

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XIX.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1893.

NO. 35.

CRAIG & CLEMENT,
Attorneys at Law
Salisbury, N. C.

DR. JAMES R. CAMPBELL,
Physician and Surgeon.
Offers his services to the people of Salisbury and vicinity.
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Offers his professional services to the citizens of this and surrounding communities. All calls promptly attended, day or night.
May be found at my office, or the Drug Store of Dr. J. H. Ennis. Respectfully,
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The undersigned have entered into a partnership for the purpose of conducting the GROCERY and PRODUCE COMMISSION business, to date from March 28, 1893. Consignments especially solicited.
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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.
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27-11

R. J. HOLMES
Is now receiving his
Fall and Winter Stock of
GOODS,
Direct from the Northern Markets.
And will be pleased to see his customers before purchasing elsewhere.

DRY GOODS,
Groceries,
And all other kinds of Goods kept in a general stock, will be sold at prices to suit the times.

CALL AND EXAMINE MY STOCK.
Bob White and Crystal
Roller Mill Flour of
the best quality.

JUST RECEIVED ONE HUNDRED BARRELS OF VIRGINIA LIME FOR SALE.
I expect all persons who have given me mortgages on their crops to bring me their cotton when it is ready for sale.
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SEEKING
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In all Cities, Towns and Villages in the South

TOTAL ASSETS, \$750,000 00!
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THE "NEW" BIRDSSELL CLOVER HULLER,
MONITOR JUNIOR.

Threshes, Separates, Hulls, Cleans and Re-cleans the Seed Ready for Market Simultaneously, doing its work with a rapidity heretofore unknown and a perfection never before attained. The "New" Birdsell is the crowning effort of its inventor, MR. JOHN C. BIRDSSELL, who has had thirty-three years' experience in building clover machinery—has given to the world the first Combined Clover Thresher, Huller and Cleaner. It is a fact worthy of note that he and his successors have manufactured and sold during the past thirty-three years, since the invention of the Clover Huller made and sold during that time. Our factory is by far the largest of its kind in the world. Send for Catalogue and \$1,000.00 Challenge.
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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

CONSTIPATION

IS called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medium 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 secreted from the liver to produce Nature's own purgative, and is generally accompanied with such results as
**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 be tonic as well, and not produce its use greater costiveness. 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 almost everything else, 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. Sines, Asst. Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co., Ga.
Take only the Genuine.
Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of
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D. R. JULIAN & CO.,

DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
SALISBURY, N. C.

COME AND SEE THE SHOW
AT DAVE JULIAN'S
NEW STORE!
He has a full and complete line of ENTIRELY

NEW GOODS
which he is offering CHEAPER THAN EVER. He is on Fisher Street, near the Stand Pipe, where his rents and other expenses are so low that he is selling one dollar's worth of Goods for 99 cts. He has the best and cheapest line of Fertilizers in the country, and decidedly the best line of

PROVISIONS
in the market. Be sure to see him before you buy. He wants to buy all the

CORN
he can get. [April 19, '88]. 26-3m

ELY'S CATARRH

CREAM BALM
Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays 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 into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail registered, 60 cents. ELY BROS., 54 Warren Street, New York. 183-1

"Judge Not That Ye be Not Judged."

Perchance the friend who cheered thy early years
Has yielded to the temper's power:
Yet why shrink back and draw away thy shirt,
As though her very touch would do thee hurt?
Will thou prove stronger in temptation's hour?

Perchance the one thou trustest more than life
Has broken love's most sacred vow:
Yet judge him not—the victor in life's strife
Is he who beareth best the burden of life,
And leaveth God to Judge, nor questions how.

Sing the great song of love to all, and not
The wailing anthem of thy woes;
So live thy life that thou mayest never
Be afraid to say, as at his throne you kneel,
"Forgive me, God, as I forgive my foes."
—Chambers' Journal.

The N. C. Congressmen on Internal Revenue Reform.

A Washington letter, dated June 5th, shows what occurred in the House Democratic caucus in regard to the repeal of the Internal Revenue laws: "Since the action of Col. Cowles and Col. Johnson in caucus last week, the delegation has agreed to vote for the Mills bill, provided they are given a fair show on the floor of the House to offer and discuss the amendments intended to repeal or greatly ameliorate the internal revenue system. If anything is done in this particular, especial credit will be due to the Hon. W. H. Cowles, who boldly took the initiative and declared last Monday night that he would bolt the caucus before he would bind himself not to vote for any amendment which would lessen in any way any of the iniquitous burdens imposed by the internal revenue system. At a later caucus Col. Cowles made a speech which created considerable excitement. He spoke forcibly and to the point. He declared that no arbitrary ruling of any Democratic caucus should prevent him from using his utmost endeavors to carry out the known will of his constituents. To them and to the Democratic party of North Carolina he first owed allegiance. The convention which had just renominated him had instructed him anew as to what his duty was in this particular, and that duty he did not intend to shrink for any possible consideration. So far as it was in his power to effect either a repeal of the whole system, or the abolition of the fruit brandy tax, or any other modification of the internal revenue law, as it exists, it should be exerted to the utmost. He demanded as a right that he should be heard on the floor of the House on this subject, and no caucus would ever bind him not to exercise that right to the utmost limit. Col. Johnson then arose and said that Col. Cowles' position coincided entirely with his own; that he, too, would refuse to consent to be bound by caucus action in a matter of such vital importance to his constituents. Mr. Mil's then took the floor, and endeavored to convince Col. Cowles that concessions had already been made to the North Carolina delegation. Col. Cowles replied to him firmly but courteously, and told him it was impossible for him to vote for his bill without a chance to vote for the amendments which his people demanded should be added to the bill. If this change should be given to the North Carolina delegation on the floor of the House, and they should fail in effecting anything in this direction, they would then vote for the Mills bill, but the attempt must be made on the floor of the House of Representatives. Col. Rowland then suggested that the caucus should wait the action of the North Carolina Convention, then in session. He thought the platform, as enunciated by that Convention, would be a guide to the delegation as to what their course should be. That platform, to my mind, settles the matter beyond the shadow of a doubt, and binds the North Carolina delegation to take a strong position for every possible repeal of the internal revenue law. Col. McClammy stated at this caucus that he felt assured North Carolina could be relied on to roll up a good Democratic majority, no matter what became of the Mills bill or of the internal revenue system. Since this last caucus, and since the adjournment of the State convention at Raleigh, the sentiment of the delegation is about this: They will support the Mills bill if they are allowed to give the amendments they desire to add to it a fair showing on the floor of the House. If these amendments should be offered and rejected they are then prepared to do all in their power by their votes and influence to contribute to party harmony and pass the Mills bill with or without the alterations they now urge. I do not think there is a man in the delegation who will recede from this position. The Hon. J. S. Henderson was present at the caucus in which Col. Cowles took the bold stand alluded to above. He took no part, however, in the discussion, as he evidently wished to hear from the State Convention before he committed himself. He has said all along that he would vote for the repeal of the fruit brandy tax, even if a Republican made the proposition."

A Baptist Dog.
Dr. Fitzgerald: Here is a dog-story for you: When I was a boy my father owned a black-and-white-spotted cat dog called "Cuff." He was a remarkable dog in some religious prejudices. My father was a Methodist minister, and all the family associations were connected with that church. The only exception to perfect harmony of sentiment in the family manifested by "Cuff," and his appeared the more singular because he had been from earliest puppyhood in our family, and had no opportunity to know anything about other denominations. He was, nevertheless a thorough Baptist, and he exhibited his preference for the Baptist church in a very decided manner. 1. There was near our house a country-log-meeting house, used as a "union-meeting house," and also for school purposes. The Primitive Baptist—"Hardshells"—occupied this house once a month, and the Methodist preacher on the circuit preached in it once a month. The relations between the two churches were not as cordial as they ought to have been, seeing they professed to be first-class Christians. The Baptist did not attend Methodist preaching, nor did the Methodists go to hear the Baptist preacher. It was very seldom that any one, except Cuff, ever went from our house to Baptist meeting yet that dog never failed to be present on Saturday and Sunday of the Baptist monthly meeting. This might have been passed over without remark if he had also attended the Methodist preaching, but he was careful never to put his foot inside the door on the day the Methodist preacher held forth. My brother and I noticed this strange partiality for the Baptist Church on the part of old "Cuff," and we very strongly disapproved of it, and remonstrated with him after the fashion of boys with dogs, but all our scolding and whipping were in vain; Cuff seemed to be "set in his nations," and our persecutions, of which I am now ashamed, only seeming to make him more devout and constant in his attendance upon Baptist meetings. The conduct of the dog attracted attention, and he became the subject of remark. Some things were said by our Baptist friends more complimentary to the dog than to his master; however, master stood very well in the neighborhood. The only point of invidious comparison was in reference to questions of theology and denominational affiliation; in these matters the dog was considered more orthodox than his master. 2. Matters went on for several years in this way, the dog still faithful to the Church of his choice, and his strange conduct the subject of occasional remark, when the Baptist congregation built a new church, two miles and a half from the old school-house where they formerly worshipped. On the day the new church was dedicated Cuff was present, though not a member of our family or any one connected with us went to church. How he learned of the change in the place of worship and the time of the dedication was a mystery to everybody. I do not understand it to-day. And so, regularly every month, as long as he was able to walk, did that faithful old dog attend the Baptist church at Mount Harmony, two miles and a half from home. He lived to be 12 years old, when he died, and went where all the good dogs go. I have related only facts in this story, and have refrained from any attempt to account for the singular conduct of the dog. I have often heard my father, and others who knew the facts, speak of it as a most extraordinary instance of what I termed religious notions on the part of a dumb animal. Cuff was faithful in all his relations and duties as a dog, and behaved as well as some who call themselves Christians.

Blaine on Thurman.
Baltimore-Sun.

In his "Twenty Years in Congress," ex-Senator James G. Blaine wrote of ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman as follows: "His rank in the Senate was established from the day he took his seat, and was never lowered during the period of his services. He was an admirably disciplined debater, was fair in his method of statement, logical in argument, honest in his conclusions. He had no trick in discussion, no catch phrases to secure attention, but was always direct and manly. His mind was not preoccupied and engrossed with political contests or with affairs of State. He had natural and cultivated tastes outside of those fields. He was a discriminating reader, and enjoyed not only serious books, but inclined also to the lighter indulgence of romance and poetry. He was especially fond of the best French writers. He loved Moliere and Racine, and could quote with rare enjoyment the humorous scenes depicted by Balzac. He took pleasure in the drama and was devoted to music. In Washington he could usually be found in the best seat of the theatre when a good play was to be presented or an opera was to be given. These facts illustrate the genial side of his nature, and were a fitting complement to the stronger and sterner elements of the man. His retirement from the Senate was a serious loss to his party—a loss, indeed to the body. He left behind him the respect of all with whom he had been associated during his twelve years of honorable service."

A French workman has succeeded in producing artificial silk.

Protected by Fate.

A MAN WHO IS NOT LIKELY TO DIE IN A RAILROAD ACCIDENT.
HARRISBURG, Penn. June 6.—It has always been a superstition among the railroad men that one accident on a railroad, no matter how unusual the circumstances connected with it might be, is certain to be followed by two more of a similar character in a short time. The truth of this has been noted repeatedly, but never in so striking a manner as in three recent occurrences. These three accidents were also attended by a piece of good fortune to one individual that makes these occurrences still more remarkable. B. W. Williams is employed by a New York railroad as a buyer of ties and lumber. His business takes him to various parts of the country. A fortnight ago he was in the north-western part of West Virginia. He had business at a lumber station in the mountains known as Slider's Mills. A narrow-gauge railroad runs by heavy grades and sharp curves into this region. No passenger train ever run on this road. Williams had intended to go to the mills in the caboose of a freight or lumber train. He had taken his place in the caboose when he learned that there was some doubt about his being able to get back in time to keep an important engagement, and he made up his mind to postpone the trip. The train was in motion when he came to this conclusion, but he jumped off. While the train was going up one of the steepest grades on this road it broke in two, the caboose and two of the cars separating from the other cars and at once starting back down the mountain. The conductor and brakeman were in the caboose. The speed of the runaway cars became terrific, and at last they were thrown down the track. They plunged down a steep embankment, and the conductor and the brakeman were crushed to death in the wreck of the caboose.

Tuesday of last week Williams was in the Poccono lumber region, in Monroe county, Penn., along the line of the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad. He was at a mill near Poccono Summit, at which place he was to board the caboose of an east-bound stock train. He got to the station just in time to see the train passing out. His disappointment was great, as he had an agreement to meet a man in Stroudsburg on important business. An hour or so later his pleasure was missing the train was much greater than his disappointment. The Poccono grade at that place is 14 miles long, and 90 feet to the mile. The stock cars were fitted with air brakes, but as the train started down the mountain the engineer found that they would not work. The train was composed of 23 cars loaded with cattle, besides the engine and caboose. It ran away down the grade, clearing the 14 miles in 11 miles. The head car jumped the track, and all the others piled after it in a ravine nearly 100 feet deep. Two or three persons on the train were killed, and 400 cattle were crushed to death in the ruins.

Last Thursday Williams' business called him to the lumber region of McKean county, Penn. A lumber railroad known as the West Branch Railroad connects the Erie with the lumber mills. No road in this country encounters such steep grades or makes such short curves as this lumber railroad. It is confined entirely to traffic in lumber and freight. Williams had gone up the road to Stecker's Mills. He had intended to return that same afternoon to make a connection for Bradford. Before the train he was to take came along he concluded for some reason to wait until the next day. The train consisted of five cars loaded with lumber, one freight car, the engine and a caboose. In going down what is known as the Hazleton Mill grade the trainmen lost control of the train. It dashed down the mountain at terrific speed, and at a sharp curve near Belknap's Camp left the rails. The train was thrown down a steep embankment, and in the wreck one passenger, the conductor, and the fireman were killed. There were several other persons riding in the caboose, every one of whom were badly hurt. Two fatally. A man with whom Williams said he would have been sitting if he had been on the train was one of the fatally injured passengers.

Besides these three remarkable interpositions of fate in his behalf Williams' previous frightful accidents by similar good fortune. Some years ago he was at Lackawaxen, on the Delaware Division of the Erie railway. He was going East, and was waiting for a passenger train, when he discovered in the engineer of a freight train that had stopped at the station for water an old friend. The engineer invited him to ride as far as Port Jervis on his engine and Williams consented. Before the engine was through taking water Williams received a telegram from a contractor he had been doing some business with asking him to remain until the next day, as he had left something out of his contract. Williams remained. The freight train had run to within four miles of Port Jervis when the boiler of the locomotive exploded. The engineer, fireman, flagman, a brakeman and another person were blown to

TENDERFOOT EDISON.

The Great Electrician Has an Amazing Experience on the Water.
At a dinner party at the President's the other evening, one of the officers related some anecdotes of Thomas Edison.
"He is the most unpractical man in the world," said the Captain. "I remember well the summer of '78, the season of the total eclipse of the sun. A lot of scientific men were there—Prof. Trautvot, of Cambridge; Harkness, the well-known astronomer; John I. Draper, and many more of them—besides a number of army people, who went up from some of the forts to a little station on the Union Pacific, called Separation, to view the phenomenon."
"Edison was one of the party, and they made observations, drew sketches, took photographic impressions, and when the eclipse was over compared notes as to the sensations they had experienced. Draper gave it as his opinion that it was possible for it to continue an hour numbers of people would commit suicide, and it would leave generally a bad effect on the digestion and the nervous system."
"Edison, you know, is quite deaf, and the strangest thing was, during an hour or so of the densest partial eclipse, he recovered his hearing to almost a normal degree. They were up there a couple of days before the event occurred, and we officers had our rifles with us, and hunted antelope and deer. Edison was hunting one hundred dollars to a man, said, 'Get me a gun, will you?' The man brought the gun, which had cost twenty-five dollars, and handed him the change, which he returned, saying: 'Here, I want some powder, and things; get me the balance in ammunition. I spent twenty-five dollars' worth is about all I can carry, isn't it?'
"Every one laughed at the picture of Edison carrying twenty-five dollars' worth of cartridges about his person."
"They had a stuffed jack rabbit at the station, which some clever telegraph man had prepared for the befuddled emigrants to shoot at."
"This was set right up in the sagelbrush, and pointed out to Edison, who had a voracious appetite for game before. He deliberately drew head on it, and, after a full minute's aiming, he pulled the trigger."
"He didn't come anywhere near the animal, but was very much excited. 'Wait,' said he; 'the thing will only stand still five minutes longer. I'll kill him, sure.'"
"Bang!" went the gun again, amid the suppressed titters of the crowd, and again, as before, the rabbit calmly viewed the horizon, with its round, unblinking glass eyes."
"Well, I do believe Edison fired away at that thing no less than a dozen times before the idea crept into his electric brain that it was a put-up job. He took it quite good-naturedly."—Leslie's Budget.

SECRET OF THE DEEP.

A New York Item That About His Uro-mastic Cause.
The most unpleasant thing a diver can meet is the dead body of a human being. It is a popular delusion that all drowned men come to the surface after several days. Probably they would if they were left alone and were not attacked by wharf-rats, eels, and fish-er. But in the Hudson river it was always attacked in his way within an hour or two after they are submerged. Once attacked, that ends it. The breaking of the skin diffuses something, it may be a scent around, and then every thing travels for that body to get a square meal. Long before decomposition it is so rotten and riddled that what gases are formed have no chance to accumulate and inflate the walls of the abdomen. We divers never touch bodies in this state, because it brings the worst luck possible. The only exception to the rule I know was the body of a man who had committed suicide. He had, I said, around his neck a bag of some heavy stuff, shot or lead pipe, it may have been, and had jumped from a ferry-boat on a pier-head near to shore. When I came across it it was dilated with its own gases and seemed in the half light under the water to be a stout man trying to swim to the surface, but anchored down by a heavy weight. There was so much travel that it had kept the fishes away. A single cut of my knife severed the cord and the body rose to the surface, where it was found and afterwards identified as that of a German cooler, who had been drinking to excess. Other number objects in such the water are floats. Most are gray and black in color naturally. They become covered with greenish slime and slim and with the dark ooze of the river. They are of no value and so we never bother ourselves about them.

There is very little romance or beauty about a diver's life. The white sand beaches and coral floors, the brilliant colored fishes and the exquisite forests of the sea that the reading public never weary of in Jules Verne and other writers, do not exist. It is cold, dark, filthy and dead. The first time you go down there is a novelty and excitement about it which are very pleasant. When these wear off you feel like the grave-diggers who every morning go to work in the great cemeteries. You must keep your eyes and ears always open and be ready for anything. If you don't you'll probably feed the fishes.—M. F. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—Ho— I fear I am wearying you with my prosy conversations. You look a little tired." "No, no, indeed; I was only thinking how very tired you must be."—Judge.

The Negro's Lack.

The Directors of the Gold-Brook Colored Asylum, decided at a late meeting to enlarge the building and capacity of the institution, in order to increase its facilities. This is the way Democratic rule provides for the unfortunate of the colored citizens of the State. The tax, whereby this beneficence is provided, is paid for the most part, by the white people of the State, and the white people of the State are for the most part in the Democratic party.

Notwithstanding this evidence of philanthropy, the main body of the colored voters of the State, unite with and insignificant band of white Republicans, in opposition to the Democratic party. In other words, they turn their backs upon the party which is doing great things for them in the way of education, and building and sustaining asylums at heavy cost, and ally themselves with the Republican party, which has left no memorial of its love for them when it was in power in the State.—Charlotte Chronicle.

The Basest of Lies.

Some base calumnies that Mr. Cleveland started the story that he was unkind to his wife. It drew from her the following:
"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
"WASHINGTON, June 7, 1888.
"MRS. NICODEMUS:
"DEAR MADAM—I can only say in answer to your letter that every statement made by the Rev. C. H. Pendleton in the interview which you send me is basely false, and I pity the man of his calling who has been made the tool to give circulation to such wicked and heartless lies."
"I can wish the women of our country no greater blessing than that their homes and their lives be as happy, and that their husbands be as kind, as attractive, considerate and affectionate as mine."
"Very truly,
"FRANCIS F. CLEVELAND."

His Majesty Excepted.

The celebrated court preacher, Kober, once preached a very powerful sermon against intemperance. The Grand Duke of Saxony, whose nose looked like a Chinese lantern, happened to be present, and he naturally regarded the remarks as referring to himself; consequently he looked very severely at the eloquent court preacher, who, catching the Grand Duke's eye, modified his remarks by saying: "Drunkenness is undoubtedly a great and heinous sin, against which every true Christian should be warned, excepting, of course, our beloved Grand Duke, whom God preserve to us many years yet."
From the German, in Texas Sittings.

Gov. Hill of New York has signed the bill passed by the legislature, providing for the execution of prisoners condemned to suffer the death penalty, by electricity. All executions are to be private, only a few officials, the prisoners' official advisor and his relatives, are to be admitted to the scene.