

# The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XXI.—THIRTIEN SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1890.

NO. 451

## COME! SEE! BUY!

### G. W. WRIGHT,

The Leading Furniture Dealer and Undertaker  
IN SALISBURY.

Now offering the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Furniture ever brought to this place.

#### PARLOR SUITS!

Mohair Crush Plush at \$60.00. Former price, \$75.00.  
Silk Plush at \$50.00. Former price, \$60.00.  
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#### PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Wileox and White Organs and Decher Bros., Chickering & Sons and Wheelock Pianos.

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Antique Oak, Antique Ash, Cherry and Walnut at prices that defy competition.

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Of Chairs, Safes, Mattresses of all Kinds, Spring Beds, Work Tables for Ladies, Pictures and Picture Frames of every style and quality always in stock, or will be made to order on short notice at reasonable prices.

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A large stock of Baby Carriages with wire wheels at \$7.50.  
Silk Plush Seat and Satin Parasol Carriages with wire wheels at only \$16.50. Formerly sold for \$22.50.

#### UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT!

Special attention given to undertaking in all its branches, at all hours day and night.  
Parties wishing my services at night will call at my residence on Bank street, in "Brooklyn."

Thanking my friends and the public generally for past patronage and asking a continuance of the same, I am,  
Yours anxiously to please,  
**G. W. WRIGHT,**  
Leading Furniture Dealer.

CALL ON ME BEFORE PURCHASING!

#### Before the Baby Came.

(Aggrieved Husband.)  
There was a time when my discourse  
Was wrenched not out of joint;  
I did not shout till I was hoarse,  
And point out every point;  
Nor thrice the same joke try to tell,  
And mangle it and maim—  
My wife had time to listen well,  
Before the baby came!

There was a time when here and there  
I fitted like a bird;  
My wife went with me everywhere,  
Just when I said the word;  
We saw the boat-race and the play,  
We watched the base ball game—  
We had a free foot, as they say,  
Before the baby came!

There was a time when I alone  
Was by my wife adored;  
I sat on the domestic throne  
The sole and sovereign lord.  
My crown is gone. Without a thank,  
He takes my very name;  
I've not a vestige of my rank  
Before the baby came!

—Fannie Windsor, in Century.

#### Laugh and Grow Fat.

"Johnny, what teacher are you under most?" "They all sit on me when they get a chance."

Some one asks, "where do flies go in winter?" We don't know but we wish they would go there in summer.

"How old is the postal service?" "Well, nearly as old as the world. You know the first male was started in the Garden of Eden."

Mrs. B.: Here's an account of a man who loses his fortune and then his wife. Mr. B.: "Yes, there's a silver lining to almost every cloud."

A sure cure for sea-sickness is to lie on your back in the green grass and look up at the sky. This is the only sure cure known.

Physiologists say the older a man grows, the smaller his brain becomes. This explains why the old man knows nothing and the young one everything.

Whelim, hunting: "Shure, what are yez follerin' dat rabbit fer? Yer gun ain't loaded, an' yer haven't no ammunition." Terrence: "Sh! there! The rabbit don't know it."

"Mercy on me, George, what are you doing?" "Only wiping my pen. That's what pen wipers are made for, isn't it?" "O George, how could you? That's my new bathing suit."

A young man who tends a soda-water counter up town has refused to join an athletic association, because he says he already gets plenty of fizical exercise.

Papa told him of the story of Joseph and his brethren, and he was much interested in Joseph's coat of many colors. When the story was done, the youngster said, "Papa, tell me about his pants."

Father, to would-be son-in-law: "Young man, will you be able to take care of my daughter in the style to which she has always been accustomed?" Young man, earnestly: "I'll guarantee it, sir, or return the girl."

When a woman is thoroughly smitten with a man, she immediately declares him to be "perfect." It is not until some time after marriage that she finishes the characterization by the addition of the word "treasure" or the substantive "brute."

Smith, writing: "How many g's in aggregate?" Brown, supposing the query refers to the first syllable only: "Two." Jones, who is not accurate in compilation: "No; three." Brown, seeing the point: "Yes, altogether." Jones, still particular: "No, not all together."

"Some of these western desperados must be very strong men," observed Mrs. Snaggs. "Why?" asked her husband. "The paper to-day says that two of them held up a train yesterday." "O, that's nothing. Even a weak woman like you can hold up a train when there is danger of some one trading on it."

Willie, coming home from church: "Papa, they hadn't learned how to pray very well in Bible times, had they?" Papa: "I suppose, my son, people could pray then as well as they do now." Willie, positively: "No, they couldn't. The Lord's Prayer is only a minute long, and our minister can say it for a quarter of an hour."

A rich New York widower was about to take to himself a new wife on the other side of fifty. His son, who was living in the West, came home just before the wedding, and he was shown, among other improvements in the family mansion, the bridal chamber, done up superbly in white and gold. "But," exclaimed the son, "I think old rose would have been appropriate."

Little Isabella's baby brother had swallowed a cent, and his sister was full of consternation. She had for some time been practising economy with the assistance of a little iron bank, from which, by dint of a great labor, she surreptitiously extracted an occasional penny. Running to her mother, she said breathlessly, "O, mamma, come quickly! Baby's swallowed a cent, and don't you please come and help hold him upside-down and shake him!"

#### The Sub-Treasury Bill.

A LETTER FROM DR. BEALL, OF LENOIR IN THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

Mr. Editor:—Your correspondent, "United Action," in *The Progressive Farmer* of August 1st, starts out as if he was really a seeker after truth. He says, "he would like to ask his brothers of Caldwell county some questions for information." But before he writes half a dozen sentences he reveals the fact that his real object is not to get "information," but to ridicule, criticize and find fault with the action of the Caldwell County Alliance in rejecting the "Sub-Treasury bill," and for putting forth a plan which they believed to be more practicable, more conservative, and broad enough for all classes, who suffer equally with the farmer, and from the same cause, to stand upon and fight a common cause.

If you will give me space, Mr. Editor, and I feel sure your courtesy will not deny me, I will answer, as briefly as possible, all the brother's questions and give him all the "information" he asks for.

The truth never loses anything by a fair and free discussion.

Many of our most intelligent and conservative brethren cannot subscribe to the "Sub-Treasury" scheme, and as I have not seen in any Alliance paper a fair presentation of objections to it as we see them, I am glad of this opportunity to let our brethren in North Carolina know them through your widely-circulated journal.

I will write first of the "Sub-Treasury bill" and then of the "Callwell plan." When the National Alliance first formulated its demands and the Sub-treasury scheme and sent them down to the Sub-Alliances for approval or rejection, in our innocence, as free-men, we thought we had a right to discuss them and judge of their fitness to promote our prosperity. But, judging from the tone and logic of our brother's letter, we missed the true idea, which was this: To ratify the infallible edict of a great central power without questioning. As a free born American citizen I protest against the idea that of anybody's doctrine I shall approve what I believe to be wrong.

The National Alliance demanded that the United States government should purchase and control the railroads and telegraphs of the country. How many Alliances in North Carolina approved that demand? I doubt if a single one did and if they did it was without thinking of the enormous cost, the corrupting tendencies, without seeing the tremendous centralizing power sought to be given in the hands of general government.

Now, sir, if that demand can be repudiated by a single Alliance and it still be considered loyal to our order, in the name of common justice and common sense I ask why should we be compelled to adopt the Sub-Treasury bill as a test of loyalty, when to many of us it seems objectionable, impracticable and centralizing as the other? Oh! but, says your correspondent, "unity of action is our only hope." Unity of action in a good cause is right and desirable, but if any action is shown to be injurious in its tendencies and results or even doubtful, then to demand that all in or out of the order shall still stand by it, is the height of folly. Such a course can result only in disaster to our order. Better a thousand times acknowledge our error, repudiate it and begin a new course. This principle is as sound in economics and politics as in morals.

Now, what are some of the reasons that caused our County Alliance, and many Sub-Alliances, to reject the Sub-Treasury bill? First because it violates that principle of our order, which demand equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

Our State Alliance has again and again denounced class legislation, but this bill is the very essence of class legislation, demanding for the farmers special privileges which are denied to all other classes. And worse, still, it gives special privileges to the prosperous farmers which are denied to the farmers and laborers who never have a surplus; and besides all this it denies any privilege to that large class of our order—the mechanics. Not a farmer west of Statesville, and not a great number east of it, not a single mechanic throughout the State would get a single dollar of that "fat money."

Our order again and again has denounced trusts and combinations to raise the price of the necessities of life. This bill puts it in the power of the farmers and those who buy the warehouse certificates to force the most gigantic trust on the necessities of life ever known. What does the rich farmer, or any one who has a surplus of wheat or corn, want to put it in the warehouse for if it is not to hold them till he can squeeze from the needy consumer such prices as he wants? What, then, becomes of our brother farmers, in and out of the Alliance, who have to purchase these necessities on account of a failure of their crops? What, then becomes of that large class of our brethren, the mechanic, who are always compelled to purchase the necessities of life?

But they say the bill will enable our farmers to borrow money on easy terms. What, then, becomes of that other principle of our order which discourages our members from going in debt to borrow?

"It lets the people have money at a nominal cost," says your correspondent. I answer, the needy farmer cannot get the money without pawning his crop and then for only eighty cents when the market would give him a dollar in cash. And it is a fact that people who are needy enough to pawn a thing hardly ever redeem it. We of the South have always denounced the principle of giving special favors by legislation to the manufacturers. We have always denied that the government has the right to take money out of the pockets of one class, either directly or indirectly, and put it in the pockets of another class. "But," says the advocate of this bill, "the government has given special favors to the manufacturers, and now we demand special favors for the farmers." This is the logical outcome of the protection theory, but it is not consistent with Alliance principles.

We would consider it a great evil for a mad dog to bite one of our legs. Would it cure us of hydrophobia to let him bite the other leg? It seems to us that it would be better to neutralize the poison with caustic and kill the dog.

But if the advocates of this plan can ignore the principles and Constitution of our Alliance, it would hardly seem worth while to mention the "Constitution of the United States," which expressly declares that nothing shall be legal tender but gold and silver, and which nowhere gives the government the right to lend money to individuals. It matters not to him if it is a radical departure from the financial principles of the ablest financiers among our forefathers—Gallatin, Hamilton and Morris. He is willing to throw aside the fixed laws of political economy, the well tried systems of the greatest and most prosperous commercial nations of the earth—England, Germany and France, and risk all upon the untried theory of a visionary novelist, which will prove as deceptive as a baseless fabric of a dream.

And the untried theory must be made the test of our loyalty! Men born and raised on the farm, knowing from experience all toils, wants and burdens of the soil, must be pushed aside if they do not accept this test. Our true and tried statesman who have stood in the "eminent deadly breach" for the rights of the people, who have never flinched or lost heart in the darkest hours of our country's trials, must be tried by it. Not by their honor, their integrity, their experience, their great talents nor their great public services, but by this paltry test must they stand or fall.

#### A Shot at Minister Mizner.

A daughter of General Martin Barraudia, who was shot to death in the cabin of the Pacific Mail Steamship at San Jose de Guatemala, attempted to shoot United States Minister Mizner.

Mr. Mizner was at his desk translating the guarantee given to him by this government that Barraudia's life would be spared in case he was surrendered when the young woman came into the office. As the Minister looked up from his work she was standing within four feet, saying: "Are you the American Minister?"

"Mr. Mizner replied: 'I am, can I be of any service to you?'"

With flashing eyes, she accused him of having been directly the cause of her father's death, and announced that she intended to kill him. Mr. Mizner took the matter coolly and tried to reason with the girl who was apparently crazed with excitement, and in the most tragic manner poured on him with the bitterest invectives of which the Spanish language is capable. At last she pulled the trigger of the pistol. Mr. Mizner had taken up a heavy law-book, which he, with apparent carelessness held between himself and the girl, and the bullet which was meant for his heart was caught in the leaves of the book.

The sound of the shot attracted attention, and before the second could be fired assistance arrived, and the pistol was taken from the young woman. Throughout the entire exciting interview Mr. Mizner maintained the utmost coolness, though the only thing between him and the muzzle of a pistol held in the hands of a woman who evidently intended to shoot, was a heavy law book. His coolness unquestionably saved his life. Policemen were called in, and the young woman was arrested. She proved to be Christina Barraudia, a daughter of the murdered general.

As soon as President Barrillas heard of the occurrence he sent his respects and offered the power of his government to protect the American legation. Mr. Mizner, however, declined the offer, and that no further notice shall be taken of the affair.

A negro who owns thirty acres of land adjoining the Phoenix oil well in Greensboro has refused an offer of \$15,000 for it.

#### How to Defeat the Force Bill.

The way to defeat the force bill is to elect a large democratic majority to the next House.

We warn the republicans in the West and South, who are opposed to the force bill, that it will not answer to elect republicans instructed against the bill. Nothing but the election of democrats will answer.

The force bill is now going to be passed by the Fifty-second Congress. It is going to be passed by this Congress, or it won't be passed at all. If a large democratic majority be elected in November the Senate won't dare to do its part of the outrage. But if a majority of republicans is elected, no matter how many of them are opposed to the bill, the Senate will pass it, and the President will sign it.

If you want to preserve local self government, as it has been enjoyed in this country for 100 years, vote for the democratic candidates for Congress.

The force bill is long, but the essence of it is very short. It is that the certificate of electors are to be given by Federal appointees, and the officers of the State may concur or not; it won't make any difference.

If you want the Representatives in Congress to be elected by the people, for the democratic candidate for Congress in your district. If you want the House of Representatives packed by the Federal power vote for the republican candidate for Congress.

We again ask the republicans of Ohio and Michigan if they want the election machinery of their State taken out of their hands and managed by a democratic circuit judge?

We warn the republican voters of the First District in Maine, no matter how much they may next week suppress legal votes in Biddeford, and count illegal votes in Saco, that if the force bill becomes a law it will be tried on them in side of four years, under a democratic Administration, and they won't like it.

The force bill will take the power away from the people, and lodge it in the hands of a little knot of politicians in Washington. It is a bigger question than the mere rivalry of two parties. It is a question whether the government shall serve the people or master it.

The whole purpose of the force bill is to trench the dominant party, and make it difficult or impossible for the people to oust a set of politicians that they want to dismiss.

It is ostensibly in the interest of Southern Republicans. The great majority of Southern Republicans white and black, have repudiated it. Republican conventions in the liberal and progressive north-west refuse to subscribe to it. There is no call for it from the people of any quarter, and it was the chairman of the republican national committee who knocked it out for this session.

The force bill is a political job gotten up by a small knot of New England politicians, who are as much out of sympathy with the Republican West as they are with the Democratic South. The selfish and domineering head, the pre-Adamite Hoar, and Lodge, the turncoat, who has sold his principles for an office, are the greater part of all there is pushing the force bill on.

The only way to treat this little gang of narrow and unscrupulous men from New England is to elect an overwhelming majority of democratic representatives in November.

Then the Senate will not dare to defy the country.

#### The Debate on Woollen Duties.

The republicans were not going to do any of the talking on the tariff bill in the Senate. From the very start the democrats put them on the defensive and they had to talk. They admit now that they have done more talking than the democrats. The work of Senator McPherson, Carlisle, Vance and their associates has been admirable.

the higher tariff of 1837, and that it had fallen off four cents with the McKinley bill pending.

The wools we produce are entirely clothings and combing. The wools we import are almost entirely the cheap, coarse wools fit only for carpets or the coats of poor men. Mr. Allison confessed that the pending bill increased mainly the duties on those coarse, cheap wools, which are not produced here, and General Hawley both said the cheap, coarse wools ought not to be produced here, because if an American is going to raise sheep he will raise those that yield the fine wool.

Mr. Allison says he is independent of party dictation as Mr. Plumb, and then he confesses his disapproval of the wool schedule, but says he shall stand by it because it is a party measure.

David Hardister, of Ohio is lobbying for the tariff bill mainly on account of the wool schedule. He said to a Washington Post reporter:

"I wish Congress would hurry up and pass a tariff bill. I've got 50,000 pounds of wool stored away that I can't get anything for, at least not over 20 cents a pound when it ought to be worth 35 at the lowest."

The history of the wool tariff shows that Mr. Hardister is not sure to get that extra five cents, but the whole intention of the wool schedule is to tax the people of the United States in order to put an extra five cents a pound in the pocket of a man who shears seven or eight thousand sheep a year, and whose check is good for \$500,000. A little tax on every coat and every carpet will make David Hardister an even richer man than he is now.—National Democrat.

#### A Day in Salisbury.

Special Cor. State Chronicle.

The most centrally located of any considerable Piedmont town is Salisbury. In fact it was the capital of that section when the different sections of the State had, in a sense, each a capital of its own.

Like Raleigh and a few other towns in the State, it does not present its best front at the depot. Strange as it may seem a thousand dollars well spent in and around the depot does more—and goes further toward advertising a town and impressing a stranger than ten times that amount spent elsewhere.

But any allusions gathered about the depot are speedily dispelled by the town itself and its people—especially when one has the advantage of the guidance and introduction of a native Salisbury man. Some blocks of well stocked stores—many well shaded streets lined with comfortable looking houses—some two or three hundred of them new—a score of elegant residences and another score of new homes being erected combine to show the staple prosperity of this historical old town.

Driving just outside the suburbs I stopped to take a look at the cotton factory—a big one too—with 200 looms and 6,000 spindles already at work, and nearly double this capacity to be put into immediate operation. Six per cent. semi-annual dividends just declared, the employment of one hundred and fifty operatives and the disbursements among them of five or six hundred dollars a week altogether gave an impressive object lesson of the benefit of one of the great manufacturing interests to a town.

Within sight and sound of this is a stocking manufactory in active operation, employing forty operatives, and within the corporate limits is the canning factory which I was told has used this season a whole train load of cans. All these and others are the product of native grit and enterprise.

Without undertaking to catalogue the other industries, suffice it to say that the new business life coming through Piedmont North Carolina has found in Salisbury a heart centre. It has now five arteries of trade (railroads) and will soon have six. Apropos of industries it is well to mention that industrial education has its friends here too.

I was told by a young lady that there was a movement on foot among the Kings' Daughters in North Carolina to memorialize the next General Assembly to establish an Industrial school for girls. They are going to ask for \$2,000 to start it. So far as I know this movement began in Salisbury. Fitfully feeble flickers the flame of life and patriotism in the heart of any old fossil legislature who can resist the girls in such a cause as this.

Prof. C. D. McIver has been long trying to wake up our slumbering consciences upon the question of what the State owes to the girls. We will shortly see with how much success.

To your oars, ye strong men and bonny lassies! Let all pull together for the common good. With industry, energy and co-operation we can soon have a good, inviting and prosperous town to show to the world. One thing we need, and that right quickly, too. Good brick or dressed stone side walks. Let some of our quarrymen put in a nice pavement as an advertisement and a starter. Our enterprising people will follow. If they don't follow, the Board of Aldermen should pass laws to accomplish such paving.



NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS

