The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XX.---THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1889. NO. 39.

NOTICE!

RAILROAD ELECTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that there will be an election held in Rowan county on Tuesday the 10th day of September, 1889, for the purpose of submitting to the qualified voters of said county, a proposition to subscribe one hundred thousand dollars to the stock of the *Yadkin Railroad Company*, in five per cent. bonds of the county of Rowan, to run forty years, with the privilege of paying any or all of them at the end of ten years, or at any time thereafter, that the Board of Commissioners of said county may elect. Those who wish to vote in favor of said proposition will vote a ticket with the word "Subscription" upon it; and those wishing to vote against said proposition, will vote a ticket with the words "No Subscription" upon it.

An entirely new registration of voters has been ordered for the election.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners, THOMAS J. SUMNER, Chairman.

HORATIO N. WOODSON, Clerk.
June 3d, 1889.—tf.

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Splendid for a Spring Tonic.

ARLINGTON, Ga., June 30, 1888.

I suffered with malarial blood poison more or less all the time, and the only medicine that done me any good is *B. B. B.* It is undoubtedly the best blood medicine made, and for this malarial country should be used by every one in the spring of the year, and is good in summer, fall and winter as a tonic and blood purifier.

Gives Better Satisfaction.

CADIZ, Ky., July 6, 1887.

Please send me one box Blood Balm Catarrh Snuff by return mail, as one of my customers is taking *B. B. B.* for catarrh and wants a box of the snuff. *B. B. B.* gives better satisfaction than any I ever sold. I have sold 10 dozen in the past 10 weeks, and it gives good satisfaction. If I don't remit all right for snuff write me.

Yours, W. H. BRANDON.

It Removed the Pimples.

ROUND MOUNTAIN, Tenn., March 29, 1887.

A lady friend of mine has for several years been troubled with bumps and pimples on her face and neck, for which she used various cosmetics in order to remove them and improve her complexion; but these local applications were only temporary and left her skin in a worse condition.

I recommend an internal preparation—known as Botanic Blood Balm—which I have been using and selling about two years; she used three bottles and nearly all pimples have disappeared, her skin is soft and smooth, and her general health much improved. She expresses herself much gratified, and can recommend it to all who are thus affected.

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The Irreclaimable Rumseller.

What! give up my trade,—the source of my wealth,
For singing and prayers and tears!
I have openly sold and sold by stealth
For more than a score of years,
Wine, brandy and rum, and whisky and ale,
And cider and lager beer!
And I have grown rich, lusty, and hale,
What care I, while I can hear
The chink, chink, chink in my money-till?
My heart shall grow harder and bolder still.

They may plead with me as women can plead,
They may kneel on my floor and pray,
They may talk to me, but I will not heed,
Though they talk of the judgment day.
The glasses shall clink, I will pour the wine,
And deal out the brandy and beer,
I have bought the license, it is mine it is mine.
I use it while I can hear
The chink, chink, chink of my money-till,
I swear to heaven I'll sell it still.

Shall I yield then to women in loneliness clad?
With prayers as sweet as the angels' above,
When I turn from the poor, the haggard, and sad,
Who plead for their sons in anguish and love?
Oh, no! they have gained their hundreds and more,
And won the great heart and the public ear,
But the tempest of temperance will soon be over,
And if we stand firm we still may hear
The chink, chink, chink in the money-till,
And hold the power and have our will.

Clear the walks of the cities, drive them out of each street,
Nor let them be blocked with singing and prayer.
Rush back to their homes these bands that we meet,
Let them pray in the closets—what do we care?
We have held so long the lease of the way,
With customer thronging it year by year;
If men will drink fire, let them tipple I say,
To ruin or death, so long as I hear
The chink, chink, chink in my money-till,
To the miserable fools I will sell it still.

Do you think that I fear? why I've talked with ghosts,
For years they have haunted my bed,
Pale women and children in mighty hosts,
As they came and went from the dead.
And the devil himself, hideous and bold,
Has haunted me oft with a jeer,
Though I shudered with horror, I thought of my gold,
While over the din I could hear
The chink, chink, chink in my money-till,
I sold it then and I'll sell it still.

Poor Harry Westoner, friend of my youth,
I saw him crushed by the train;
And Ida, the love of my heart's first truth,
In a garret by a drunkard slain;
Did I feel! For a time, yes, oh, my God!
I struggle with anguish and fear,
And I said while passing under the rod,
I'll sell no more, but then I could hear
The chink, chink, chink in my money-till
And my heart grew harder and hardor still.

We will organize soon from East to West,
Buy up the votes and rattle the gold,
Our friends we know, in whatever dress,
And who can be bought and who can be sold;
While distilleries flourish all over the land,
And breweries throw out a deluge of beer,
And revenues swell by each tippling band,
We have much to hope and little to fear;
And the chink, chink, chink in my money-till;
In silver and gold may jingle still.

The armies of temperence—they flourish to-day,
Their thousands they've gained and damaged our cause,
We must yield to their wims to preach, sing and pray.
But *keep them away from the ballot and laws,*
We must battle them well both secret and bold,
Thus lures abroad both far and near
Ah, men love to hear the jingle of gold!
And men will drink, and while I can hear
The chink, chink, chink in the money till,
I swear by heaven I'll sell it still.

On a Revenue Cutter.

New York Star.

Ever go down the bay on a revenue cutter? If you are a man very possibly you may say yes, but if you are a woman there are ten chances to one that you will say no. The law passed some years ago prohibiting women from taking trips in government vessels has not been revoked, but exceptions are sometimes made in favor of members of the press. The government is still unable to appreciate a woman on a revenue cutter; but possibly in the future they may claim the right to become "boarding officers" along with other rights to which some of us women—not all of us—are looking forward.

Well, life on a revenue cutter is jolly enough in summer, there can be no doubt of that, but in winter it must be quite the reverse. If I were a man I should like to be a "boarding officer" during the hot months; being a woman I cannot possibly occupy such a position. And being a woman how did I manage to get on a revenue cutter at all? I went to represent the Star, and was served with a small amount of red tape from two courteous gentlemen, through whom I met Captain Whalen, the genial superintendent of the Barge Office.

Yes, I might go down the bay on the cutter any day I chose if I would be at the Barge office at 6 o'clock in the morning. So down I went one hot, misty day. The cutter had already gone down the bay on an early trip, so we waited on the pier for her return, rejoicing in the early morning air that was a novelty to me. The mist hung over the water, veiling the few vessels that were to be seen, but not a bit of bunting was anywhere visible; no flag was flying, not even over Governor's Island. Pretty soon, through the mist we discovered the cutter Washington—which is not named for the immortal George, the officers say—coming up to the pier. It is a trim little vessel, and flys the Custom House flag at the stern, which has the stripes running up and down, and a black eagle on a white ground in place of the stars.

I went on Board with Captain Whalen and several officers; one "boarding officer always going down on each trip, and a "staff officer" for each passenger vessel that is expected. Now, what is "boarding officer" and what is "staff officer"? A "boarding officer" boards each vessel that comes into this harbor; takes the ship's manifest and passenger list, and returns to the cutter. The "staff officer" goes only on board of ships carrying first-cabin passengers, takes the sworn statement of each passenger as to his or her dutiable property, and comes up to the city on the ship. There are ten cutters detailed for this work, and several officers, Capt Whalen being the superintendent, with headquarters at the Barge Office. The cutter seldom goes below the narrows, the incoming vessels being caught at Quarantine, and frequently lower down or further up the bay. They are signaled from Sandy Hook to the Barge Office, and the boarding officer calculates the time it will take them to get up in the bay before it will be necessary for him to start out. Often the cutter is on duty from 6 o'clock in the morning until 9 at night, and the number of vessels boarded varies from one to twenty.

It is said that very few unmaarried men apply for positions on a revenue cutter, for incoming ships are so uncertain that engagements for afternoon or evening with a "best girl" must frequently be broken. Sometimes half the day passes without the arrival of even one vessel, and the officers do nothing but linger about the office; as a ship may be reported at any moment, they cannot leave for an instant. Then, too, if a vessel crosses the bar one minute before sunset she is allowed to come up to the city, and the cutter must go down to meet her, which keeps the officers on duty until late in the evening. If she crosses one minute after sunset, however, she cannot come up to her pier until the next morning.

The cutter is a cozy little vessel; her commander, Captain Smythe, having a suite of comfortable rooms, prettily furnished. They are small, of course; there is no room for bric-a-brac, portieres, screens, and the thousand and one things that women love to hang about their rooms. But there were several mirrors. How about the vanity of man? And why on earth should they need mirrors to see how they look, when there are no women on board? I wonder, when the strong-minded woman in her bloomer costume comes to occupy this position, will she take down the mirrors? Here is also a comfortable and pretty saloon for the officers. Outside, an awning extends all around the vessel and over the stern, where we passed a good deal of our time. Parasols were not needed, but a shawl was found to be an aid to comfort when folded and placed against the flagstaff to make a soft rest for the back.

A flight of narrow steep stairs leads to the upper deck, where is a pilot house, and Pilot Brown stands at the wheel, while the officers sit about on the cushioned seat that is built against the wall. A telescope, field-glass, and a high four-legged stool complete the furniture of this apartment.

Our first trip was over to the Jersey coast, where we stopped at a pier called "Black Tom," though "Green Tom" would have been more appropriate from the grass growing on the pier. A still, quiet spot it is, and as lonely as if it were a thousand miles from the city. We carried up some government property, tools and such things, and the men on the pier came and carried them away upon their shoulders in a solemn manner, quite in keeping with the ghostlike fog through which they moved.

After this we started down the bay to the steamer Bolivia, that had arrived the night before. On the way we passed the Austrian man-of-war that had been anchored in the harbor for several weeks, two big "trump" steamers and only a few smaller vessels, for it was yet too early for many vessels to be out whether on business or pleasure. The Bolivia was anchored off the Statue of Liberty, and near her was The Queen, of the National Line, that had also arrived the day before, but could not go up to the city because the docks were full. The Bolivia looked very big, looming up in the mist, and as I sat on the four-legged stool, looking out of the window of the pilot house, I began to feel that we were very small, even if we did represent the Government. As this big vessel had come from the Mediterranean, stopping at Trieste, Naples, Sorrento and Gibralter, and bringing a large number of steerage passengers, mostly Italians, the boarding officer took the precaution to light cigar before going on board. A ladder was placed on the deck of the cutter to lean up against the side of the big steamer, and two officers climbed up and boarded the vessel. I wanted to go, too; but the art of climbing ladders was not included in my education, and as no one suggested my going, I remained silent on deck and studied the vessel from "foreign parts" from the outside. The officers were talking together on deck and several men leaned over the railing regarding us with indolent interest. They were probably second cabin passengers, but possessed little of the beauty and picturesqueness of Italians. It was only as we were steaming away that we passed close to the stern of the vessel and saw a crowd of Italians, both men and women, and some of them in the bright costumes of their native land. A woman in a blue bodice caught the eye of one of the boarding officers, who, when on shore, spends his time cultivating his artistic talents and is always on the lookout for bits of color. As the cutter turned I glanced at the Statue of Liberty, and never had I seen her look more majestic. We were directly in front of her and at just the right distance to get the best effect, which was heightened by the thin veil of mist through which she was seen. It is the wise woman who wears a veil, no matter how beautiful she may be.

We go down to Quarantine, and just before reaching there the pilot thinks he sees an incoming steamer in the distance. She is eagerly looked at through the glass by all of us, and I began to feel like a pirate. When it turns out that the pilot was mistaken, I feel as if we had lost a prize that we ought to have captured. We pass pilot boat No. 20, with all sails set, and soon we are at Quarantine. All the officers go ashore; but no vessel has been reported there, so we sail away to the city. It is quite a long sail, and we desert the pilot house for the seat under the awning at the stern of the vessel, where the officers regale us with accounts of absent wives, tales of the violent thunderstorms that they had experienced while on duty this summer, with some anticipation of what they are to do during vacation up in the mountains, as far away from the sea as possible. But what better vacation they want than sailing about the waters of New York Harbor I cannot imagine, unless it is the presence of the "eternal feminine" to which the Government object when its officers are on duty. One of the sailors was polishing up the brass trimmings of the vessel, which bit of housekeeping delightened my feminine soul.

We return to the city too soon to please me, and to the office, where we learn that the Erin of the National Line has been signaled from Sandy Hook, and will be up in about two hours. An agent from Castle Garden is reading from the ticker the number of steerage passengers on the Lahn, that arrived the previous evening from Bremen.

"Well," he says, "I must hurry to Castle Garden and get those hookers off!" I want to ask him what "hookers" are, but he is gone before I have a chance.

We start off again, going up the North River, and I make myself comfortable on the lower deck. The morning is pretty far advanced by this time, and there are more vessels to be seen. The Coney Island steamer, with empty decks, starting from its pier, and and some gaily decorated excursion steamers and barges are going hither and thither; the Jersey ferryboats are crowded with passengers, and I realize that the busy day in the city has begun; the smart little tugs seem inclined to run races with us, and the gauzy veil of mist still half conceals and half reveals everything. Through it the tug and barge go down to the Bolivia to take off the steerage passengers, and I cannot help thinking that as this mist half reveals the city to them, so do their own possibilities half reveal to them what their future will be in the country of their adoption.

We stop at the North German Lloyd pier and see the Lahn in her dock. A small steamer at the pier is crowded with German immigrants, who are on their way to Castle Garden. Well-to-do they look, and quite foreign in appearance; some of the men's hats reminding me of pictures that I have seen of German students. On some of their faces is a pathetic expression, as if it had been hard for them to leave the fatherland. I cannot say that any of their faces show hopeful anticipation of the future.

We take on several custom officers, who had been detailed to look after the baggage belonging to the passengers of the Lahn, and then we get back to the city. Many of the officers leave us here, and we take on a paymaster, who is going over to South Brooklyn to pay off the men on the cutter Grant, which is detailed for outside duty, but is now to be laid up for repairs. The stern of the cutter is our lounging place this time, and a lazy little trip we have up Gowanus Bay, where we tie up at the Clinton street pier. The paymaster goes ashore and we wait for him. It is as quiet and still here as a Sunday morning in the country. The sun has come out and the water is like glass. New York and Brooklyn seem miles away, and we seem to be anchored at the dier of some deserted city. A barefooted boy in a big, flat bottomed boat, rows close to our stern, looking at us with wondering eyes. I feel strongly tempted to jump into his boat and give him some lessons in rowing, which he badly needs. But I think of my petticoats and restrain my impulse, for his bare feet are reposing in two inches of water.

The paymaster is gone some time, but I wish he would stay away even longer; for it is a pleasant way to pass a hot day, and I have no wish to return to the city. Unregardful of my wishes, however, and ignorant of them, he returns all too soon, and our bow is turned cityward. We are not half way there when we see the Erin coming up the bay, and if we are going to run a race with her, I feel sure she will beat us. But we are not to be beaten. We signaled her with three sharp whistles that she is to slow up and wait for us, which she does. We came up to her, a big black vessel, sadly in need of paint. There are sheds built on decks for cattle, and several men lean idly over the railing watching us. Horsemen, many of them are, who go to Europe to buy horses. They looked neither happy nor sad at being back again in their native land. The ladder is brought into use again, and boarding officer, with his usual grace and agility, passes from one vessel to the other. There being no first-cabin passengers, the staff officer does not go aboard.

After this we return again to the city and find that the Gallia has been signaled and is at Quarantine. Down we go after her and catch her half way between Quarantine and the city. Up goes the ladder and up go the two officers. After a few moments the boarding officer returns, but the other will return to the city on the steamer.

And so we go back to the city and the day is far spent. A charming life in summer, but I should not care for it in winter. There is considerable danger in it, too, for sometimes the officer boards a vessel when it is moving, and in such circumstance it is not the easiest thing in the world to climb a ladder, I fancy. L. A. RICE.

Curiosities of Marriage.

Goethe said he married to obtain respectability.

Wycherly, in his old age married his servant girl to spite his relations.

The joining right hands in ancient times had the solemnity and validity of an oath.

There is a story of a man who got married because he inherited a four-post bedstead.

Giving a ring is supposed to indicate the eternity of the union, seeing that a circle is endless.

A man got married because he had bought a piece of silk cheap at a sale and wanted a wife to give it to.

Under the Roman empire marriage was a civil contract; hence we read of men "putting away" their wives.

Among the Jews the rule was for a maiden to marry on the fourt and a widow on the fifth day of the week—not earlier.

In Jewish marriages the woman is set on the right, but throughout Christendom her place in the ceremony is on the left.

In a Roman marriage the bride was purchased by the bridegroom's payment of three pieces of copper money to her parents.

The Russians have a story of a widow who was so inconsolable for the loss of her husband that she took another to keep her from fretting to death.

The custom of putting a vail upon the maid before the betrothal was done to conceal her blushes at the first touch of the man's head and the closing kiss.

Kissing the bride the moment the marriage ceremonial ended, though not now prescribed by the rubric of the Western churches, formerly was an imperative act on the part of the bridegroom.

The early marriage ceremony among the Anglo-Saxons consisted merely of hand fastening or taking each other by the hand, and pledging each other love and affection in the presence of friends and relations.

The Spector Guest.

An undertaker in Madrid, who lived over his shop, one night gave a grand ball. At the height of the festivities a gentleman in full evening dress joined the company. He danced with the hostess and her daughter; he danced with the guests. He seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. The undertaker thought he recognized the face, but didn't like to be rude and ask the stranger's name. By-and-by all the guests departed and only the unknown was left.

"Shall I send for a cab for you?" said the host at last.

"No, thank you I'm staying in the house."

"Staying in the house! Who are you, sir?"

"Who, don't you know me? I'm the corpse that was brought in this afternoon."

The undertaker in horror rushed to the mortuary chamber, where in Spain it is usual for the dead to be removed. The coffin was empty. His wife and daughter had been dancing with a corpse!

But it turned out that the gentle had only been in a trance and had suddenly recovered. Hearing the revelry above, and being possessed of a keen though ghastly sense of humor, he had got out of his coffin and joined the festive party. He was presentable, for in Spain the dead are generally buried in full evening dress.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The "Star Spangled Banner" the Symbol of an United Nation.

Every national uprising calls forth a banner. The success of a revolution establishes a national flag, as well as a nation. When the colonies seceded from Great Britain, each State had in use the British flag, with some local emblem engrafted upon it. But in 1776, a red ensign was displayed from a liberty pole in New York with the inscription: "George Dix and the liberties of America." A curious conjunction.

After the battle of Lexington, the Connecticut troops bore a flag with the arms of the colony, and the motto, "Qui Translulet Sustinet." Massachusetts, a flag with white field, and upon this "A Green Pine Tree." Her motto, "An Appeal to Heaven."

In September, 1775, the patriotic Wm. Moultrie, of South Carolina, at the request of the "Council of Safety," prepared a flag with a blue field and white crescent. This was the first flag of independence unfurled at the South, and waved over the fortifications at Charleston.

On the 2d day of January, 1776, the "Grand Union" flag was unfurled at Boston, Mass., by General Washington. It comprised thirteen stripes "as a symbol of the number of the colonies." On June 14, 1777, the American Congress resolved that "The flag of thirteen (13) United States be thirteen (13) stripes alternately red and white. That the Union be thirteen (13) stars in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

To the navy, it is thought, belongs the honor of first spreading the ensign to the breeze. That "star spangled banner" which the naval heroes of the States carried to victory in so many historical engagements was first raised by Commodore Paul Jones, who assumed command of the "Ranger" on the day Congress passed the flag resolution and the new flag floated from the Ranger's masthead.

Before the adoption of the "stars and stripes" as the national ensign, many emblems had been used in the various States. The pine tree in Massachusetts, the rattlesnake in Carolina, and even the stripes alone had been flown.

The first commercial flag of the United States is said to have been horizontal stripes with a British "union" where the stars now are. It is also recorded that the first ship's commissioner commissioned by Washington sailed under the pine tree flag. In October, 1798, the floating batteries at Boston displayed a flag with "white field upon it," and the motto, "Qui translulet sustinet." The motto "An Appeal to Heaven" was ordered by the Massachusetts Legislature, or Provincial Congress in 1776, to be borne on the flags of the warships of the colony.

It is not known definitely by whom the stars of the national flag were proposed. By some the whole idea of the stars and stripes is thought to be derived from the Washington family arms, "three stars in the upper portion and three bars running across the escutcheon." The arms of the great Virginian remind us of another standard of modern "rebels"—the Stars and Bars, the glorious oriflame of the Lost Cause.

"Nor shall its glory be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the sacred spot
Where valor proudly sleep."

"The warrior's banner takes its flight to greet the warrior's soul," and the Southern Stars now shine again in the constellation of the national flag. There, radiant with the lustre of heroic deeds they point the path of that honor and duty which bathed the Southern cross in noble blood.

Allegiance to the State of the surest bond of loyalty to the nation.—*Asheville Citizen.*

Ancient Tombs Discovered at Naples.

A subterranean chamber has been discovered under a house on the hillside at Naples. Along the center runs a mosaic pavement, and on each side there is a double row of sepulchers hewn in the rock, the fronts of which are stuccoed and painted and decorated with terra cotta and marble reliefs. Within the tombs were perfect skeletons, vases and other objects, the antique lamps being in such good condition that when the new find was inspected by a party of German archæologists, the workmen made use of them to light up the vaults. The many well preserved inscriptions are chiefly in Greek, with some Latin, and prove that the epoch of these tombs was about 1000 B. C. Other tombs in a second chamber have not yet been excavated. Similar catacombs have heretofore been found in this locality.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

It may be of interest to know that almost the entire cotton belt of the United States lies in a region having a mean annual temperature above 55 degrees. The sugar and rice regions have a temperature greater than 70 degrees, while between 50 and 60 degrees, is the mean annual temperature for tobacco. In the great prarie regions the average lies almost entirely below 55 degrees, and the wheat region of Minnesota and Dakota is between 45 degrees of mean annual temperature.