

# The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XXI, NO. 20—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1890.

J. J. BRUNER, EDITOR AND PROP.  
T. K. BRUNER, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

## GENERAL DIRECTORY

### COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

Clerk Superior Court, J. M. Horah.  
Sheriff, C. C. Kridler.  
Register of Deeds, H. N. Woodson.  
Treasurer, J. Sam'l McCubbins.  
Surveyor, B. C. Arcey.  
Coroner, D. A. Atwell.  
Commissioners, T. J. Sumner chairman,  
W. L. Klutz, C. F. Baker, Dr. L. W. Coleman.

### TOWN.

Mayor, Chas. D. Crawford.  
Clerk, D. R. Julian.  
Treasurer, H. H. Faust.  
Police, R. W. Price, chief, J. F. Pace, C. W. Pool, H. M. Bunting, Benj. Canble, Commissioners—North ward, J. A. Rendleman, D. M. Miller; South ward, D. R. Julian, J. A. Barrett; East ward, J. B. Gordon, T. A. Couchenour; West ward, R. J. Holmes, J. W. Rumpke.

### CHURCHES.

Methodist—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 6 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 6 p. m. Rev. T. W. Guthrie, pastor.  
Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. J. W. Mauney, sup't.  
Presbyterian—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 8:30 p. m. Rev. J. Rumpke, D. D., pastor.  
Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 4 p. m. J. Rumpke, sup't.  
Lutheran—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7 p. m. Rev. Chas. B. King, pastor.  
Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 3 p. m. R. G. Kiser, sup't.  
Episcopal—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. and Wednesday at 6:30 p. m. Rev. F. J. Murdoch, pastor.  
Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 4 p. m. Capt. Theo. Parker, sup't.  
Baptist—Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Rev. J. W. Rumpke, pastor.  
Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Theo. L. Swink, sup't.  
Catholic—Services every second Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. Francis Meyer, pastor.  
Sunday school every Sunday at 10 a. m.  
Y. M. C. A.—Devotional services at Hall every Sunday at 10 a. m. Business meeting first Thursday night in every month. H. H. Faust, pres't.

### LODGES.

Fallon Lodge No. 99 A. F. & A. M., meets every first and third Friday night in each month. E. B. Neave, W. M.  
Salisbury Lodge, No. 24, K. of P., meets every Tuesday night. A. H. Boyden, C. C.  
Salisbury Lodge, No. 775, K. of H., meets every 1st and 31st Monday night in each month. Dictator.  
Salisbury Council, No. 272, Royal Arcanum, meets every 21st and 4th Monday night in each month. J. A. Ramsay, Regent.

### POST OFFICE.

Office hours from 7:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. Money order hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sunday hours from 11:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. J. H. Ramsay, P. M.

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W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKLINE, MASS. Sold by M. S. BROWN.

## The Danger to the Republic.

[To the Editor.]  
Sir: The great and imminent danger to our institutions and even the country consists in the blind bigotry and unquestionable faith in their leaders shown by the great mass of the Republican party. In other words, "ignorance led to rascality." This was exhibited fairly in the theft of the Presidency in 1877.

At that time the Mortons and Chandlers had thoroughly instilled into the minds of their followers the belief that the worst evil that could befall the country would be a Democratic administration. Dark hints of a military dictator and even suggestions of a monarchy were thinly veiled under a demand for a "strong" man at the head of affairs. Such was, and still is, the complete subservience of the great mass of that party to its leaders that the party was ready to give up all that had been gained in a hundred years for a temporary party advantage.

And this has been the history of the Republican party ever since it fell into the hands of the thieves and scoundrels from whom the present administration inherited it. Does the proposition require proof? Why was Kansas and Nevada admitted without the requisite population? Why was Virginia robbed and divided if not to strengthen the party in the Senate? And in Johnson's administration those of us who can remember can tell how laws were enacted, law repealed, offices abolished that could not be controlled, new offices created, anything, everything for party advantage. A list of numbers arbitrarily unseated in Congress from 1859 to 1870 would make an interesting page of history.

Such is the blind bigotry and fierce fanaticism of the Pharisaic followers of the bloody banner that they not only tolerate, but applaud every violent and lawless scheme of their leaders that has in it a hope or pretence of gaining a partisan advantage. Giving suffrage to the wild plantation negroes was a case in point. This was done not for any love for the negro or to promote his welfare, but because it was offensive to the people of the South. In the same spirit that the Cromwellian puritans abolished her lights, not because it gave pain to the bear but because it gave pleasure to the audience. The fanaticism stops at nothing; it follows and sustains the leaders and beneficiaries of their thefts in every inconsistency, even going so far as wherein the theft of the Presidency it became necessary to hold in the Louisiana case that the State was sovereign and its canvassing board decision was final, and immediately afterward in the Oregon case claiming as vociferously that to go behind the returns, was not only legal but eminently proper and right.

With a judiciary steeped in party spirit and always to be depended on to record its decisions as the party leaders may dictate, when those leaders are such men as Quay, Dudley, Clarkson and Reed there is no hope to look forward to in that direction. With the Senate filled with millionaires, made so by their own legislation and continually reinforced by the admission of new States, carefully excluding such new ones as would send Democratic Senators, what can we look for there?

With the Executive chair occupied by a weak, petulant, vindictive and bigoted Pecksniff, who regards neither the promises of his party nor his own many times repeated anti-election pledges, and finally with a small bore tyrant and despot in the speaker's chair, backed by an unscrupulous majority, who in defiance of all precedent, interpret the rules of parliamentary usage in an entirely novel way simply because that way happens to be in their favor and will permit them to give them a good working majority. The danger is not so much in the temporary advantage they may gain, for this can be remedied, as in the fact that these actions are not simply the actions of a few men in the Congress or on the bench, but are endorsed and applauded by the entire strength of the party behind them. Because Ingalls, judge-advocate of Kansas militia, in his hatred of the South is anxious to ruin that fair country he receives the hearty endorsement and plaudits of his constituents because they desire nothing else so much as the discomfiture of the Democratic party whenever and wherever possible. They hate and abhor the South, not because they are southern but because they are Democrats. This is shown by their love for Mosby, Longstreet, Maloune, Chalmers and others.

To go back to the beginning the danger to the country lies in the fact that the men who furnish the brains for the party are upheld in violation of law, Constitution, justice, right, precedent and common honesty, whenever a temporary party advantage can be gained. Another instance is found in the case of the Vermont postmaster, who was an elector for Hayes in direct violation of a Constitutional provision. Did that prevent his voting? Certainly not. He resigned a few days before casting his vote; after that he was re-appointed and Hayes made President and the Republic of the fathers was known no more.

## Vance and Woman's Rights.

For many years Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Elizabeth Stanton, Miss Belva Lockwood, and other members of the woman's right brigade, have assembled annually at the capital endeavoring to secure legislation in behalf of their cause. Heretofore they have received little or no notice from the busy Senators and Representatives in Congress. Several times they have been allowed a special committee to consider the great question of women's suffrage, before which they could appear and present their claims. Even then they had no fixed place of meeting, all the committee rooms at the capital being occupied for other purposes.

But this year of our Christian era, 1890, the woman suffragists have made a great strike, for they have not only secured a Senate committee to consider their interests, but have also secured one of the rooms at the capitol for their exclusive use. The room is way down in the basement of the capitol. It is of good size and handsomely furnished. It has an open grate and is supplied with electric lights. The walls are adorned with portraits of Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony and the library is full of histories of the suffrage question and biographies of leading female suffragists. Over the door of this room in big shining letters, is "Woman's Suffrage." The women are delighted with their cosy new quarters.

And who do you suppose is chairman of this suffrage committee which holds its meetings in the basement of the capitol? It is our Z. B. Vance of North Carolina, and perhaps the thanks are due to him for securing the women this cosy apartment. Last week Senator Vance went down in the basement and held a meeting of the women's right crowd. Old Grandmama Blair, of New Hampshire, was present, and the room was filled with a choice selection of ladies, including Mrs. Belva Lockwood, ex-candidate for President of the United States, and many other distinguished personages of the petticoat party. By the way, it is said that Miss Lockwood wears pants when on the streets of Washington.

After Mrs. Eliza Stanton had made a long argument on the subj of woman's rights, Senator Vance said: "Mrs. Stanton, do you not think if women vote it will well—that it will—take away something of the refinement they—er—now possess?" This question was unfortunate, Mrs. Stanton flushed up with indignation, pulled off her gloves and grabbed her umbrella as if she intended to knock the chairman into the middle of next week. While her companions looked daggers at the Senator and clutched their fingers as if itching to pull his hair. The chairman looked half sorry the moment he asked the question. What better answer could the Senator have had than the beautiful faces before him?

A moment or two of silence followed the question, and then Mrs. Stanton said: "No, Mr. Chairman, I do not." Taking up one of the big books, she opened it, and handing it to him, added: "That is the portrait of a leading suffragist. Do you see any lack of refinement in that face?" All through the book were portraits of suffragists. This happened to be one of the first, Lucretia Mott, whose serene face was strikingly beautiful in refinement and nobility of expression. "Yes, you are right, Mr. Stanton," replied the Chairman, thoughtfully. Then turning to the members of the committee, he said "in a tone of mock appeal: 'Gentlemen, why don't you help me out? Why don't you say something?'"

Senator Vance hesitated, then answered with a solemnity altogether ludicrous: "Mrs. Stanton—I—fear—she is indeed—on—your side." Everybody laughed, and there were some little feminine hand clappings. "From some things I've heard her say, one in particular, that she sees no reason why women should not vote, I fear Mrs. Vance has a strong leaning toward woman's suffrage," concluded the Chairman.

"Then are we especially fortunate in having Senator Vance for Chairman of this committee," said Miss Anthony, with her usual directness of speech. "And, Mr. Chairman, we hope you will introduce a resolution to print just as many copies of Mrs. Stanton's argument at Government expense as your conscience will permit." We imagine that the presence of these pretty women about the capitol would tend to break the monotony of legislation. Instead of loafing about the cloak-room or bar-room in a set of stupid men absorbed in the heavy subject of tariff, negro emigration, etc., how much more interesting it would be to promenade around with a lady, or retire into the cosy room in the basement and turn over the pages of the album containing pictures of the suffragists, or sit on the sofa with seventy damsels whose ages range from seventy

## The Natural Bridge of Arizona.

Natural Bridge, on Pine Creek, in the Northern part of Gila county, is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the United States, equalling if not surpassing the Natural Bridge of Virginia, says the Boston Transcript. It spans the creek at a height of about 200 feet, and the walls of the canon rise above it on either side 700 or 800 feet, and on one side form a perpendicular precipice. The bridge is of lime formation, and the inside of the great arch, which is some 250 feet across, is worn by the water as smooth as though chiseled by the skillful hand of a stonemason. The arch on the top is nearly, if not quite, 400 feet in width, 1,000 feet in length across the canon, and at the thinnest part only six feet through. About the center of the arch is a hole large enough to admit the body of a man, and through which one can look down into the crystal pool of water 200 feet below.

The dike which forms the bridge extends in a sweeping curve up the right side of the stream, and, together with the bridge proper, affords a surface area of about a hundred acres of fertile land, which David Gowan has converted into a fine farm. A spring issues from the right side of the canon at a height to admit of water being easily conducted to any portion of the farm, and the volume is great enough to fill a ditch four feet wide and two feet deep, and to irrigate much more land than is available for cultivation. The climate at the bridge is exceedingly equable, being warmer in summer and much milder in winter than that of the surrounding country, and to this fact is ascribed the wonderful variety of vegetable growth, numbering some two hundred and fifty species of trees, shrubs, vines and plants. The vicinity abounds in numerous fossils and shells, and wherever moisture percolates through the calcareous rock beautiful stalactites are formed. Underneath the bridge are numerous caves, some of which have never been explored, and which are lined with these opaque cones resembling huge icicles.

He Could Keep a Secret. An old soldier at the Capitol yesterday told this story of Stonewall Jackson, says the Atlanta Constitution: It was during his valley campaign, and a battle was expected within a day or two, though Jackson's plans were so carefully guarded that not even his adjutant could guess them intelligently. This self-reliance was characteristic of Jackson and his aversion to telling his plans was well known among his officers and men. In fact it was his policy to surprise his own men no less than to surprise the enemy. General Jackson was one of a group of officers, and another of the group was a Georgia Colonel who is still living. Conversation was dragging. Jackson was thoughtful and had little to say, and the effect was dampening. Finally, just to revive the conversation, the Georgia Colonel asked abruptly: "General, will we have a fight tomorrow?"

Everybody knew in an instant the blunder was irreparable, and nobody realized this more than the Colonel. Jackson turned quickly and stared full in the speaker's face. Then he slowly surveyed the Colonel from head to foot and back again. The silence was painful. "Colonel," said the General slowly, but not in an unkind tone, "can you keep a secret?" "Yes, General," was the warm, if embarrassed assurance, "I know I can, General. Yes, sir—"

"Are you quite certain, Colonel?" "I am quite certain, General." "Well, Colonel," in the same quiet, even tone, "so can, I sir." The Colonel's face flushed crimson and there was a deathly silence for an half minute or more. "Now, Colonel," said Jackson, with some feeling, "that rudeness of mine hurt me as much as it did you, but I trust that it has taught you a valuable lesson. If we do have a fight tomorrow, Colonel, your regiment shall have a chance.

You all speak lightly of the man who rides a free horse to death, but you all have the habit. Every one of you imposes on good nature daily. It is so easy to be blind to your own faults while criticizing the faults of others.—*Atchison Globe.*

A further step toward the artificial production of the diamond has been made by passing an electric current through carbon electrodes in a cell containing fine white sand and electrodes, the whole being under considerable pressure.

## About Husbands.

There is one thing that a young woman who has but recently gone and got herself married should be advised against: that is, any sentimental effusiveness upon conjugal happiness in the presence of women who have been wed some time, says a writer in the Atlanta Constitution. No matter how happily mated these dames may be they feel in duty bound to snub any expression of faith and contentment on the part of a bride of a few weeks. They like to tell pleasant little stories concerning the fidelity of implicitly trusted husbands, their fondness for night keys, club suppers, cards, their peculiar exactness, eccentricities and so forth.

I chanced the other day to drop in upon a circle of these matrons when a two weeks' bride called. The subject of marriage was brought up, and the bride ventured to assert that it was not always a failure. Then there was an excessive shrug and a cynical smile from her listeners, one of whom said: "Oh, but you've only been married a short while. It's all very pretty now if it would only last."

"Well," hopefully, "it has lasted with my mother and father some twenty odd years." "It's an inheritance then. Why, I wish I'd inherited a peculiarity of that kind from my parents." "I think American women are more to be envied than any wives on earth," said another. "I had a friend who said she never knew what happiness was until she married an American. Her first husband was a Spaniard, who loved her madly, and her life was in danger from his jealousy. The second man was an Englishman, so cold and selfish that she'd rather have had him kill her than to live with him. The third was an American, neither warm nor cold, and he gave her as much money as she wanted and let her do as she pleased."

"Now, that's my idea of happiness!" said a pretty young matron. "What could a woman want more than a plenty of liberty and a plenty of money? What is the jealous love of a Spaniard beside shekels and freedom?" "I don't believe in jealous husbands," said a woman whose husband might have been so with some cause. "Very jealous men are apt to be selfish. They value you not for what you are, but for what you are estimated to be by others. Such men need a constant stimulant to their affections."

"What sort of a husband do you all believe in?" exclaimed the newly made matron desperately. "For my part," replied a careful matron with several daughters to marry, "I should prefer a widower, well off and with no children, of course. He should be about forty years old, and must have been a devoted husband to his first wife. Such a man has lived over the vagaries of youth. He has sowed wild oats, and anchored steadfastly his ship of love until it was blown away by the wind of eternity. He has known life's greatest joys and deepest sorrows. He knows how to appreciate profoundly the love of a woman, and having learned many lessons in womanhood, he will neither be too exacting nor uncomprehending of her little fancies and foibles. But I'd rather have the first love of a man, even if it was exacting, and even if we did not always understand each other. I should want to feel that I had been the first to share his heart and life."

"I believe a widower of forty is preferable to a bachelor of the same age," said one who had reason to know. "People talk of its being better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave, but I believe the women who marry old bachelors are the worst slaves on earth. Then there are other objections besides unreasoning selfishness to unmarried men from forty on. Such individuals seldom strike a happy mean. They are either prudes or rouses. If the former, they are fixed in their prim, old-maidish habits; if the latter, they have a past that will not bear investigation.

"People are always talking of the horror of marrying old maids, and I can't see why there isn't more said concerning the horror of marrying old bachelors—men whose sentiment has generally soured, whose tastes and habits have settled into selfish, narrow lives, who have lived so long without the companionship of women that they can't understand or enjoy their natures when they get married." Old bachelor husbands are crusty, suspicious—everything that should cause the woman who married them to be pitted.

Here the party was interrupted by the entrance of the hostess' husband and the just married young woman went to her home, doubtless with a perturbed spirit. She has a lifetime to moralize upon matrimony, and perhaps she can solve the riddle at the end.

## Pope on Roads.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Col. Albert A. Pope, of Boston, to-day, by request, delivered an address on the subject of roads before the Board of Trade. Col. Pope said in substance: Good roads are unquestionably cheaper to maintain and use than poor ones. It is safe to say that a perfect road once laid down will cost far less to keep in repair from year to year, and at the end of 20 years will have required a far smaller total expenditure than a poorer road costing half as much and improperly made.

A properly built highway, constructed upon any one of the systems accepted as the best for their various purposes and locations, must necessarily be made with a solid and firm foundation, effectually separating the surface from the soil below. It should be thoroughly drained, and provided with water-courses at the side, and a hard and compact surface, as smooth as the nature of its composition will admit of, and free from mud, dust and loose stones. To reach this degree of perfection, the best obtainable materials must be used. It requires good labor, ample time in construction, and above all, the science and skill of a professional engineer, whose business is road making. Certain kinds of roads are accepted as the best under certain conditions. For the country, it is essential to make use of such material as nature furnishes for each locality, but more attention should be paid than generally is to the first principles laid down by such road builders as Macadam and Telford; so far, certainly, as they provide for thorough drainage, and for homo-geneous, even surfaces of the best materials within reach, and then for systematic care and repair.

Country roads need be no wider than is absolutely necessary for the accommodation of the traffic and travel that will come upon them. In many places a road wide enough for a single team is all that is necessary, with suitable turnouts, for it is unwise and expensive to attempt to maintain a country roadway wider than the requirements of the community demand. The sides can be pressed down, making the road more comfortable to the eye and a source of grief in the greater freedom from dust.

For suburban roads nothing can be better than what is known as the Macadam system with firm and well-drained foundations, six or eight inches of good crushed stone, as near as possible to uniform size, from one to two inches in diameter, very carefully pressed down by a steam roller and with a thin crust of fine gravel on top. As a result of elaborate experiments, made to ascertain the relative resistance of friction of different pavements, it has been established that while 200-pound force is required to draw one ton over an ordinary dirt road, 100 pounds will do the same work on Macadam, 83 on best granite blocks, and 15 on asphalt.

Have the work done as it should be; remove it as far as possible from politics, under the eye of a special and competent engineer, whose business is road construction. Let him be watchful and guided by your Superintendent or your Citizens' Committee, or whom you will, to make sure that your money is spent in the right direction.

A Story With a Moral. A certain young man in this county has been chewing tobacco for seven years, the cost of which has averaged 7 1/2 cents per day, or \$191.10 for the entire time. This amount with interest for seven years makes more than \$300. Besides this he has smoked not a few cigars, but never a cigarette. It costs to have pleasure.—*Scotland Neck Democrat.*

This is what is called driving a point home by a strong application. We endorse it all—condemn the folly and extravagance of chewing the weed—but we never read such practical lessons without recalling the old story which ran this way: Two friends, both poor, about the same age, were walking about the elegant brownstone houses on Fifth Avenue in New York. One was smoking a fine cigar; the other was a strong anti-tobacco man. "What did that cigar cost you?" asked the Anti-Tobacco man. "Fifteen cents," was the reply. "How many do you smoke a day?" was the next query. "Half a dozen or so," was the answer. "That makes \$6.30 a week you burn up. How many years have you been smoking at that rate?" "About twenty," answered the smoker. "Well," running over a calculation in his head, said the Anti-Tobacco. "Do you know that if you had saved all the money you have spent on cigars and put it out yearly at compound interest, you would now own one of those brown stone houses?" It was now the time for the smoker to ask questions, and he did it thus: "You have never smoked?" "No." "You are about my age?" "Yes." "Will you be so good as to tell me that you have saved by not smoking?"—*State Chronicle.*