The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XX.—THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY MAY 23, 1889. NO. 31.

PIANOFORTE TUNING
FOR SALISBURY.

MR. OWEN H. BISHOP (pupil of Dr. Marx, Professor of Music at Berlin University, and Monsieur Benezet of Paris) has come from England and settled close to Salisbury, and is prepared to tune, regulate and repair Pianofortes, Organs and Pipe Organs. Having had fifteen years' practical experience in England, Ladies and gentlemen, who wish their musical instruments carefully and regularly attended to, may rely upon having thorough and conscientious work done if they will kindly favor O. H. B. with their esteemed patronage. Living near town, no traveling expenses will be incurred, and therefore the terms will be low; viz: $2.50 per pianoforte, if tuned occasionally, or $5 for three tunings in one year. Please apply for further particulars by postal card or note left at this office.

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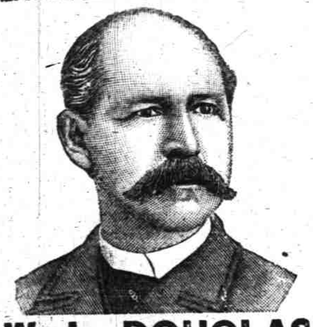

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Is full of humbugs, and that remedy that disproves this charge is a God-send to humanity. B. B. B. has never failed and that ought to count for something to him who wants to be cured of what B. B. B. sets itself up to cure.

UTTERLY SURPRISED!

MERIDIAN, Miss. July 12, 1887.

For a number of years I have suffered untold agony from the effects of blood poison. I had my case treated by several prominent physicians, but received but little, if any, relief. I resorted to all sorts of patent medicines, spending a large amount of money but yet getting no better. My attention was attracted by the cures said to have been affected by B B.B., and I commence taking it merely as an experiment, having but little faith in the results. To my utter surprise I soon commenced to improve, and deem myself to-day a well and hearty person—all owing to the excellent qualities of B. B. B. I cannot commend it too highly to those suffering from blood poison.

J. O. GINSON,
Trainman M. & O. R. R.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

BALTIMORE, April 20, 1887.—For over twenty years I have been troubled with ulcerated bowels and bleeding piles, and grew very weak and thin from constant loss of blood. I have used 4 bottles of B. B. B., and have gained 15 pounds in weight, and feel better in general health than I have for ten years. I recommend your B. B. B. as the best medicine I have ever used, and owe my improvement to the use of Botanic Blood Balm. EUGENIUS A. SMITH. 318 Exeter St.

AN OLD MAN RESTORED.

DAWSON, Ga., June 30, 1887.—Being an old man and suffering from general debility and rheumatism of the joints of the shoulders, I found difficulty in attending to my business, that of a lawyer, until I bought and used five bottles of B. B. B., Botanic Blood Balm, of Mr. T. C. Jones, or J. R. Irwin & Son, and my general health is improved and the rheumatism left me. I believe it to be a good medicine.

J. H. LAING.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poisons, Scrofula and Scrofulous Ulcers, Tumors, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail, free, our 64 page Illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proofs ever known. Address BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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Hunter Hiram at Guilford.

Following is the poem written by J. W. Rumple, of Salisbury, and read by Miss Alice Jones at the Guilford Battle Ground Celebration on May 4th:

Here rolls the field of Guilford's dead,
Here Britian's sons, to battle bred
By Solway, Thames and Shannon,
Were taught the sting of Hiram's lead,
And Hiram learned of cannon.
Here came our hunter Hiram rude
To front the dam of war, whose brood
Was drum-tapped from her couching,
To learn the mothers' hungry mood,
The lion's thirsty crouching.
Here hearts beat wild, or ceased to beat,
Here men lay down beneath the feet
Of battle goaded horses;
While heel and point the sabres meet
Above their pallid corses.
Here shot and barred and lit of fire,
The tawny war-cloud, rolling dire,
Was rent and roused of thunder,
While Hesse struck for England's hire
And Hiram fought in wonder.

Two rounds! 'Tis done! Shame, Clio, shame
To mar the humble, simple fame
Won by our hunter yeoman,
Whose twice lit tongue of bolted flame
Blazed full upon his foeman.

First picket of the nation, lone,
Thy woodsman's home and outpost thrown
Beyond the peaceful border;
For you no star but God's e'er shone,
To you no crested order
Its ribbon gave. Brave, rugged heart
The ambushed foe, the arrow's smart
The beast with fangs, the savage
With stealthy tread and wily art,
The wild foray, its ravage,
These name thee picket, soldier, Knight
And first lance of the wilds, whose might
Was melted from the ladle;
Detailed at morn, at noon, at night
Enlisted from the cradle.

Yet fielded blue, or statehood's star,
O'er Union stripe or Southern bar,
Or wind waved, or depending,
Where'er afloat from staff and spar,
Where'er the world is bending,
Is broidered gold by fire annealed
And shaken free, has e'er revealed
The threads of lone King's Mountain,
Of Cowpen's plain and Guilford's field
Spread wide around her fountain.
Aye, white as flies the billows foam,
And free as heaves the green wave's comb
A thirteenth stripe is flowing;
Thy ribbon 'tis, abroad, at home
Where'er the sun is glowing

Ah, silent as the forest's gnome,
No more thy restless footsteps roam
Through woodland, brake and thicket
Thyself and shot have both struck home
And peace relieved the picket.

An Epistle to Bill Nye.

Wm. Nye, Esq., New York:

DEAR BILL: Picnics, excursions, centennials and the many other evils which beset us on every side can never blast my admiration for you and your inimitable productions. I have read your articles on farming and other matters with genuine pleasure, and always read under great pressure. I remember that I once shed tears while reading a graphic account of your patient but fruitless effort to raise a crop of cut-worms. I never tried the cultivation of cut-worms, but imagine that it is very aggravating after having selected the best variety of worms and putting the land in the best of order for a crop and feeding them many dollars worth of choice cabbagee and tomato plants to at last be rewarded by a mysterious disappearance of every cut-worm, after all your months of toil and care.

But you should have tried again; it was not good policy to loose your grip on the first trial. If you had planted another crop of cut-worms and used commercial fertilizers liberally no doubt your cut-worm harvest would have been abundant and profitable. Most fertilizers contain ingredients especially adapted to the growth of cut-worms. If you had placed about a tablespoonful of fertilizer under each cabbage and tomato plant the order of the guano would have kept the worms away until the plants would have taken root and grown some. It seems that your greatest difficulty was in keeping a supply of the plants on hand, so I think you can readily see that if you had adopted this plan your success would have been entirely different. Your cut-worms ate the tender plants before they contained much nourishment, but if you had bought some guano it would have frightened them away and the plants would have grown rapidly. At the end of the season your plants would have been dilapidated, but your cut-worms would have been plump and healthy. You could have supplied all your neighbors.

Though you cannot point with pride to your agricultural record, yet your literary career is one to be proud of. Your remarkable success contains a valuable lesson for both young and old. Many are born with silver spoons in their mouths and die spooneless and toothless, too. You were born without any sort of a spoon and lived to raise a good crop of teeth, and when they are no longer able to crush steak you will be rich enough to bribe a tooth grafter to fill your expansive mouth with a lot of improved teeth set in a background of gold. You first saw light in the bleak and howling West on a winter's night with the thermometer 30 degrees below zero. For hours the blizzard raged with relentless fury. When the storm subsided it was found that the whole top of your head had been blown off. Your brains were not injured, but no one thought at the time that any hair balsams could ever be compounded which would be able to persuade more than a dozen straggling hairs to grow on your classic head. From the best testimony procurable it seems that those surmises were sadly true.

With me it was different. I was born near one of the beautiful, historic Southern streams "which could furnish water-power sufficient to turn all the machinery in the world." No blizzard was raging; only a light breeze wafted the perfume of the fragrant flowers this way and that. The many little forest songsters were spinning forth enchanting melody; the tinkling of the cow-bell could be heard as the fat, sleek milksters wended their way about gathering their breakfast of clover blossoms and morning dew. Fields of golden grain were in full view, some of them nearly ready for the reaper. I will never forget the beautiful but strange appearance of things as I looked around. A very nice old lady who wore spectacles and was quite talkative was present. I was sure that I had never seen her before and don't remember having ever seen her since. I thought at the time that she was rather officious for a stranger but probably I was mistaken. The top of my head was not blown off. I have plenty of hair now. Instead of being tall and angular like yourself I am round and plump and fairly good looking. But with all my good looks and other advantages you are as far ahead of me in many respects as science is in advances of superstition. Editors approach you as they would a powerful monarch. You can get fabulous prices for your writings, while I have to beg the newspapers to publish my feeble productions. People will gather in great crowds to get a sight of you as they would to witness a hanging on the scaffold. If I pass by they look some other direction. People with faces ordinarily as immovable as that of a marble statute read your articles and their smiles can be heard two miles. Their disgust on reading mine sounds like the rushing of mighty waters. However my admiration for you shall never pine or die away.

Bill, I have a strange request to make. Should you die before I do, I would be glad if you could make arrangements for me to adopt your name and step into your shoes, so I can continue to draw your salary and invest income where it will do the most good, just as if nothing had happened. The works of all great men live after them. I could write some kind of essays and sign your name. If the reading public did not appreciate my work I could draw your salary anyway for awhile. My writing could not be near so funny, but I could have a great deal of fun spending your income.

Don't understand me that I wish to be a husband to your widow or a father to your fatherless children; for your wife long since made the sad mistake of marrying a humorist, and when you are done toiling here I will not expect her to blast the little happiness she might find in her few remaining days. I have no wish to mar the feelings of any of your family, for they will feel that a great burden has been lifted, no doubt. My only object is to get into the responsible position of salary-lifter in a legal manner. You will please turn the question about, discover its merits and let me know at your earliest convenience.

Wishing you all the good luck possible, I remain faithfully,

BEN WARNER.

P. S. Don't let any of your relatives know of the receipt of this letter, or its contents. B. W.

The Blind Men's Cafe.

Some years ago in Paris there was a small restaurant, known as the Blind Men's cafe, much frequented by the blind, where an orchestra of blind musicians performed for the amusement of patrons. One extremely dark night in winter, when a thick fog had fallen upon Paris—so thick that no one could see his way, nor so much as to distinguish a street lamp ten feet away, and when policemen, carrying torches, here and there assisted some groping passenger to find his course—a gentleman, seeing another walking along confidently and boldly, ventured to say to him:

"Sir, will you please tell me where you are going?"

"To the Palais Royal," said the gentleman, who was walking with such sure footsteps.

"And how do you find your way so readily?"

"Oh, ever mind; I never get lost. Do you wish to follow me?"

"Thank you."

So the first gentleman caught hold of the pocket of the other's overcoat and started after him. Not a thing could he descry, but his companion marched confidently along. At length the two arrive under the familiar arches of the Rue de Rivoli.

"We are safe now," said the gentleman who had been led; "and may I thank you for giving me the advantages of your wonderful eyesight?"

"Yes, but you must not detain me. Your faltering along the way has already made me a little late for my orchestra."

"What orchestra?"

"The orchestra in the Blind Men's cafe."

The man was perfectly blind. The thick fog was nothing to him who had walked in darkness all his life, but had, nevertheless, learned his way surely through the great city.—*Argonaut.*

There are six newspapers published in Iceland.

Judge George W. Brooks.

Years ago the Star had occasion to discuss the propriety of rearing a monument in memory of Judge Brooks, of Elizabeth City. We knew him personally well. He never visited Wilmington without calling at our office. We have had several interesting conversations with him. The last one we held was the occasion of drawing from him a statement as to his political principles. It was many months before his death, and it was the last time we ever saw him. He said this in substance, and almost in words: "I have read the Star with interest. I have carefully read all you said of parties—of the formation of the Constitution and its proper construction. While I respect your opinions, I cannot agree with you. I have studied the organic law, and I do not accept your theory of interpretation. I am a Republican from conviction, and I agree with the Republican constitutional theory. But I cannot and will not vote for a corrupt, bad man for office, knowing him to be such, although he is a Republican. I have refused to vote for bad men and I will not again support such."

These are words of a pure, modest, upright Judge, and we hononed in our heart as he spoke his well considered words. His action corresponded we think with his declarations. He did not always support Republican candidates. The truth is, honest, upright, self-respecting man ought never to vote for vicious and venal candidates just because they take possession of conventions and secure nominations. The only way to secure good nominations is for true, honest, moral men to refuse to support bad men. Oh, for the time when no party will dare to put in evil, corrupt men, whose lives are an offence to public decency.

In the saddest, gloomiest days that North Carolina ever saw Judge Brooks came to the rescue of the people. The story is too long for rehearsal here. To understand the grandeur of his judicial act you must acquaint yourself precisely with the condition of North Carolina at the time he came forward to rescue some of the noblest men of the State from the clutches of the Tyrant and to make law more supreme. It was a day of humiliation and sorrow and disgrace. It was when the pure jurist, with manly and resolved courage, stepped into the arena, that the Ægis of the Law once more covered the citizen.

The other Judges had cowed before the Tyrant. The people were prostrate under his iron-heel. It is a thousand wonders that the whole State had not risen in one simultaneous act and throttled the Tyrant and his bloody myrmidons.

Judge Brooks richly deserves at the hands of a free and grateful people a monument—nay, a statue, to tell future generations of his nobility of character and splendor of that deed when he lifted the outraged majesty of Law from the dust in which tyrany had trampled it, and enthroned it once more among the violated people.

The man who was weak and craven in the crucial hour, and said with plastic submission—"*The Judiciary is exhausted*"—has been honored by the Bar of the State with a monument.

The man who stood bravely in the breech and saved the best of men from a felon's cell, and it may be from a felon's doom, and pushed Tyranny from its stool, has neglected, with no monumental stone to attest a people's gratitude; with no statue to perpetuate the lineaments of a valiant, upright, conscientious Judge who "poised the cause in justice's equal scales," and shielded Liberty when being assassinated in the very house of its professed friends. Shall this continue? We hope not.

The Wilson *Mirror* discusses the proposed movement to at least perform a duty that should be imperative. We copy what our friend says, and it is to be hoped that all who revere virtue and honor character and applaud duty well done in an hour of severe trial, will unite in pushing on the effort to successful consummation. The *Mirror* says:

"The Star will receive the contributions. The step is fitting, timely and appropriate. It should be crowned with success. Its foundation stones are everlasting gratitude. A monument of marble should rise high in the air, and tell to generations yet unborn how one jurist, amid the wildest storm of terror that ever applauded the hearts of men, proved that he was indeed the blest paladium of his country's liberties, and fearlessly interposed the shield of the law to beat back the mailed hand of despotism that threatened to plunge his people into ruin. And as the rock-ribbed coast hurls back the madly rushing waves of the storm swept ocean and makes its wildest billows break in harmless spray at its impervious base, so this invulnerable and right mailed champion and defender of his people's liberty raised his ægis of protection and stopped the waves of oppression and tyranny that were surging in wildest commotion before Yes, let the monument be erected, and let every patriot and every liberty-loving citizen and law-respecting man in North Carolina contribute a dollar to aid in an undertaking which is to commemorate virtues that glistened in the darkness of usurpation and despotism as brightly as starbeams amid the shadows of the night."

Only a dollar is asked, but if any one is prompted by a sense of admiration and gratitude to give $10, $100, or a $1,000, all the better, and the sooner the needed work will be done. We may, at another day, reproduce Mrs. Spencer's clear, animated and truthful account of the troublous days of 1869, and then you will understand and appreciate the nobility and bravery of the incorruptible Jurist we would honor.

The Eifel Tower.

The monstrous tower designed by Engineer Efiel for the Paris exposition has three stories or divisions. The first story is sixty meters high (a meter is equal to thirty-nine inches) and rests on the arches which join the four foundation columns that carry upon them the entire weight of the huge tower.

The tower has four distinct sections. Each wing is provided with a refreshment saloon that may be reached by means of winding staircases under the foundation piers. Notwithstanding the center of the space has been set apart for the elevator, there still remain 4,200 square meters of floor room for the accommodation of visitors who may desire to promenade and enjoy a view of the city from the height.

The apartments are very roomy, and precaution have been taken to insure the visitors against all possibility of accident.

An iron railing, about four feet high, with an arched roof to exclude the intense rays of the sun, surrounding the extreme edge of the platform, as it may be called, which has been reserved as a promneade for those who desire to walk about. The requirements for the comfort of the inner man, too, have not been forgotten. Kitchens, storerooms, ice chests and the like have been fitted up in the most handy manner immaginable. Each one of the four cafes is provided with a cellar capable of storing 200 tuns of wine.

Everything about the structure is absolutely fireproof, for iron is the only material that has been used in its construction. Two thousand persons per hour can ascend and descend the staircases leading to the platform, and 4,000 can find seats to rest upon in the cafes at one time.

The second story, which is sixty meters above the first one, is also reached by four staircases built inside of the supporting columns which make a sharp inward curve, leaving but 1,400 square meters of surface for the platform and promenade. Here, too, is the commodious and handsomely decorated cafe for thirsty and tired sightseers may find something more potent than Seine water to recuperate his strength.

This story is ninety-one meters above the tip of the Notre Dame steeple, and higher than the tower of the palace of the Trocadero, on the other side of the river, and, as may easily be imagined, the view of the surrounding country to be had from such an altitude is almost indescribable. From here on the columns of the tower fall in toward each other until they ascend a distance of 275 meters above the ground, where the third and last story is situated.

Only one staircase leads to the third story, which is for the exclusive use of the persons employed in the tower, and all visitors are expected to use the elevators, two in number, to reach that point. The platform is eighteen meters square, still large enough to erect thereon a comfortable sized dwelling. The view here is simply superb. The story is equipped with reflecting mirrows and a large supply of field glasses for those who wish to use them. It has been estimated that the ordinary eye can discern objects seventy miles away.

The tower terminates in what is known as the lantern, twenty-five meters above the third section, but this place has been set aside for the use of the scientists for making observations. —Vossiche Zeitung.

She Saw the Procession.

The Germans have a story about a little girl named Jeanette, who once went to see a grand review. She found a capital place from which to see the soldiers pass; she noticed a poor old woman in the crowd trying very hard to get where she could see.

Jeanette said to herself: "I should like to see the soldiers march; but it isn't kind in me to stay in this nice seat and let that old woman stay where she can't see anything. I ought to honor old age and I will." So she called to the old woman, and, placing her in the nice seat, fell back among the crowd. There she had to tiptoe and peep, and dodge about to catch a glimpse of the splendid scene, which he might have seen fully and easily if she had kept her place. Some of the people said she was a silly girl, and laughed at her; but Jeanette was rewarded in her heart for her kindness to old age.

A few moments later a man, covered with lace, elbowed his way through the crowd, and said to her: "Little girl, will you come to her ladyship?" She could not image who her ladyship was, but she followed the man to the scaffold within the crowd. A lady met her at the top of the stairs, and said: "My dear child, I saw you yield your seat to the old woman. You acted nobly. Now sit down here by me, you can see everything here." Thus Jeanette was rewarded a second time for honoring old age.—"*The Holy Family.*"

Good Men in Norway.

I like the Norwegians. All travelers here declare them perfectly honest. I certainly have not seen the slightest disposition on the part of any one of them to deceive or cheat, and if trustfulness is an evidence of honesty these people are wonderfully so. They have huge keys to their storehouses and granaries—keys big enough to brain a man with. They are nearly always in the key hole or hanging somewhere within reach of one feloniously inclined. At wayside stations curiosities—sometimes of small silver-ware—are exposed in the public room, where anyone can easily carry them off. Farm houses are left open when the whole family goes off to cut hay, and in some unfrequented localities the wayfarer goes in, builds a fire, and cooks a meal; goes to the storeroom, helps himself to milk and "flat brod," and leaves on the table money enough to pay forwhat he has used. Frequently a post-boy (he is sometimes a man and not unfrequently a girl or woman) has taken what I have paid for his dues, putting it into his pocket without counting. He always, however, sees what you give him as a gratuity, and shakes you by the hand when he says "tak" (thanks). I gave a servant girl too much for our dinner. She was much amused, when she followed me, that I should have made such a blunder. At wayside stations they charge ridiculously low prices, and as far as I can learn make no distinction in making charges to foreignres and home people.

They are a sturdy, fine-looking people, and most thorough democrats on the face of the globe. They have abolished all titles and nobility, and have not learned to worship wealth. One man is quite as good as another, and his bearing shows he thinks so. He takes off his hat when he meets you on the roadside, but does it as freely to the coachman who drives as to the rich man who lolls back in the carriage. They are a good natured people, I am sure. The kitchen is the living room in a well-to-do farm-house. I have walked into these, frequently, and generally found mothers putting the finishing touches to the pot when preparing a meal; and I could never tell which were the daughters of the house and which the servants. By the way, the latter are not ashamed of their calling, and when I have asked a pretty one if she were the daughter, she says: "Oh! her; I am a servant." Many of the women in the mountains and upper valleys are very comely—not beauties, but ruddy, rosy, plump and healthy specimens of femmity.—*Carter Harrison, in Chicago Mail.*

For Boys to Consider.

Boys, let us commend to you the following, which we find in an exchange:

"What kind of a boy does a business man want?" repeated a shrewd and practical business man. "Well, I will tell you. In the first place he wants a boy who does not know too much, business men generally like to run their own business, and prefer some one who will listen to their way, rather than try to teach a new kind; secondly, they want a prompt boy—one who understands seven o'clock as exactly as seven, not ten minutes past; third, an industrious boy, who is not afraid to put in a little extra work in case of need; fourth, an honest boy—honest in service, as well as in matters of dollars and cents; and fifth a good natured boy, who will keep his temper, even if his employer loses his own now and then."

"But you haven't said a word about his being smart."

"Well, to tell the truth," was rather the hesitating reply, "that's about the last thing to worry over. The fact is, if a boy is modest, prompt, pleasant industrious and honest, he is about as smart as we care about generally"—and that's a fact.

So you see how it is, boys; and perhaps some of you who are not so brilliant, may take courage and cultivate those qualites which shall make you acceptable to business men though you may never shine in the world of letters.

What a Boy Did.

A few days ago a horse attached to an express wagon went racing past the Grand Pacific. The animal had evidently been feeding and became frightened, for he had no bit in his mouth and his bridle hung on his neck. As the runaway rushed furiously across Clark street and west on Jackson a young lad jumped forward, caught the tailboard of the wagon and climbed in. He had no sooner got there than the vehicle struck a cab, careened sufficiently to throw the boy out. He picked himself up quickly and climed back once more into the wagon. While the horse was still running at full speed the boy ventured out on the shafts, reached the horse's head and managed to stop the animal just before Fifth avenue was reached. Two policmen stood on the corner of Jackson and Clark and saw the horse rush by, but made only slight efforts to check him. For all this one of the boid blue-coats said to the other: "That a was brave attempt you made to stop that horse, Jim; your life was in danger every minute." "That's true, Dan, that's true; and I never would have had the courage to do what I did had I not seen the bravery you showed first. It was your example that gave me the grit." And the guardians of the public put their clubs besides their noses and smiled knowingly at each other.—*Chicago Herald.*