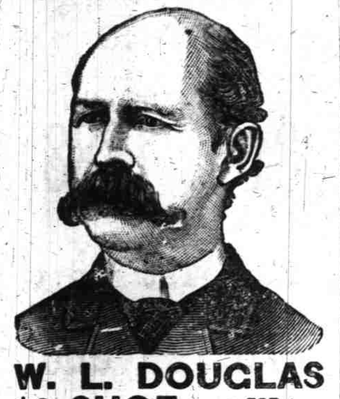
The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XX.—THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1888. NO. 8.

CAUTION

Beware of Fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertised shoes before leaving the factory, which protect the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only calf $3 SEAMLESS Shoe smooth inside. NO TACKS or WAX THREAD to hurt the feet, easy as hand-sewed and WILL NOT RIP.

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOE, the original and only hand-sewed welt $4 shoe. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $9.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 POLICE SHOE. Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them. Smooth inside as a Hand-Sewed Shoe. No Tacks or Wax Thread to hurt the feet.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE is unexcelled for heavy wear. Best Calf Shoe for the price.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE is the best in the world for rough wear; one pair ought to wear a man a year.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE FOR BOYS is the best School Shoe in the world.

W. L. DOUGLAS $1.75 YOUTH'S School Shoe gives the small Boys a chance to wear the best shoes in the world.

All made in Congress, Button and Lace. If not sold by your dealer, write

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

M. S. BROWN, Agent, Salisbury.

14:till July 26.

Rowan Co. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. November Term, 1888.

John A. Boyden, Plaintiff Thomas Pipes, Defendant.

To the Defedant, Thomas Pipes:—

You are hereby notified that the Plaintiff has commenced a civil action against you to secure the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars due by account, and you are hereby required to appear before the Judge of said Superior Court at a Court to be held in Salisbury, in said county on the second Monday before the first Monday of March, 1889, and answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiff. And you are further notified that the plaintiff has taken out a warrant of attachment returnable before said Court at the same time and place.

2:it J. M. HOGAN, Clerk Superior Court, Rowan Co.

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 excreted from the blood to produce Nature's own cathartic, 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 a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness. To secure a regular habit of body without changing the diet or disorganizing the system

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

"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 wineglasful on an 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. ZEILIN & CO

WE ARE RECEIVING OUR

Fall and Winter Stock,

Consisting of choice selections in black, blue and brown worsted suits, also a full line of cassimere suits for men, youths, boys and children.

Fall Overcoats a specialty. Give us a call. At Wells' old stand.

Respectfully,

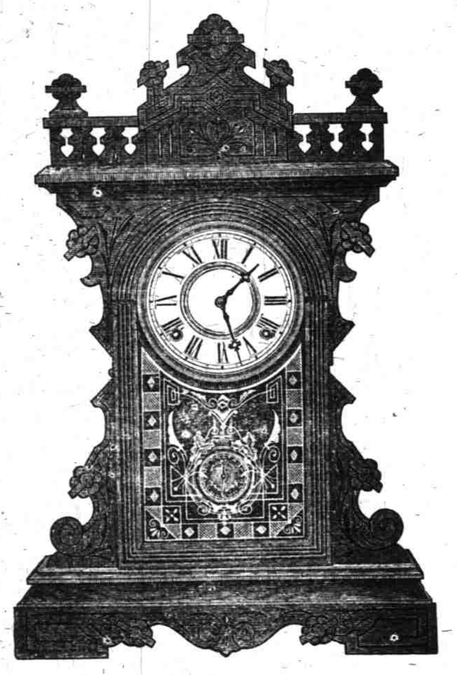
L. BLUMENTHAL & BRO.

WANTED, Traveling and Local Salesman for Agricultural and Machinery specialties; sell to the trade. State age, reference, amount expected for salary and expenses, Address,

MASSAY & CO., Monteluma, Ga.

BUY THE BEST,

THE GILBERT CLOCK.



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CROWDED SHELVES ---- OVERFLOWING CASES.

WINDOW Always neat and attractive, and a cordial welcome for all. Our object is to please you and you will always find us up with the times in styles and prices. Respt.,

W. H. REISNER,

Leading Jeweler and Headquarters for Holiday Presents.

HOME COMPANY, SEEKING HOME PATRONAGE

A STRONG COMPANY PROMPT! RELIABLE, LIBERAL

AGENTS In all Cities, Towns and Villages in the South.

J. RHODES BROWNE, Pres'dent. WILLIAM C. COAIT, Secretary.

TOTAL ASSETS, - - - $750,000 00!

J. ALLEN BROWN, Resident Agent Salisbury N. C.

DORIS' BABY.

A Brilliant Scheme and Its Happy Results.

Subdued joy pervaded the "Hotel Lombardia," at Florence, because it was rumored abroad that Miss Roseleaf's pug-Trotty was *in extremis*. He was not an attractive animal mentally or physically, and had endeared himself to no one save his lovely young mistress. His figure was ruined through overfeeding; he had lost one eye in a bygone tussle with a butcher's cat, and the other optic glared at the world with a sinister expression from out the black patch upon his countenance. Had he not mouthed Major Winkham's slipper into an unpleasant pulp, and retired under Miss Pilcherton's bed, there to snore and frighten that lady into spasms! He had also snatched a biscuit out of the hand of infant innocence—the mother of said innocence passing a sleepless night wondering if it were not well to send for Pasteur, to be quite sure that the bite was no more than biscuit.

For all these misdemeanors, Miss Roseleaf apologized with a grace so charming, that the malcontents were seen to stop on the stairs to stroke Trotty, and tell him he was a dear little fellow, so he was—the same quadruped which they had erstwhile apostrophized as a hideous, squab-legged, overfed, vicious-tempered brute.

But how could they do else than melt, with Doris Roseleaf's sweet eyes caressing them from under the shade of her big tossing-plumed hat, and the shell-pink on her cheeks deepened to a warm sunset rose at praise of her ill-favored pet!

"Yes, Do is so foolishly fond of the dog, I'm obliged to put up with him; but he is a great nuisance, to be sure, particularly in traveling. When we start for the Tyrol next week there will be the usual harrowing scene—the dismal way people refusing to let Trotty go in the carriage with us, Doris in tears, and at last a fee to pay, or a bribe, that really breaks my heart. We can not afford such foolish outlay. I wish something would happen to the wretched animal; he has lived quite long enough." In the above words, Mrs. Roseleaf had been wont to express her chief grievance to a mixed audience for years. Now that destiny, in the shape of cramps and a stiff neck, seemed close upon the heels of Trotty, Mrs. Roseleaf inwardly rejoiced, but maintained a hypocritical attitude of concern in the presence of her daughter.

"I believe it would be well to send for a veterinary doctor; he could give poor Trotty some chloroform, or something to end his sufferings," she said to Doris, and, in an aside to a friend, added: "I grudge the expense, but it would be such a relief to have the little brute surely done for, once and for all."

A few hours later, as Mrs. Roseleaf returned from a walk, Doris met her with a radiant face, crying: "O, mamma, Trotty is so much better! going to recover and be better and stronger than ever before, the doctor says."

"What doctor?"

"Why, the vet. you said we ought to send for. I had him come while you were away, and he must be a wonderfully clever man—he has evidently saved Trotty's life. He asked fifteen francs, but I had to give him twenty, as you had nothing smaller in your purse, and I couldn't ask him for five francs change. Mamma I don't believe that you are one bit glad that poor Trotty is better!" and tears well over in the lovely violet eyes which worked such havoc in the mother most of all.

"Yes—yes, child, I'm very glad," the mendacious old lady answered, but her looks belied her words. "Twenty francs more paid for making the dog's life surer than before, and I believed he would be dead to-night. Ah, me! and that dreadful journey impending!" was the burden of her thoughts.

"Mama," said Doris one morning breaking in upon her parent's perusal of "She," "I have a brilliant idea for making the journey easy for us all. Miss Willis told me she gave her cat an opium powder once, before taking him on a thirty-six hours' journey in the train. He dozed all the time in his basket, quiet as a lamb, and the guard thought he was luncheon."

"I suppose you mean to give Trotty an opium powder, but I fear the guards can scarcely be induced to mistake him for luncheon."

"No, they will be otherwise deceived. Trotty is to be given a big powder to keep him quiet, and he is then to be dressed as a baby, laid on a pillow, and with a veil over his face is to cross the frontier. Perk shall carry him."

"Doris, do you think I would ever consent to such a preposterous idea? It isn't respectable. What would people say and think? Put such nonsense out of your head at once, I beg of you."

"Not a bit of it, mamma dear; the idea is too excellent a one to let slip. You will be of my opinion quite, when you have allowed yourself time to reflect. The Staunton' nurse is going to lend me a pretty pillow with lace and embroidery, and one of their baby's dresses, and a cap. Your chuddah will do to wrap around his body. Tina will dress him and tie him on the pillow in June the orthodox way. It will be great fun; Perk's face will be a treat when she hears that she has got to carry Trotty masquerading as a baby.

Poor Mrs. Roseleaf's face was clouded and sad as racing-day at Baden-Baden. She knew perfectly well that Doris would carry her point—she always yielded to the child; and what dreadful results might not follow this last escapade! But in this instance, as in thousands of others, the weak old lady decided there was nothing to do but make the best of a bad bargain, and she took a limp interest in the preparations for what seemed to be a most novel undertaking.

The night of the Roseleafs departure from the "Lombardia," a chosen few were asked into a private salon, there to inspect Trotty in his new role. "Admirable! he would deceive the mother of a dozen babies. Tina should have a medal for her skill."

"Keep his veil down and he will humbug everybody."

"The powder will keep him quiet for twenty hours at least."

"Rather a stout baby, but all the more comely for that."

"Let me kiss the darling; he looks sweet enough to eat!"

"With his veil down, yes."

This nature of wit flew about in subdued whispers, interspersed with much suppressed laughter, till it was time for the Roseleaf party to start for the station. The expression of Perk, a very dragon of the virtue of the British spinster order, when made to bear forth Trotty on her arms, *en bebe*, was never forgotten by those who remained at the "Lombardia."

"There is another blessed infant to make the night hideous for somebody," soliloquized a good-looking young Englishman, peering forth from the window of a carriage at the Florence Station.

"The train seems very full; I'm afraid we can't have a coupe to ourselves," said Mrs. Roseleaf, regretfully. "There is one compartment with only a young man in it; shall we go in there?"

"Yes," said Doris, promptly. "A man will not notice any thing odd in the conduct of my baby, and will not wish to kiss it, as some silly woman might."

"By Jupiter! they are coming in here—I am an unlucky dog, and no mistake!" exclaimed Mr. Harold Lyman, the young man already mentioned.

His dismay was pardonable. He was escorting from Florence to Verona his sister's baby, the very juvenile Contessa Montefiore, as well as her stolid Abruzzi nurse; the woman to return at once to her mountains so soon as she should have laid her young charge in the arms of her successor at Verona. The baby's mother was ill of measles at Florence, and to escape infection, the little contessa was hastily dispatched to its grandfather's under the guidance of its rather scatter-brained young uncle. The baby was a brazen-lunged fiend of six months; sleeping like an angel on a laced pillow at that moment, but anon she would awake and rend the air with her yells. To escape this, Mr. Lyman had feed a perfidious guard for the adjourning coupe left vacant for him, and now behold his privacy invaded by another squalling torment. He fumed and fretted inwardly for a time, and then found some solace in watching the movements of Doris, in the light of the half-veiled lamp. She took the baby from the grim Abigail, hugged him to her breast, kissed him through his white gauze veil, and hushed him to sleep on her soft arm—the sweetest rest in the world.

"Impossible that that girl is the baby's mother," mused Mr. Lyman to himself; "and yet, why not? She is very young, but that kind of exquisitely pretty girl generally marries young. Lucky devil, her husband! It must be her baby—girls don't coddle and pet other people's offspring in that way. The old dame has 'grandmother' plainly written on her countenance and in her fussy manner, and I heard the young lady call the elder one mamma. The vinegar-visaged party is their maid, of course."

Thus Mr. Lyman mused on in a way that caused him an annoyance he could not understand. Why should he care whether his pretty travelling companion was married a dozen times or not at all? He would never see her again after that brief journey. What an extraordinary quiet baby it was! for two hours now it had not stirred or lifted up its voice, though it had been laid by itself on the seat not far from Mr. Lyman. Was it a baby at all? perhaps only a dollor a bundle. But a long sigh from the somnolent Trotty, and a slight flutter of his corpulent body, removed the young Englishman's dawning doubts. Meanwhile Miss Roseleaf to redouble her attentions to her disguised pet.

Presently a violent jerk of the train threw everybody into everybody else's arms. Mr. Lyman found himself closely clasping both of Miss Roseleaf's hands, and assuring her there was not the least danger, though he knew no more than she did what was the trouble. A guard, running the length of the train, crying out something reading cause for the sudden stop, soon restored serenity.

"How soft and tiny her hands are!" thought Lyman; "and what a fool I am to care whether another fellow's wife's hands are pretty or not!"

All through this commotion the remarkable infant uttered not a sound nor moved as much as a finger. Lyman resolved to hazard a remark that would convince him whether or not his fair companion was the mother of this stolid cherub.

"The—it—your baby is unusually good; does it never cry?" he managed to enunciate.

His charming neighbor's face broke into smiles. Lyman's face fell—yes, only a mother could look so radiant at praise of her darling.

"Yes, he is very good," the young lady said, with a blush.

Mrs. Lyman somehow did not seem to feel a desire to pursue the conversation which the mishap to the train had started, and he soon sank quietly back into his corner.

"Mamma," said Doris, in an undertone, "I think I will tell this young man about Trotty; he seems very nice, and would enjoy the joke."

"I beg of you do nothing of the sort. What kind of low adventuresses would he take us for?"

Certainly a very new order of adventuress Mrs. Roseleaf would be, and poor Perk was certainly free from the imputation in appearance.

"Perhaps he is connected with the railway and custom-house in some way, and might have us all arrested," continued the elder lady.

Doris decided it was perhaps best to keep her own counsel, and she settled back for a reverie in her corner, with her hand laid caressingly on Trotty's fat back.

What a good-looking, intelligent, humorous fellow he seemed—her *vis-a vis!* How she would like to know him, and lead him back an adoring slave to flaunt before the envious girls at the "Lombardia!" One met such men only in books and on fleeting journeys, where one lost them again forever at the first big station. This phase of life was really very hard.

Early dawn at Verona: here the silly boy and girl who had traveled ten hours together took leave of each other forever, they supposed, and both looked grieved out of all proportion to the occasion. Mr. Lyman saw his little niece and her nurse installed by the door of the waiting-room, and then went out on the platform to fume and fret because the Montefiore carriage had not come.

"That baby looks about the age of ours," said Doris to her mother, designating the little contessa, of whose existence she had heard nothing from its uncle. Ecru gauze veils are evidently the proper thing, too. Perk, we will put Trotty on the bench on the other side of the door, beside that very safe-looking old dame who is half asleep, and then I want you to come with me to the toilet-room to mend the flounce I tore getting out of the train. Mamma will keep an eye on Trotty."

Alas! "mamma's" eyes saw only the land of dreams while her daughter and maid were absent.

The baby contessa becoming particularly fretful, the nurse bethought herself of a possible pin, or too tight string, and carried the baby off to Toilet-room No. 2, to investigate.

At this juncture the Montefiore arriage drove up in a tremendous hurry. There was not a moment to lose. The Signor Conte had been telegraphed for to go to his son who was very ill, and it was only by a miracle that they had wrung out the time to come for the contessina. The Signor Conte must have the carriage in twenty minutes without fail.

"Go," said Mr. Lyman to the footman, "and take the baby from the nurse; she is waiting at the door. You need have no words with her, as she has been paid and dismissed. Make haste, and don't wake the child."

To the great disgust of the affectionate uncle, the new nurse had no been able to come in the carriage for the baby, and he must have a *tete-a-tete* drive with it. Fortunately, it was not far. While the man was gone for the baby, he busied himself arranging a bed of shawls in the carriage, big enough for the infant's grandfather to repose comfortaoly on. "There, I hope she will sleep," he said, giving his work a final pat.

The footman dashed into the waiting-room, cast a hasty, comprehensive glance about, and then gathered up the unconscious Trotty as the only infant in the room. He quietly withdrew him from the partially overhanging draperies of the snoring old woman at his side, whom he took for the nurse. "Madonna mia! what a fright the gone! It serves her right, though; she ought not to go to sleep at her post, and I have no time for explanations."

Mrs. Roseleaf, on the bench opposite, continued to sleep the sleep of the just, and Trotty was borne away.

"Asleep, Carlino! That is lucky. Put her down gingerly, my boy, on these shawls. All right. *Avanti!*" and the count's carriage dashed forward.

Before the rattle of its wheels died away there began an animated scene in the waiting-room at Verona. Doris, her toilet adjusted, sought out the cozy nest where she had left her pet, but to her horror, the bird was flown. Then arose tears and lamentations which would have melted granite. Where was he, her darling, her beauty? She did not care if the whole world knew he was a dog—only let some one return him, and he should have any reward he asked for. Somebody testified to having seen a footman, in livery, come in and take away the baby or dog, or whatever it was. "A case of abduction, then, and more hopeless than ever!" wailed Doris. The imperturbable Abruzzi nurse, with her baby sleeping sweetly as angel, blinked stupidly at the excited people around her, understanding or caring nothing about their evident distress. She only wondered vaguely why the Signor Comte's carriage was so slow in coming.

Presently Harold Lyman, with a face as white as a ghost, dashed into the room. He carried a lace handkerchief in his hand, and went straight up to the weeping Doris, saying: "Madam, is this your property? I believe it is, for I noticed the same name on your portmanteau in the train."

"Yes, it is mine. It was round my darling Trotty's neck. Is he still alive? Pray, pray don't tell me he is dead!"

"Very much alive, my dear young lady, and I am here to beg you to come and claim him. He is quite too much for any of us to manage." Then turning to the nurse and baby on whom his eyes had rested for a moment with intense relief as he entered the room, he said to the woman, with flashing eyes, "How dare you disobey me and go wandering off and losing yourself at the most important moment? Your stupidity has nearly been the death of us all. The other nurse has gone into fits, and if she dies her blood will be on your soul!"

"It was a pin, Eccellenz," the woman replied, unmoved.

Five minutes later, Mrs. Roseleaf, Doris, Mr. Lyman and the real baby were packed into a carriage and were spinning along to the Palazzo to which Trotty had been conveyed.

Never in all her life will Doris forget the aspect of things as she was ushered into the presence of her lost darling. It was a large, airy room, like a nursery. Trotty, considerably recovered from his opium drowsiness, stood on the floor in extreme *negligé*, barking furiously at a dozen or more of frightened people, any one of whom would rather grasp hot coals than touch him. His cap was rakishly careened to one side, he had torn his lace dress fore and aft, and his shawl trailed sideways on the carpet.

"Santissima Madonna! that black imp sent to me instead of the dear contessina! Anima mia! the witches are at work this night!" groaned the nurse on her knees in a corner, telling her beads with such fervor that the rosary had snapped twice.

"You ought to have heard her shrieks when she lifted up the veil and that one evil eye blinked at her. 'It's the devil himself,' she yelled, and flopped in a faint on the floor."

"Trotty, dear Trotty!" cried Doris, rushing forward.

Benignity and pleasure softened Trotty's sinister eye; slowly his tattered draperies swayed to and fro with the beatific wagging of his tail. He started towards his mistress, but tripped ignobly in his petticoat and rolled over. "You darling, you shall not be a baby any more!" and she tore off the garments so much the worse for wear, and allowed Trotty to appear in the dignity of his own coat.

This interview, very painful for all persons concerned, save one, was ended as soon as possible, and the Roseleafs were driven back to the station, there to begin their usual pleading with the guards, to allow their dog to accompany them.

Before bidding them adieu, Mr. Lyman managed with considerable *finesse* to find out where Mrs. Roseleaf and her daughter were going to spend she next six weeks.

Oddly enough, he appeared, quite by chance of course, at the same place a fortnight later, and somehow found it necessary and expedient to go to the resort next selected by them.

It so turned out that when Doris returned in the autumn to the "Lombardia" she did have a handsome admirer to flaunt in the faces of the other girls.

"He is wonderfully devoted. When is the wedding to be?"

"In May, Mrs. Roseleaf told me. She is heart-broken at the idea of losing Doris, but it is the only way she can be rid of Trotty—and this thought consoles her."—*Rachel Carew, in Leslie's Weekly.*

—It takes every year a million horses' tails to keep a Pawtucket (R. I.) haircloth factory in running order.

Prof. Elisha Gray remarks that electrical science has made a greater advance in the last twenty years than in all the 6000 historic years preceding. More is discovered in one day now than in a thousand years of the middle ages. We find all sorts of work for electricity to do. We make it carry our messages, drive our engine, ring our bell, and scare the burglar; we take it as medicine, light our gas with it, see by it, hear from it, talk with it, and we are beginning to teach it to write.

An important improvement in clocks has been shown the British Association for the Advancement of Science by Mr. W. H. Douglass. The new feature is the torsion pendulum, which, with lever and escapement, may be applied to ordinary works, and by its slow rate of vibration makes practicable the conversion of an eight-day clock into one requiring winding only once a year.

Among recent camera achievements is a portrait copy taken by the light of a Cuban firefly in thirty seconds, and a photograph of the aurora borealis. To obtain the latter had been declared an utter impossibility.

The chief engineer of the Croton (N. Y.) aqueduct, estimates the population of the city in 1890 at 1,665,875, and undertakes to show that 318,000,000 gallons of water, the city's possible supply at that time, will fall short 79,000,000 gallons.

A Circuit Rider's Trials.

THE KIND OF WORK FOR THE NEW PREACHER TO DO.

A number of young clergymen, all graduates of the Methodist Theological Seminary at Evanstown, met down town the other day and were relating to each other anecdotes of their experiences in the various fields to which they had been assigned.

"My most amusing experience," said one young brother, was in a little village in Iowa, where the conference sent me to begin my ministerial work. My circuit included three or four little villages and as many school houses, and I tried to preach a sermon at each place once every two weeks. In the village of Edgewood dwelt a good old lady named Mrs. Wickham, an emigrant from the Green Mountains and one of the pillars of the church. I had just been married before going on the circuit, and the next day after our arrival in Edgewood Mrs. Wickman sent for my wife and myself to come to her house. In the afternoon we went and were warmly greeted by the old lady. 'I am so glad you've come, Brother L——, and brought your wife,' said she. 'I've been waitin' you don't know how anxiously ever since Brother Jones went away, which is nigh unto three months, and there hasn't been a preacher in this house since. I've got some little thing to do that I've been a-savin' till the minister come, and now you've brought Sister L——. Let's get them off'n our hands and then we can sit down and have a good long talk.'

"I confess I was a little puzzled at this reception, not knowing what the people on my circuit had been saving up for the minister to do. However, I was not long left in the dark. The old lady disappeared into the kitchen and soon called for us to follow. We did so, and found the room littered with two or three old beadsteads that had been taken to pieces and spread about the floor. In the middle of the door stood Mrs. Wickham, with a big kettle of boiling water at her side.

"Now, Sister L——, just take this here apron of mine, or you'll spoi your dress,' she said to my wife. 'The pesky bugs have been so bad in these beadsteads that I have sometimes felt jest as if I couldn't wait till you come to give 'em a good scalding.'

"This, then, was a part of the circuit rider's duties in Iowa, thought I; but the old lady seemed to take it so entirely as a matter of course that the preacher should help her with her work that I couldn't well refuse. My wife laughingly put on the apron and went to work and I took off my coat and cuffs and took hold, too. It was a long job, and after we had got the beadsteads thoroughly scalded they had to be carried up stairs, set up and 'corded,' for they were the old-fashioned kind of beadsteads in which ropes did duty instead of springs or slats.

"But this did not end the work, for on coming down stairs the old lady remarked that the stove was a little warm yet, but if I was careful I could black it without burning my hands. This was a little too much, and I was about to rebel, but my wife whispered to me that we might as well make a day of it. So we went at that stove and polished it till you could see your face in it, and then helped the old lady clean up the kitchen. By that time the sun was down, and our hostess kindly permitted us to withdraw. Did we stay for supper? Why, bless you, the good soul in her joy at getting her house cleaned up forgot to say anything about supper. We were glad enough to get home without being asked to dig up the potatoes or build a calf pen. But ever since that day my wife and I have always had a prior engagement when asked to visit Mrs. Wickham."—*Philadelphia Star.*

New York Passenger Traffic.

The New York *Sun* has recently collected some statistics of the passenger traffic in and about New York. It is found that 1,672 regular passenger trains leave the stations of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City every 24 hours. The Long Island road's summer service runs on its various lines 577 trains daily. The next largest business is done in the depot of the Erie in Jersey City, where 288 trains daily enter and leave, and there are 216 in and out of the Grand Central depot, and 204 in and out of the Pennsylvania depot. Between 7,000 and 8,000 cars are employed daily in this traffic, and it is said that the number of people who entered and left the city by rail during the year ending May 1, 1888, was 40,188,000. Of this number the Long Island road carried about 8,000,000, the Pennsylvania 6,367,000, and the passengers entering and leaving the Grand Central depot in the year were 8,881,000. The daily average of passengers in and out is about 110,000. It is said that the Long Island road carried 98,000 people to Coney Island on the 4th of July. The busiest moment in the evening is at 5:40 o'clock. At that instant ten trains simultaneously leave the various stations. In the fifteen minutes between 5:30 and 5:45 fifty trains in all go out. The busiest single hour is from 5 to 6 P. M. The busiest moment in the morning is 8:45 o'clock, when nine trains enter the stations simultaneously.

The Danger Threatening.

"Whom should they thank? God? If there was a God, what a monster he must be to permit so much misery. Let fools be thankful for their wretchedness. Workingmen should stand together until their ideals of socialism and anarchy were fully realized."

The language above quoted wound up the speech of Albert Curtain at an anarchist gathering in Chicago several nights ago. The burden of his remarks were in ridicule of the Christian observance of Thanksgiving and a diatribe on the present system of society. This is a specimen of the citizen whom we are inviting to this land of the *free*—a kind we run chances of populating the country with—for the simple purpose of filling up some vacant spot. It is indeed time that the American people were considering this matter of immigration with seriousness. The great trouble with foreigners coming to this shore is that they in the largest number of cases never become Americanized. They think they must maintain an allegiance to some other power and at the same time hold positions under this government to which with their non-American feeling would be dangerous. The politician, or rather the "party hacks," are largely responsible for the incendiary character of our present foreign population in the North and West. For the purpose of getting the votes of this vile class of newly-made American citizens the office seeker or holder will make pledges almost to the extent of ensuring the assassin immunity from punishment for any crime committed, will contribute measures really in conflict with our laws, and as a matter of policy go further and become one of 'em." There was a time in the history of this country when legislation might have checked these evils. But where is the remedy now? Just approach a Congressman to-day and ask him privately his views. If he be an American he will tell you that Washington's injunction, "put none but Americans on guard," is his principle. Emboldened by the fact of his being in full sympathy, you pull from your pocket the draft of a bill to prevent the influx of foreigners unless bonded to an American consul, as a preventive against their becoming charges on public charity or of being of bad record at home, and he will wheel around and tell you; "I couldn't think of presenting such a thing. You see it would kill me in the eighth ward, and, indeed, throughout the city. But I am in full sympathy with the measure. I would be delighted to see such a bill pass." So you might apply to three hundred and twenty-five Congressmen, exhausting the rooster, but all would be covered by that "policy" which means within fifty years the annihilation of all American ideas, and the making of this a republic of the "liberty" of Herr Most and Justus Schwab, while we sit quietly by and see the funeral train organizing. We do not urge the revival of Know-Nothingism, nor the ostracising of men for their political opinions; but we do urge some action, and speedy, too, to prevent the overthrow of our cherished institutions.

A Railroad Commission.

It is probable that the incoming Legislature of North Carolina will create a railroad commission to investigate the management of the lines that are operated in this State and to regulate the charges to be made for freight.

If the bill to establish this commission becomes a law, the best interests of the State demand that the men who will be selected for the office shall be of unblemished integrity, of stern resolution, and of judicial mind. They must be friendly both to the farmers and to the railroads, neither partial nor prejudiced, so that they may decide between the occasionally conflicting interests with justice to both sides.

The farmers do not wish to crush or cripple the railroads, for what would become of their crops if there were no means of transportation to markets? The railroads do not desire to impoverish the farmers, for if the producers are too poor to work their lands faithfully, the amount of carrying to be done by the freight cars will be injuriously affected.

Therefore, if there is to be a railroad commission let it be composed of men whose disinterestedness is above suspicion, who are hostile to neither side, and who will act for the greatest good of the greatest number of the residents of North Carolina.—*Charlotte Chronicle.*

We clip the above and endorse it. It is a fair, just and patriotic view of this question. Not only the farmers, but the mechanics, the mill men, the stock men, the merchants and manufacturers and all our people are interested in having a railroad commission, and we heartily endorse the view of our contemporary, that the commission and the law under which it acts, should "with bandaged eyes" hold the scale of justice evenly. The farmers do not want to oppress, but to aid our railroads and all other great enterprises for developing the country, but they want and they *demand protection for their own interests.* They believe a railroad commission created under wise and just law and composed of wise and true men, can and will give them protection, and believing it, they are calling for it in terms that must be heard.—*Progressive Farmer.*