

# The Carolina Watchman.

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SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1889.

NO. 33.

## PIANOFORTE TUNING FOR SALISBURY.

Mr. OWEN H. BISHOP (pupil of Dr. Marx, Professor of Music at Berlin University, and Monsieur Benzet of Paris) has come from England and settled close to Salisbury, and is prepared to tune, regulate and repair Pianos, 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 \$6 for three tunings in one year. Please apply for further particulars by postal card or note left at this office.

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**UTTERLY SURPRISED!**  
MERIDIAN, Miss. July 12, 1887.  
For a number of years I have suffered untold agony from the effects of blood poisoning. 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 effected by B. B. B., and I commenced 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 poisoning.

**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. **ERENIUS 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.

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## The Boys of Sixty Years Ago.

HEZEKIAH'S FIRST COURTSHIP.  
PART II.

Captain Woodman never could tell what captivated him nor how he got away from the presence of his charmer—how he got away from Thyatira, or who of his many friends and acquaintances he met there. It is a fact that the mind may become so thoroughly engrossed with a single subject as to obscure its concomitants. Had he been asked, "What about Miss Jenny and Miss Mary?" he would probably have answered, "Very nice girls." But if the inquiry had been more specific, "What is their complexion, or the color of their hair or eyes," he could not have told anything.

It is easy to see how unavailing as a restraining force philosophy or the facts of figures would be on a man in this mental condition. The Captain was human, and in this case an excellent type of the race. He was in love—more, he was infatuated—to things of which he should have been observant, he was blind.

We will now pass over several months during which time the love-craze of our hero was at its full, and marching towards a crisis. Doubtless it would be interesting were the writer in possession of the facts and could relate the particulars of each visit; and the reader not acquainted with the developments of such cases might be warned against the absurdities of them. We will mention an incident in one of his visits as showing how dead he was to all abstract subjects when in the company of his angel—a very pretty, worthy and sensible girl she was. They were returning from church, one Sunday, horseback, and the Captain's saddle blanket commenced working out behind under his saddle. It seems that it had been very awkwardly put on at the first, for which he was probably responsible. It worked back until it covered the horse's rump, and then it commenced unfolding until one end dropped down and covered his tail. And yet the Captain did not see it, but was riding as erect and talking as brisk as in his good trim. The lady saw it, and was smiling at it, young thing as she was, but the Captain's consciousness was otherwise occupied. If he saw it, it did not seem to be amiss—he didn't take it in. A countryman riding up behind the party was less absorbed and said, "Stranger, you are about to lose your saddle blanket." The captain glanced back and immediately drew his rein and dismounted, and as he did so, the blanket slid off the horse to the ground. He felt a little awkward—a little like a fool, but sought to make light of it.

Another incident as showing the Captain's demeanor on coming suddenly were out in the fields one Saturday evening gathering strawberries—and talking of course—when the Captain's eyes fell upon a large snake lying in coils only a few feet from them.

"La! what a snake!" he exclaimed and dashed off from it, clutching Miss Rebecca's dress as he did so. He ran off some twenty yards or more, every muscle strained up to its utmost tension, and looking the very picture of fright. It is probable that there never was a full grown man who could on such occasions so suddenly become a boy. Snakes were a terror to the Captain. Miss Rebecca, to whom snakes were no uncommon sight, found it impossible to behave in sympathy, and it was only after a hearty laugh that she seemed to remember what should be done. "Let's kill it," said she, and picked up a stick for the purpose.

"No, no, said the Captain, 'don't go near it—just hold on a minute until I find a stone.' Thus armed he approached with caution the place where he had seen it. His snakeship was still there, and it may be as an amused spectator of the Captain's excited manner; but if so, it was a brief enjoyment. It had put on a more defiant aspect, had lifted its head higher, its tongue playing out and in like lightning, and as the Captain came slowly to unfold its coil and move towards him. Miss Rebecca was enjoying the scene with peculiar relish when she heard a sudden "zip," and then saw about six feet of snake writhing and contorting on the ground. The Captain's rock had knocked its head off, an achievement both gratifying and astonishing to his sweetheart.

The subject, as a whole, afford them a free topic of conversation while they continued to gather the berries, and with the family after their return, as they carried it home for exhibition.

One other incident, this time illustrating the Captain's agility, on another Saturday evening while they were roaming the fields, (for it seems he preferred to do his courting in the open fields and apart from the observing eyes of mother and sisters. There was a captivating freedom about it, which pleased Rebecca, he thought, about as well as it did himself.) They came to a meadow ditch and wanted to cross it. It was about eight feet wide from bank to bank, and not many days before it had been full of water. The banks were wet and slippery. "I don't believe we can cross it," said Miss Rebecca. "We had a bridge just above here, but I see the high

waters have swept it away." "Oh, I can jump across it," said the Captain, "and bring those rails and lay them across for you to walk on." "No, Mr. Woodman, don't try it—it is too long a jump," said the lady. "Ah no," and the Captain stepped back a few paces and took a running start. He reached the ditch with the wrong foot foremost and on slippery ground, and landed in the mud of the opposite side! With her other gifts, his sweet-heart had a keen perception of the ridiculous, and of course enjoyed the failure, but with seeming anxious concern. Fortunately the Captain wore boots, so that though he sunk pretty deep in the mire he pulled out, and after getting clear of the mud, fixed up a bridge for the lady and they went on their way.

But it is not to be supposed that our infatuated hero had at no time a returning sense of the responsibility of his career of late. Thoughts of it would at times confront him like ghosts and awe him into most serious reflections. He felt that his honor was deeply implicated, and that he must vindicate it, cost what it might. He had fully committed himself by the attentions he had bestowed on Miss Rebecca, and there was no honorable escape from it, even if he could bear the thought of giving her up. He felt that he must at once make a tender of his heart and hand; and as he had no doubt of their acceptance, he would also lay his plans for the future in reference to the new relation.

His own means were very scanty, and hers were no better; but he believed that by renting a cheap house and bringing into it the simple and inexpensive articles of furniture for two persons they could manage to live comfortably. However this might be, the trial must be made. His income would not allow them to board at a hotel or even at a private house; and the situation in either case, would not be so desirable as a home of their own, though that home might be very humble. He believed that \$50 would procure half a dozen chairs, a dining table, cupboard, candle stand, cooking utensils and table ware, if judiciously laid out; and Rebecca's mother, he thought, would give her a bed and furniture.

"Man wants but little here below" was an old saw that fitted his case exactly, and he settled down on testing it; and with his mind made up and plans thus laid, he set out to lay them before Miss Rebecca, after she had answered to the momentous question, "Will you have me?" He could not for the life of him decide beforehand upon the manner of submitting that question. He wanted to do it neatly and effectively, but found himself at Miss Rebecca's door as undecided as ever. She met him with her usual smile of welcome, was indeed expecting him, as it was his usual time of calling. She was alone in the sitting room with her work-basket on the table near her.

After the customary greetings were over, which were cordial, free and easy, and the Captain had drawn his chair near hers, she said: "I've been planning a new pattern of patchwork since you were here, Capt. Woodman, and I must have your opinion on it."

"I've been doing that kind of work myself, this week; and as my planning concerns you as well as myself, I will tell you of it before I leave."

"All right," was the happy rejoinder, "but you must see my new patchwork; I have a part of it made up."

After a careful inspection of the work the Captain said, "It is indeed very pretty, and worthy of the skill and taste of a professional."

"You must not praise it too much, or I'll think you are flattering me."

"Flattering you!" said Capt. Woodman; "no, I have called to pay you a higher compliment than that—the highest a man can pay to a woman: to offer you my heart and hand for life. Will you accept them?" The Captain had performed before he was fully aware of it, the very thing he had studied how to perform—a mere formality—and was surprised at himself for having reached it with so much ease. The lady, however, evinced no great surprise nor feeling either. Her fingers twitched and fumbled with the scraps on her lap a little, and her cheeks paled perceptibly, but her head was too much bowed to admit of reading the language of her eyes. She delayed to answer until pressed, and when she did speak she said "No."

## O. R. Rothacker on Ingersoll.

Mr. Ingersoll is the only great philosopher who was ever known as "Colonel" or familiarly called "Bob." He is the drum-major of the army of atheism. He creates a profound impression upon the people below stairs. They always crowd up to the area gate with loud admiration to see him pass. With what dignity he marches through the mud! What florid grace in the sweep of the arm! What a lovely baton! What an awe-inspiring hat! It is altogether very splendid and very impressive. The drum major has turned more thoughtful fools into recruits than the sergeant with his shilling.

The man has done much harm. Atheism was once the somber monopoly of unbalanced scholars. He has popularized it. Men with strong brains do not follow him there for he is most dangerous. He gives primary lessons in doubt; penny readings in infidelity. He is the apostle of the shallow; the demi-god of amateur thinkers. He is an authority in the kindergarten of speculation. The grace of his oratory bold audiences which are above the substance of his speech. He bedizens impiety with pretty words and makes jests of the mystery. An eloquent juggler, he attacks truth with trickery. He hides the snake under a tropical luxuriance of word-blossom. Distinctly practical he buffets at the stern because the essence is beyond him. He plays with language in that which is essentially spiritual and beyond language. He answers an organ tone with a jingle; a poem with a gibe. He is a phrase-buckster preaching the gospel of unrest; a moment brawling at eternity. Lacking the finer fiber himself, he has been singularly influential in brushing or destroying it wholly in others.

It's one sense he is a mental phenomenon. His arguments are not new, nor is the basis for his declamatory unbelief a foundation recently built. He is on the same old forum. Voltaire sneered before him; Hume philosophized before him; Paine railed and denounced before him. He is simply a repetition of the substance with an addition of tinsel rhetoric. They were hard, logical and stern. He covers the hardness and sterility with flowers of language. He adds to borrowed weapons an artificial sentimentalism. Beauty and brutality go hand in hand in his mental world. The infidelity with which he tures to spiritual ruin is a Litit: Tested by the intellectual standard he scarcely merits mention. Tested by results he has been the most dangerous man of the century. His influence commands the necessity of serious combat.

The potency of Ingersoll's position lies in his ingenious avoidance of existing facts in the practice workings of Christianity, and his noisy citations of persecutions in the time when church and state were one. He confounds the present church with the church that was simply a political machine. All the faults and follies of men he ascribes to the religion of which they were but poor exampars. He attacks that which is by helping denunciation upon that which was. He brings in evidence against this generation the tomb-stones of its ancestors. In even this he is not honest. He forgets Luther, nailing against the old church door at Wittenburg the ninety-five theses which constituted magna charta of mental liberty. That was a time when ideas leaped from rack and from scaffold to freedom—a time when thought was so young it had scarcely learned how to think, and only knew that it must escape from the old bondage. Surely its just need for the mightiest movement in the history of human advance should not be denied to Christianity? Yet there has always been overmuch of Galileo and too little of Luther in the favorite infidel argument that religion persecutes progress. And withal, there has also been a consistent disregard of the fact that each was persecuted by the same power, and that, this power was not religion but its false representative. The name of Galileo and the churchmen courtiers and politicians are placed on the same platform: Richelieu was a cold, crafty, coldly diplomat; therefore Christ is a myth or pretender. The inquisition existed; therefore his doctrines are false. This is the argument. It does not commend itself to intelligence:

An institution must be judged by its power to purify itself. This applies as much as to any other. Its tendency has been steadily away from forms and symbols and towards a closer consonance with its principles and teachings. In the very nature of things this consonance can never be complete. Religion is the concern of the individual. It reaches each man in its way. A church is a human effort to organize the spiritual. It is strong or weak as it approaches that which it seeks to typify. In so far as it is illoyed by human passion it is not a reflection of religion.

Because there are bad poets, one can not condemn poetry. Because there are bad Christians, one can not condemn Christianity. There are dividing lines between the false and the true, and the only reason which Mr. Ingersoll boasts as the basis of his doctrine is necessary to throw the distinction under the light of calcium. He holds reality responsible for the pretense. He talks of genuineness when he means hypocrisy. It is true that men enter

the church as a means of individual advancement. It is true that the church is sometimes avaricious enough to accept the one tenth as a tithe of that which was not honestly earned. It is true that pretentious piety can hold its temporal own at times against the purity which should overthrow it. It is true that the mantle of the just has been unjustly and that falsehood has been the noisy partner of truth. Yet all these do not destroy the pure metal. A counterfeit does not invalidate a legal tender.

## The Fate of Reform.

A VERY JUST REASON FOR COMPLAINT.  
The returns of the November elections were scarcely in before the Republican spoilsmen and place-hunters were in full cry for the offices, besieging every appointing power and every one who had any influence whatever with the officials at Washington. This was not otherwise to be expected, nor was the administration responsible for it, but what they were and are responsible for was the fearful blunders they have made in hurriedly and without consideration yielding to this army of place-hunters, whereby incompetent men were placed into positions that they were unqualified to fill. In other words they were profoundly ignorant of their official duties, which render their services a source of unmeasured annoyance to the public whom they pretend to serve. For instance look at our mail service. It is in a condition to-day more unsatisfactory than it has ever before been since its organization. The complaints are loud and long against the gross neglect and incompetent service.

It seems to have been the policy of Republican Representatives at Washington to fill the places with party favorites as rapidly as possible, regardless of their lack of qualification or special fitness, and in utter disregard of the public requirements.

On the Salem branch road between this point and Greensboro an old gentleman was placed on the mail service, a very clever old man, we presume, when attending to business he had some knowledge of, but totally unfit to be mail agent—physically weak and without any experience, and lacking a knowledge that he never could be able to acquire. He may have done the best he could, but that best has been far short of meeting public requirements. This fact he no doubt has learned himself, as he has, or will at an early day, forward his resignation to Washington City to take effect at once. Last night we got no mail at all, and to-day we are without a single exchange. He may be sick, we know not what the trouble is, but we felt very much this morning as if we would like to construct a battering-ram out of about a dozen billy goats of the billy persuasion, and turn them loose with trip hammer velocity, with directions to strike some where a little to the left of where Hon. John Brower wears his pistol pocket, for not exercising more discretion in making this and other appointments in this district.

The Republican National Convention at Chicago reiterated the following declaration, which, of course, simply meant that public office was a private snare:

"The reform of the Civil Service auspiciously begun under the Republican Administration should be completed by the further extension of the reform system already established by law to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectually avoided."

And Gen. Harrison, in his letter of acceptance, uses the following language:

"The law regulating appointments to the classified Civil Service received my support in the Senate in the belief that it opened the way to a much needed reform. I still think so, and therefore cordially approve the clear and forcible expression of the Convention on this subject. Only the interests of the public should suggest removals from office. It will be my sincere purpose, if elected, to advance the reform."

As to how much of this was meant the public are learning day by day. We have not a word to say against the filling of the places held by Democrats, by competent Republicans, and they have no right to demur against it, but they do have a right to protest against the filling of responsible positions by incompetent persons, whereby they are made to suffer an inconvenience and loss. And this protest should be made in a way that will not be misunderstood.—*Twin-City Daily.*

## He Fought at Winchester.

AND HE WILL NOT PASS THROUGH THE PENITENTIARY GATES.

Judge Phillips, who held Forsyth court, told the *Sentinel* a pathetic incident which occurred at the last term of Surry court. It beautifully illustrates the tender sympathy of one old soldier for another who has been unfortunate.

In the case of the State vs. John Stuart, indictment for larceny, the prisoner appeared in the court-room, shuffling along, scarcely able to work. He wore a soiled check shirt, a very much worn suit and a battered hat.

Appearing as states-witnesses were two well-dressed, sleek-looking men who clearly showed by their looks that they were determined to send the old man to the penitentiary if possible.

"Has the prisoner any counsel?" asked Judge Phillips.  
"I have none, your Honor," answered Stuart. "I am a poor man, unable to pay an attorney."  
The Judge saw by the man's looks that this was an unusual case and said: "Well, go on and tell your story."

"Well sir, I was in the Confederate army and at the battle of Winchester. I was shot through both hips. Since then it has been exceedingly hard for me to support myself. I went to work for this man last year and worked eight months, upon his promise to board and cloth me and pay me what my services were worth. During that time he paid me ten cents, with which I bought tobacco. At the end of eight months he refused to pay me any money and refused to give me any clothes, saying that my services were worthless. Then, your honor I went into his ward-robe, took a suit of clothes to hide my nakedness and left. He had me indicted for larceny and I have been in jail ever since."

As the old man finished, a hushed murmur of indignation was heard throughout the court-room.  
"You say you were shot at Winchester?" asked Judge Phillips, who was himself an officer in that splendid and memorable charge.  
"Yes sir."

"Were you in the second charge, to the left, on the other side of the town?"  
The prisoner's face brightened.  
"Yes," he said, "I was there in Rhodes' division and was shot while crossing the ravine just below the hill."  
The Judge was satisfied that the old veteran was telling the truth, but to be certain he called the States' witness.

While the witness was giving in his testimony, which was to the effect that the old man's story was about right but that he refused to pay him anything because his services were worthless, Stuart leaned over to Solicitor Settle. "Mr. Settle," he said, "your father and I were friends. I lived in Rockingham county and your father persuaded me to enlist in his company. I received my wound while following him. Since then it has been a hard struggle for me to keep out of the poor-house."

By this time Judge Phillips, Solicitor Settle and everybody else in the court-room was satisfied that the old soldier had been pitilessly persecuted and the faces of the on-lookers showed the deepest pity and sympathy for the unfortunate man and the blackest indignation for his heartless employer.  
"Mr. Solicitor," said the Judge, "change your bill of indictment from larceny to trespass." This was willingly done by Mr. Settle.  
"Now," he continued, "judgment is suspended and the prisoner is discharged."  
Scarcely had the last word been spoken before every man in the room applauded, and great tears were seen rolling down the cheeks of strong men. A similar scene Judge Phillips tells us he has never seen in the court-house.  
As the old man who, half hour before had been friendless hobbled out of the court-room, hundreds of men drew around him to shake his hand. Our townsman, Hon. W. B. Glenn, volunteered his services to secure a pension; Mr. Hollyfield offered him a position as miller and in less than five minutes a handsome purse of money was made up to buy the old soldier a comfortable suit of clothes.  
Needless to add, he was almost overcome with gratitude and to his dying day he will bless the memory of his old comrade-in-arms, and generous, new-found friends.

## Penalties for Contempt.

The Post has called attention to the need of legislation fixing the bounds and power of judges in prescribing penalties for contempt of court. That unrestrained power is a relic of despotism. In the present absence of law the utterance of an offensive word or an uncalled for disturbance in the presence of a judge, or a failure to obey a summons, or ignorance of an obscure point of judicial etiquette on the part of jurymen may entail a heavier punishment than the running down and killing of a pedestrian by a reckless horseman. And there is no apparent relief.