

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XXI.—THIRD SERIES.

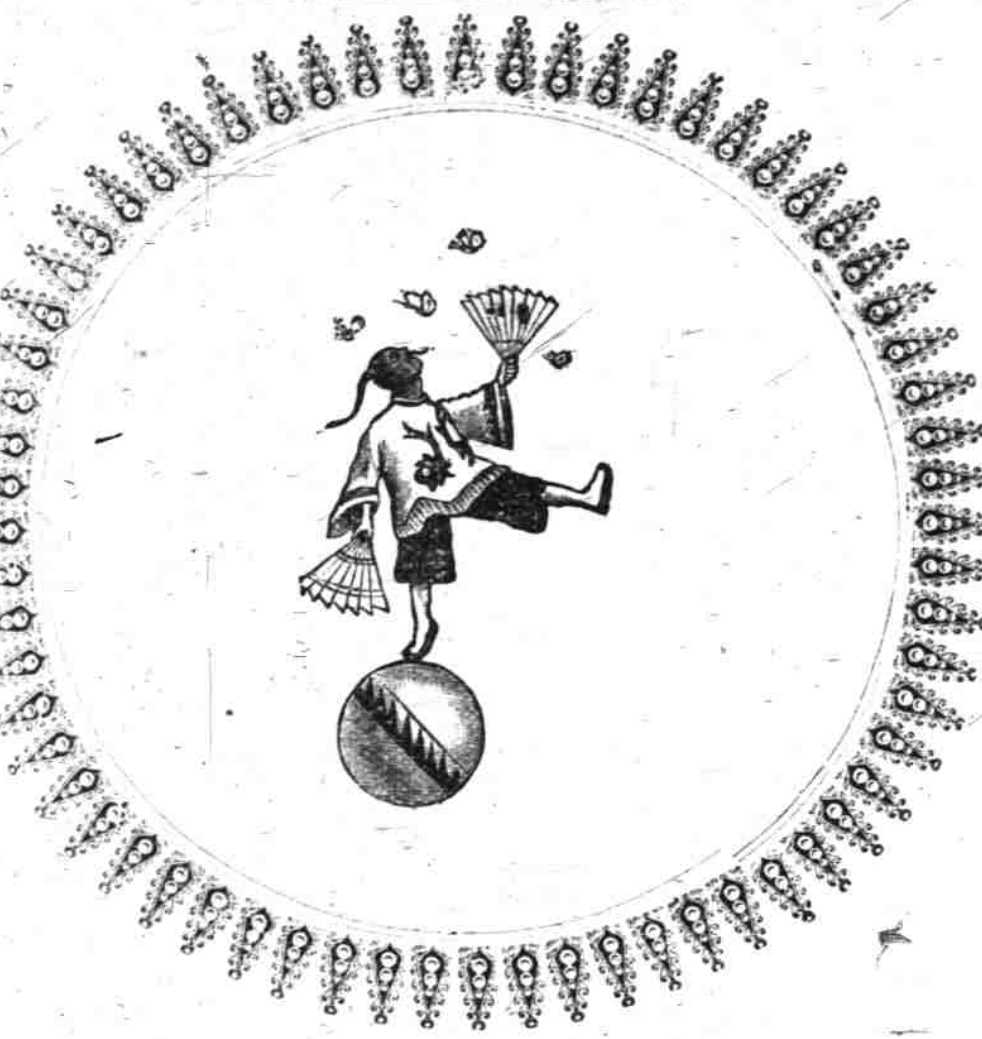
SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1890.

NO. 39.

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"Father Time" says our Watch Club is the best plan out for you to get a good Watch, Diamond Ring, Ear Rings, Silverware, or any number of articles valued at \$30, in our line. We need two more to complete our first club of 25 names; when it is complete, we will at once begin to form another.

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W. H. REISNER & BRO.,
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A Fine Pair

QUAY AND DELAMATER ARE IN THE SADDLE.
National Democrat.

The late republican state convention in Pennsylvania was a typical republican conclave. There seems to be no doubt whatever, that among the candidates for the nomination for Governor General Hastings was the popular man, the man whom the great majority of the republicans of the State wanted. But Delamater was the man whom Quay wanted, and as the republican party is a boss ridden party, a party in which the sentiments of the majority are sacrificed to the selfish interests of a minority, the convention did what Boss Quay told it to do.

Boss Quay himself had twice used the public office he held to enable him to embezzle the funds of the State. He procured the pardon of a useful politician who had pleaded guilty to an indictment of bribing members of the Legislature, and in divers and sundry other ways, had proved his indifference to the Ten Commandments, the statute book and anything like a public moral sentiment. But he has control of the republican organization of his state and the nation, when he tells the convention in this State to nominate Delamater it obeys.

Of Delamater we have learned a good deal recently; the people of Pennsylvania have known him for a dozen years. Mr. Emery, ex-State senator, is a reputable man, and he made criminal charges against Delamater which the accused treated with cynical indifference shown by his master, Quay, under charges of criminal misconduct. In a speech at Bradford, Pa., April 4, Mr. Emery said:

"I charge that he (Delamater) purchased his election to the senate of this State in 1886; that he directly bribed citizens of Crawford County to vote for him at the general election, and that when a memorial had been contemplated to prevent him from taking the oath of office he paid large sums of money for the suppression of the said memorial. I charge, that Delamater secured his services in the senate attempted to alter a public record by forming a conference report on a bill, before it had been properly considered contrary to all rules and practice, and signing or having had signed the names of the committee, and in so doing offended the dignity of the Legislature and the law of the Commonwealth." The bill to which reference is here made was in the interest of the Standard Oil Company, and its object was to swindle thousands of comparatively poor men for the benefit of the rich and powerful monopoly.

The Philadelphia Press opposed the nomination of Delamater so far as it could without breaking with Quay and the republican machine. After the nomination all the Press could do was to appeal to republicans generally to support the party ticket. It said: "The opposition to him was based almost wholly on doubts of his ability to rally the full republican vote. * * * The success of the republican party is of far more consequence than the private fortune of any individual, and it is only when this is fully realized and accepted by every division of the party that its success is assured."

The doubt of Delamater's ability to rally the full republican vote means simply that his public record is so bad that it was believed a large number of republicans would not vote for him. But, says the press in substance, he has got the nomination and we cannot afford to let the republican ticket be beaten. A majority of 80,000 is mighty, says the press, elsewhere, and must prevail. Yes suppose that 75,000 republicans refused to vote for Delamater because he had purchased his election to the Senate, and his nomination for governor, and betrayed the interests of the people to the Standard Oil Company, and because nomination was demanded by a man who embezzled the money of Pennsylvania, who bribed votes and procured the pardon of bribers, still there would be 5,000 majority left for Delamater. This is what the press means when it says that 80,000 majority is mighty and must prevail.

There was recently published an interview with one J. H. Woodward, of Pittsburg, in which he was asked if the charges against Delamater, in connection with the Standard Oil Company, had any foundation, and Mr. Woodward replied:

"Perhaps the very worst that can be said against George W. Delamater is that he has, as a lawyer, been faithful to his client in his professional services to the Standard Oil Company. The thinking man will, on reflection, give him credit for his faithfulness. Had he been the reverse, unfaithful, he would have deserved and received the execution of his fellow men."

This reply shows how dead to every moral sensibility republican politics makes a man. Delamater was employed as a lawyer by the Standard Oil Company. He was employed as a State senator by the people of his section. As State senator he betrayed the interests of the people, and served the interests of the Oil Company, and it is of this that the aforesaid Woodward says: "The thinking man will, on reflection, give him credit for his faithfulness [to the corporation]. Had he been

the reverse [faithful to his constituents and the public interests] he would have deserved and received the execution of his fellow man." And yet when the late Senator Beck was trying to get a law to prevent Senators of the United States from appearing before the Supreme Court as the attorneys for corporations, bills affecting which were pending in the Senate, Senators Edmunds and Spooner resented with much warmth the idea that a man could not represent the people in the Senate and the corporation in the court room with justice to both.

The following account of the victory of the Standard Oil Company in the Pennsylvania Senate is worth reprinting in full because it is the account published at the time, simply as a matter of news, without political significance. It is a New York Sun dispatch and we give it head line and all:

VICTORY FOR A MONOPOLY.

THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S POWER IN PENNSYLVANIA'S SENATE.

Defeating the Famous Billingsley Pipe Line Bill, which Proposed to Reduce the Cost of storing and Transporting Oil.

Harrisburg, April 28.—The Standard Oil Company, by defeating the measure known as the Billingsley Pipe Line bill in Pennsylvania Senate to-day, has more than ever shown the strong grasp it has on the law-making power of the State. The most significant incident connected with the result accomplished was the fact that not one word was spoken in defence of the Standard, nor any attempt made to show or deny that the bill was not entirely just and for the best interests of the State, by the supporters of the Standard in the State, while an overwhelming array of incontrovertible statistics and many strong arguments showing the imprudence attaching to the passage of the bill, were presented by the Standard's opponents.

The Billingsley bill originated in the House of Representatives. Its object was to reduce the cost of storing and transporting Oil, both controlled by the Standard Oil Company, and to regulate those branches of the petroleum business so that the products could command fair treatment. There are over 200 members in the House and the bill went through all the routine there and passed finally without the Standard making any fight against it. The bill had still to run its course in the Senate, where there are only 50 members, and where the leaders are more or less favorable to corporate interests. The friends of the bill felt that the Standard intended to make its fight in the Senate, and as the passage of the bill would reduce the yearly profits of the company in handling the producers' oil nearly \$5,000,000, they knew it could afford to make a telling fight.

The bill came up for its third reading to-day. It was in charge of Senator Lewis Emory, Jr., of Bradford. There were seven senators absent. Senator Emory asked, as a matter of courtesy, that the bill be allowed to go over. Senator Rutan, of Allegheny, the Standard's mouthpiece in the senate, and Senator Delamater, of Crawford, opposed the request, and it was not granted. In the course of the debate Senator Emory, who is a republican, vehemently remarked: "I warn the republican party against defeating this measure here to-day on behalf of the Standard Oil Company. There are fifteen counties in the northwestern part of the State whose people are praying for the passage of this bill. Thirteen of those counties are republican. If this republican senate throws this brand into their midst, the consequences will be seen at the next election." This made a sensation in the senate, the gallery of which was packed with oil producers favoring the bill.

In speaking to a question of privilege Senator Emory attacked by name a leading Standard Oil man present, Superintendent Scheide, of the National Transit Company, and charged him with being true with millions at his command to make bargains for the defeat of the bill. Senator Walling, of Erie, defended the bill in a strong argument against the Standard monopoly. He read the iron-clad contract which every producer is compelled to sign before his oil will be run or stored by the Standard Company, and which will not let him have the oil delivered where he wants it, but only at points optional with the company. This bill would abolish. He showed that at the present rate of storage and pipeline the gross earning of the company in that branch alone was \$20,000,000 a year and a net profit of nearly \$18,000,000 a year. The Billingsley bill would reduce these profits to about \$13,000,000 the saving going to the benefit of the producer and outside capital.

Senator Emory presented a list of 200 refiners, one in Pennsylvania, who had been crushed out by the Standard. He showed how the Standard had received \$50,000,000 in rebates from the Trunk Line Railroad in five years, by which its competitors were ruined, and it was enabled to gain control of the entire oil business. The strong point made by the Senator was that the passage of the bill would enable outside parties to engage in oil refining again at a profit, which was one reason why the Standard wanted to kill the bill.

Senator Delamater was the only Sen-

ator who spoke against the bill, and he merely said that it was unconstitutional. Senator Rutan attacked Senator Emory personally, and said he was inspired by a mob, referring to the oil producers in the gallery. Senator Emory defended his friends vehemently, and Senator Rutan apologized for the remark, which Mr. Emory refused to accept.

The vote on the bill was called for, and while Senator Emory remained on his feet and loudly protested the roll was called. There were 18 votes for it and 25 against it. Only two democrats voted in favor of the Standard—McAter, of Huntington, and Metzger, of Lycoming.

The Ghostly Tollkeeper.

There was a good deal of excitement recently over in Belmont county, O., along that portion of the old National pike extending some four or five miles eastward from St. Clairsville, over the appearance of an apparition of old Tollkeeper Feltus, who presided at the first gate east of St. Clairsville for nearly a generation, but who died some five years ago, since which time the old toll-house has been allowed to fall into ruins. Uly Smith, a traveling salesman, and Henry Johnson, his colored driver, had a thrilling experience with the ghost about 12:30 o'clock one morning, the details of which were related by both gentlemen. They were returning in one of the delivery wagons from a late trip to St. Clairsville, and when nearly opposite the spot where the toll house stood the attention of both men was attracted to an object on the left hand side of the road.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Smith. "It's a man," said Johnson, whose eyes were a little sharper. "Oh, I see; it's the tollkeeper," said Smith, who had not been over the road for half a dozen years, and therefore did not know that Feltus, whom he knew quite well, was dead.

Just at this point off the horse ran, right over the figure, which, however, was not in the least disturbed, and promptly appeared at the front wheel of the wagon, standing erect, in Feltus' characteristic attitude, with one arm outstretched to receive the toll.

Mr. Smith said, in explaining what transpired: "I asked him what he was doing out at such a late hour, as Henry had pulled up the horses, but he gave me no answer. The figure just stood there holding out his hand as old man Feltus used to do, and I was so confident I was talking to him as I am to you this minute. As the rain was pouring down in torrents I asked him why he didn't have a light and not keep us waiting. There was no answer still. I asked him how much the fare was, that I might have enough change, and he still made no answer. I told Henry we didn't have time to waste there in the rain and to drive on. This aroused Henry, who had his whip aloft, and he was paralyzed at the apparition of the old man, whom he knew to be dead, and he drove away only too rapidly, with his hat standing up off his head.

"When I discovered the state of affairs I felt about as seamy as Henry did, and I do not care to have another such experience. It is a strange case, and I cannot account for it at all."

Johnson was as confident as Mr. Smith that he was the ghost of the old man, and he wouldn't put the horse away by himself, he was so scared.—Whistling Coar, St. Louis Globe.

The World's Way.

It is so unreasonable to expect us to forgive the friend we have wronged, isn't it? He makes us so uncomfortable whenever we chance to meet him that it is already unpardonable in him.

The morally brave man may do wrong when tempted—for he is but human—but he will bear the blame and shoulder the burden of the consequence himself; but the coward will waver: "It was more your fault than mine," and repeat this until he almost believes his feelings aggrieved that of the unpleasant result from his action should come his way.

When we deceive a friend we find so many plausible excuses for our conduct that we grow to consider ourselves quite virtuous for feeling somewhat remorseful about the "necessary" deception; but when a friend deceives us, we class it among the seven deadly sins, and feel that our conscience can not tolerate him any longer.

To tell the remembrance of a wrong deed to sleep by getting angry—generally at the one who discovers us—is like getting drunk to drown sorrow; the after misery is increased ten-fold. Better to look both facts squarely in the face; to acknowledge the wrong and ask forgiveness; to meet the sorrow with all the patience we can, and thus in time to help us in both cases.

When a friend dies the wound is healed by the slow processes of time and, though long tender to the touch that a word or a scene may give, it leaves no scar, and the heart still remains responsive to new sympathies; but when the friend of time—the time that is "measured by heart throbs, not moments"—prove untrue the wound is seared over so suddenly by the scornful amusement we feel that the scar never vanishes, and the heart hardens, closing its doors suspiciously against all who make offerings at the desecrated shrine of friendship.—Detroit Free Press.

The Comb Didn't Calm Him.

THE COLONEL GROWLED LOUDER WHEN HIS RIVAL COMBED HIM DOWN.
Louisville Courier-Journal.

Simpson county, Kentucky, was in a great political ferment over the approaching election of a county judge. The nominating convention was to meet on Saturday, and, on Friday night, two politicians were caught in a rain-storm, and stopped at the house of old John Perdue. The politicians, Maj. Bloodgood and Col. Noix, were sorely candidates for the coveted position, so sly, in fact, that neither one knew of the schemes of the other.

After supper, while old John and his guests were sitting on the porch talking over the coming struggle and listening to a wet catydid that held vesper services in a locust tree, old John, getting up and stretching himself, said to the Major:

"Let me see you a moment, please." The Major followed him to the end of the gallery. "Major," old John whispered, "I am compelled to tell you something. You gentlemen are welcome to stay at my house as long as you please, but ability to accommodate cannot always be measured by willingness to do so. The truth is, I haven't but one spare bed."

"But can't the Colonel and I sleep together?" "Yes, you can; but the truth is the Colonel is awfully particular."

"How?" "Well, as rational as he appears while stirring about, he's a strange man in bed. Our families, you know, are well acquainted, and I therefore know all about him. His peculiarity comes from a scare he received when he was a child. It seems that a dog once tried to bite him; and now, just before he dozes off to sleep, he begins to growl, and, unless something is done to stop him, he begins to bite fearfully."

"Humph!" the Major granted, "that's odd, but what can be done to stop him after he begins to growl?" "Well, his brother told me how he used to work it. He always took a comb to bed with him and would rake the Colonel with it when he began to growl. As strange as it may seem, it was the only thing that would quiet him. The family doctor said that a comb was somehow the only thing that would start the blood circulating."

"That's very odd. And would it quiet him?" "Would make him gentle as a lamb. Why he used to insist that his brother should take the comb to bed with him. He does not like for any one to mention the freakish misfortune, as he always terms it, but it would be doing him a great favor if you would take the comb to bed with you and give a rake in case he should begin to growl. I am telling you this because I am your friend, because I know that you are good timber, and especially because I hope that you may secure his influence if you should ever desire any office. Don't you know that we respect the man that understands our peculiarities before we are asked to explain them to him? He is sensitive that way, and if he sees that you understand him he will then know that you have had an eye on him—have held him in your mind."

"All right. You got the comb and I will go through with the ceremony when the time comes." "Here's one; put it in your pocket." They returned to the Colonel, and after awhile, when the Major stepped into the house to get a drink of water, the old man said:

"You and the Major are good friends, I am glad to see." "Yes," replied the Colonel; "I think he is a first rate fellow."

"Glad you like him, for you and him have to sleep together to-night, for, the fact is, I have only one spare bed." "That will be all right, I reckon," said the Colonel.

"Yes, but the truth is, the Major is the most peculiar fellow you ever saw."

"In what way?" "As a bed-fellow. I was very intimate with his family and know all about him. It seems that he had a nervous trouble when he was a boy, and could not go to sleep until some one growled like a dog. I have known him to lie tossing in bed for hours at a time, and then when I would go to his bed and growl he would doze off like a lamb."

"I never before heard of an affliction so strange," said the Colonel.

"I either, but it is a very easy matter to relieve him. He and a fellow named Buck Johnson were once opposing candidates for prosecuting attorney. Well, they had to sleep together one night. Buck knew his peculiar affliction, and shortly after they went to bed Buck began to growl. The Major didn't say anything that night, but the next day he withdrew from the race, declaring that he would not run against so good a man as Buck."

"You don't say so," exclaimed the Colonel.

"Yes, I do, and I know it to be a fact. I would advise you to humor him in the same way."

"I'll do so." "We are going to have more rain, I think," said the Major as he resumed his seat.

"Yes," the Colonel responded, "but I hope that it will not interfere with the convention. If the attendance is

large and the proceedings harmonious, the result will be of great benefit to the county."

"Who you reckon will be nominated for Judge?" old John asked.

"Neither of the candidates that have been named. We have better timber than any of those fellers."

"Well," said the Major yawning, "I reckon we had better go to bed so as to be in trim for to-morrow's work."

"I will show you to the room," the old man remarked, arising.

The politicians were shown into an upper room and the old man, placing a candle on the mantel, bade them good night and went down stairs. "What noise was that?" the Major asked when the old man quitted the room.

"I didn't hear anything," the Colonel answered.

"I did; it sounded like some one gasping for breath." He might have heard a noise—might have heard old John struggling to suppress his laughter.

"Suppose we go to bed," said the Major.

"All right. You go ahead and I will blow out the candle."

They talked for some time after lying down, and then after a long silence the Colonel uttered a deep growl. The Major reached over and gave him a rake with the comb.

"What the deuce are you doing?" exclaimed the Colonel, springing up in bed. "What do you mean?" and in his rage he began to grate his teeth.

The Major, supposing he was getting ready to begin biting, reached over and gave him another rake. "You infernal idiot!" yelled the Colonel, feeling for the Major's hair. "If I don't wool you, I'm a shot."

"What are you doing?" howled the Major. "Let go or I'll hurt you! Haven't you got any sense?" The Colonel had found his hair.

"I'll let you know what it is to rake the life out of me with a cross-cut saw."

"I was doing it to oblige you, you confounded wolf! Let go my hair!" "Oblige me! Do you take me for a saw log? Look out! I'll pull every hair out of your head."

They tumbled out on the floor, rolled over and over, and then overturned a tottering old wardrobe that came down upon them with a crash. The Major swore that he was dead, and the Colonel yelled for a light, but no light came. Had they listened they might have heard another noise, that sounded like some one breathing hard. The old man was in the hall shaking the railing of the stairway. The Major was the first to scramble to his feet. "I will throw you out of this window!" he exclaimed.

"And if I can find my pistol I will shoot the top of your head off!" howled the Colonel. This threat so frightened the Major that he gathered up his clothes as best he could and rushed from the room.

"Why, what's the matter?" the old man asked when the Major came down.

"Nothing, only I am going to get a cannon, then come back and blow that fool into eternity."

"Did he try to bite you?" "He tried to kill me, that's what he tried to do."

"Why didn't you rake him?" "I did rake him."

"Humph!" granted the old man; "he must have lost his peculiarity. What, you are not going out on such a night as this?"

"Yes, I am, for if I see that fool again I'll have to cut his throat. Good-bye."

Shortly after the Major left the Colonel came down. "Why, look here," said he; "I growled just as you told me to do, and wish I may die if that fellow didn't come within one of ripping the life out of me."

"Mighty sorry to hear it. He must have changed since I knew him so well."

When the convention met the next day, the Major and the Colonel fought each other so violently that neither of them could win; and at an opportune time, old John Perdue stepped in and received the nomination.

A Remarkable Record.

"Judg" James Lawreson, of Baltimore, who died yesterday, had a remarkable record as a Government employee. He was in the postal service for twenty-one years without a break, and held one position for fifty-seven years. He administered the oath of office to every Postmaster-General since the administration of President Andrew Jackson.

"Judg" Lawreson was eighty-seven years of age, having entered the service when a boy of sixteen. He continued to reside in Baltimore, notwithstanding his employment was in Washington, and made the journey to and fro for fifty years. Notwithstanding his age, he kept actively at work, he made these trips daily until prostrated by sickness last February.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Kickers among colts and calves are usually bred, not born. Handle them gently and kindly and kickers will be rare. Teasing by headless boys and hired men originates most of the furm kickers.