

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XX.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1889.

NO. 44.

CRANGE & CLEMENT,
Attorneys at Law
SALISBURY, N. C.

DR. J. C. McCOUBBINS,
Surgeon-Dentist
SALISBURY, N. C.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA,
CAMP HILL, N. C.

P. H. THOMPSON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS.

Sash, Doors, Blinds, STAIR WORK
Scroll Sawing, Wood Turning,
BRACKETS, & C.

Steam Engines and Boilers, Steam and
Water Pipe,
Steam Pumps, Shoring, Pulley Hangers.

Notice to Creditors.
Having qualified as administrator on the estate of Joseph Weaver, deceased, all persons having claims against the estate of said Joseph Weaver are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of September, 1889, on or before that day of September, 1889, on or before that day of September, 1889, on or before that day of September, 1889.



WEDSWORTH'S PATENT
WEDSWORTH'S PATENT
WEDSWORTH'S PATENT
WEDSWORTH'S PATENT

D. A. ATWELL'S
HARDWARE STORE,
Wholesale and Retail in his line, may always be found.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE,
GREENSBORO, N. C.
THE SIXTY-NINTH SESSION OF
this well equipped and prosperous
Institution will begin on the
20th DAY OF AUGUST, 1889.

HOME COMPANY,
SEEKING HOME PATRONAGE
A STRONG COMPANY,
Prompt, Reliable, Liberal!

J. RHODES IRONZ, President
W. C. COAK, Secretary.
Total Assets \$750,000.
J. ALLEN FROWN, Agent, Salisbury, N. C.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the adulterated low test, when weight, amount of ingredients, and quality are considered. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WALL ST., N. Y.

B. B. B.

Almost everybody wants a "Spring Tonic." Here is a simple, safe, and effective one. It will knock your malaria out and restore your appetite.

Spinalgia 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 gave me any good is B. B. B. It is undoubtedly the best blood medicine made, and for this malarial condition 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.

Cures Eczema Satisfaction.

CHICAGO, 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 eczema 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 few weeks, and it gives good satisfaction. It does not irritate the skin, and is a good remedy for eczema. W. H. BRADDOCK.

It Removed the Pimples.

ROCKY 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 beautify and improve her complexion; but these local applications were only temporary and left her skin in a worse condition than when she first began. I recommended an internal preparation—now 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 complexion much improved. She expresses herself much gratified, and can recommend it to all who are thus afflicted. Mrs. S. M. WILSON.

A BOOK OF WONDERS, FREE.

All who desire full information about the cause of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, and Serpentine Swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Eczema, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail, free, a copy of our "Book of Wonders and Cures," which contains the most wonderful and startling proof ever given of the efficacy of our medicine. Write for it to-day. Address: W. H. BRADDOCK, 432 1/2 N. 3rd St., Atlanta, Ga.

NORTH CAROLINA IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF ROWAN COUNTY.

Reuben J. Holmes, John S. Henderson and Eliza A. Holmes, Plaintiffs, vs. Agastis.

Holmes v. Reid, Nancy J. Thayer and her husband J. H. Thayer, W. A. Reid, L. F. Reid, Minnie Harris, R. Jones Reid, Jesse Skeen, Praisilla S. Floyd, Jesse C. Smith, Elizabeth P. Pearce and her husband John Pearce, Nannie C. Sexton and her husband John T. Sexton, Mary M. Skeen, John C. Skeen, Charity L. Skeen, Mary Beem and her husband Moses L. Beem, Defendants.

Special Proceeding to sell land for Partition.

To Holmes W. Reid, non-resident:
You are hereby required to appear before me at my office, in the town of Salisbury, on Friday, the 20th day of September, 1889, and answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiffs.

JOHN M. HORAIL,
Clerk Superior Court of Rowan Co.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE,

GREENSBORO, N. C.
THE SIXTY-NINTH SESSION OF
this well equipped and prosperous
Institution will begin on the
20th DAY OF AUGUST, 1889.

Agents in all cities and towns in the South.

The Bean Baker of Boston.

HOW HE MADE HIS WEALTH, AND ONE WAY IN WHICH HE SPENDS IT.

"A rich bean baker!" Who would imagine that a man could grow wealthy preparing beans for lunch? Yet I found one the other day in my rambles through old Boston, and the story of his industry is a most interesting one. I was directed to his place by a singular incident. I was sitting in a restaurant on Milk street, near the postoffice which receives and distributes the mail for the citizens of the "Hub." A wagon drove up, an elderly man walked in with a brown parcel under his arm, deposited it on the counter, received 20 cents from the barkeeper, took an empty vessel in his hand and departed. I noticed that the man drove a double team to rather a swell wagon, but couldn't divine his place in life.

"Will you have a bean?" asked Col. Wm. Pitcher, the proprietor and the man's next man in Boston. "These are the finest beans in this town, where it is said that every man, woman and child knows how to bake beans and eat them with a relish."

I took a small dish of Boston's well-known household economy and agreed with my host as to their quality. "But where do you get such beans put up and delivered in such style?" "Why, from my beanbaker, of course. Didn't you notice him just come in and leave this pot for today's lunch?"

I acknowledged the gift of sight and my curiosity. "Why, that man is rich," he ran on. "He has made a fortune baking beans and delivering them to restaurants and eating houses. All of our people bake their own beans for family use, but no bar or restaurant is complete without a pot of baked beans for its noon lunch. Naturally, they cannot bake themselves, and this man, taking advantage of this fact and of the bean-eating tendencies of the inhabitants, went into the business and has grown rich. It is a queer industry, and few people would even imagine that money could be made out of it. He has the only factory of importance in Boston that manufactures baked beans for daily delivery."

"Where is his place?" I asked. "Here is his card," said Col. Pitcher, as he handed me a piece of pasteboard with the following printing on it:

L. G. PARMELEE,
Bean Baker,
No. 15 Chester Park,
Boston.

Chester Park is a very pleasant part of the "Hub." It is a wide street in the West End, lined with handsome dwellings, and with the last place one would expect to find an establishment of the character indicated by the gentleman's card.

An hour after my lunch off the product of Mr. Parmelee's oven I was moving toward Chester Park to look into the mysteries of the singular business. Twenty minutes ride to the right me to the proper street, and a half a dozen doors from the corner I found No. 15. It was a handsome brick house, with side yard, flowers and shrubbery, looking more like the residence of a savings bank president or a well-to-do merchant than the home of a bean baker. The name was on the door on a large silver plate, but no where could I see the bakery.

After looking the place over I retraced my steps to an alleyway and looking down it discovered a small, one-story frame building which bore on the end of its gable roof the following sign:

"Bean Bakery."

I sought the door which was opened by a horny-handed son of toil, to whom I explained my errand. He invited me into the old structure, filled with the evidences of the singular business carried on within its walls. The whole building was not more than thirty feet long by twenty feet wide. The front part facing on the alley is used for the wagons and horses, while the rear end is devoted to the process of sorting and baking the beans. On one side of the rear apartment is a long oak bench, over which one small window furnished all the light I could discover in the place. On this bench the beans are sorted, then dumped into a great kettle at the end and boiled carefully for about an hour. The first process is carefully watched that the beans may come to the oven only half done. The fire is built in a brick vault at the side rather than underneath the oven, for the hope of beans cooked in this way is that they shall bake very slowly. The boiling is the delicate touch, for they must not get too well done, as the oven is expected to do the bulk of the cooking.

"We fill the oven at 2 o'clock in the day and take them out at 4 in the morning. We intend to bake them 14 hours," said he.

"You bake 400 pots a day?" I suggested. "That is our average. Some days it is a few more and some days a few less."

So I mused by way of ascertaining how a man could grow rich at this singular business. The yield of the oven being 400 pots every twenty-four hours, and the price 20 cents each, there would be an income of \$80 a day, half of which would be clear profit. Well, there is no telling upon what a man may grow a fat pocket book by industry and economy, I thought.

"To whom do you serve them?" I asked after a moment of reverie. "Almost entirely to restaurants and eating houses. We have no trade to speak of among private families. They all bake for themselves."

"Have you no competition?" "None to speak of. There is another small establishment down town, which started a year or so ago, but its business is yet small."

"Where is Mr. Parmelee, the proprietor of the bakery?" "You will find him in the house," was the reply.

Thanking him for his courtesy I walked around the corner and rang the bell of the residence. A well-dressed servant girl answered the summons, and to my inquiry for the master of the house she invited me in. She led the way to the parlor, which was furnished well and in good taste. I took a seat and looked around while the servant went for the master. Here was everything necessary for comfort and considerable for luxury. But the one thing which attracted my attention was a large safe sitting near the window, made and painted to resemble as much as possible a cabinet.

While I was in the midst of a reflection upon the curious incidents of my trip to the bakery so far, a pleasant-faced, elderly man entered and took me cordially by the hand. His face and his manners told me that he was a typical Yankee. I explained that I had been looking into the interesting features of his business, and he seemed rather pleased that any one should have taken so much interest in his strange calling.

"Yes," said he, "I've been baking beans here for more than forty years. I was born up in Vermont, came down here and worked in a bakery for a while and then went West. I got tired out there, came back here and took the business, which then amounted to very little. We baked about 40 pots of beans three times a week then. Now it keeps us busy to supply our customers with 400. My son, who usually tends to the business, is away, and I went out with the delivery wagon myself this morning."

I had recognized ere this the features and figure of the man I had seen early in the day deliver his pot of beans and receive his 20 cents therefor. "Was your business of rapid growth?" "No sir. It was very gradual, but very substantial, and we know what we are doing every day. Consequently, we never have any surplus stock on hand."

"Do you have any call for your beans out of town?" "Some little; but that feature of our business has never been worked up, and is yet to be developed. Our business now is confined almost entirely to Boston."

"How in my barrels of beans do you use in a year?" "About fifteen hundred, as near as I can calculate it, and I am quite well satisfied with that amount of trade, although the demands upon me are increasing every day."

I arose and was about to depart, when Mr. Parmelee noticed I had been looking at the cabinet in the corner of the room. "Are you fond of rare coins?" said he.

"Very," I replied, "if I can get my hands on them."

"I have what experts say is the finest collection of American coins in existence, and would be glad to show them to you," he said.

I readily assented, and he took two curious looking keys from his pocket, walked over and unlocked the mysterious safe. Lo! upon the inside I discovered a hundred or more little trays all filled with rare old coins. He took them out one by one, and here, on soft velvet cushions like the jewelers use for their rich gems, lay copper pennies and silver and gold coins, most of which are worth many times their face value. The owner would take the most valuable of these treasures up carefully in his fingers and explain their history in the most interesting way. Try after try was taken out and the mysteries of the various coins explained. What he told me of their value and history would make a good-sized volume, and I grew so interested that two hours slipped by ere I knew that I had been inside the house thirty minutes. Picking up one curious looking penny in his hand, he said:

"There are only a half dozen of these in existence, and this one cost me \$300, and here is another worth more than \$200."

"There are only four of these in existence," said he, "and they are worth \$1,200 each. There are numerous coins in the collection that are worth several hundred dollars each, but it would take you a long time to go through all the trays in this safe."

By this time I was becoming bewildered with the singular feature of the occasion. Here was a man who, while making a fortune baking beans, had spent his leisure hours for forty years gathering American coins. He has no other in his collection, believing that by devoting himself to this one object he could gather the most valuable exhibit in the country. Being somewhat stunned by this array of gold, silver and copper, I inquired what it was worth.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars, I suppose," said the owner, nonchalantly, as though that amount of money was simply an incident of life that one might spend upon any sort of a penchant. "I am getting on in years, and may part with it soon," continued the old gentleman, half sorrowfully, as though about to sell his life's treasure. "My folks do not care much for such things," he added, "but I have had a great deal of comfort and satisfaction in gathering these relics of our financial growth."

I shook the hand of the baked beans numismatist and departed with the sociology that Boston could furnish more interesting and singular elements of business and social life than any city in the world I had ever known. If this story is not an illustration of that fact, where a gentleman is found who has made a fortune baking beans and carries \$75,000 worth of coins for a plaything, I do not know what evidence is.

FRANK E. BRAN.

Murder Wid Out.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald says: "The disposition of the North Carolina Republicans with the way patronage has been handled is leading to some interesting disclosures regarding the campaign there last autumn. Senator Quay claims that he put into the hands of his private secretary, Mr. Frank Leach, \$30,000 to save the North State for Harrison and Morton. His secretary says he gave \$5,000 to Mr. Estes for use in the district of Chatham, the negro \$5,000 to Judge Settle's son, to elect Mr. Brower, and \$5,000 for use in Congressman Ewart's district. The other \$15,000 was used in other districts of the State, according to the claim of Senator Quay and his secretary. The curious thing about the matter is that nobody can discover how the \$5,000 in each of the Republican districts was expended, if it was expended at all. The Quay faction have been intimating pretty boldly that Estes put the money in his own pocket, and as Estes was a division superintendent in the railway mail service they induced their good friend, Postmaster-General Wanamaker, to turn him in. Estes is a fair sample of the men hurried into the railway mail service before the civil service rules took effect to improve, according to the Republican journals, its efficiency and tone. He was one of the managers for General Alger at Chicago, and there was some irritation among the Southern politicians over a story that got about that he charged the Alger campaign fund \$500 a head for delegates and only paid the delegates \$300. It was no doubt considered a legitimate business transaction, but carping critics charged that the commission taken out was too high. Mr. Estes is now without a job because he had the temerity to deny that he ever received from the postmaster general's friends any of the money that was charged to him.

But the same accusations come from the districts of Messrs. Brower and Ewart. Mr. Settle admits that he received \$2,000 and that seems to be properly accounted for, but the other \$2,000 seems to have vanished. Congressman Ewart denies flatly that \$5,000, or half that sum, was ever received in his district. He says that \$1,200 was collected by Col. Patterson and was wisely spent, but that was all. The matter narrowed down to a question of veracity between Quay and Leach on the one side and three Congressmen, or their representatives, on the other. The money was raised and whether pocketed by go-betweens or spent in corrupting the colored voters is not very material. The story simply adds to the material for the history of the way in which the present administration was foisted upon the country against a majority of five hundred thousand of the white voters.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Consumption and Eczema of the Face, Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cents, and \$1.00 per bottle at T. F. Knut & Co.

What decorations are not proud of that of them are struck up.

In Memory of Maury.

Washington Post.

A correspondent has called our attention to two letters that have been published—one in the New York Tribune, from Julius A. Palmer, Jr., of Boston; and the other in the New York Evening Post, from L. M. Blackford, of Alexandria, Va.—both suggesting the erection, by the national government, of a monument to Lieut. Matthew Fontaine Maury, formerly of the United States Navy, formerly of the United States Army, and formerly of the United States Navy. The ground upon which this action is urged is the immense value of the services which the eminent astronomer, meteorologist and hydrographer rendered to his country and the entire commercial world.

Lieutenant Maury was, without doubt, the greatest of American marine scientists. To intimate the vast importance of his life-work, it is necessary to understand that prior to his time such knowledge as navigators had regarding ocean currents, the great wind currents, and kindred matters was incomplete and fragmentary and the record of it confused, crude, and ill-digested. It was Maury's mission to change all that; and the publication of his "Physical Geography of the Sea," and his works on the Gulf Stream, ocean currents and great circle sailing, as well as the completion of his sailing charts, effected an advance in theoretical and practical navigation so great as to be all but revolutionary. In the words of Mr. Palmer: "His demonstration of the use to be made of the natural phenomena of the ocean, such as the trade winds, the calm belts, the westerly variables, the Gulf Stream, and other currents was entirely original and of inestimable assistance to the safe and swift navigation of the ocean."

Probably no other American scientist has received such ample acknowledgment of the value of his discoveries to the world as did Lieutenant Maury. He received gold medals from England, France, Austria, Prussia, Norway and Sweden, Belgium, Holland and Sardinia, as well as decorations from Denmark, Portugal and the Czar of Russia. From Pope Pius IX he received a complete set of all the medals struck during his pontificate. Membership in over twenty foreign scientific societies was conferred upon him, and in addition to other distinctions, the French Emperor bestowed upon him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor and the King of Belgium the Decoration of St. Joseph. All of these testimonies—excepting the last two, which were returned—are in possession of his relative, and it is suggested that they should be purchased by Congress and placed in the National Museum.

Wholesale Desertion.

In the United States Army there are about 23,000 enlisted men, but since 1873 there have been over 40,000 desertions. In point of numbers the entire army deserts in about eight years. This startling fact makes it self-evident that there is something radically wrong with the service. As to what it is there is not much room for doubt.

To illustrate, a Captain of cavalry recently wrote to a Western paper advocating the branding of all army men with a hot iron so as to make less difficult to arrest the delinquents. The man advocating this barbarous practice commands a post. What kind of treatment would the soldiers get who are at the mercy of this brute? And he is a fair specimen of a good many of the commanding officers. Let any person go to West Point and take observations on the graduating class there and tell how many of them are fit to be entrusted with the control of enlisted men. But these young Lieutenants are put in positions which enable them to run the army as they please.

Drunkenness among army officers on frontier posts is a common thing, as records of the service show. Privates are apt to have a hard time under such men, and it is at these posts that desertions are so common. Privates are obliged to polish shoes, do chores about officers' houses, wait on their families and do all kinds of disgraceful work. That is where the trouble arises. An army board recognized this fact some years ago and recommended that privates be paid extra for work done outside of their regular duties. To some extent this recommendation was carried out, and just to that extent was desertion lessened.

There is need of further reform in that direction and also greater need of reforming the officers. They should be taught to understand that they are mortals and not a privileged class with whom privates are not worthy to speak.—N. Y. News.

Good Advice, Showing Result.

Edward Silver, Chicago, gives testimony: "My wife had Catarrh twenty-five years, suffered severely for six years before she began to use your remedy. She was in a most critical condition. Tried everywhere without relief, when Dr. Street advised her to buy Clarke's Extract of 'FAX (Papillon) Catarrh Cure. Relief followed immediately. She continued to use it until now she is entirely cured. Her health has not been so good in many years." Price \$1.00. Wash the baby with Clarke's Flux Soap, 25 cents. J. H. Entiss, Drugist, low has the Flux remedies on hand.

Miscellaneous.

A change is coming over the face of California. Where the old mines used to be now forests are springing up. The birds and wind are doing the planting.

—A married lady—"It must be a great thing when husband and wife are of one mind." Married lady—"That depends on whose mind it is."—Tzetzis Siftings.

—At a Buffalo "half off" sale it was proved that customers worth sixty-nine cents per yard was sold for ninety-three cents by placing it on the "bar-gain" counter. Things are not always what they seem.

—High water and consequent floods are often a boon to Southern towns. The Augusta Chronicle of Georgia says that the years after the freshets have always been the most healthy, and that that city is to-day one of the cleanest in the world.

—In Delaware a little theft is severely punished. A man who stole a door mat was sentenced to pay for the mat, to receive ten lashes at the public whipping post and then was sent to jail for thirty days.

—A bill came into the hands of a banker with these words written in a bold, legible hand on its face: "This is the last of \$109,000." The sentence epitomizes the story of a spendthrift, a speculator or a debauchee.

—The most original suicide comes from Yadkin County, N. C., where one Rufe Revis broke into his neighbor's still room and putting one end of a syphon in a barrel of whisky and the other in his mouth, got so entirely full that he had not space for breath.

—"What sort of labor is best paid in this country?" asked a visiting Englishman of an American. "Field labor," was the prompt reply. "You surprise me!"—"It's a fact. You ought to see the salaries paid to our base-ball players."—Hingham Chronicle.

—Scientists rank the habits of bees the most reliable of all weather prognostications. They become restless and irritable before a storm, and in eight or nine instances within three years their indications have proven correct when the barometer has failed.

—"Yes, boys," said old Belton proudly beating his breast, "I've been a soldier in my time, and if I do say it myself, like the warhorse of Scripture, I could over-see the battle from afar."—"I's posse," continued young Paperwate, "that on many occasions that saved your life."—L. F. B. Ind., who died suddenly the other day, had a most curious mania for wearing women's shoes. A few years ago he was arrested, and forty or fifty pairs of shoes and slippers were recovered. After his death over sixty pairs of women's shoes were found in the hut where he lived alone.

—A Michigan farmer, after losing three shoats, moored a large boar to the hog-pen to graze with the boar that was feeding on his stock. The boar possessed long tusks, and pounced upon brain the moment he appeared. The bear attempted to hug his enemy, but the porker was too cute, and after a hard fight, ripped the intruder open with his tusks. The farmer then came up with a lantern and brained the desperado with an axe.

—The following paragraph appeared the other day in the Shary County (Ark.) Record: "We want within the next sixty days, delivered at our sanctum, east end of Main street, or at our wife's residence, south side of town, within legal hours, \$1,000 gold and lawful money of United States, eighty-one gallons of first-class sorghum, 100 bushels of prime wheat, twenty barrels of corn in sheaf (no stalks needed), 1,500 new subscribers, orders for fifty more new business cards and advertisements for our columns which would show that business men appreciate the home paper."

UNKNOWN SENSATIONS.

Sir John Lubbock on the Problematical Organs of Sense.

Sound is the sensation produced on us when the vibrations of the air strike on the drum of our ear. When they are few, the sound is soft; as they increase in number, it becomes shriller and shriller; but when they reach forty thousand in a second they cease to be audible. Light is the effect produced on us when waves of light strike on the eye. When four hundred vibrations of millions of vibrations of either strike the retina in a second, they produce red, and as this number increases the color passes into orange, then yellow, green, blue and violet. But between forty thousand vibrations in a second and four hundred millions of millions we have no organ of sense capable of receiving the impression. Yet between these limits any number of sensations may exist. We have five senses, and sometimes fancy that no others are possible. But it is obvious that we can not measure the infinite by our own narrow limitations.

Moreover, looking at the question from the other side, we find in animals complex organs of sense, richly supplied with nerves, but the function of which we are as yet powerless to explain. There may be fifty other senses as different from ours as sound is from sight, and even within the boundaries of our own senses there may be endless sounds which we can not hear, and colors as different as red from green, of which we have no conception. These and a thousand other questions remain for solution. The familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals. To them it may be full of music which we can not hear, of color which we can not see, of sensations which we can not conceive.

Sir John Lubbock, in *Elements of Geology*.