

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XXI.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1890.

NO. 26.

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This is the biggest Dry Goods Sale ever offered to Salisbury and now is your time to save money.

The dress goods stock and trimmings is still complete and embraces many Spring goods at half their value.

15 doz. Warner's and C. P. Corsets left. Buy at cost and save 50 per cent. profit.

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Big line Jet Capes, good stock. You can save from \$2 to \$3 on each grade. This is something every lady needs for Spring.

\$600 worth of Ribbons, that are worth 25 per cent. more than when bought, now 10 per cent. less than N. Y. cost.

All Millinery Goods 25 per cent. less than N. Y. cost.

40 Rolls of Jeans, all wool filling, cost 28 to 32 cents; take your choice for 25 cents. These goods are cheap at 50c. and will pay you to buy for next winter.

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The best Feather Tick worth 25 cents, now 15c.; all grades from 5¢ cents up.

Table Damasks, red and white. at just half what you can buy them elsewhere.

The accounts due O. B. Van Wyck must be paid, or satisfactory arrangements made about them, in the next ten days.

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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, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N. Y.

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W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
\$3 & \$2 SHOES FOR LADIES.

M. S. BROWN.

Anonymous.
Probably of the Seventeenth Century.
IT IS NOT BEAUTY I DEMAND.
It is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips, that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid trembling lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed,
A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks,
Like Hebe's in her radiant hours
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers.

These are but guids: nay, what are lips?
Coral beneath the ocean's stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer slips
Full oft he perisheth on them.
And what are cheeks, but escings oft
That wave hot youth to fields of blood?
Did Hebe's breast, though ne'er so oft,
Do Greece or Ilum ought of good?

Eyes can with baleful ardour burn;
Reason can breathe, that erst perfumed,
There's many a white hand holds an arm,
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.
For crystal brows, there's naught within;
They are but empty calls for pride;
He who the Siren's hair would win,
Is mostly strangled in the tide.
Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,
A tender heart a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never linked with error find.

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burthened honey-fly,
That hides his murmurs in the rose,
My earthly comforter! whose love
So indefatigable might be,
That when thy spirit waned above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

By His Own Hand.
COL. COWLES' SON'S DEATH—THE STORY AS TOLD BY THE LANDMARK.
Our last issue contained a meagre announcement of the death of David Worth Cowles, a cadet at Horner's school in Oxford. The *Landmark* gives the history of the case and the circumstances connected with it in full.

Young Cowles was in his third session at the school. His habits were good, he was studious and popular, was orderly sergeant of the first company and in the line of promotion. Some weeks ago he began complaining of being unwell and became quite depressed in spirits. He was advised to consult the barracks physician; but said his treatment would not help his case; nevertheless he received some treatment from him, but without beneficial results, and his melancholia continuing, he was advised by Capt. Drewry to go home for a few weeks. He had meantime written to his father of his condition and had received cheerful responses to his letters, and had written him, four weeks ago, for permission to go on to Washington, the permission was granted by wire and the young man joined his father and the family in Washington in a day or two. He returned to school last Saturday two weeks ago, very much improved, and continued to the end in the regular discharge of his duties and seemingly in the enjoyment of his normal flow of spirits.

Sunday evening he was allowed to escort a young lady to church. Monday he was officer of the day. Early Tuesday morning he made arrangements with Capt. Drewry to get him a new gold lace band for his cap, and also some arrangements about a new pair of pants. He was seen sky-larking with some of the boys, after parting with this gentleman, and appeared at breakfast and the early morning exercises. At the beginning of the second study hour, about 9.45 a. m., he complained of feeling unwell and said to one of his room-mates, Cadet Emory, that he was not prepared on his lessons and believed he would go to bed. This was in their room and Cadet Emory left him. At 10 o'clock a cadet in a neighboring room and Capt. Drewry in the recitation room heard the noise as of a blind slamming or a trunk lid falling, but paid no attention to it. At 10.15 Capt. Drewry, in his morning round, entered the room of young Cowles and detected the smell of burd powder. He glanced at the form of the young man, lying on the bed, his head in an uneasy position against the wall, and saw at once that he was dead. He hurried out and soon returned with Prof. Horner. The youth was pulseless, with a revolver lying on the bed between his legs and a bullet through his right temple and lodged just beneath the skin over the opposite temple. A physician made an examination but this was a mere formality. A coroner's inquest was held and the verdict was that the deceased had come to his death from a pistol shot by his own hand—whether accidental or not the jury did not undertake to determine.

His son was a bright, handsome, well developed, manly boy and his father's heart was set upon him. The intelligence of the awful occurrence was a shock and grief to the people of Statesville, where the deceased was well known and where his father has so many friends. Young David Cowles was named for his maternal grandfather, the late David Worth of Ashe county, and had he lived until the 15th of October next, would have been 19 years old. The loss of so promising a son at such an age and under such tragic circumstances is an unspeakable calamity; would to God we could say a word that would comfort in any measure the hearts that are crushed and bleeding.

Swift and Monstrous.
TEN GRAND ENGINES BOUGHT FOR THE PASSENGER SERVICE ON THE R. & D. RAILROAD.

In connection with the panting monsters which will hereafter pull the passenger trains from Washington to Salisbury and on to Atlanta, the Charlotte News has to say:
The first of the ten was brought into the city yesterday by engineer Tunstall, pulling a freight train, as all new engines are first "broke in" on freights, so as to get their bearings in shape for swift passenger traffic.

It was the most enormous thing in the way of an engine ever seen in Charlotte. This new engine is numbered 808. She stands high and is a thing of beauty. She has three driving wheels on each side, ten wheels altogether. The boiler sits so high that a man can walk under it without stopping. All the ten engines will be exactly alike. They each weigh 10,000 pounds, and each one cost \$10,000. They are provided with every modern improvement and are the finest engines ever seen in the South. They are built for both speed and power, and can pull a train of ten cars at 90 miles an hour. Some idea of their size may be obtained when it is stated that they are even larger than the big consolidated 12 wheel engines now in the freight service of the Richmond & Danville. Engineer Tunstall said that No. 808 worked beautifully and did not show any inclination to "lie down," as engineers say when they speak of an engine balking. When these new engines are put in the passenger service there will be swift transit between Washington, Charlotte and Atlanta.

To Stretch Hemp.
A NEGRO SCOUNDREL COMMITS BURGLARY AND ATTEMPTS RAPE.
Last Thursday night Allen Nelson, colored, broke into the house of William Huffines, in Rockingham county, and, making his way upstairs into the bedroom of Miss Martha Randolph, attempted to commit rape upon her. The young lady screamed and, succeeding in breaking away from him, ran to the room occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Huffines. The negro followed and attempted to kill her, but Mr. Huffines defended her. She jumped from a window and escaped to a neighbor's. The negro fled, and as soon as daylight came Mr. Huffines and his neighbors started in pursuit.

Nelson was found concealed under a house in the neighborhood, was captured and carried to Reidsville. That night he was brought here and lodged in jail.
Nelson has a number of aliases and is a desperate and notorious character. He has already been tried for his life and has served in the penitentiary for stealing. It is said that he escaped from the convict force employed on the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley. He was employed on the farm of Mr. Huffines, who is said to be one of the most prominent farmers in Rockingham and lives a few miles from Reidsville. Miss Randolph is about sixteen years old and lives with Mr. Huffines.
Talk of lynching the negro was strong in Reidsville and it was thought here that a crowd would come up Saturday night and string him up. So far, however, no demonstration has been made. We are told that the wretch lives in mortal terror expecting every night to be lynched.

He has committed two crimes—burglary, which is a capital crime, and assault with intent to rape, the penalty for which is the penitentiary, and the court will doubtless put him where he can do no more harm.—*Greensboro Patriot.*

The Senate Concur.
THE HOUSE RE-EMBERS ITSELF.

Right or wrong, the members made the Silcock defalcation good with the Government's money, and the Senate has now approved.
The House bill appropriating \$75,000 to supply the deficiency occasioned by the defalcation in the office of the late Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, was reported from the committee on appropriation (without amendment) and passed, with the remark by Mr. Hale that it was almost an invariable rule to leave to the House itself all subject matters that pertain to its organization, its force, and its business.

Western Hog vs. Southern Negro.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—By request, the House committee on agriculture today re-opened the hearing on the Conger lard compound bill and the Butterworth anti-optim bill, both of which have been reported to the House with favorable recommendations. On the first named bill, Graves, representing the Georgia Agricultural Association, and J. Pennock Jones, representing the colored cotton farmers and planters of Arkansas, both colored men, made arguments against its passage. Graves, in addition to arguments already presented, pleaded for the protection of the cotton seed industries against the imposition of the burdens contained in the bill, on the ground that it would contribute more than anything else to the impoverished condition of the farmers and laborers of the South. To pass this bill, he asserted, would be the entering wedge which driven home, would separate the colored people from the Republican party.

In the course of his argument on the bill Jones said: If cotton seed must be taxed, why not tax the western hog? Why break down one industry of the country that another industry should be protected? The Republican party is committed to the policy of protection of American industries. It is so enunciated in its platform, and to its music it has marched to victory.
But, Mr. Chairman, if the Republican party at Chicago had placed in the platform of its principles a singular creed that one industry of our country should be taxed to death, and that another industry at home should be protected and live, on an appeal to the country that they would have been buried so deep by the weight of public disfavor that the trump of Gabriel would not awaken them.

The protection to American industries, American mechanics and agricultural laborers, is against foreign manufacturers, foreign mechanics and foreign paper labor. The system inaugurated by the Republican party, in taxing one American industry to protect another is innovation that will be resented by a great mass of our people and will hurl any party from power that it insidiously attempts it. So far as the Democratic party is concerned, it is committed to free trade. It claims to be in favor of lessening taxes and reducing the tariff. If there is anything in their professions, or in the principles laid down in their late reform, then we confidently look to them to defeat this most pernicious measure.

How they can do otherwise and be true to their creed as laid down by their leaders is a matter that surprises and surpasses us.
Gentlemen of the committee, this bill, stripped of all guise, resolves itself into these conditions: Western hog against southern negro. Which will win?
There is another phase of this industry. There are supposed to be over 2,000 oil mills, mostly located in the South. They employ somewhere in the neighborhood of 75,000 persons. More than three-fourths of this great number of employees are colored men. It would be safe to say that there are at least three persons who rely upon each of these 75,000 persons for support and living from this enterprise. The wages paid these people aggregate \$3,500,000, at the least calculation. The passage of this bill would close up many of these mills and perchance throw thousands of dependent people out of employment and entail hardship and want upon people who are least able to stand it. And all this to protect western hog.

Chauncey Depew's Opinion of the South.
WHAT HE HAS TO SAY ON THE SUBJECT IN HIS ASHEVILLE SPEECH.

"It is the coming country," he said. "The next twenty-five years is going to see some remarkable changes. Large cities will be built, the natural resources will be developed and the South will be the richest section of the United States. In my opinion it will boom like the West a few years ago. But the boom will not leave the country as it did that section. Here there is a broad foundation. Iron and coal lay side by side. There are untold riches in the earth and the boom will leave the country richer and not poorer. Northern capital and northern enterprise are beginning to learn of the vast wealth that ever crops out of the ground all through the South. They are beginning to think of it as the best place for investments and they are putting their money in here fast. Besides that the southern people are awakening to the fact that they are living in a country as wealthy as any on the face of the earth, as they are taking steps to its development.

Chicago's Proposed Fair Building.
N. Y. Press: Architect Janison's plans for a World's Fair building provide for a structure 3,000 feet in width, built on piles driven in lake. The central tower of the building will be 1,400 feet high. There will be balconies about the buildings which will be amply large enough to accommodate all the exhibits. The estimated cost of the structure is \$6,000,000, and it is said that it can be constructed in six months.

Stay East, Young Man.

A NORTH CAROLINIAN IN TROUBLE.
A gentleman writing, from Dakota to the Richmond Dispatch makes some pointed remarks as to the folly of young men leaving their eastern homes to carve out a fortune in the far West. "Dakota is a very rich, fertile country, but one wants his garden on the outside of a tin can. Nor verily is it comfortable to retire clad in a fur cap and gloves.

Verily, verily I say unto you, if you have a friend who has the "Promise Land" (reservation) fever say unto him: Come to Dakota in the month of December and let him stay until May the 1st, and his fever will be low-billed. Oft in this long winter have I hungered for old North Carolina with her piney old fields and bad roads. No Virginia or North Carolina man in his right mind wants to exchange the best country on earth, taking climate, luxuries, working months, four seasons, agricultural resources, varied, for this God-forsaken, one crop country (and that, too, for a success one year in seven), fertile, dry, treeless, and minus home comforts.

'Tis true I have never seen such grit as these people display. Under reverses they have built immense towns with all the imported comforts, hotels, schools, churches, &c., that will put any State in the shade. But what does other amount to when you take in to consideration the total absence of other perquisites to make life a heaven? Darn a country where a man is forced to put on a fur coat, fur cap, and fur gloves every time he steps out the door. The "Promise Land" is not being filled up. There are few boomers here, and none en route. Stay home—stay in the South. It is the coming country in this continent—and among them all, stay in Virginia and North Carolina. We have the country, "God's country." We do need the pluck to work. If Virginia and North Carolina would divvy their crops by planting something of everything, (and we can grow them all save the tropical and semi-tropical plants and fruits.) The people would soon need no mortgage and would be free of debt. There is nothing that we cannot beat them at if we only try. As David Copperfield would say, I have "meandered." Just charge this meander and digressed to my love for the South, and last but not least, to grand old North Carolina.

Washington Extravagance.
Barrels of terrapins at \$25 a dozen, crates of canvas-back ducks at \$6 per pair, thousand of ices at \$1 per plate, these are some of the extravagances that are slipping down the side of the throats of the capital's visiting population this season, says the Cleveland Leader. Then the flowers. Who can compute the gold that has gone up in the order of orchids at \$1 apiece, roses at \$10 per dozen, white lilies at 50 cents a spike, and lilies of the valley at 10 cents a stem. On the altar of New Year week \$100,000 worth of blossoms were sacrificed, for during that time Roswell P. Flower paid \$5,000 into the flowers of his only daughter's wedding. The fruits we use are also costing gold galore. Twice in the social history of the capital opulent hosts have floated strawberries in their white wine when it cost 25 cents a piece to bring each berry from California to Washington. Ex-Senator Palmer, our present minister to Spain, treated his guests to such a luxury last year, and this winter these 25-cent strawberries rolled over the palates and through the larynxes of Senator Stanford's guests when he dined Mrs. Gen. Grant. From all accounts that dinner of Senator Stanford's to Mrs. Grant was one to make your eyes bulge out and your mouth water. There were only eighteen guests, and they ate from plates of gold and silver. The "queen of plenty" had scattered roses all over the table, and under each bit of crystal there was a napkin of point duches lace, while the long table had a border of the same priceless lace. Instead of linen, the finger bowls rested on napery of lace, and the lordly terrapin was served in individual silver tureens. Every piece was of the same costly nature, and the epicures of the capital describe the dinner as a gastronomic poem.

Randall's Condition.

It is almost nine to nothing that Sen. Randall will never see his seat in the House again. How the flame of life flickers with him. One day better another worse. So he fares and so weak by week comes the changes. The Wilmington Messenger reports as follows:
Representative Randall is in a precarious state, but has strength enough left, it is said, to resist the inroads of his disease for the immediate present. A remarkable thing about his illness is the extraordinary vitality he exhibits. He rallies surprisingly and has at several occasions astonished his physicians, Drs. Mallan and Lincoln, by his recuperative powers. His mind has been clear all day and he has been able to move about in bed with but little assistance. In appearance he is wasted and gaunt to a degree that makes all the more remarkable the strength which still remains. Speaker Reed and others called at the house during the day but did not see the sick man.

Republican Farmers of Massachusetts in Insurrection.

New York Times: The Boston Post has intelligence from every part of the Commonwealth, indicating that the men w. o till the hard and unproductive soil of Massachusetts have been aroused, and will organize in a solid phalanx in a common cause. The defeat of the "honest butter" bill, so called, by a Republican legislature, after the party leaders last fall promised that it should be passed, is the last straw. The bill having been defeated, the farmers will be unsuccessful in securing any legislation this year. They now promise to have a word to say about the matter at the polls.

The farmers of Berkshire are especially angry. They say the republican leaders at the time of the memorable convention in Springfield last fall promised flatly that such a bill as they desired, placing oleomargarine on its merits, should become a law. The greatest consternation can be seen in the Republican ranks over the open revolt of the farmers, who are almost entirely Republican. The uprising is not confined to Berkshire. Worcester county feels the effect of the rebuff as keenly, and Middlesex, Essex, Plymouth, Hampshire, Hampden, Bristol, Norfolk and Barstabile enter their protest. Here is a sample opinion of the Webster Farmers' League:

"The Republican party has the power, if it wishes to use it, to pass the bill. The farmers of this Commonwealth make the Republican party's power possible. Without their support it would sink to an insignificant minority, and yet they are denied common justice by that party with a demand for the passage of this bill, and support our demand, not by petitions, by a pledge, signed by every member of the Farmers' League, that we will vote the straight Democratic ticket this fall unless every Republican candidate for the Senate formally and fully pledges himself to vote and work for this bill.

There is one town in the United States which claims the remarkable distinction of having a "second class" hotel, and the proprietor goes even further than this, by advertising it as the only "second-class hotel in the world." It is Hubbard, Ohio, which revels in this distinction.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

Clerk Superior Court, J. M. Horah.
Sheriff, C. C. Kridler.
Register of Deeds, H. N. Woodson.
Treasurer, J. Sam'l McCubbin.
Surveyor, B. C. Arrey.
Coroner, D. A. Atwell.
Commissioners, T. J. Sumner chairman, W. L. Klutz, C. F. Baker, Dr. L. W. Coleman, Cornelius Kestler.
Sup't Public Schools, T. C. Linn.
Sup't of Health, Dr. J. J. Summrell.
Overser of Poor, A. M. Brown.

TO-W-N.

Mayor, Chas. D. Crawford.
Clerk, D. R. Julian.
Treasurer, J. Sam'l McCubbin.
Police, R. W. Price, chief, J. F. Pace, C. W. Pool, R. M. Barringer, Benj. Caudle.
Commissioners—North ward, J. A. Rendleman, D. M. Miller; South ward, D. R. Julian, J. A. Barrett; East ward, J. B. Gordon, T. A. Conghenour; West ward, R. J. Holmes, J. W. Ruple.

CHURCHES.

Methodist—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 6 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 6 p. m. Rev. T. W. Gutridge, 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. Rumble, D. D. pastor.
Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 4 p. m. J. Rumble, 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. Kizer, 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, rector.
Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 7 p. m. Capt. Theo. Parker, sup't.
Baptist—Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Rev. pastor.
Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m. Thos. 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. J. H. Fout, pres't.

LODGES.

Fulton Lodge No. 99 A. F. & 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, G. C.
Salisbury Lodge, No. 775, K. of H., meets every 1st and 3rd Monday night in each month. J. A. Dierdor, Dictator.
Salisbury Council, No. 272, Royal Arcanum, meets every 2nd and 4th Monday night in each month. J. A. Ramsay, Regent.

POST OFFICE.

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