or he will feed himself, and I prefer feeding him; it takes less to do him or there is less waste attached to our feeding him, for he had soon eat a Berkshire pig worth twenty-five dollars as a scrub worth only two dollars; or your Plymouth Rock chickens, as any other cheaper food. On shares, we can't afford to give him a good mule or horse to kill, or a costly lot of tools; or seed to throw away; for if he was to make six bales of cotton and three hundred bushels of corn, he would think he ought to live easy all the rest of his life. You should feed him, and you or some one else will be certain to do it, too. Now you take the expense off of these bales of cotton (for 150 bushels corn don't go to his support; it goes for Sunday clothes and whiskey,) we see very plainly that it will not feed and cloth his family. I can suggest no remedy that will meet the case. If the negroes would work and quit their stealing, I would be on Wall street, New York, preparing myself for Canada in less than ten years. At the present price of cotton, to work them on shares, or rent them land and furnish them, is sure bankruptcy.

**Prohibition War in Ohio.**  
A Cleveland, O., dispatch says: There is a prohibition war at Alliance, O. This was one of the towns to vote for local option under the Dow law. The saloons were voted out several months ago, and the energy of the entire police force has since been inadequate for the enforcement of the law. Heavy fines and jail sentences have been imposed upon the saloonists, but they continued to violate the ordinance. Last week a temperance demonstration was held and the liquor-dealers attempted to counteract its effect by giving away beer and whiskey in the streets to all who asked for it. Several minors were among the number who drank, and to-day six of the saloon keepers who gave the liquor away were arrested. Upon being released four of them went to the Fort Wayne depot, and, mistaking a stranger who they saw there for one of the detectives who assisted in the prosecution, they set upon and beat him unmercifully. They were all arrested.

**Danger from Insects.**  
We are in the habit of hearing that flies in multitude are a sign of safety in a house, because they devour the poison in the neighborhood, not considering that if there were no poison the flies could not have it to devour; but we have not been wont to hear the existence of gnats and mosquitoes excused for any reason. To our mind one may eventually be found as dangerous to life and health as the other, and the work of Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, has shown what the dangers are which we run from mosquitoes. In his research into the innocuousness of yellow fever he six times succeeded in transmitting the disease to a healthy person by letting a mosquito that had previously bitten a yellow fever patient bite the healthy person. If this can be done in the case of yellow fever, it may be done with equal efficiency in the case of countless other and more dreadful diseases, and it becomes us to seek for means to exterminate these pests and their kindred, if their extermination be possible.—*Harper's Bazar.*

**A Good word for Buttermilk.**  
In warm, summer weather, many persons feel an irresistible craving for something sour, and often gratify this desire by a free indulgence in pickles and vegetables made acid with vinegar. This demand for acid indicates a deficiency in the acid secretions in the stomach, and the demand for an artificial one is a natural one; but vinegar is not the best substitute. Lactic acid is one of the chief agents that give acidity to the gastric juice of the stomach in health. This is the acid of sour milk, and therefore one of the best summer diet drinks that we can use is buttermilk. It satisfies the cravings for acids by giving the stomach a natural supply, and at the same time furnishing in its cheesy matter a good supply of wholesome nutrition. A man will endure fatigue in hot weather better on buttermilk than any drink he can use.

**Remarkable Surgery.**  
The science of surgery has made such wonderful progress in modern times, that the most intricate and delicate operations are now undertaken and carried to a successful issue. There are now several well authenticated cases of what is known as pneumotomy, that is to say, the removal of diseased portions of the lungs in cases of consumption. While, however, this delicate operation has sometimes been successfully performed, the risks attending it are so great, and the chances of recovery so slight, that it is seldom resorted to. The safest plan in consumptive cases is to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This will always cure the disease in its earlier stages, thoroughly arresting the ravages of the terrible malady, by removing its cause and healing the lung.

**The Uses of Tomatoes.**  
The tomato is one of the most important vegetables we have. During the summer months, the children of many families almost live on them. They eat them both raw and cooked, at and between meals. They should not be restricted either, but encouraged to eat more of them. The tomato is both a mild cathartic and a febrifuge, and will keep them free from worms and fever during the heated term.

Purity, sincerity, obedience, and self-surrender are the marble steps that lead into the spiritual temple.

**PIEDMONT WAGON**  
MADE AT  
**HICKORY, N. C.**  
CAN'T BE BEAT!  
They stand where they ought to, right square  
**AT THE FRONT!**  
It Was a Hard Fight But They Have Won It!  
Just read what people say about them and if you want a wagon come quickly and buy one, either for cash or on time.

SALISBURY, N. C. Sept. 1st, 1886.  
Two years ago I bought a very light two-horse Piedmont wagon of the Agent, J. A. Boyden, and have used it nearly all the time since, having tried it severely in hauling saw logs and other heavy loads, and I have not had to pay one cent for repairs. I look upon the Piedmont wagon as the best Thimble Skin wagon made in the United States. The timber used in them is most excellent and thoroughly well seasoned.

TURNER P. THOMASON.

SALISBURY, N. C. Aug. 27th, 1886.  
About two years ago I bought of J. A. Boyden, a one horse Piedmont wagon which has done much service and no part of it has broken or given away and consequently it has cost nothing for repairs.

JOHN D. HENLY.

SALISBURY, N. C. Sept. 31, 1886.  
Eighteen months ago I bought of John A. Boyden, a 2 1/2 inch Thimble Skin Piedmont wagon and have used it pretty much all the time and it has proved to be a first-class wagon. Nothing about it has given away and therefore it has required no repairs.

T. A. WALTON.

SALISBURY, N. C. Sept. 26th, 1886.  
18 months ago I bought of the Agent, in Salisbury, a 2 1/2 inch Thimble Skin Piedmont wagon—their lightest one-horse wagon—I have kept it in almost constant use and during the time have hauled on it at least 75 loads of wood and that without any leakage or repairs.

L. R. WALTON.