# The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XX.---THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1889. NO. 41.



## NOTICE!

RAILROAD ELECTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that there will be an election held in Rowan county on 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 said 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 before that the Board of Commissioners of said county may elect. Those who 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.

A purely new registration of voters will be ordered for the election.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners.

THOMAS J. SUMNER, Chairman.

J. M. Woodson, Clerk.

June 24, 1889. tf.

A COMPLETE NEWSPAPER.

"THE PEOPLE OF THE NORTH CAROLINA PRESS."

J. A. BONITZ, } Editorial Staff.
T. H. BOBBITT, LL.D. }
W. A. ...

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THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

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For sale by Bingham & Co., Young & Bostian, and N. P. Murphy.

B. B. B.

Almost everybody wants a "Spring Tonic." Here is a simple testimonial, which shows how B. B. B. is regarded. It will knock your malaria out and restore your appetite:

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 nec, for which she used various cosmetics in order to remove them and beautify 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.

MRS. S. M. WILSON.

A BOOK OF WONDERS, FREE.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poisons, Scrofula and Scrofulous Swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail, free, a copy of our 32-page Illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever beforeknown. Address,

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Steam Engines and Boilers, Steam and Water Pipe,

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Feb. 3rd, 1881

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### It Could Not Happen Now.

Ere country ways had turned to street,
And long ere we were born,
A lad and lass would chance to meet,
And often she'd neglect her task;
The willows bowed to nudge the brook,
The cowslips nodded gay,
And he would look and she would look,
And both would look away,
Yet each—and this is so absurd—
Would dream about the other,
And she would never breath a word
To that good dame her mother,
Our girls are wiser now.
'Twas very quiet, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow;
Dear me! how modes and customs change!

It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, naughty lass,
Would rearrange her hair,
And ponder long before the glass
Which bow she ought to wear;
"Why do you blush like that?"
And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow
That mead with, cowslips yellow,
Down which she'd met, a week ago,
That stupid staring fellow.
Our girls are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange you must allow,
Dear me! how modes and customs change!

It could not happen now.

And as for him, that foolish lad,
He'd hardly close an eye,
And look so woe-begone and sad,
He'd make his mother cry.
"He goes," she said "from bad to worse!
My boy so blithe and brave,
Last night I found him writing verse
About a lonely grave!"
And lo! next day her nerves he'd shock
With laugh, and song, and caper;
And there—she'd find a golden lock
Wrapped up in tissue-paper.
Our boys are wiser now.

—*By F. Langbridge.*

### How to Succeed.

The way to become successful business men from every stand point of the word, both as to position and money making, is *not* to observe the following suggestions, but to act in a directly opposite manner:

If office hours are set from 8 to 12, and from 1 to 6, don't fail to make it a point to arrive at the office anywhere from 15 minutes to an hour late.

Watch the clock carefully, and try to get out 5 to 10 minutes before 12, and then come back from 10 to 30 past 1, or up to 2 p. m.

In the afternoon watch the clock anxiously, and if you see a chance to "escape" without the eyes of the management upon you, always make it a rule to get out at 5 o'clock, or just as much ahead of this as possible.

If you should not happen to be employed as a salesman, don't think of such a thing as asking a visitor in a polite manner if anything can be done to serve him. He might think you were a salesman, and this might degrade you in his estimation.

When a visitor comes in the store, never walk forward to greet him. Always let him walk from the front door to the inside of the office, and let him state his business. This course makes him feel very much at home.

If you are a salesman, don't fail to see how soon you can rid yourself of a visitor. Never think of showing him anything beyond what he asks to be shown, as it might possibly interest him and effect a sale of other goods.

Always act as if you were doing something of a condescending nature when you give your time to a visitor. Don't let him get the idea into his head that you feel it as condescending on his part to visit you.

Take it for granted that all other houses in your line of business are doing business upon the same principles which you are, and that they are anxious to save their valuable time and hustle a man out of the store as soon as they can, whether it is decently or politely done or not.

Don't make it appear to your principals, or to the customer, that you are bending every energy in the direction of selling goods, but rather stand upon the high and lofty principle of being something better than the average customer.

If you are a bookkeeper, never speak to a man in a polite and affable way when he comes to collect a bill, but if the bill is right, sling the money or check toward him as you would a piece of meat to a hungry dog, and make him believe you are doing him a great favor to pay him what is justly his due.

If there is any discrepancy in his account, always make it appear that you are the only man in the world who could have discovered it, and give him the idea that he has been trying to rob you. This will make him feel pleasant toward the house as well as toward you.

Don't take it for granted that a man likes to see a carefully made bill, but in making out bills abbreviate everything you can, and make it as intricate and hard to understand as possible.

When a mistake occurs in an account or order, don't undertake to explain the matter away in a pleasant, affable manner, upon the presumption that the man who made the complaint thinks he is right, but go at him "hammer and tongs" in the shortest and curtest way possible, and try to impress him with the idea that he is always wrong and that you are always right. This will give him an idea that he is dealing with a pleasant lot of people, and will encourage him to bring his business to you the next time.

If you see anything going wrong in any department of the business, don't think for a moment that the management would be glad to know of it, and have it rectified; and if you should happen to see samples in a disorderly condition, never speak of it or attempt to put them in place yourself, as you might soil your hands.

Don't attempt to do anything toward keeping the office in a clean and orderly condition. A little confusion, disorder and carelessness on the part of all make an office beautiful and attractive, and, of course what little disorder you exhibit personally does not make any difference, and if you were to straighten out something that some one else did, you would be doing more than you ought to, and it would overwork you.

When you are on the road, make it a point to get to some good hotel Friday or Saturday, and never leave it until Monday. Time is little or no consideration in a busy season, and it is always desirable to spend one or two days of the week "bracing up" so that you will be fresh on Monday morning.

As versatility is one of the necessary requirements in a good salesman, expend your time in learning to play the latest hands at poker and other fashionable games, and be sure that you always keep your capacity for drinking liquor of all kinds up to the average, else your brother salesmen on on the road would recognize you as "one of the finest."

Don't image that your principals ever know anything about what you are doing when you are away from home, but act upon the idea of "out of sight, out of mind," and do everything without reference to what your employers would have to do or what you should do to make your part of the business a succes.

Don't reason upon the principle that the more you do the more valuable you are to the house, and that when the time comes there will be a chance for promotion.

Men who have acted upon this principle are, of course, the ones who are in the best positions in the trade and making the most money.

Don't imagine that anything you do in the direction of showing a special, personal interest in every detail of the business will be appreciated by your principals, some of whom may be getting old or ready to retire from business.

Don't do anything as if you had a financial interest in the business, or as if the business was your own. Such actions as this upon your part would shown that you were not calculated to be promoted in case there was an opportunity for promotion.—*Stores and Hardware.*

### Dam Disasters.

ACCIDENTS FROM THE BURSTING OF RESERVOIRS IN TIMES PAST.

The bursting of the reservoir at Johnstown will at once recall the Mill River disaster on May 16, 1874, when the village of Haydenville, Mass., was swept out of existence and 140 persons were drowned. A guard was watching the dam, and about 8 o'clock in the morning he discovered that an enormous leak had developed out of a small one. He started to give warning to the village of Leeds, just below, but the reservoir broke away before he could reach the village, and the water from a pond 114 acres in area came down like a wall, carrying away nearly the whole vallage. Haydenville was swept away, and several other towns on the Connecticut river were inundated. Over 300 families were rendered homeless and $1,000,000 worth of property in dams, dwellings, factories, etc., was lost. Roads and bridges were damaged to the extent of $200,000.

At Lynde Brook, near Worcester, on March 30, 1876, thirty feet of the reservoir wall, which had been leaking, gave way and emptied into the valley. Only one life was lost, but property was damaged to the extent of nearly $1,000,000.

On March 27, 1877, the Staffordville reservoir on the east branch of the Willimantic river, gave way and a torrent of water rushed down the valley at the rate of five miles an hour, destroying mill dams and railroad bridges in its course. The people were warned by a man on horseback, who kept ahead of the flood, and all but two of the residents of the valley escaped. The loss of property on this occasion exceeded a million dollars.

By the bursting of the Huron mill dam, near Houghton, Mich., on January 2, 1884, six lives were lost; those of Chas. E. Raymond, bank teller, his son and servant, and Howard and Raymond, of the Allouez mine, wife and son. The money lost was not great.

A similar disaster near East Lee Mass., April 20, 1886, destroyed nine lives, and the damage to mill property, private dwellings and roads and bridges exceeded $150,000.

One reservoir calamity, that at Sheffield, Eng., has been made famous by Charles Reade in "Put Yourself in His Place." On March 11, 1864, the embankment of Bradfield reservoir gave way and flooded Sheffield and the country for twelve or fifteen miles around. About 280 lives were lost and property valued at $1,600,000 destroyed.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Do not expect too much from others, but forbear and forgive, as you desire forbearance and forgiveness yourself.

### Sugar Piled High for a Big Squeeze.

N. Y. Herald, 19th.

There is scarcely any room to doubt that the sugar trust is preparing to make a vigorous battle to sustain present prices, if not to force them still further up the scale.

Previous to the first advance in prices a year ago the storage of large quantities of refined sugar was a thing unheard of. The price of granulated sugar at the retail was then about six and a half cents per pound; now the same article sells at ten cents per pound.

The first large storage was made by De Castro & Donner, of No. 117 Wall street, and at the time attracted much attention in Brooklyn, where the sugar was deposited with the warehouse trust. When I called on the firm and asked the meaning of this new movement the manager blandly denied that the firm was storing sugar, and when informed that the barrels bore the brand of his firm innocently said he supposed some purchaser was storing the sugar. There was no prospect of any advance. Oh, dear, no; quite the reverse. In spite of these assurances a corner was made, and in a few days refined sugar stood at seven and a half cents, and kept on advancing until it reached ten, where it now stands.

For more that two months past the trust has been rushing the storage of sugar with the warehouse trust, and today there is scarcely a dry, clean, available warehouse on the Brooklyn water front that has not some refined sugar stored in it.

Like the shrewd man that he is, E. B. Bartlett, manager of the warehouse trust, took first innings by filling his own stores, then Watson's and Pierrepont's stores came in for their share, and I have every reason for believing that to-day there are at least two hundred thousand barrels of refined sugar in the warehouses between Fulton and Wall street ferries.

Nor is this all. About five weeks ago the empty warehouses around the Atlantic Basin came in for a share. Over forty thousand barrels were stored in Findlay's stores, north of the entrance to the bassin, and 5,000 barrels was stored in the Commercial Wharf of Laimbeer's stores. The latter were too damp and dirty for the purpose, and work there was discontinued. Since then work has been carried on at Findlay's. The north stores are practically filled and for the past week enormous quantities of sugar have been put into Findlay's stores, south of the entrance to the basin. Yesterday at times there were not less than eight or ten lighters discharging, some on the channel side and others on the basin side.

A man who has watched this storing carefully said to me last night that there were only one hundred thousand barrels of refined sugar in the basin then. The work was being rushed with the utmost vigor, as though the sugar trust was preparing for some emergency.

There is very little doubt but that the combine is preparing to squeeze the market by still further advancing the price of this necessary of life, and it would be useless to attempt to deny that a very bitter feeling is arising against the magnates of the sugar trust. This bitterness is more apparent in Brooklyn than in New York, because the operations of the trust are more exposed to the public view. Sensible, steady men have said to me that an attempt should be made to induce the public to do without sugar until the combination comes to its senses.

This storing of sugar will bring decided pleasure to one body at least—the warehouse trust. The storage fees will reach a very handsome sum, and by the way, the surplus could be profitably expended on the wharves of the Atlantic docks, some of which are scarcely safe to walk over, while on others weeds and grass flourish to a height of eighteen inches.

From all that now can be learned at least three hundred thousand barrels of sugar are now locked up, the value of which at present prices is something enormous, and it is likely to be still more unless the trust scheme is foiled by the wholesale and retail grocers and the public.

### Mr. W. R. Crawford, Jr., Elected Steward of the Asylum.

On yesterday there was a called meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors of the North Carolina Insane Asylum. The committee is composed of Hon. R. H. Smith, Dr. George A. Foote and Dr. E. Burke Haywood. Mr. Weldon T. Smith was elected Secretary of the Board of Directors. For the position of Steward there were twenty-four applicants including some of the best men in this county. Upon the nomination of Superintendent Grissom, Mr. W. R. Crawford, Jr., of this city was duly elected Steward. Dr. Grissom also yesterday appointed Mr. Louis Blount engineer to succeed Mr. West, that appointment coming within his authority. Mr. Crawford will find the position of Steward till December, when a permanent Steward will be elected.—*News-Observer.*

### Bill Arp.

SPEAKS TO THE EDITORS.

But facts are not compliments, and it is a fact that the press has made more advances within the past half century than any art or science or profession. It has done more for the world's progress in all humanity. It is no longer the fourth estate, but it is the first. It is now more potent for good than is the pulpit or the schools. For, without the press, the preachers and the teachers would be helpless. Not a book or a sermon could be printed; not a Bible or a tract for mission work; not a paper for the farm or the fireside. It is curious to think how the world got along without it in the ages past.

* * * * * *

In 1721 James Franklin was a printer and his brother Ben. was his devil. The boss of a newspaper was not then called an editor, he was simply a printer or publisher. The name editor came afterwards, and is derived from a Latin word 'edere,' to eat. To make a living by this calling was so precarious that the publisher was generally hungry and was glad to take subscriptions in something to eat. Some of our country editors are still driven to the the same necessity. Not long ago I saw in the Camilla Clarion a double-leaded hungry announcement that Brother Underwood would receive for subscriptions chickens, eggs, possums, ram, lamb, sheep or mutton, pig, pork or swine, and until further orders would take green corn, blackberries, lye soap, and inguns. Blessed with the maintenance of thirteen children it is no wonder that he rejoices in the privilege of meandering around with his brethren and once a year replenishing his corporosity.

* * * *

When there is one good weekly paper in a county town the people will get the editor's honest convinctions. When there are two there will be strife and insincerity. What one advocates the other will oppose or condemn. One hotel, one paper, and one school are enough if they are good and the community should sustain them with confidence and liberality. What a world of gratuitous comfort the weekly gives us. Just think of the homely fireside news that comes from every precinct the unpaid pens of Slim Jim, and Grinning Jake, and Susan, Jane Daisy. Think of the arrival of accomplished men and charming women that are recorded with compliments that gladden the hearts of those concerned, and didn't cost a cent. Think of the lovely bride and the manly groom and all their angelic attendants, and of the officiating clergyman who gets five dollars for tying the knot, but the poor editor got nothing but a chunk of cake. What is a marriage without publication and half a dozen papers to send to rejected sweethearts? Think of the long obituaries of departed friends that the editor has to publish free of charge and be thankful. Think of this and still be calm and serene if you can.

* * * *

But when a paper stoops to personal abuse from personal motives it is an outrage upon those who have no paper, and I have thought it would be a good law if when an editor lampooned a man he should be required to give the man an equal amount of space in his own columns to defend himself and reply to the charges. If the editor should call a man a thief or a scoundrel, the man should have space enough in his next issue to say, "You are a liar, you old flopeard hound; and I can prove that you stole an empty guano sack and used it for a table cloth, you dirty old flee-bitten dog."

The like of that would keep down a personal re-encounter. Just let two men have an equal chance to talk and they will not be inclined to fight. That is the reason why lawyers get along so harmoniously out of the Court House. They expand and exhaust all their wrath in the Court House while the judge and the sheriff are near enough to maintain the dignity and the majesty of the law and keep down a collision. The judge and the sheriff are like the paling fence that is between two dogs as they run up and down the line as though if the fence were not there they would eat each other up, tail and all.

Lieutenant Franklin A. Shaw was out walking at Greathead, Mass., with his little daughter Grace on Sunday afternoon. They were attended by a thoroughbred St. Bernard dog. While at the highest point of the cliff Grace went close to the edge, and the dog, seeing her danger, walked between the child and the precipice. The turf started and the dog lost his footing. Realizing his danger, he made a spring far out over the cliff. The child had tured to her farther and was really out of danger when the dog sprang up in front of her, but the noble brute had done his duty in guarding her. He sprang clear of the rocks and landed on his feet on the beach 120 feet below. It was a remarkable escape, for the dog is extremely large, weighing 165 pounds and such a leap, without breaking limbs, seems impossible. Beyond a few cuts on his feet the dog was apparently unhurt.

### Domestic Nursing.

SUGGESTIONS OF AN OLD AND EXPERIENCED NURSE.

A large, sunny room should be selected for the invalid; if without a carpet, so much the better. Sunshine as a disinfectant is worth bushels of chloride of lime.

The room should be kept thoroughly ventilated and at a temperature not lower than 68 or higher than 70 degrees. If the patient is kept warm, air may be freely admitted without the least danger.

A sheet folded once lengthwise, laid across the bed, with the upper edge just touching the pillows and the ends tightly tucked under the mattresses will be found to add greatly to the patient's comfort. It does not wrinkle like a single sheet, and crumbs may be reapily brushed off.

The bed linen should be changed at least once in three days, the blankets once a week, those that have been removed being hung in the open air for a few hours and then thoroughly aired in a warm room.

In bathing the invalid should never uncover too large a surface at once. Pin a blanket round the shoulders, fasten it behind, and remove the night dress under that. Put the hand under blanket and sponge the skin, a small portion at a time. A woman's hair should be combed every day if she is able to bear the fatigue. If it has become tangled a little sweet oil will loosen it.

The cross sheet should invariably be kept free from crumbs and wrinkles, as these are a frequent cause of bed sores. Wherever the least redness shows on the patient's body, the skin must be at once bathed with alcohol, thoroughly dried, and dusted with powdered oxide of zinc.

The carpet of a sick room should be lightly brushed once a day with a wetted broom. The furniture and woodwork should be wiped with a damp cloth. Dry dusters and feather brushes are worse than useless.

Meals for invalids should look as tempting as possible. The tray should be covered with the whitest napkin, and the silver, glass, and china should shine with cleanliness. The patient should not be disgusted by a display of too much food and should not be consulted beforehand as to what he will eat or drink.

The nurse's dress should invariably be neat, tasteful and pretty. Slippers or boots of felt should be worn. To be continually smoothing the bed, pestering the patient with sympathy, and saying a dozen times an hour, "how do you feel now?" is enough to drive a sick man wild.

Household troubles should be kept far from the sick room. Above all, an invalid or an apparent convalescent should be saved from his friends. One garrulous acquaintance may in half an hour undo the good work of a week of tender nursing. In long illnesses a small table will be found indispensable. Every cup, glass, spoon, and utensil used should be taken out of the room and washed as speedily as possible. As to walking on tiptoe and whispering, nothing can disturb a nervous person more.—*Home Topics.*

### For Women.

Beware of the first disagreement.

Beware of meddlers and tale bearers.

Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.

Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.

Learn to govern yourselves and be gentle and patient.

Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

Learn to say kind and gentle things whenever opportunity offers.

Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts.

Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

Never retort a snap or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

Do not neglect little courtesies, if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.

Study the characters of each and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.


Clarke's Extract of Flax Cough Cure.

It is a sure cure for Whooping Cough. It stops the whoop, and permits the child to catch its breath. It is entirely harmless. Good for any cough of childhood or old age. It heals the bronchi and lungs, and stops the cough. For Winter or Bronchial Cough this syrup is the best ever discovered. Only one size, large bottle. Price $1.00, at Jno. H. Enniss' drug store.

Clarke's Flax Soap makes the Skin smooth, soft and white. Price 25 cents.