

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XIX.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1893.

NO. 16

WILL REMOVE

After this week I will occupy the room formerly used by the Southern Telegraph Company, where I would be glad to have you call as I will have my STOCK replenished with

NEW AND FANCY DESIGNS,

And will be better prepared to please everybody than ever before and at prices that must sell the goods. Very Respectfully,

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LEADING JEWELER.

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WHEN YOU WANT HARDWARE AT LOW FIGURES

Call on the undersigned at No. 2, Grant Row, B. A. ATWELL.

Salisbury, N. C., June 9th-11.

CONSTIPATION

It is called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no treatment through which disease so often attacks the system as by the absorption of poisonous gases in the retention of decayed and effete matter in the stomach and bowels. It is caused by a torpid liver, not enough bile being excreted from the blood to produce nature's own cathartic, and is generally accompanied with a regular habit of constipation.

Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Bad Breath, etc.

The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but also as a tonic, and must produce after its use greater contentment. To secure a regular habit of body, without changing the diet or disorganizing the system.



"My attention, after suffering with Constipation for two or three years, was called to Simmons' Liver Regulator, and, having tried and found it effective, I concluded to try it. I first took a single dose, and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, as per directions, after each meal. I found that it had done me so much good that I continued it until I took two bottles. Since then I have not experienced any difficulty. I keep it in my house and would not be without it, but have no use for it, it having cured me."—Geo. W. Sims, Ass't Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co., Ga.

Take only the Genuine, Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of **J. H. ZEHLIN & CO.**

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER CATARRH

is a disease of the mucous membrane, generally originating in the nasal passages and maintaining its stronghold in the head. From this point it sends forth a poisonous virus into the stomach and through the digestive organs, corrupting the blood and producing other troublesome and dangerous symptoms.

A particle is applied to each nostril, and is agreeable. Price 50 cents; druggists; by mail \$1.00. **ELY BROS.,** 225 Greenwich Street, New York.

The undersigned have entered into a co-partnership for the purpose of conducting the **GROCERY AND PRODUCE COMMISSION** business, to date from March 28, 1887. Consignments especially solicited.

McNEELY & TYSON.

The undersigned takes this opportunity to return thanks to his numerous friends for their patronage, and asks the continuance of the same to the **NEW FIRM.** He will always be on hand to serve the patrons of the **NEW FIRM.**

J. D. McNEELY.

THE LEADING SOUTHERN SEED HOUSE.

T. W. WOOD & SONS

10 S. 14th St., Richmond, Va.

Request all Gardeners, Farmers and Truckers to send for their

NEW SEED CATALOGUE for 1893. It contains descriptions of all new and desirable varieties of **SEEDS & PLANTS** for the Farm and Garden that are adapted to the South.

Grass & Clover Seeds a Specialty. Catalogue mailed free. **SEND FOR IT.**

DEEP SEA Wonders exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

MAKES CHILD-BIRTH EASY!

SHOULD BE USED A FEW MONTHS BEFORE CONFINEMENT. Send for Book "To Mothers," mailed free.

DEWEELED REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Somebody.

Somebody thinks the world all wrong
And never has a word in its praise:
Somebody sings the whole day long,
Likes the world and all its ways.

Somebody says it's a queer old place,
Where none of the people do as they should;
Somebody thinks it full of grace
And wouldn't change the folks if he could.

Somebody calls it cruel and cold,
Full of sin and sorrow and pain,
Where life is but a search for gold,
And souls are lost in selfish gain.

Somebody merrily laughs, and cries:
"Hurrah for such a dear old earth!
Success shall crown the man that tries
To make his mark by honest worth."

Somebody groans and shakes his head,
Calls his lot a wretched one;
Somebody wishes that he were dead,
For somebody else has all the fun.

But somehow I notice you generally find
In good or evil, pain or care,
To one thing sure, you may make up
your mind:
Somebody always gets his share.

—Pearl Estingé in Demorest's.

Strange.

The Hickory *Clipper* tells a strange story of a little girl, 10 years of age, of Caldwell county, who seems to possess the mysterious but unconscious power of attracting stones, which appear to come through the roof or the walls of the house in which she may happen to be, striking the floor with force but making no indentations—stones of various sizes and weights from one to ten pounds—and always falling near the child. The family, consisting of M. L. Holler, the father, mother and this little girl, have moved several times to other house to get rid of the haunt, but have been followed wherever they went by the same strange phenomenon. Of late, household articles, (a wash pan is instanced,) commenced moving on the shelf where it was kept, and directly whirled off on to the floor near the little girl. These things have been going on for weeks, and many of the neighbors have visited the family to witness them; and the publication referred to, was related to the publisher of the *Clipper* by a gentleman who spoke from personal knowledge of the facts as given.

The editor refers the subject to the investigation of scientists with the question, have we in North Carolina a Lula Hurst in the person of little Miss Holler.

Emigration from the Land of Blizzards.

The Baltimore *Sun*, of January 23th, notices the fact that since the great blizzard thirty families of Dakota have announced their intention to sell or abandon their holdings and emigrate South. And it is believed when the exodus begins, many more will be found wending their way southward. Certainly, it is a very sensible thing to do. The wonder is that having had experience of the heavy drab backs in regions of blizzards and eye-ones they have still lingered in the country. We would with real earnestness say to those western people, come to North Carolina; for it is fairly to be presumed that they have been in the United States long enough to learn more of its laws and institutions than those who are just now landing on our shores. We don't want communists, or anarchists, or infidels; but people who accept our institutions and desire to be good citizens, will receive a hearty welcome in this or any other Southern State.

Santa Rosa, California, has passed a town ordinance forbidding the sale of cigarettes to boys under sixteen years of age. Also, an ordinance prohibiting the smoking of cigarettes by boys. Parents who permit their boys to run in idleness on the streets, especially at night, may expect them to learn not only to smoke cigarettes, but other bad habits which will eventually bring them to disgrace and ruin.

The Hickory *Clipper* says a man in that place sleeping in the second story of his boarding house seems to have forgot where he was, and taking the window for a door went out at it. But the sash falling on his coat tail saved him from a fall to the ground. He hung suspended against the wall until relieved by persons who heard his calls of distress.

A man of large inherited estate at York, Penn., committed suicide, Monday. Why?

There was a battle at an Episcopal church door in Knoxville, Tenn., Sunday morning last, between a city editor and three men who attacked him. Pistols were used on both sides. One of the assailants was killed and the other two wounded. The editor was shot in the wrist and shoulder. The difficulty grew out of a publication made the day before, the authorship of which the editor refused to give.

The Forefathers.

A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF THE EARLY NEW ENGLAND PURITANS, AS TOLD BY A NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL.

[From the Winsted (Conn.) Press.]

The floodgates of gush have been opened by recurrence of "Forefather's Day," and parsons, publicans, pharisees and politicians having lifted up their heavenly voices in unqualified praise of the Massachusetts puritans, let us vary the monotony by telling some truths not at all complimentary to these same puritans, and in the light of which, notwithstanding some sturdy qualities of soul common to other pioneers, it appears that they were for the most part as mean and inhuman a lot of bigots as ever set foot on American soil. There were a few exceptions—there always are exceptions, and they "prove the rule."

Rogers William was a peaceful Quaker. The forefathers were will-hung peaceful Presbyterians fresh from persecutions, papal and protestant, in other lands. Yet one cold and snowy December night they drove this peaceful Quaker out from all shelter in their towns to find tender mercy in the hearts of untutored savages, and asylum at last in a region not yet distinguished by its puritan deity. They had not been more than twenty years before they began by fines, imprisonment, whipping, banishment and torture, to make a history for themselves which must be forever infamous.

They whipped and banished a man named Gorton—and this was his church. His servant smiled in church, and Gorton publicly defended him. But banishment did not suffice. Gorton and a dozen others went to Rhode Island and settled in a place called Warwick, beyond the jurisdiction of the Boston court and refused to return. A force of soldiers was sent after him. The soldiers captured him and his fellows, after driving their women and children into the woods brought the prisoners back to Boston—leaving the women and children to perish—and were publicly blessed by John Winthrop, Cotton Mather and other good puritans for their great victory over the emissaries of Satan. The prisoners were put in irons, kept at hard labor through the winter, and banished again for trying to keep away from their godly forefathers.

A few years later a Baptist minister from Newport, named Holmes, with two friends went to Lynn to visit a dying brother. At the bedside of the sick man they were arrested, fined and imprisoned, and when Holmes refused to pay his fine he was taken out into the streets of Boston, stripped and so brutally flogged that some bystanders expressed sympathy for him—and for that expression were fined and imprisoned. No sympathy was expressed for them, we may be sure, and that they were not very good puritans is self-evident.

John Winthrop was then governor of the colony and leader of the general court, but a merciful providence took him home to heaven and put a worse man in his place. This man was John Endicott, who began his holy mission by imprisoning and starving two women because they were Quakers. Then he imprisoned and banished a man named Uppshall for giving the women food. Under Endicott a law was passed against Quakers which it was hoped would root out this devilish sect, and by virtue of this law many Quakers, men and women were whipped, imprisoned, starved and ill-treated in various other ways. But certain people would be Quakers, which so enraged the governor that in a fit of extreme pety one day he ordered the twenty Quakers then in jail taken out and whipped twice a week, each time more severely than the last. Still these wretched Quakers persisted in poisoning the air of the puritan saints by dwelling in Massachusetts, and to effectually get rid of them a law was passed which declared that "for the first offense of returning after banishment one ear shall be cut off, and for the third bore the tongue with a red-hot iron."—It was a glorious day for God, and Endicott was his prophet.

Two little children were found, whose parents had been banished. These terrible infants were fined for non-attendance at church, and being unable to pay their fines, they were offered for sale, it is said as slaves. Slave-selling was not then so uncommon in Massachusetts as to excite any particular sympathy for slaves, but this case was too atrocious for the non-too-merciful slavers of the Boston port, and the magistrates were unable to find buyers for their property. What was done with the children we do not know, but it is fair to suppose that the little scoundrels were put to work under some God-fearing puritan, and that they afterwards attended church.

But it seems that cropping their ears

and boring their tongues did not effectually clear out the Quakers, for a law was passed punishing with death those banished Quakers who should return. We read that after the passage of this law "Quaker trials became occasions of great religious interest. Meetings were held, and sermons bearing upon the subject were preached, after which the magistrates, fortified by the sermons, sentenced meek and inoffensive men and women to be hung." All for the glory of God! And the preachers were always on hand, we are told, to see that the hanging was thoroughly done, and that the victims in their last moments sowed no seed of Quaker heresy among the faithful. These preachers were all ministers of Christ, it will be remembered, and among the most honored of our honored forefathers. "Robinson, Stevenson, Leddra, and Mary Dyer, one after the other, were led, to the beat of a drum, through the streets of Boston, and there ignominiously put to death, and the bodies of the men were stripped and thrown into a pit without covering. Beautiful is the sight, oh Heaven, and in the sight of modern politicians and prayerful preachers of the gospel are these same puritan forefathers!

But! a ringing clipping and boring and beating and banishing Quakers came to an end. Because puritanism became more merciful? Not at all. Mutilated witnesses went over to the king with their ears cropped and their tongues bored, and the king sent a peremptory order to John Endicott forbidding further indulgence in that form of Christianity. The king was a Roman Catholic. When Endicott thus found his chief occupation gone he laid him down and went to his Father in heaven. It is ever thus with the righteous. The Quakers whom Endicott had murdered were already with their fathers in hell—so our saint-like puritans hoped, at least.

About thirty years later Eastern Massachusetts witnessed the execution of two dogs who had the misfortune to be accused by these enlightened forefathers of being too familiar with the devil. But saintly puritanism did not confine itself to the execution of dogs. Something like forty innocent and peaceable men and women shared the fate of the dogs. These men and women were witches. There can be no doubt about it, for they were formally tried before the most pious and exemplary persons of the colony, and found to be witches, and such were killed in accordance with the scriptural command, (Exodus xxii, 18) "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." But exactly where in their bible these lovely theologians found their command to crush Giles Cory, aged 81 years, to death between two boards by piling stones on top of him, we do not know. At any rate they squeeze him till his tongue stuck out and one of the deacons poked it back with a stick, after which the old man died, but most obstinately.

We have not half told the story, which damns and ought to damn forever the very name of puritan. It cannot be fully told in cold types. These puritans were our forefathers; but blame is not for that. We are sorry for it; but it is not our fault. We would say for them that they were sincere. Sincerity was about the only conspicuous virtue they had, yet such did they make of it that we can only add that their one virtue was worse than a dozen vices. It would be a kindness to the puritan forefathers of New England to leave them alone in their graves, but so long as these forefathers are annually dug up and fed with panegyric at festal boards by our chief men, the truth shall be told of them also, whatever their shame. They endured no hardships and displayed no fortitude to distinguish them from the early settlers in New York, Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas. They are distinguished only by the manner in which they "served the Lord as if the devil helped them," while their contemporary pioneers offered asylum and shelter to the victims of New England's remorseless pietists, and gave men "freedom to worship God" some hundreds of miles from Boston Common.

NEW ENGLAND'S ENLIGHTENED PRESENT.

If there is anything the town authorities ought to look into it is their town hall. After every show is over the "bum" part of the audience will collect at the foot of the stairs leading from the hall and fill up the passage out of the building and retain that position until all the rest of the audience have crowded and edged their way out, amid the obscene remarks and curses issuing from the lips of those who block the way. No person can get out of the hall after an entertainment without running a gauntlet of insults and indignities that would make a stranger sick of New Hartford forever. No lady ever yet went home without some insult ringing in her ears. If any one of our valiant constables would make it a point to clear out the hall-way after an entertainment, he would be doing the public more good than has been done in years.

Many men claim to be firm in their principles, when really they are only obstinate in their prejudices.

Never think you can make yourself great by making another less.

A Young Man of Push.

The longer we live the stronger grows the conviction that despite the "poob-pooers," there is a great deal in "the art of putting things." I have just heard of an incident that illustrates this significant truth in a striking manner:

Twelve years ago a young man came to New York in search of employment and fortune. He carried his own trunk to a lodging-house, because he could not afford the luxury of a hired carrier. His honest face and frank speech won for him his landlady's consent to a week's living on tick. So far good. Now then for the bold push. He went down to the offices of the Herald, Times, and Tribune, and invested his last shilling in an advertisement in these words:

"I want something to do, and must have it within twenty-four hours. Address 'Push,' this office."

In a little while he had received about 300 answers to his unique demand for employment. One business man wrote: "Call at nine o'clock to-morrow morning and I may give you a chance to show how vigorously you can 'push.'"

The tone of that reply pleased the young adventurer, and at the appointed hour he presented himself at the writer's office. The result was a trial engagement, which has continued until this time. Young "Push" is now the confidential man of the house. His salary is ample, and he lives in handsome style in one of the prettiest little homes in New York, where pretty homes, in the poetic sense of the word, are, as we all know, lamentably scarce. "Push" is his dominant characteristic, and his employer has had ten thousand reasons to congratulate himself on the impulse that led him to reply to that little "ad."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Keep Them Busy.

During the winter months, when in many poultry yards fowls are confined to their houses for days together, it is advisable to provide something to keep them busy; otherwise they are liable to get into such bad habits as feather or egg eating. If the floor of the house is well covered with straw, and a handful of wheat, oats or corn raked through it, you can keep a whole flock busy scratching for they expect to, but do not often find. Some morning when you have a half hour to spare, try this plan: take an apple or small cabbage and run a string through it, and suspend it in the centre of the house about three or four inches above the heads of the fowls. The meeting will be at once called to order, and after all hands have had a look at it and guessed what it is, some venturesome old hen will make a jump at it, and probably get a taste, that will set it swinging, and each one as they get a chance, will make a jump for it, until regard to where they will come down; very likely on some one's foot who will rise to explain, receiving in return a look which seems to say "your jump next." If your fowls do not keep busy until the last of the apple or cabbage is gone, they are unlike the most more than one laugh over the complication of affairs, you are not easily amused.

We do not think there is any method by which one can keep his fowls busy and in health that is better than the above, as it keeps them busy, makes them industrious and gives the much needed exercise in the winter.

A "Put and Call."

This is a funny phrase to the uninitiated, but all the brokers understand it. They use it when a person gives a certain per cent. for the option of buying or selling stock on a fixed day, at a price stated on the day the option is given. It is often a serious operation to the dealer, but there is a more serious "put and call" than this: when you are "put" to bed with a severe cold and your friends "call" a physician. Avoid all this by keeping in the house Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The great cure for pulmonary and blood diseases. Its action is marvelous. It cures the worst cough, whether acute, lingering, or chronic. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Short Breath, Consumption, Night-sweats, and kindred affections, it surpasses all other medicines.

A Cure For Whooping Cough.

A medical journal gives the following cure for whooping cough, which is said to be most effectual. The method consists in fumigating with sulphur the sleeping-room, as well as any other room used by the patient, together with his bedding, clothes, toys and everything which he uses. The sulphur is simply burned in the apartments, while the clothes are hung up in any convenient manner, and the rooms remain closed, and subjected to the fumes for about five hours. Everything is then well aired, and the rooms are once more ready for the occupation of the sufferer.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.